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RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THEIR WAR STRENGTH, THEIR SOVEREIGNS, THEIR NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS.

BY WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE.

AS IN Eastern countries, so in those European countries the populations of which are largely of Eastern origin, personal government reaches its highest degree. The divine right of kings exists unquestioned. The sovereign is an autocrat. Nevertheless, whether his title be Sultan or Czar, his policy is determined by his own will only on condition of its being in harmony with the sentiments and ideas prevailing among his subjects. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, a despotic ruler is peculiarly liable to be forced into war by his subjects against his will. This fact—the philosophical reasons for which need not here be unfolded—has been freshly exemplified by the White Khan, Alexander II., and by Abdul-Hamid-Khan, both of whom entered reluctantly upon the Russo-Turkish war. Once involved in it, however, each hastened to proclaim that he devoted himself, firmly and fully, to carrying out the national will—the one that of the Russians, the other that of the Turks. Alexander Nicolaïevitch declared: "I am resolved this time to realize the sacred mission of Russia and my

ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR ON RUSSIA.

predecessors. God will aid us!" Abdul-Hamid announced that "his soldiers will defend with their blood the country won by their ancestors, and, with the help of God, will maintain the independence of the Osmanlis." He added that "the Sultan is ready to sacrifice his life for the honor and independence of the country," and, "should it be necessary, he will go in person to the army and raise the standard of the Caliphate and the Sultanate." But it is probable that, until driven to dire extremities, he will not, as Sultan and Caliph, unfurl that flag, which would be the signal for a Holy War of boundless extent and untold consequences. Should that signal be given, the Cross and the Crescent would again be uplifted as emblems of an irrepressible conflict.

Meanwhile, Russians and Turks are in arms against each other on the Pruth and the Danube, and in Asia Minor. The military power of the opponents is represented by figures which are formidable enough—at least, on paper. Thus, in Russia, the army is formed by the inhabitants, from the age of twenty to that of forty, six years' service with the active army and nine years in the reserve being exacted in European Russia; and the population is estimated at 86,586,000. But this is a deceptive total, for it includes partially subjugated millions, who would now contribute an element of weakness instead of strength, being eager to seize upon a foreign war as an occasion for revolt. Russia finds other drawbacks in the burning embers of Polish nationality, in the undermining effect of socialistic conspiracies, in the general poverty which prevented the last popular loan from being a success, and in her enormous debt of $1,504,000,000. According to the *World* newspaper, from which we borrow some of these details, Russia is better off in the essential matter of railroads than she was during the Crimean War, although it is not expected, by such competent critics as Herr Wickede, that the single tracks will efficiently stand the strain of a campaign. The Russian regular army numbers (in active service, reserves, depots and local troops) 44,457 officers, 1,641,329 men—total, 1,685,786. It also has 195,148 non-combatants, 240,838 horses and 2,606 guns. The irregular army (Cossacks, etc.) contains 35,05 officers, 131,290 men and 5,698 non-combatants. The new army

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY ON THE DANUBE.

organization dates back only to October 1st, 1874; and after deducting from the strength of the army the forces in the Caucasus (40,000 men) and the armies of Orenburg, Siberia and Turkestan (50,000 men), and making allowances for garrisons that must be kept up, there can scarcely be counted upon for service more than 500,000 men. Of course, there will be another story to tell a few years hence, when the system shall be in working order and the reserves be full. The Russian cannon are remarkably good; the small arms are yet to be tested. The original plan of the present campaign contemplated the mobilization of four corps, say 130,000 men, with two more, or 65,000 men, in reserve, and a co-operating force of some 80,000 men working toward Constantinople. Now, "including the reinforcements and reserves at Kiev, the army contains 300,000 men, with 120,000 men in the second line, forty miles behind." These estimates may have been excessive. It is asserted that General Nepokoytchizky, the famous strategist, charged with the conduct of the campaign, would not move without at least 310,000 men, thus avoiding the error of previous campaigns, in which the offensive was assumed with an inadequate force.

Turkey opposes to these troops something over 100,000 men in the front line, in the Dobrudscha (in Silistria, Varna, Schumla, etc.), some 50,000 along the Danube, and 35,000 more near Widdin—an array in the first line of nearly 200,000 men. A force as strong is placed upon the second line of the Balkans, aided materially (as it was not half a century ago) by proper fortifications of the defiles; the third line passing from Adrianople to Philippopolis, and forming a sort of intrenched camp. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in its account of the Turkish army, reports the pay to be small and much in arrear, but the food usually plentiful, and the barracks clean, spacious and well ventilated. The artillery is strong, and the arsenals are tolerably well organized. Besides her heavy purchases of cannon and small arms in Germany, England and the United States, Turkey can depend upon two gunpowder factories, an artillery arsenal, and a cast-steel factory.

The war strength of the Turkish army is placed at 203,700 men, with 105,600 in the first reserve, 24,000 in the second reserve, 32,800 in the military police, and 120,000 in the third reserve—a total of 486,100. The irregulars are estimated at 50,000, and the auxiliaries at 80,000. "Of the latter," it has been pertinently asked, "how many could be counted upon, with Egypt anxious to be rid of allegiance to its suzerain, and the Principalities in revolt or discontented?" On the other hand, the Sultan holds his trump card as Commander of the Faithful, and by preaching, or threatening to preach, a Holy War, may summon millions of fanatical followers of the Prophet in Africa and throughout the East, to the aid of his generally acknowledged successor at Constantinople. Not only may Abdul-Hamid kindle a revival of Islamism from the borders of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to Yarkand and Delhi, as well as in the Malay Peninsula and the adjoining Archipelago, but he may even compel England, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Carlyle, the English bishops and Exeter Hall, to come to his assistance, if only to save her own imperiled interests. In fact, the real antagonists looming up ominously behind the active combatants in the Russo-Turkish war are England and Russia, as great Oriental Powers.

But to return to Turkey; its regular army is so organized that it should number 800,000 men in 1880. There can be no doubt as to the quality of the Turkish troops. They are correctly described as "men who live upon little, are amenable to discipline, march splendidly, and fight stubbornly behind walls or under good leaders." Their devotion and gallantry were signally displayed in the defense of Kars, under Sir William Fenwick Williams, and although through-

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out the Crimean campaign even their victories under Omar Pasha were eclipsed by the exploits of the allied armies, yet the Russians have not forgotten them. During the late Serbian campaign the good generalship of their native officers was almost invariably successful against the skill and energy of General Tchernaieff and the other Russian officers and volunteers who did the fighting for the Serbians. The weak point of the Ottoman service is in the fraud and inefficiency of its commissariat; but the victors at Alexinatz may profit by the severe lesson which their utterly disordered condition taught them on the day after their splendid achievement. According to the London *Times*, they could not have moved for weeks, had it not been for the opportune armistice.

On the Black Sea, the Turks have very much the whip-hand. "In December last, the Russian fleet on that important sea comprised two two-gun ironclads, besides one in process of construction; twenty-five ships-of-war, one ship building and four unarmed vessels—a total of thirty-three vessels, with eighty-seven guns, having a tonnage of 31,336, and a power of 4,380 horses. Turkey, on the other hand, could pour into the Black Sea nearly the whole of her fleet of thirty ironclads and seventy-six wooden vessels, mounting 468 guns, carrying 15,188 men, and having a horse-power of 28,995." This preponderance in favor of Turkey helps her to dispute the passage of the Danube and enables her to compel the advance on Constantinople to be made by land, from the Pruth and the Danube, and without any aid by sea.

But, after all, armies and navies are effective only as these masses of men are directed and handled. Elaborate military and naval statistics must, therefore, yield precedence to portraits and biographical sketches of Russian and Turkish rulers and commanders.

The Czar of Russia, Alexander II., eldest son of Nicholas I. and Princess Charlotte, daughter of the late Frederic William III., King of Prussia, was born on the 29th of April (or 17th, old style), 1818. He was educated under the strict supervision of his father, partly by General Moerder, of German descent, and partly by Joukowski, a poet of the romantic school and Old Russian Party. He entered the Russian Army in 1831, attained his majority as Czarowitch in May, 1834, at the age of sixteen; was appointed in 1835 Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Hetman of the Cossacks, and first Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor. In 1837 he assumed the functions of Chancellor of the University of Helsingfors, in Finland, having held that title since 1826. In 1840 his health gave way under the pressure of that monotonous life of military manœuvres, reviews and parades which Nicholas imposed even upon the princesses of the Imperial family. He was sent on a tour in Germany to recover his health, and to complete his studies in the arts and sciences. His visit to the court of Hesse-Darmstadt resulted in his marriage in April, 1841, with the Princess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II. In 1849, he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Schools of the Empire, under his father, and in 1850 he was advanced to a command in the Army of the Caucasus. In 1850, he made a two months' excursion in Southern Russia. The late Emperor Nicholas had scarcely begun the war against the Western Powers of Europe, when he was stricken down by death, in February, 1855. His son, Alexander, succeeded to the vacant throne, and also to the task of carrying on the war which he had inherited, but had disapproved and regretted. "I swear," he said, upon his accession, "to remain faithful to all the sentiments of my father, and to persevere in the line of the political principles which guided him." He renewed this declaration in a manifesto addressed to the entire nation; but, while adhering faithfully to the traditions of his family, he seemed, according to the testimony of Napoleon III., to be animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the causes which had brought on the bloody Crimean War. When, in Russian eyes, the capture of Kars had partially compensated for the loss of Sebastopol, Alexander accepted the conditions of peace, sent his plenipotentiaries to Paris, and avowed his intention to consecrate all the activity of his government to internal affairs. Soon after the conclusion of the war, and the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris, the new emperor was solemnly crowned in Moscow, at the end of August, 1856. In European politics he subsequently showed himself, if not altogether impartial, at least a supporter of non-intervention. Thus he declined to take any active part in the war between Prussia and Austria, or in that between Germany and France. In Asia, however, his policy has been energetically aggressive—to a degree which Western Europe, and particularly England, is but just beginning to be aware of. Moreover, he has thoroughly adopted the traditional system of his ancestors, so far as concerns efforts to Russianize the various nationalities—Poland, for instance—which go to make up his empire. True to the same principles, he has always strongly opposed any encroachment on the part of the Russian nobles upon his divine prerogative, of which he is as vehement an asserter as ever was Henry VIII. or James I. Almost regarded as a demi-god amongst his people at large, he encouraged and, in 1861, decreed the emancipation of the serfs in his dominions; and when a confederation of his nobles at Moscow asked from him some modification of the monarchy, so far at least as the establishment of an Upper Chamber, he severely rebuked them for wishing to diminish his God-given right to initiate all government measures. As the recognized chief of the Greek or Eastern Church, the Emperor of Russia is necessarily hostile to the supremacy claimed by the Pope of Rome over all baptized Christians. For some years, however, the Russian Empire had gone on, under Nicholas, upon tolerably peaceful terms with the Holy See, in virtue of a *concordat;* but in 1866, Alexander flung this compact to the winds, in order to pursue, at times with the most cruel results, his determined work of unification in Church as well as in State, without "let or hindrance." This "work of unification" has occasioned, on the part of the Russo-Greek Church, persecutions from which Jews as well as Catholics have suffered sorely. When, toward the close of 1866, amidst the anxieties of Europe, Alexander ordered that the Russian army should be put upon a war-footing, a wide-spread sensation was produced. But it was relieved as soon as the military efforts of Russia were seen to be directed toward Central Asia and the extreme Orient. While, however, Russia is threatening to become a dangerous rival of England in the East, the Czar has voluntarily contracted the limits of his vast domain by ceding, in March, 1867, the whole of Russian America to the United States for the sum of seven million dollars. In July, 1867, the Czar manifested a special, practical interest in the unequal and bloody struggle between Crete and Turkey. In 1867 he went to see the great Exhibition at Paris, as the guest of the late Emperor of the French. In 1868, the name of Alexander II. was conspicuously connected with our International Conference, which assembled, at his suggestion, in Brussels, for the purpose of investigating the usages of war, and of ascertaining whether war cannot be deprived of some of its horrors.

In 1868 the Czar paid a visit to Germany and to Berlin. In 1869, he issued a decree abolishing the then existing hereditary rights of the Russian clergy; and in December of that year, he presided at the Jubilee of the Order of St. George, and, after alluding to the common share which his grandfather had taken in the war against the First Napoleon, he distributed a large number of Russian orders among the German generals.

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As might naturally be expected, the Emperor Alexander chafed and fretted for many years against the terms respecting the Bosphorus, which had been imposed upon Russia at the Congress of Paris in 1856; and in 1870 he quietly shook them off by his own personal energy and decision, declining any longer to be bound by them.

In 1874 the Czar and the Czarina visited England as guests of Queen Victoria. Alexander has twice escaped assassination—once, in 1866, at the hands of Dimitri Korakosow, and again, in 1867, at Paris, at the hands of a Pole, Berezowki.

The Emperor of Russia is a fine-looking man, if not of so imposing an aspect as was his father, Nicholas I. His disposition is naturally shy and retiring. He is averse to pomp and display, except on extraordinary occasions. He is singularly free from military ambition, and he is imbued with no fanatical belief in his father's drill-sergeant system. He has a deep sense of the responsibilities of his position, and he is sincerely desirous of maintaining the national honor. He has a goodly portion of common sense, but a limited confidence in himself. He is prone to fits of depression and melancholy. He is well-educated, and he has not only a great taste for the fine arts, but decided skill in one of them, having been a pupil of the eminent sculptor, Schmidt von der Launitz. He is said to have been very happy in his family life, which has never been interrupted by those morganatic alliances and other scandals which often "break the monotony of domestic existence in the perfumed circles of royalty." He is kind-hearted and affectionate.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS SETTING OUT TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

His Imperial Majesty is said to be very fond of his children, and especially of his only daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna, whom he always made his counselor, and who married, in January, 1874, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh. The death of his eldest son, heir-apparent to the throne of "All the Russias," which happened at Nice in April, 1865, nearly broke the heart of Alexander. His five surviving sons are, the hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, the Czarovitch, and the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis (who, with his cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine, is with the Russian fleet which recently visited New York Harbor), Sergius, and Paul. The Emperor has two sisters—Marie-Nicolaievna, married first to Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Napoleon, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and secondly to the Count Gregory Stroganow; and Olga Nicolaievna, wife of Charles I., King of Wurtemberg. His three brothers, the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, are married, and all have children; and his uncle, Michael Paulovitch, has one daughter, Catherine Michaelovna, who is married to George, Duke of Mecklenburg and Strelitz. Alexander is said to be warmly attached to his maternal uncle, the Emperor William, of Germany. This attachment, together with the German strain in his blood, and with the humanitarian notions which he derives from his grandfather, Alexander I., without being a dreaming visionary like him, may account for the reluctance with which he has at length yielded to the sympathy of the Czarina, the Czarovitch, and Prince Gortschakoff, with the so-called National or Pan-Slavist Party in Russia, and avowed his intention to fulfill "the sacred mission of Russia and his

predecessors"—which means that he will head a crusade for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the conquest of Constantinople.

The Czarovitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, has full faith in Pan-Slavist ideas, and he will doubtless aim to carry out the Muscovite traditions in every way, when he shall become emperor. At present, his only real importance is that of Heir-Apparent, although he is a Lieutenant-general in the Russian Army, Hetman of all the Cossacks, colonel of many regiments, and particularly fond of military dignities and employments. He was born in April, 1845, was married in 1866 with the Princess Marie-Dagmar, daughter of Christian IX. and sister of the Princess of Wales, and he has two sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and George.

Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire for Foreign Affairs, born in 1798, has played a foremost part in Russian diplomacy, especially in connection with the Eastern Question. American Unionists will never forget his refusal of the intervention proposed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of the French Empire, for the purpose of acting with England in the late civil war of the United States. The prince has always been faithful to Muscovite traditions, but not more so than General Ignatieff, who, it is rumored, will probably ere long be appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Gortschakoff still remaining Chancellor.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, COMMANDING THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN ASIA MINOR.

General Ignatieff is now, apart from his rank as ambassador, a lieutenant-general and general aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Son of General P. Ignatieff, who was for many years Governor-general of St. Petersburg, and who is now president of the Committee of Ministers, Nicholas Paulovitch was educated at the *Corps des Pages*, and, according to custom, quitted that select establishment for young aristocrats to enter the Guard.

The "Crimean War," so-called, found the young Ignatieff, at the age of twenty-two, serving with his regiment in the Baltic provinces, under Count Berg, to whose staff he was attached. But Captain Ignatieff soon passed from the military to the diplomatic service, becoming military attaché to the Russian Embassy at London. His chief performance as military secretary in the embassy of Baron Brunow was a careful report on England's military position in India, which so pleased the Emperor that his majesty called the writer to Warsaw for a personal interview.

In 1858, Ignatieff, now a colonel, was sent on a special mission to Khiva and Bokhara. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his sprightly biography of the soldier-diplomatist, says that Ignatieff "determined to start from Orenburg in Summer; and as he returned in the depth of Winter, he is the one commander on whom the winds of the Ust-Urt Desert have blown both hot and cold."

Appointed a major-general in the Emperor's suite, he was next sent to China, where he concluded a very important treaty, by which the extensive and valuable province of Ussuri was ceded to Russia. Returning home, he was made Director of the Asiatic Department in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, "a department in which, for no logical reason, all Slavonian questions are treated," says Edwards. After having done effective work here, it was thought that he would be made governor-general of the Russian possessions in Central Asia; but in 1865 he was appointed Minister at Constantinople, where his legation was subsequently raised to the rank of an embassy. "He had, just before, married a Princess Galitzin, heiress of the Ostermanns, one of whom is facetiously supposed to have drawn up Peter the Great's will; very rich, very charming, very useful to her husband." Everybody knows how successfully, for a long time, General Ignatieff attained his object at Constantinople of securing for Russia a powerful influence over Turkey; how conspicuously he figured at the Conference; what a sensation he made during his subsequent visits to London, Paris and Berlin; on his return to St. Petersburg, how decisive his counsels were in leading the Czar to declare war; and none who are aware that this prince of diplomatists, beneath the exterior of a frank, jovial gentleman who patiently "receives every one, all day long, twirling his mustache and making jokes," conceals

one of the profoundest intriguers and hardest workers alive, will be surprised if, on occasion, he should contrive, at the last moment, to arrest the war, and try to make a peace which will leave Turkey helpless in the hands of Russia, though still nominally independent. It is alleged that he would like to weaken Turkey, but without destroying the Turkish Empire; for he believes that, with Turkey greatly enfeebled, Russia can do as she pleases, better even than if she occupied Constantinople.

A propos of Ignatieff's mustache, it is nothing in comparison with that of his "syce," or attendant, who used to follow closely behind the ambassador as he rode to and from his residence at Buyukedere, and who was famous for having the fiercest mustache in Constantinople. In the popular eye the orderly was a far greater man than his master, and reverenced accordingly.

General Michael-Gregorovitch Tchernaieff, Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army during the late Turco-Serbian war, has just re-entered the Russian army. He is a soldier whose innate force of character, irrespective of the titular rank which may be conferred upon him, will certainly bring him to the front in the present Russo-Turkish war. He was born in October, 1828, and first entered the Russian military service in 1847. Throughout his service, the infantry was his special arm, and on attaining the rank of general, he was commissioned as a general of infantry. The first active service he saw was in the early days of the Crimean War, under Count Aurep, before Widdin, but his real baptism of fire was at the famous battle of Inkermann. His conduct at Inkermann earned him promotion from the grade of second captain to that of first captain. Subsequently he was attached to the staff of Admiral Istomin, who commanded the defense of the Malakoff, and he took part in the formation of the extensive system of fortifications of that historic position.

After Istomin's death, Tchernaieff, still remaining in the Malakoff defense-force, was transferred to the staff of General Chruleff, and took part in the three desperate assaults by which his chief so stubbornly, but unavailingly, essayed to oust MacMahon from the all-important vantage-ground he had won. When the time came for the exodus of the Russian army to the north side, Tchernaieff took part in the breaking-up of the bridge across the harbor, and evacuated the shattered and blazing ruins of Sebastopol only with the extreme rear guard.

On the conclusion of the Crimean War, Tchernaieff was first appointed chief of the staff of a division in Poland. In 1858 he was sent to Orenburg, then the headquarters of the Russian Central-Asiatic government, and he there began the series of remarkable services which first brought him into prominent notice.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, than whom no one is better qualified to appreciate the soldierly qualities evinced by Tchernaieff amidst both successes and reverses, details the events of the difficult expedition which this daring officer commanded on Lake Aral, in 1859, to support the Khirgiss tribes at war with the Khivans; and also of the still more difficult expedition in which, in 1864, he marched a little force of 1,000 men, with four guns, through the passes of the mountains bounding Siberia on the south, and across the steppes of Turkestan, taking command of the combined detachments of two converging expeditions (the one starting from Orenburg, the other from Semipalatinsk, in Siberia), when they effected a junction near the town of Tchemkend. Tchemkend was taken by assault; but after unsuccessfully attacking, in October, 1864, the important city of Tashkend, some eighty miles south of Tchemkend, Tchernaieff fell back to the latter place, where he wintered. Next June, in 1865, he took Tashkend, but in doing so he virtually disobeyed orders, although acting to the best of his judgment in the circumstances. He was recalled to St. Petersburg, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. "He received a sabre of honor from the Emperor in recognition of his

military enterprise, and—found himself ever after out in the cold as regards military employment."

After kicking his heels for a year in the ante-chamber of the Minister of War, who industriously kept him idle, Tchernaieff, despairing of further active service, and urged by some friends in Moscow, determined to embark in the profession of a notary—a profession just created by the action of new legislation. He had passed the requisite examination, when the Emperor, hearing of his purpose, begged him, through Count Schouvaloff (who is at present the Russian Ambassador at London), to abandon his purpose and resume the profession of arms. Complying with the imperial command, he was reinstated in the army, and, coming to St. Petersburg, he had an interview with the Emperor, and received the promise of active employment. But the promise remained unfulfilled, and after a year of futile waiting, he again retired, and became the proprietor of the *Ruski Mir*. In July, 1874, he quitted the service altogether; and it was not till then that he held himself free to become the recognized editor of the *Ruski Mir*, and to sign his contributions to its columns. "This journal," says Mr. Forbes, "took a bold, independent line, vigorously advocating Slav interests, hitting out straight against military mal-administration, and even venturing to publish Mr. Schuyler's exposure of Russian cruelties in the Khivan expedition."

Already, in 1866, when difficulties were threatened between Serbia and the Porte, Tchernaieff had conceived the design of entering the Serbian army, and, indeed, he received an invitation to do so from Prince Michael, then the ruler of the little principality. When, in 1875, the insurrection in the Herzegovina broke out, Tchernaieff opened a subscription in its behalf, and sent into the Herzegovina, as the correspondent of the *Ruski Mir*, Colonel Monteverde, who subsequently worked with energy as a leading member of his staff in the Serbian War.

When it became clear that Seroia meditated war, General Tchernaieff cast his lot in with that principality. How bravely, against all odds, single-handed and unaided, he prolonged the unequal struggle for two months after the decisive battle of the 1st of September, is a matter of history. The familiar story of the recent Serbian campaign need not be repeated. Mr. Forbes is justified in asserting that this campaign made conspicuous as Tchernaieff's military merits, fertility of resource, aptitude to seize advantages, and sagacity in the recognition and utilization of the characteristics of the people whom he commanded. "That he was militarily wrong in over-prolonging his defensive line is undeniable; but his object in doing so must be taken into consideration. His proclaiming Milan king has been denounced as folly; but it was a bold stroke to gain the ends he aimed at, the reanimation of faltering Serbia, the recrudescence of Slav enthusiasm outside Serbia, and the forcing of the reluctant hand of official Russia."

GENERAL IGNATIEFF.

GENERAL TODLEBEN.

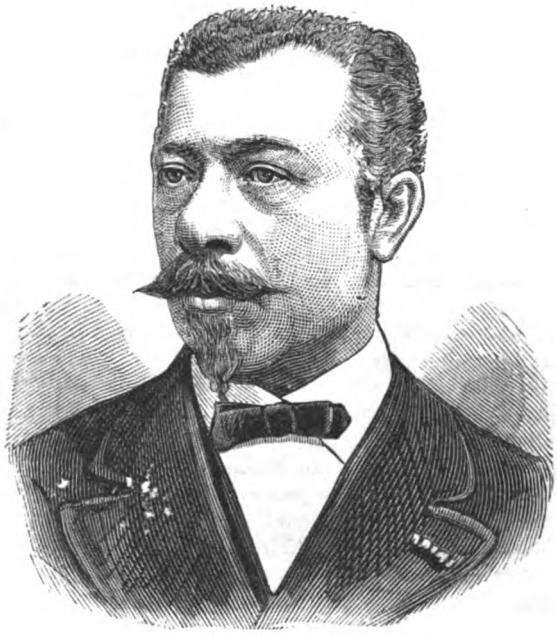
Unquestionably, if opportunity be afforded him, General Tchernaieff will do notable work in the actual war between Russia and Turkey, and his masterly chief of staff, Dolgouroff, will also, it is likely, be heard from again.

Lieutenant-General C. von Kaufmann, Aide-de-camp-general, Governor-general, and Commander-in-chief of the Army of Turkestan, the last of the fourteen military districts into which Russia is divided, is one of those great soldiers who owe their advancement to natural talent and force of character. Educated at the Military School of Engineers, he began his career in the Caucasus, where he speedily rose to the rank of general. In the final campaign against the mountaineers he obtained the post of chief of field officers under General Mouravieff. His tact and conciliatory disposition designated him as the most fit officer to settle with General Sir William Fenwick Williams the conditions of the capitulation of Kars. After the campaign in Asia, the Grand Duke Nicholas appointed him chief of his staff, a position from which he was advanced to the direction of the Minister of War's Office. Then the army had to be reorganized, and General Kaufmann showed that he well

GENERAL MELLIKOFF, CAPTOR OF ARDAHAN.

understood the difficult task intrusted to him. To Kaufmann, conjointly with the Minister of War, General Miloutine, must be assigned the credit of framing the new rules which secured the regeneration of the army. In 1865, General Kaufmann replaced General Mouravieff as Governor of Lithuania. He organized the expedition which left St. Petersburg for Tashkend in February, 1873; on July 15th he captured Khiva, and evacuated the place on August 12th. Mr. MacGahan, in his interesting work entitled "Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva," depicts General von Kaufmann as a man between forty and fifty, bald and rather small of stature for a Russian, with blue eyes, a mustache, but no beard, and a pleasant, kindly expression of countenance. On the 15th of May the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphed the following sensational item, extracted from a St. Petersburg semi-official letter in the Vienna *Politische Correspondenz:* "The Russian troops under General Kaufmann will cross the Pamir into India in the event of England's taking part in the Turkish war." This plainly intimates the share which may yet be allotted to General Kaufmann in the war. It is the first time that the Russians have spoken semi-officially of the possibility of military operations by way of the Pamir, and of the accessibility of India in that quarter.

General Franz Eduard Todleben, the most illustrious military engineer of modern times, was born at Mitau, in Courland, in May, 1818, the son of a shopkeeper. He was educated in the schools of Riga, and in the St. Petersburg School of Engineers. After having been employed in the Engineers' Department, he served in the Caucasus against Shamyl, from 1848 to 1851, and against the Turks on the Danube in 1853 and 1854. When the Russian War broke out in 1854, he was Second Captain in the Corps of Engineers destined for service in the field. Having distinguished himself in the campaign of the Danube, he went to the Crimea. Although Sebastopol was comparatively an open city, he succeeded, under the continuous fire of the enemy, in converting it into a fortress which resisted for more than a year the efforts of the Allied armies. The genius which Todleben displayed in the defense of Sebastopol gave him world-wide fame. Within twelve months he passed successively through the grades of captain, lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-colonel, major-general and adjutant-general. With other decorations, he won those of the fourth and of the third class of the Order of St. George, which are bestowed only for brilliant deeds, and upon the proposal of the Chapter of Knights of the Order. He was wounded on January 20th, 1855. He was subsequently employed in strengthening Nikolayev and Cronstadt. In 1860 he became Chief of Engineers in the War Office, with the rank of General. He is at the same time Adjunct of the Grand Duke Nicholas in the general direction of the service. He met with a cordial reception on his visit to England in 1865. Kinglake, in his incomparable history, "The Invasion of the Crimea," pays the highest tribute of praise to the great Russian engineer. Todleben was born in one of the Baltic provinces lying within the dominions of Russia, and to Russia, accordingly, he has devoted himself; but by race, and name, and features, and warlike quality, he is the fellow-countryman of Prince Bismarck, and of some of the most formidable troops which conquered at Sédan. Whilst the Empire he serves is the Empire of the Czars, the power he represents and almost seems to embody is the power of North Germany. To Prince Michael Gortschakoff is awarded the credit of having first placed this gifted man on the pathway of renown. "As might be expected from the race and Courland birthplace of Todleben, he had that northern, that North German, conformation of head and countenance which denote a man fitted for violent bodily conflict lasting out to the death; and although he seemed to be one to whom the very labor of fighting and exterminating the weaker breeds of men must be an easy and delightful exertion of natural strength, he had joyous, kind-looking eyes, almost ready to melt with good-humor, and a bearing and speech so frank and genial, that people were instantly inclined to like, and very soon after to trust in, him." Todleben is at once a man of thought and a man of action. "I imagine," says Kinglake, "that few men of great intellect ever attained so closely as he did to that which the English denote when they speak of a man as being practical. From his looks and demeanor it



GENERAL TCHERNAIEFF.

was not at all to be inferred that he had devoted his mind to science." He had not, as was at first supposed, discovered anything that altered and expanded the old science of fortification, but he had simply applied his science to novel and changeful circumstances. In the present war, Todleben must be an invaluable coadjutor to the Commander-in-chief of the Russian Army on the Danube.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaïevitch, Commander-in-chief of the Danubian army, second brother of the Czar, was born in 1831, was married in 1856 to the daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, and has two sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas, Jr., and Peter, the former of whom is twenty years of age, and accompanies his father as aide-de-camp.

The Grand Duke Nicholas has been in active service since the age of sixteen, or for thirty years past; but he has had scarcely any field experience. He spent a few days in Sebastopol during the siege, and was, when quite a youth, attached for some two years to the general staff of the Army of the Caucasus, where he took part in a few skirmishes with the Circassians. He was brought up as a field-engineer, and is at present the chief of all the military engineers of the Empire, with General Todleben as an assistant. Among the numerous military dignities held by him are those of General Inspector of the Cavalry of the Empire, Commander of the Imperial Guards, and President of the Supreme Committee for the organization and instruction of troops.

ABDUL HAMID II., THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

He is tall, handsome, forty-six years old, and as haughty a prince as the house of Romanoff has ever produced. According to a clever and well-informed writer in the *Sun* newspaper, his personality and position in Russia are not unlike those of the Duke of Cambridge in England. "Both are considered good disciplinarians and organizers, and both are dull men, without special military talent." As chief of engineers, the Grand Duke Nicholas is described as a mere figure-head, his assistant-general, Todleben, doing all the work. As commander-in-chief, he is also but a figure-head, guided and controlled by his chief of staff, General Nepokoytchizky, the Moltke of Russia.

General Nepokoytchizky, the man who, it is said, will actually lead and command the Russian forces, is a Pole. His origin has for a long time been a hindrance to his promotion, but his abilities are too great not to be ultimately acknowledged. He first distinguished himself as an officer of the general staff and professor of strategy, at the Military Academy of St. Petersburg. He took part in the Hungarian war of 1849; fought in the Caucasus, and was, during the war of 1853-4, chief of staff in the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by General Luders. "He was," says the *Sun* writer, "the leading spirit in all the operations on the Danube during that war, and has now the incalculable advantage of operating on a field perfectly familiar to him. He has picked out for brigade and division generals men who served under him twenty-four years ago as captains and majors, and who, accordingly, know the Danubian region as well as he does." Some of their names, as well as that of their gifted leader, will doubtless appear in future editions of those French and English biographical dictionaries which have hitherto seemed to make a point of omitting almost all Russian and Turkish celebrities.

The Grand Duke Michael-Nicolaïevitch, third brother of the Czar, General of Artillery, Grand Master of Artillery, Aide-de-camp-general, Governor-general of the Caucasus, and chief of more than half a dozen regiments of lancers, dragons, grenadiers, hussars, infantry, etc., is at the head of the Russian Army in Asia Minor. He was born in 1832, was married in 1857 to a daughter of the late Leopold, Grand Duke of Baden, and he has six children, five of them grand dukes, and one a grand duchess. He is said to be a much brighter and a more experienced officer than his older brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-chief of the Russian Army.

The Grand Duke Constantine Nicholaïevitch, first brother of the Czar and President of the Imperial Council, was born in 1827, married in 1848 a daughter of the late Joseph, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, and has six children, two of whom are grand duchesses. The Grand Duke Constantine adds to his military titles that of High Admiral of the Russian Navy, but "circumstances beyond control" condemn him, his vice-admirals, Boutakoff and Arcas, and his rear-admirals, Swinkine and Erdmann, with their gallant comrades, to comparative inaction, at least temporarily.

Abdul-Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, succeeded, on the 7th of September, Murad V., who was deposed on account of mental incapacity. A younger brother of Murad, and the fourth

ABDUL KERIM PASHA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TURKISH FORCES.

on of Abdul-Medjid, he was born in 1842. His mother dying young, he was adopted by a childless lady of Abdul-Medjid's harem, who made him heir to her own considerable wealth. A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* recently gave an interesting account of this prince, whom he describes as thin and sinewy-looking, with bright, dark eyes, and a quick, flashing glance. Abdul-Hamid accompanied the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz on his European tour, and contracted a taste for French clothes and French customs, many of which he has introduced into his household. He is exceedingly fond of maps—military, geographical and statistical—the study of which is his favorite pastime. According to the same correspondent, he is neither a drunkard nor a spendthrift—indeed, if anything, he is somewhat "near." He is fond of animals. He is the husband of but one wife, and until lately he lived with her and his two children in a small palace at Kinhat Hane, "quite contentedly, *à la Française*, eating at the same table, and playing with the little ones like a model paterfamilias." Nevertheless, the Sultan is a stanch member of the Old Turkey Party, and he is very punctilious in his religious observances, although rumor says that he is not so strict a Mussulman as he professes to be. Although bitterly opposed to the Young Turkey Party, he is no fanatic, and he is said to be well disposed toward the Giaours, always excepting the Greeks, whom he cordially detests. After April, 1876, he was kept as carefully under surveillance as his brother was, and little was known about him, save that he had refused to mount the throne until his brother's condition was pronounced incurable, and that, as a member of the Old Turkey Party, he advocated war to the death rather than any compromise which should bring about the disintegration of the Empire. A lively account of the way in which the Sultan spends his day recently appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. "By ten o'clock in the morning, clad in a fur-lined *anterie*, the Sultan takes his place in the cheerful little room, in the right wing of the palace, which he has made his own—a little gem in its way, furnished in ebony and green velvet, its only adornments, a select library, a number of maps hung on the walls, the busts of his father and uncle, and the portraits of his father and grandfather. The first person he sends for in the morning is Said Pasha, Grand Marshal of the Palace, with whom he draws out the programme of the day; he then calls for the other Said Pasha, his first secretary, with whose assistance he carefully examines all papers sent to him from the Porte. Occasionally, while still in his dressing-gown, he receives Ministers on pressing matters; otherwise he works at his business till about noon, when he breakfasts. Shortly after, he reappears in his study, dressed in the Quaker-cut black frock-coat, called *stambulee*. Then commence the official receptions, generally followed by a second interview with his Grand Marshal, after which he either takes a walk in the palace grounds or a trip on the Bosphorus in his yacht. He dines shortly after sunset, takes no *raki* before dinner, and no wine with the meal. Once or twice a week he invites some members of the Cabinet to spend the evening with him, and talks to them upon public affairs; other evenings are devoted to music. He has a special pianist, an Italian, attached to the palace, and sometimes the palace troupe perform a pantomime for his amusement. He is personally averse to carriage or horseback riding." Late reports represent him as having been utterly dismayed at Russia's formidable preparations for war. But the chief of the Ottoman Empire has not yet been sufficiently alarmed to yield to the pressure of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the head of the Ulemas, and to proclaim, as Sultan and Caliph, the "Jedhad," or Holy War. The eagerness with which Abdul-Hamid thanked Earl Derby for his significant reply to Prince Gortschakoff shows that the Sultan still clings to the hope of British intervention in his behalf, more immediately important and much less perilous than would be a revival of Islamism, driving him into conflict with the whole "infidel" world. Indeed, there are many indications that the Mediterranean is far more likely to become an English than a Russian sea. Meanwhile, "with a heart for any fate," the Sultan serenely awaits results, like a pious Mussulman.

The Sultan's Grand Vizier, Mohammed-Ruchdi Pasha; his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Safvet Pasha, who, although he

AHMED MUKTAR PASHA.

SAFVET PASHA, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

was President of the International Conference at Constantinople, is but an unequal match for such wily diplomats as Prince Gortschakoff and General Ignatieff; his Minister of War, Redif Pasha; the Commander-in-chief of his army on the Danube, Abdul-Kerim Pasha; the Commander-in-chief of his army in Asia Minor, Ahmed-Muktar Pasha; and his Minister of the Navy, Kaisserly-Ahmed Pasha, with his High Admiral, Hobart Pasha, are more actively, in their respective spheres, preparing for the destinies of Turkey.

Abdul-Kerim Pasha, Commander-in-chief of the Turkish army on the Danube, was appointed Minister of War immediately after the assassination of the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs by the Circassian, Hassan, on June 15th, 1876. On July 9th following he assumed command of the Turkish troops operating in Serbia, while Ahmed-Muktar Pasha took charge of those in the Herzegovina. It was a matter of considerable comment that, when he went into Serbia, he was accompanied by Suleiman Pasha, well known as the director-general of the famous military school at Constantinople, who had received a thorough military training in Europe.

It has been said that Abdul-Kerim Pasha is too old for active field service, and that he possesses little practical knowledge of the science of war. This, however, is a mistake. He is, indeed, the senior of the actual Minister of War, Redif Pasha, in experience as well as in age, and the latter has good reasons for being much under his control. The old soldier was himself Minister of War during the reign of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz. The way in which he lost that place is characteristic of him. It has thus been told: Hussein-Avni Pasha, who was assassinated last year, had fallen, for some private affair, into disfavor with the Sultan. He was dismissed and banished, and nobody at court had dared for years to pronounce his name. At a council one day, a discussion arose concerning military matters, and the possible contingency of war. The personal qualifications of various generals were discussed, when the Minister of War got up and declared that, in his opinion, there was only one general in Turkey competent to lead an army against an enemy, and that was the banished Hussein-Avni Pasha. Abdul-Aziz was not the man to tolerate such audacity. He dismissed the honest and outspoken minister, and conceived a still greater dislike to the exile.

The same writer for the *Sun* whom we have already cited says that it is not by the name of Abdul-Kerim Pasha that the old general is generally known in Turkey. There are several Abdul-Kerims in office, and more than one pasha of that name. The father of Kaisserly-Ahmed Pasha, the present Minister of the Navy, is also Abdul-Kerim Pasha. The Commander-in-chief of the Army is accordingly called, in Turkey, Buyuk-Abdi Pasha, which means "the great Abdi," the latter name being a mere abbreviation of Abdul. "The fame of the old general has not hitherto been spread in the outside world, partly on account of his modesty and constant desire to keep in the background, partly because the living military men of Turkey have only had one chance to show their abilities, and that was during the war of 1853–54. But the part played by the French and English during that war was so much more prominent, that nobody, except the Turks themselves, took any interest in what was done by their army. Otherwise the name of Abdul-Kerim Pasha would have been much more widely celebrated, as he was one of the most successful of Turkish generals, both on the Danube and in the Crimea." This is true, although his hands were then tied by the diplomatists, and the requisite means were refused him.

A Rustchuk correspondent of the Augsburg *Gazette* thus describes this "Turk of the old school": "He owes his career to no Byzantine intrigues, but rather has the straightforwardness and probity of his character to thank for it. He spent his youth in Vienna, under the guidance of an Austrian officer, Herr von Hauslab, and there learned, not only the rudiments of military science, but a knowledge of the German language and German manners, and took away with him the stamp of German solidity. He must be somewhere about sixty years of age. His bronzed visage, framed in a white beard that goes all round it, bids defiance, not only to the storm of time, but to the numerous cares of his responsible position, in an unchanging expression of calmness and confidence. He is no Hotspur, no youthful Bonaparte, burning with a desire to get at the enemy, falling upon him suddenly, after having worn him out and misled him by numberless marches and countermarches. He is rather the immovable player of a waiting game, a Fabius Cunctator, who is able to keep even a Hannibal in check."

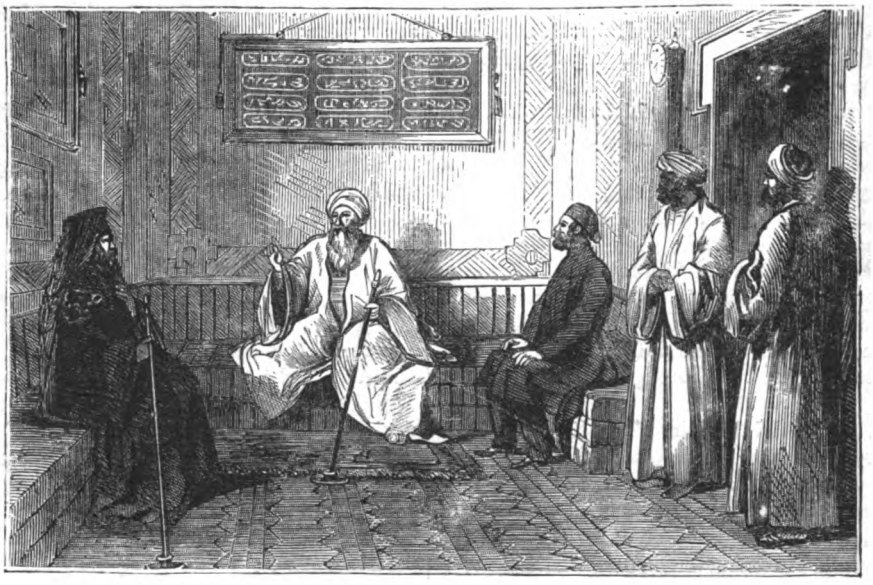
Among the *mouchirs*, or field-marshals, whom Abdul-Kerim Pasha has under his orders, those that have the highest military reputation are Ahmed-Eyoub Pasha, Mahmed-Ali Pasha and Aziz Pasha. The last-named is the commander of the artillery, and to his skill was attributed the fall of Alexinatz during the war with Serbia.

Ahmed-Muktar Pasha, under whose command the Turkish army in Asia Minor has been placed, won great distinction while commanding the Turkish troops in the Herzegovina. His organizing and executive abilities are high, and he is an excellent strategist. The reports of his defeat by the Russian General Mellikoff, near Kars, on the 29th and 30th of April, proved to have been greatly exaggerated. The slaughter inflicted upon the Russian forces at the Turkish victory (due largely to the extraordinary courage of the Bashi-Bazouks) in the important battle of May 11th, near Batoum—a

ADMIRAL HOBART PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH FLEET.

seaport on the east shore of the Black Sea, four miles north of the mouth of the Tchouruk—confirms the opinion of the London *Times* that the war in Asia Minor will not be the kind of parade for the Russians which was anticipated by English alarmists. "The Russians run great risk of disappointment if they endeavor to repeat the rapid triumphs of 1828 and 1829." Moreover, incessant rains, unprecedented floods and the dreaded cholera threaten to aggravate the difficulties of the campaign of 1877.

Hobart Pasha, High Admiral in the Turkish Navy, is an Englishman. His individuality and his career are alike extraordinary. Third son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire who, after having taken holy orders in the Church of England, succeeded to the title and estates of his eldest brother, he was born in 1822, or in 1823. In 1836 he joined the Royal British Navy. In 1845 he was appointed to the Queen's yacht, and served two years. During the Russian, or "Crimean" War, he commanded Her Majesty's ship *Driver*. In 1862 he became a post-captain. During the War of Secession, in the United States, he amused himself, in his leisure "off duty" (quite far off, some thought), by running no less than eighteen times the blockade of the American ports on the Atlantic. The story of his hairbreadth 'scapes and whimsical daring adventures as a blockade-runner would make a readable book. In 1868 he entered the Ottoman Navy, with the grade of rear-admiral and the title of pasha. At the height of the insurrection in Crete, he was sent, by a queer freak of poetical justice, to stop the proceedings of the Greek blockade-runners. For this service, and for his conduct in a delicate negotiation off Syra in the cause of general peace, he received high-class decorations and honors from Austria, France and Turkey. Early in 1869 he was promoted by the Sultan to the rank of vice-admiral, and three months later, to that of admiral. He was then first in command of the Imperial squadron on the Mediterranean. He subsequently served as Inspector-general of the Turkish Navy. While temporarily absent in the latter capacity, he was shocked by the news of the death of his wife, Sir Colquhoun Grant's daughter. He was so prostrated with grief that he could not attend her imposing funeral in Constantinople. In 1871, Queen Victoria granted him her royal license to accept and wear the insignia of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, conferred upon him by the Sultan. In December, 1874, he was restored to his former rank in the British Navy. Admiral Hobart Pasha, as commander-in-chief of the Turkish naval forces on the Danube, played in characteristic style his part in an opening act of the present war. His first appearance on this stage was duly reported throughout the world. The Danube, after keeping an easterly course from the Austrian border until some distance past Rustchuk, suddenly turns due northward to Galatz, whence it is again diverted to the east to empty through several mouths into the Black Sea. This diversity of direction was at one time rather embarrassing to the Turkish forces stationed north of the Balkans, inasmuch as the Russians, having established themselves in force at Galatz, prior to the actual declaration of war, commanded the Danube above and below that place, and pretty effectually closed the outlets of the river against the Turks in their own territory. Admiral Hobart Pasha promptly repaired to Rustchuk and inspected the strength of the Russian works on the river banks. A Pera telegram at length spread the news that the bold sailor had successfully run the blockade in his special steamer, the *Rethymo*. "On April 29th, the admiral left Rustchuk at night. On arriving at Galatz, which was guarded by torpedoes and heavy batteries commanding the river, the lights on the steamer had been extinguished, but a rocket from the Roumanian shore showed that Hobart Pasha's approach was discovered by the Muscovites. On his coming abreast of the batteries, the heavy guns began to fire, but the *Rethymo* was run so close in-shore that the gunners were unable to depress their pieces fast enough to get a good aim. The admiral only fired one shot, and the *Rethymo* passed to the Black Sea safely." That was the first cannon-shot upon the Danube in the Russo-Turkish war. Before the bloody drama shall reach its closing scenes, how many another shot will have been fired!



THE SHEIK-UL-ISLAM, THE HEAD OF THE MOHAMMEDAN RELIGION, GIVING AUDIENCE TO A GREEK BISHOP.

GROWING OLD.

THE veteran Charles Mathews, who has held his place on the stage for more than two generations, says this about growing old:

"Next to the faculty of abstraction, I value that of sleep. After a heavy rehearsal and a wearying afternoon of business, trying to stop leaks here and repair damages there, I always snatched even as little as ten minutes' sleep. I always could sleep on demand, and always with the same result: I turned over a new page, and began life again with all that sense of keen enjoyment. People wonder why I do not retire, and why I travel enormous distances. The answer is simple. I like it. An amateur would go round the world with pleasure, and pay his own expenses, to play my parts; and do you suppose that I don't enjoy the fun as well as he? I believe in the maxim of Young Rapid, 'Keep moving.' It cannot keep you from growing old; but it does keep you from feeling old and getting rusty. Look at your men who retire. They crystallize. I will not. The best end a man can have is to die in harness."

THE INFIORATA AT GENZANO.

THE feast of Corpus Christi, though by no means one of the oldest in the calendar of the Catholic Church, is in its celebration the most gorgeous, picturesque, attractive and interesting. Its object is to honor Christ as really present in the Eucharist. As it occurs in June, a season of flowers, and a procession forms an important part of the ceremonial, it is a gala-day in all Catholic countries. Even north of us, in Canada, the celebration of this day, called *Fête Dieu* in French, in such cities as Quebec and Montreal, is worth a a trip to witness. The streets are adorned with arches and devices in green, and a procession of clergy in rich vestments, students, religious in various habits, with their pupils, with the swinging of censers, the throwing of flowers, give a scene as unlike our everyday life as can be imagined.

In Mexico it is still more gorgeous. The great European cities and towns rival each other in the splendor of the celebration of the festival.

A little village in Italy—Genzano—has long, however, been unique in its floral honor to the day, and in the year 1869 the celebration attracted the Pope to witness it. Our illustration shows this celebration, which is known as the Infiorata of Genzano. Its peculiarity consists in the decoration of the pavement of the Via Livia, a long, sloping street, along which the Holy Sacrament is carried in procession, with flowers in such varied designs and exact symmetry and harmony of color, that, viewed from the windows and balconies on each side, the street seems to be covered with the richest Turkey carpets instead of poppies, violets, broomflowers, bluebells and "lilies of the field," not to mention a hundred other sorts of blossoms adapted to afford the various tints required. The designs are traced with chalk and covered with gum, and then filled in with the several tints out of baskets, each of which only contains the one sort of flower. The whole has to be designed and executed within a couple of hours, and as it extends for nearly half a mile, the taste and skill of the artists are taxed to the utmost.

THE INFIORATA, OR CELEBRATION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, AT GENZANO.

The effect is indeed magical. An elegant tapestry seems to cover the whole route, broken only at intervals by the richly flower-adorned repositories, or little altars, where the procession pauses and benediction is given. At the celebration of the festival mentioned, Pius IX. being in the vicinity, arranged to visit the village, and drove through the picturesque groves and alleys at the outskirts of Genzano and Ariccia.

He witnessed the procession from the balcony of the Piazza Comunale, and we will not dispute the Papal Infallibility in his judgment of the beauty and magical effect of the floral decorations of the Infiorata of Genzano, a scene which no traveler ever witnessed without bearing its memory through life as a sweet fragrance.

PERSEVERANCE is the bridge by which difficulty is overcome.

SAMBUR, NEILGHAU AND CHEETUL.

If the Prince of Wales had time to look at the herd of spotted axis deer that squandered the line of elephants on the first day's tiger-shooting in Nepaul, he must have seen a very beautiful sight. Cheetul are about the same height as fallow deer, with stouter bodies; they are very graceful in their movements, and when well fed, their sleek, spotted coats are the prettiest vestments used by the deer tribes in India. In my time they were found in the western ghauts, and in the valleys of the Satpura running to the Tapta River, as well as in a few jungles of the Cancan. One of these jungles on the Veturna River became infested with wild beasts of all sorts during the hot weather, when the deep pools of that fierce mountain torrent looked peaceful and inviting, as if they were innocent of the death, to my own knowledge, of an entire village. There was no other water near; tiger, leopard, bear, hog and jungle-loving creatures left their tracks on the dusty paths leading to the river, promising abundance of sport. In a certain period of years it was the custom to burn the grass of this jungle. The sporting population of the Cancan then, cleaning up their match-locks, sharpening their arms, and resting their bows, all looked forward to the event as the most exciting shikar of their lives.

A party of three pitched our tents on the river-bank the day before, in a very beautiful situation; we were under the shade of mango-trees. On one bank of the river patches of bamboo stretched their thin wands drooping over the water, clear and shadow-giving, thirty feet below; while on the opposite side the jungle hung over the river-bed in twists and turns, till it was hidden from sight. Immediately below us a deep pool reflected reeds, bamboo and larger growths, while now and then the black nose of an alligator disturbed the calmness of the water.

Taking my rifle with me, I rode across in the evening to reconnoitre. A great extent of treeless grass-land skirted the trees, and through the grass I soon saw a family of hogs cantering along, headed by a mighty gray boar. The temptation was too great! He pitched on his snout at my shot, but got up and went on again. Marks of deer were everywhere, so, after fixing on a spot for the morrow, we jogged home to dinner.

Jungle dinners are generally made of jungle animals. Cheetul, sambur, and neilghau heads make soup fit for an alderman, their tongues are delicious, and their marrow-bones sweeten the toast. Their flesh is more salt than that of our educated animals, but Bass relieved the saltness. As we sat outside, smoking our manillas, we tried to comprehend the various sounds that came from the jungle till turning-in time came.

After breakfast next morning we sallied forth to endure smoke, fire and oriental sunshine, for a chance shot at some beast scared by the fire. Before we reached our stations the day breeze began; with it came down the sounds of distant gun-shots two miles away, then arose the distant smoke, till it gradually drew over our line, hiding the midday sun. As the fire increased so did the wind, and burning flakes were carried on it; as far as I was concerned, in a stifling atmosphere.

Two hours had gone before I saw anything but frightened birds; I could now hear the crackling of the flames, while here and there columns of lurid light shot up through the smoke; the air was getting hot, and as I began to think the other side of the river would be more agreeable, one of my men drew my attention to a boar coming down upon us, which swerved out of his line when he saw us, and fell dead to Westley Richards's double rifle. He had a wound on his neck; possibly he was the one I had wounded over night.

I moved away from my warm place to look for my friends. They had gone, but I got a wounded cheetul in a water-pool. On reaching the tents, I found that my companions had found the smoke and heat too much for them. We heard in the evening that a tiger had been seen, and that several sambur, cheetul and hogs had been bagged. The most wonderful part of this great shikar, in which several hundred men were engaged, was that no one was injured by beast, bullet or arrow.

In the beautiful valley of Pal, hidden in the Satpura range, I was all at once aware that a sambur, with splendid antlers, was looking at me from about two hundred yards. If I had tried to stalk him he would have disappeared in the jungle, so there was nothing for it but Smith's single rifle. I heard the ball strike, but we never saw those antlers again. Soon after a cow sambur and calf dashed down an open slope before me; the old one fell stone-dead, shot through the nape of the neck. I did not see the head as I fired; it must have been flush with the line of back.

Myghee is a miserable village in Khandeish, on the banks of the Ghirna; a great yearly fair is held there, attracting merchants from Nepaul, Thibet and Afghanistan. Delhi shawls and Dacca muslins change hands; elephants, camels and bullocks are offered for sale—the latter are tried in drawing heavy carts over the heavy sand, their tails suffering cruel twisting. It became my duty to be presiding magistrate there one year, more for sham than necessity, for everything was very orderly. I had several cavalry officers with me, so what with the dust, the fair and the hunting, there was plenty of occupation. We were scattered over the hills one morning, when I saw a neilghau (blue bull) browsing within shot. The bullet struck him, but away he went, and I after him. The ground was firm but stony on the hill-top; by-and-by we reached a soft, cracked, black soil plain, pretty well covered with low thorn-bush. Through this the bull led, with a long, easy stride, as if he could go for ever. After a three-mile gallop I began to close upon him, and a bit of bare, hard ground brought me up to him. Blood was on his thigh, and he could go no faster, so, drawing my sword, I killed him with a cut on the neck, at full speed. On reaching the camp, I found that every one had brought home something.

The neilghau is sometimes tamed and trained to harness. A very good pair, yoked like bullocks, drew a light cart through the fair every day, seemingly very docile. Tame neilghau are not always so. I was once on a visit to Douglas Graham, at Dhurrungam, the place where James Outram, as a young man, reduced the Satpura Bheels, not only to order, but to use. Where he built his house, with its grand reception-room, in which the wild chieftains, for the first time in their lives, beheld trophies of all the beasts they knew so well, carefully arranged on brackets, pillars, and on the walls, and where tiger, leopard and other skins covered the stucco floor.

They knew that Outram had killed some, if not all the owners, and they loved the man who excelled them in skill and venery.

Well, Graham had a tame female that walked about his grounds, and ate sweet grasses from our hands. One morning I happened to go out with my red cloth cap on my head, when Lady Neil walked up to me more hastily than usual. I held out my hand, she shook her head, and drawing away a few feet, rushed at me with head half down. I took it easy, caught her by the nose, and thought that I could hold her. So I did for a few moments, till I hit her over the eyes with the red cap. I was strong; she was fourteen hands high, and stronger. She charged through my hands, and knocked me down. As she was kneeling on me, some one came and beat her off. I never wore the red cap

again in her presence. In my ordinary hat we were good friends.

A long time ago, the jungles of the Taptee River beyond Asseerghur were full of cheetul, sambur, and other creatures in the month of May, when excessive heat dried up the mountain springs. Seton Karr and I passed many a pleasant day there with our little tents pitched beneath some shady tree. There were no inhabitants there; and it was wild jungle for fifty miles.

We took all stores with us except meat. I was once following the fresh spoor of a cheetul herd along a bushy water-course, when all of a sudden, I heard a wonderful clatter over the pebbles coming toward me. Vision was very limited, and in a moment I was surrounded by cheetul in great numbers, running away, helter skelter, from some danger ahead. Some of them nearly ran against me. I killed one with a shot-gun, and went to look for the scarecrow, without finding him.

One evening my man pointed to something ahead which he saw, while I could not see anything. I crossed a ravine; the man still pointed ahead. I went on to the edge of a jungle patch, and stopped to look and listen. Just then I heard the slow crushing of dead leaves. I knew whose feet it was crouching for a spring. I had only my single Smith rifle in hand, and, as I wanted something for to-morrow's dinner, I retired slowly from the feeding-ground of that tigress. I had seen her before about there with two four-month-old cubs.

"I say, old fellow!" said Seton Karr one day to me, "just fill up this for me," giving me a paper. It was a versified tale of our three selves. Strettle was supposed to pass the midday heat on his carpet under some thick bush with cheroots, beer, and books, stripped to his black bathing-drawers; and a persevering sportsman, myself, going along there, was to fill up my own proceedings, so—

> Peeping beneath its shady branch,
> Looking for a cheetul's haunch,
> Or head of tusky boar, perchance,
> He spies the black langootee.
>
> "Hulloa," he says, "here's something rare;
> A tainted odor fills the air;
> It smells much like an old he-bear;
> So help me, Bob! I'll shoot ye."

Upon which Karr laughed, and went on; but a whiff of tobacco saved his life under the bush. I wonder whether our soda-water bottle, buried deep in an ant-hill in these laughing jungles in 1838, has been exhumed yet. There are, or there were, some puzzles inside it. One of the most delicious drinks we got there was a bottle of fresh palm toddy, kept cool. After working hard, up hill and down, through jungles and river-beds, sometimes without a bag for five hours or more, we required something that was very delicious, very innocent, and very plentiful.

EXPLOSIVES.

The ancients must have had work to get on without gunpowder. They managed, however, to make some remarkable excavations and get out very large rocks, without any blasting apparatus. It would have been a long job in their day to have tunneled the Alps. Hannibal is said to have opened a way through the rocks by means of fire and vinegar—what a help a few cans of nitro-glycerine would have been!

The ancients also managed to kill a great many people in war, and yet they had no missiles but such as could be hurled by catapults and other clumsy contrivances. How different the appearance of the battlefields of Marathon and Waterloo! No thick cloud of smoke vailing the horrors of carnage in the old time—no rattle of rifles or thunder of artillery; only the clash of swords, the splintering of lances, the whiz of arrows and "the confused noise of warriors," shouting and cursing and groaning.

It was a hand-to-hand fight then; now we fight, for the most part, by machinery. Heaven speed the day when the process will become so thoroughly scientific that nations will see that it is expedient to settle their disputes, either by diplomacy or by some mechanical device that will dispense with the exposure of human life. Even in the present condition of military science, it would be much more humane, and just about as reasonable, for each party to set up its wooden targets, with the understanding that the side which demolished the largest amount of timber in a given number of shots should be declared victorious. Personal bravery is not as important a factor in war as it once was. Even a coward may be afraid to run away, with the prospect of a shot in his back.

The introduction of explosives was an era in the world's history. It is a little singular that gunpowder, the printing-press and the mariner's compass should have come into use so near the same time; they serve very different ends, but they are all important agencies in civilization, and have combined in bringing about great social changes.

Powder and the press are both capable of doing much mischief as well as good. Both may come under the title of explosives, for the press sometimes "blows up" men and things as effectually as gunpowder. In fact, this is an age of explosives, when the favorite way of dealing with antiquated abuses is to scatter them to fragments. How many people we meet who always speak of every idea in which they have ceased to believe, as an "exploded superstition."

The easiest way to get rid of a thing is to blow it up, but it may not be the safest. If we put a charge of dynamite in a rock that obstructs the passage to our house, in order to remove the nuisance, we demolish the house as well as the rock. There is a moral in this which some of our dynamite reformers would do well to ponder. Superstitions hinder the progress of society, some more and some less, and we would be glad to get them all out of the way; but they may be "blown up" after a fashion that does more harm than good. An institution may be very defective, very much behind the times, and a good deal in the way; but it is perhaps so inwrought into the whole framework of society that you cannot explode it suddenly and violently without shattering other things that we cannot afford to lose. We have some defective laws in our statute-books and absurd practices in our courts, but they also are better than nothing. We have medical men who hold on to theories that may with propriety be called "exploded," and yet they may save more lives than they destroy.

Various modes of producing an explosion have been lately introduced, contingent upon the nature of the explosive. Gunpowder, laid loose upon the surface of a rock, goes off in the air, and accomplishes nothing. Nitro-glycerine needs no deep drill, but only a slight covering of earth, and it will rend the rock to its foundation. It is the degree of rapidity with which the compound works that determines the result. Gunpowder requires time in order to its action, while some other explosives are off "in less than no time." For this reason the latter cannot be used in guns of any sort—they blow up the piece before the shot is discharged. There is also a moral in this. Some of our "men of the age" are in such haste to complete the work which they have in hand, that they explode the machine they operate with, and, perhaps, blow themselves up with it. Gunpowder is too slow for them.

It is not worth while to waste our explosives. A great deal

of powder is used in salutes and celebrations; and, if we were not used to it, perhaps it might seem to be rather an odd way of showing respect for a great man, or our gratitude for a great deliverance, to fire off cannon and fill the air with smoke; but that is not what I now refer to. It is rather the bringing out of heavy ordnance, and the expenditure of costly ammunition, for the accomplishment of small objects —killing flies with cannon. There is something which, perhaps, does not need to be done at all, or might be done quietly, and at little cost; when straightway a grand organization is established, with salaried officers and splendid buildings, and agents sent abroad everywhere to solicit funds —and all for what? Here, again, it would not do to specify.

One thing more. In getting out stone for building purposes, and marble for statuary, explosives are rarely used, but the slower process of cutting and chiseling is preferred. And so the best work of the age is not done by sudden and violent methods, but by patient persistence and quiet, resolute endeavor in the right direction, just as granite is split by the insertion at short intervals of little wedges on a straight line, which, at the proper moment, combine to produce just the fracture that is desired.

Explosives are good in their place, but they are not always good. Gunpowder is a dangerous thing to handle. Everybody knows that, and we all conduct ourselves accordingly. We are not always quite as cautious in handling *moral* explosives.

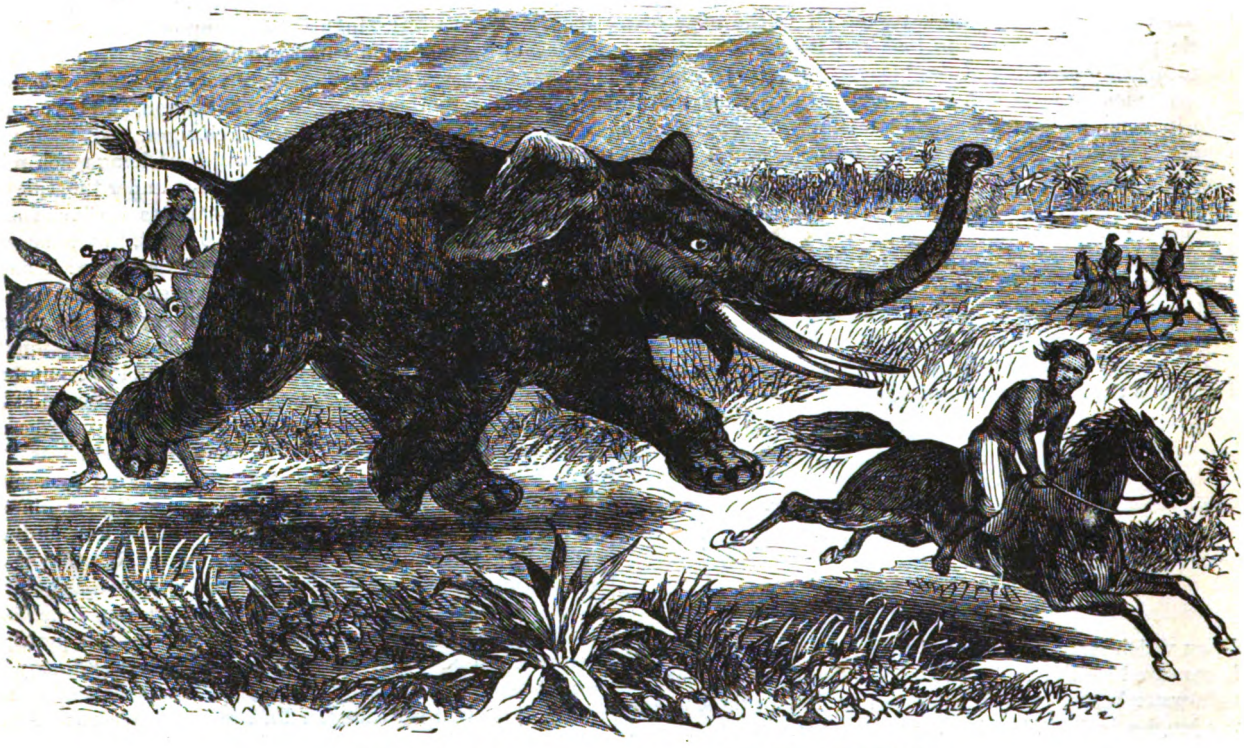
AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, IN ABYSSINIA, KILLING AN ELEPHANT.

Among the Hamram Arabs is a class called Aggageers, or sword hunters, who always go three together, carrying no arms but a sword, and on a swift horse attack and slay at a single blow the fierce African elephant. Sir S. Baker witnessed one of these exploits, and thus describes the exciting scene:

Having discovered the haunt of a large and fierce brute, Rodur, mounted on a fleet mare, proceeded to the spot with his two companions, Taher Sherrif and his brother Ibrahim, and proceeded to meet him in front, while they operated in the rear.

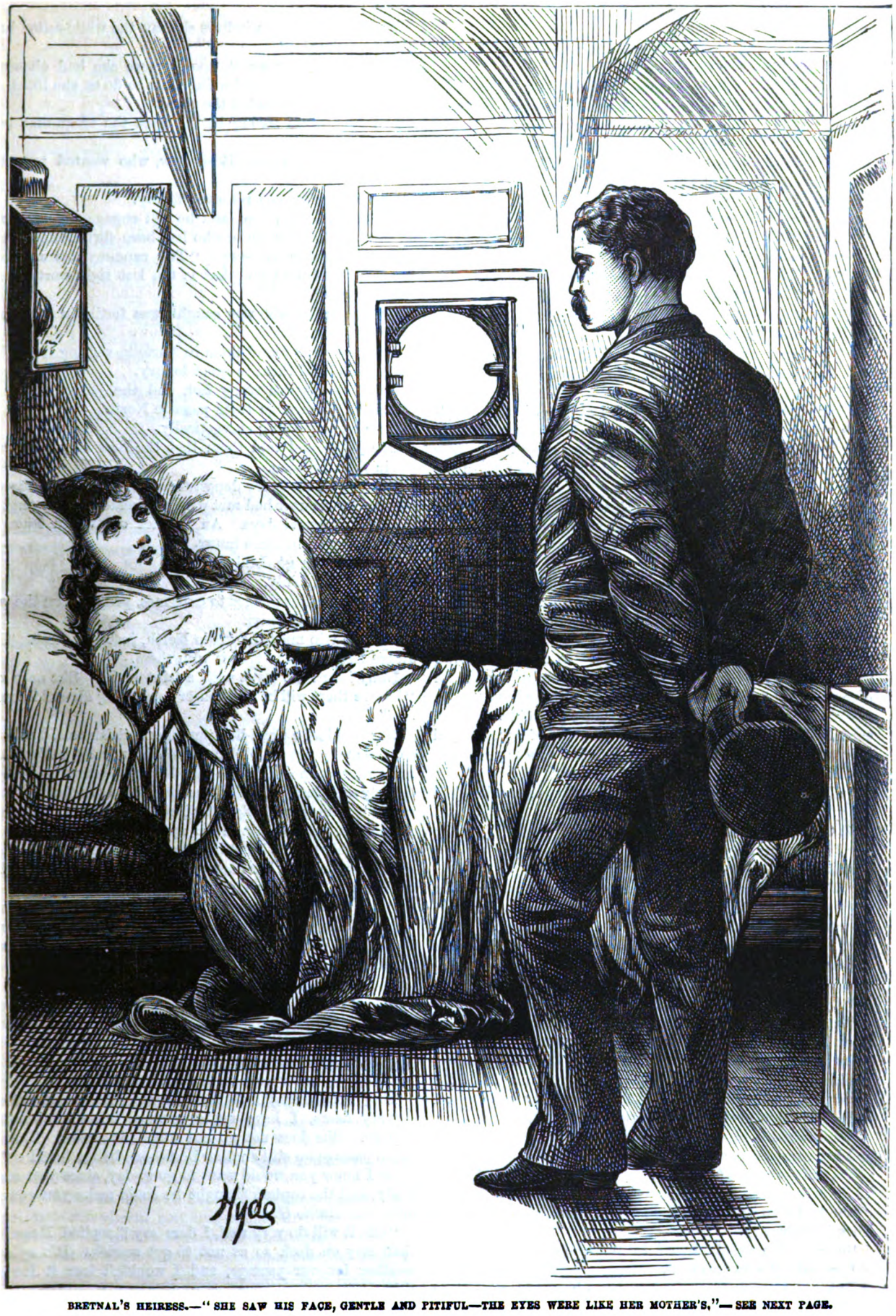
With a shrill scream, the elephant dashed upon him like an avalanche. Round went the mare, as though on a pivot, and Rodur, looking over his left shoulder, kept his distance so close to the elephant that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

Taher Sherrif and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taher Sherrif, grasping his trusty blade, leaped nimbly to the ground, at the same time Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck upon the descending steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through the skin and sinews, and settled deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride the elephant halted dead-short in the midst of its tremendous charge. Taher had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment, Rodur, who had led the chase, turned sharp round, and again faced the elephant as before; stooping quickly from the saddle, he picked up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious-looking animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant Taher was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great bull-elephant could not move. The first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it: the second was its deathblow; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds.



AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, IN ABYSSINIA, KILLING AN ELEPHANT

Self-denial is one of the chief virtues.



BRETNAL'S HEIRESS.—"SHE SAW HIS FACE, GENTLE AND PITIFUL—THE EYES WERE LIKE HER MOTHER'S,"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

BRETNAL'S HEIRESS.

"I SAY, judge, there is Bretnal's heiress."

"Which one?"

Judge Gracie thought he need scarcely ask as he looked at the two girls crossing the street and approaching him.

One was tall, radiant and beautiful; the other so small, sad and plain.

But Dr. Ladislaw said:

"The smaller one."

"Possible?"

Judge Gracie put up his eye-glasses as the ladies passed.

After all, he scarcely saw Linly Bretnal—Rose Clare was so beautiful.

"Well, I certainly should have thought it would have been the other one," he said.

"Yes; every one thinks that. Miss Clare's handsome, isn't she? and Linly Bretnal is an odd little thing."

"Friend?"

"Miss Clare? Companion. Lives at The Shrubs—Bretnal's place, you know. Splendid sea-view there, but no society—nothing down there but gulls and sea-wrens. Miss Bretnal had to have a companion provided for her when she came back from school; so Bretnal got Rose Clare—his old partner's daughter, you know. Rose isn't poor in her own right, but she needed a home—father and mother dead—so she went to The Shrubs four or five years ago. She's about as independent there as Miss Bretnal."

"And the heiress—she's Bretnal's niece, cousin, sister?"

"Oh, no, bless you! an adopted daughter. But Bretnal knows no more of the feelings of a father than an old male turkey. Gives her plenty of money, a good home, never dictates to her, lets her quite alone. In fact, you know what Bretnal is—business is his life. He wasn't made for domestic purposes. Hasn't, I say, a father's feelings."

Here Dr. Ladislaw, who was wheeling a child's carriage containing his little lame daughter, six years of age, stooped to kiss the child and look lovingly into her sweet eyes.

"Flossy want to go home now?" he said.

Judge Gracie stepped down upon the sidewalk, and walked away, tapping his gold-headed cane.

At the next square he met Mr. Bretnal.

"Judge, how do you do? I am in a quandary.

"How so?"

"Well, I'm down here, you know, with two young women on my hands. Beautiful city, this Baltimore of yours, and the girls want to stay. But here's a telegram, demanding my presence in New York immediately. Now, if I knew any one to befriend the girls a bit, they might stay and welcome."

"Let me play the guardian angel."

"You? Ah! Well, judge, they wouldn't be much trouble. If you please to do so, it would be quite a favor. Linly looks stronger this Winter; it's the mild air, possibly. Walk up to my hotel, if at leisure. You would find Miss Clare very good company. Gentlemen usually like Rose, I believe. I don't care to talk to women myself."

Mr. Bretnal departed in the next steamer, and his heiress and her companion remained in Baltimore.

The soft breezes of the advancing Spring were delicious to Linly, who was frail and sensitive as a flower.

She had shrunk in absolute agony from returning to New York in February.

She was ill, poor child, and did not know it.

Rose said she was nervous.

But the Baltimore gardens grew so beautiful, with their budding shrubs and fresh vines and skies of Summer blue in March!

Through the open windows she saw the white-sailed boats flit by on the river.

Liberty here was sweet, too, because she had chosen to make no acquaintances, leaving Rose to do as she liked, and a feeling of rest pervaded the place.

She grew quite strong by the time the magnolias burst into bloom.

She did not oppose Rose now, who wanted to return North.

The change seemed pleasant, finally.

"I will tell the judge, and he will engage staterooms for us next week," said Rose, who had been flirting desperately with that worthy widower. "The cape-myrtles will be in flower by that time, and that is the last sight worth seeing in Baltimore."

But the judge, who was caught, was fertile in expedients to detain them.

The next week found them in Norfolk, visiting the judge's sister, who lived there in great luxury.

But May-day was really hot, and the judge reluctantly consented to arrange their passage North.

Rose set to packing energetically.

The judge had told them that the New York boats went out in the afternoon.

She was all ready for departure, when he came to say that the regular steamer had met with an accident, and would not go out for several days. An inferior one would leave the levee, however, in three hours.

"We'd better go, Linly."

"Yes," said Linly.

The judge, thus pushed to extremes, proposed on the spot, and Rose accepted him.

But the trip must be made North, just the same. Only Judge Gracie was to take it with them.

Linly heard the news with a faint smile. She only said, "I hope there will be a kitten or something aboard to amuse *me!*"

Her face had a pearl-like pureness and fairness, but it was so pale and quiet you did not know how really perfect it was until after a time. No one called Linly pretty.

They said, instead, "She has very true eyes," or "A sweet smile." Others, "A pity Miss Bretnal does not dress more. An heiress, and so plain in her appearance."

Now Linly had no heart in dress, and there was not a flavor of the coquette in her composition. But never was a little soul so true, so tender and so lonely.

"I *can't* love Rose very much," she would say, regretfully, when the loneliness became almost insupportable. "I wish I could. I don't know how it is, but I *can't* love her very much."

She mourned over this. Rose knew that Linly did not love her, but did not care.

"I do hope you are not going to be seasick," she observed, looking at her meditatively.

"Oh, I shall not, Rose. I never was."

"But you never were on the water in a storm."

They were dining in their own room. The judge came in.

"My dears, I have made another mistake about the *Sappho*. She does not go out until to-morrow. But I've taken passage on still another boat—one better fitted up, too—for I knew you would want to go to-day, since you are all ready, and the captain thought he could make you comfortable—the *Annie Grey*."

"Oh, it will do very well, I dare say!" replied Rose. "I shall stay on deck so as not to get seasick. It's splendid weather for our passage, and I wouldn't lose it for anything."

"And you, Miss Bretnal?"

"Oh, I dare say we shall do just as well. You acted quite rightly. Thank you very much."

That afternoon they drove down to the wharf. Linly left Baltimore still with some regret—the air hovered about her so bland, so kind!

When they had gone aboard, she sat quietly on the deck, watching the men lade the steamer.

The strong, active, good-natured sailors had attraction for her.

Linly was curious regarding lives that were so different from her own.

"If I were poor, and strong, and hard-working, should I be happier?" she said.

Just as the boat set sail, a little white kitten galloped along the deck. Linly involuntarily put out her hand.

"Oh, the pretty little thing!"

A young man, in passing, saw the involuntary action, lifted the creature, and handed it to her.

"Who was that, Rose?"

"The captain, I presume."

"No," responded the judge; "it was the steward, a much better-looking fellow. The captain has a red nose."

The little act was just the one to please Linly's fancy. And, as the men passed to and fro, she looked to see him again.

She picked him out at last—less weather-beaten, brighter, handsomer than any of the seamen.

He had rich, curly hair, a pleasant smile.

She saw that he was busy with his duties—that he took no further notice of *her*, and so she diverted herself by observing him.

He had a lithe, active figure—he was in his shirt-sleeves; the dark curls were topped by a cap banded "Steward."

Something in his air spoke of naval discipline, but Linly thought him pleasanter to look at than the captain, whose air and manner were a combination of swagger and ill-temper.

The steamer was swiftly sweeping the waters; the sun began to go down; the white kitten was asleep in Linly's lap.

Rose and the judge were walking the deck.

"Wouldn't you like something to read? I will bring you up some books and papers in a moment," said a kind voice.

Linly roused up, conscious that probably she had been looking a little sad and lonely.

"Thank you, yes," she answered.

He went away, and left her to her reflections until he returned with a pile of books and newspapers, which he deposited upon the cushion of the settee beside her.

He went off again instantly, for activity seemed to be the rule on shipboard, and Linly looked over the books somewhat curiously.

There was "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Dombey and Son," a copy of Shakespeare, another of Ruskin, and the New York dailies.

"What have you there, Miss Bretnal?" said Judge Gracie, approaching, with Rose upon his arm.

"A sailor's library," she answered, smiling.

"Who ever heard of a ship's steward reading Ruskin?" laughed the judge.

Linly entertained herself with the books until the twilight began to draw on.

Then, looking up, she saw the owner leaning against the hatches, unoccupied, and watching her.

"Do you like Ruskin?" she asked with a smile.

He approached her, and as he stood beside her, he seemed to take a different guise. He looked pale, and tired, and lonely.

"Oh, no!" he answered, simply. "I seldom read *any* book. I have too much to do. I have little time on land, and am always busy at sea," he added. "But I would give more for thirty years' good hard experience of life than for forty years of book-reading."

"Have you had, then, do you mean, thirty years of good, hard experience?" asked Linly.

"Yes," he replied, taking off his cap for a moment, and looking at her with a smile.

Still, his cheek looked pale and sad.

She still stood there, and dimly saw that he was thoughtfully watching the water, across which the red moon threw a lurid light.

"Are you an American?" asked Linly.

"I was born in Halifax," he answered; "but I have no home save on shipboard."

"You have parents—a wife?"

"I have nobody," he responded, with a little gesture of dissent.

"No, it is not the moonlight which gives him that sad look," thought Linly.

But the boat seemed leaping from billow to billow, and Linly felt herself a little dizzy.

"Do you think I am going to be ill on the water?" she asked, in a childish manner, which was peculiarly her own.

"I wouldn't think about it; but I'll bring you some pillows, and you can lie here on deck until ten o'clock."

He did so, making a resting-place, and taking her hat away to her stateroom, which she began to dread as close and airless.

She lay there alone, thinking what a strange world it was! —how differently life came to different persons!

Some new power of discernment seemed given her that night, for she saw persons and things a little differently from usual.

Suppose the great curling waters should engulf the boat that night, who would weep for her? There was a photograph album in her trunk full of the faces of professed friends—not one would stand a test, she knew. They were not "brothers made for adversity."

There was a packet of letters, white, satin-fine, perfumed, full of compliment, news and gossip; it was a pleasant correspondence, but the writer, Eugene La Verde, would never do her any serious service in life. She might as well seek protection of a butterfly.

Another packet she remembered inscribed in odd characters, all postmarked in foreign countries. This acquaintance had had a great fascination for her; but Professor Leigh regarded her only as a child—an original and interesting child—and he had thought of her once where she had thought of his superiority and wisdom a hundred times.

She saw now that it was all a foolish, morbid dream, and that she did not love him any more than he loved her. And in all the wide world there was no resting-place for her heart.

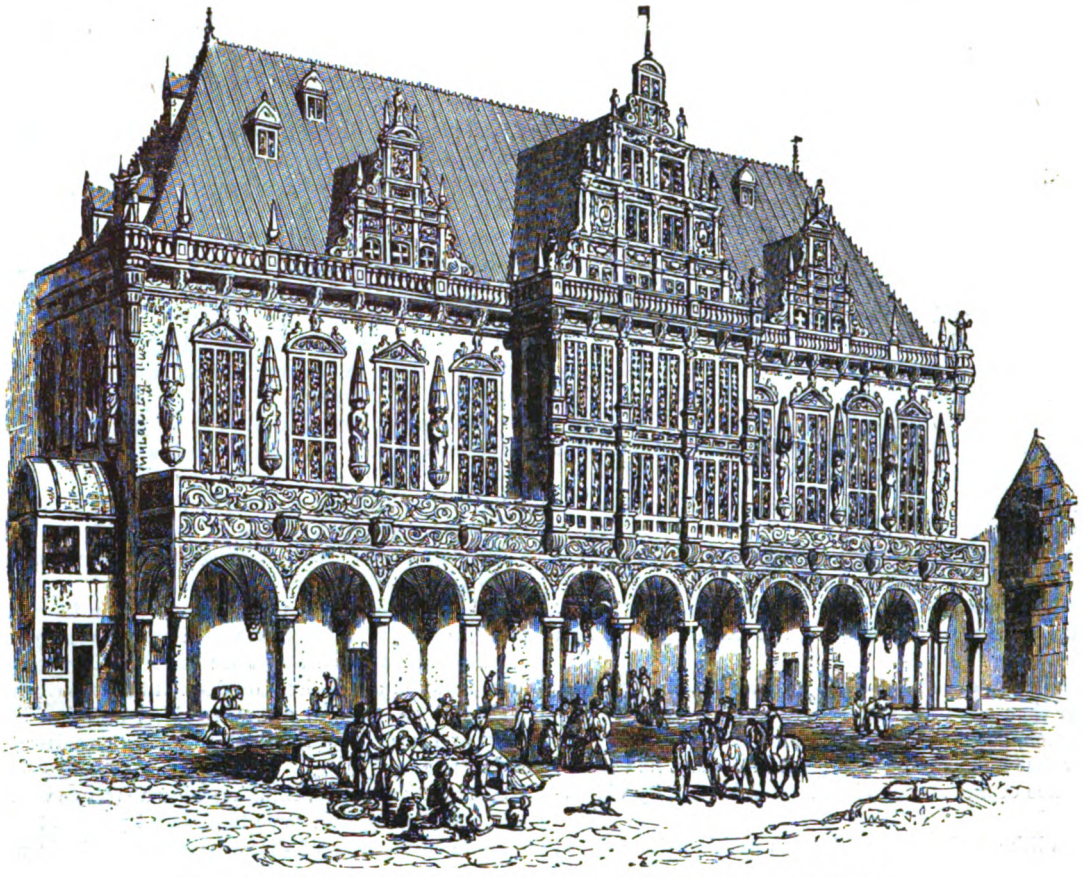
"Linly, the boat rolls terribly," said Rose, coming up. "The judge says we had better go down to our staterooms, and lie in our berths, to avoid being seasick."

The sea continued rough, the steamer rocked in the great trough all night, though the moon hung bright in the broad sky.

The passengers, lying in their breathless staterooms, grew deathly sick.

Linly was, perhaps, more ill and faint than any. The most painful retching and vomiting were succeeded by a giddy, swooning sensation, which was dreadful.

The ship swung fore and aft; she was tossed about unceasingly, every movement increasing her sufferings. Oh, was there no one to help her? Could nothing be done?"



THE TOWN HALL, FORMERLY THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, BREMEN.—SEE PAGE 22.

She had no hope of any relief. Rose was also sick in *her* stateroom. She knew there was no stewardess aboard the *Annie Grey*, carrying few passengers.

But as she lay, sleepless and miserably ill, the door was opened and fastened back, letting a draft of air through the stifling place. Some one knelt down and put ice upon her throbbing temples.

"Oh, I am so ill!" she moaned.

"Yes, poor child! I will take care of you!"

It was the steward. She saw his face, gentle and pitiful. The eyes were like her mother's. Or, are all kind eyes the same?

What John Gaston, the steward of the *Annie Grey*, saw, was a little fair, frail form, extended in illness, the soft brown hair rolling over the pillow to the floor, the hot hands fallen hopelessly down.

He knew that this little girl was very sick, and promptly proceeded to aid her.

He had had women on his hands thus before, as well as men, and even babies.

He was born for a physicfan, a nurse, this strong young man—kind, prompt and pitiful.

He seemed a magician to Linly—cooling her fever, stilling her pulse, and appeasing the dreadful nausea.

When she was easier, she smiled up into his eyes, like a child.

"How good of you!"

"I love to do it," said John Gaston, with fervor.

So fair, so frail, and all alone in his care in the night, this tender little girl! His heart yearned over her.

"Try and sleep," he said, stroking back the brown hair from the delicate temples.

Linly Bretnal obediently closed her eyes, and he sat watching her.

The gray daylight crept in and touched the soft contour of the serene young face; the innocent mouth, the closed eyes, the overshadowed brow, were angel-beautiful to John Gaston.

"She doesn't look fit to live in this world!" he thought.

He remembered that she had come aboard with the very handsome lady and the pompous gentleman. He remembered her plain dress, her sad air, her simple and unostentatious manner.

"She must be a poor dependant," he thought.

You couldn't have told John Gaston much that he did not know of poverty and loneliness.

At ten years old he had gone to sea because his widowed mother couldn't provide bread for him. He had known hardships—but little else—and most cruel heart-hunger; and, as he had said, he had taken his education from the daily walks of life, and had his own quiet insight into truth.

He spread Linly's unconscious little hand upon his palm, and looked at it.

Then the thought, all unbidden, came into his mind:

"I wonder if she would let me take care of her!"

He went away soon to his duties. When he came back, he found his charge awake.

"You are better?"

"Thank you, yes."

"Then I will carry you on deck, into the fresh air.

He wrapped her up in shawls and blankets, and carried her up to a place on the cushioned settee, and there she passed the day, not violently ill any more, but meek and quiet.

I cannot quite tell you why that quiet little face had such power for honest John Gaston—many another man had seen its sweetness, nor loved it; but at the end of that second

A GIPSY DIVORCE.—"THEY FINALLY PART, ONE GOING NORTH, THE OTHER SOUTH, NEVER AGAIN TO BE UNITED IN THIS LIFE." SEE PAGE 28.

day, though she spoke to him but seldom, he would have knelt down at her little feet, and given up his life, if she had asked it.

And what was in Linly's heart? Perhaps it would not be safe to say.

"It's really one of your *good* days, Linly—you're not a bit nervous," said Rose, glancing at Linly's profile from her own corner. "After such a dreadful night, too, it's really wonderful. I think they ought to have a doctor on board. I'm cross enough to bite the judge. I'd take a nervine, if I had it."

The second night came—the boat swept through smooth water, and promised a change of rest. Eager for sleep, Linly lay down in her berth again. One first sweet nap, and her friend came in.

"Here is a cordial to give you a little nourishment, and make you rest nicely," he said, kindly. "You have taken no food to-day. To-morrow you will forget that you were ever ill."

"Shall I?" said Linly, wonderingly, after drinking the mixture. "But I shall not forget how kind you are to me."

She gave him her hand for a moment.

"You are never very strong, I think," he said, looking down at the fairy hand.

"No, not very."

"And are they kind to you?" with a troubled manner.

"Who?"

"The others—your friends."

"Yes"—with a little smile, seeing his mistake.

"One needs a strong body to battle with the world—I know, I know"—shaking his head.

He placed her comfortably upon the pillows, as if she had been a child, and turned away.

"Wait a moment, please," said Linly. "You have done me a great deal of good when I needed help. No one but my dead mother was ever so tenderly kind. In the morning I shall go ashore, and, perhaps, shall not have time to speak to you again. I would like you to tell me your name, and, perhaps, I may some time have the chance to be of service to you."

He smiled, and gave her an envelope from his pocket—"John Gaston, steward, steamer *Annie Grey*, New York."

Then she gave him her card—"Linly Bretnal," writing further address in pencil.

"I should like to be the one to be of service to you," he said.

The heiress of Bretnal and the ship's steward looked quietly into each other's eyes for a moment. There was gentlest gratitude on one side, a half-idolatrous love upon the other.

A faint color broke the pearly whiteness of Linly's cheek.

"Good-night and good-by," she said, hastily.

"Good-night," replied John Gaston, going away, startled by his own daring.

Linly did not go to sleep immediately, but when she did her rest was very sweet.

The boat got in early, almost before light, and Linly was hustled ashore to take the early train.

In the cars she closed her eyes. Some influence closed around her, like a warm, sweet dream. She was, as yet, not far beyond what had greatly comforted her.

But at night, when the proud silence of Bretnal's mansion settled about it, a feeling of sadness and loss visited her.

"How strange! Can it be that I love him?" said Linly, to her own heart, bewildered. Then, by and by: "Why not? Who was ever so good to me before?" And finally and conclusively: "There is not one—not one! And I would give him all my heart gladly, if he asked it."

Three days after, Linly received this letter:

"I have thought of you so much, that it seems as if you must expect this letter. Perhaps I am mistaken; but I am honest in every word I write.

"You were aboard the *Annie Grey* only two days, but I love you as well as if I had known you as many years. I loved you every moment that I tended you while you were ill. It is heaven to me to think of you. And now, would you—could you be my wife? I would work for you while I had breath in my body, and thank heaven for the privilege. I would shield you from all trouble to the extent of my power, and God knows I would love you.

"I do not know how to say any more. I am a plain, honest man, and know only how to speak the truth, nor can add to it.

"Will you let me see you once more? You would not trifle with me—you are too good. JOHN GASTON."

"P. S.—I would try to make you happy."

When Linly read this letter, her lip quivered. She went to Mr. Bretnal.

"I tell you about it," she said, "because I love him."

"Love a ship's steward! And you wish to marry him?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bretnal "pished" and "pshawed" at first, considering the matter utterly absurd; but when he learned that John Gaston thought Linly poor—that he was no fortune-hunter—moreover, that he was known as an honest and upright young man, he made a confession:

"Linly, I was a ship's steward when I was young. I am proud to acknowledge that I was born poor, and am a self-made man. Therefore, if you really prefer this John Gaston, money shall be no object. You shall have him, if you please."

And so what would seem a miracle was very easily brought about.

At Mr. Bretnal's request (this was the only proviso) John Gaston began studying medicine upon his marriage, and in a few years Linly was a doctor's wife.

But be it indelibly inscribed, the heiress of Bretnal married a ship's steward. And he made a good husband, so the world said: of the happiness of two hearts it comprehended little.

TOWN HALL, BREMEN.

BREMEN, on the Weser, a port now one of the great avenues of German emigration to America, is one of the old Hanseatic towns whose history is connected with the commerce of that period of the Middle Ages when a solitary vessel scarcely dared yet to venture on the unprotected seas; for after the Vikings, or sea-kings, had ceased to carry dismay on every coast, the peaceful mariner was harassed by their piratical successors, who, although conducting their plundering operations on a smaller scale, were scarcely less injurious to the rising interests of commerce.

The Hanseatic League was a confederation of towns interested in maintaining a safe intercourse by sea, and from the period of its formation, at the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, the piracies and disorders which it was intended to suppress gradually diminished.

Toward the close of the eighth century, Bremen was made a bishop's see, its jurisdiction including Greenland; subsequently, it was incorporated with the archbishopric of Hamburg. But this led to a series of contests, which only terminated by Bremen being made the seat of the archbishopric.

Bremen prospered under the government of its ecclesiastical rulers, who favored its union with the Hanse Towns.

By the Treaty of Westphalia, Bremen came into the hands of the Swedes. In 1712 it became a conquest of Denmark, and was sold by that State to the Electorate of Brunswick.

It was not until 1731 that Bremen again enjoyed its former freedom; which was again subverted by the French, who, in 1810, made it the capital of a department of the French Empire.

Under the Treaty of Vienna, Bremen, with sixty-seven square miles of adjoining territory, became a member of the Germanic Confederation, and one of the three Hanse Towns, Hamburg and Lubeck being the other two.

The Weser divides Bremen into two unequal portions, the old town, with its large suburbs, containing handsome mansions and villas, being on the right bank, and the new town, begun in 1625, being on the left, without any suburbs. The narrowness of the streets and the lofty houses give a gloomy appearance to the more ancient part of Bremen, though it also contains some spacious streets; and in the new town they are generally wide and straight.

Cemeteries have been formed outside the town, and the deserted churchyards, no longer employed as burial-grounds, allow of a freer circulation of air; and as these are almost the only open spaces of any magnitude in the old town, they render it more healthy.

The ramparts, as we frequently find in old towns on the Continent, have been razed and converted into agreeable promenades. The quays on each side of the river afford a good view of the town.

Bremen contains about 5,900 houses and 1,100 granaries, manufactories, warehouses, mills, etc. The population of the town amounts to about 50,000, chiefly Lutherans.

The Cathedral, built in the twelfth century, and the Church of St. Ansgar, with its handsome spire 324 feet high, are the only ecclesiastical edifices possessing much interest.

The Town Hall, a view of which is given on page 20, was of old the palace of the archbishops; it has been completely renovated within the last few years, and the piazzas have been opened to the public. Here is the former town-hall, built in 1405, below which are the famous wine-cellars or Bleikellero.

POMP OF THE ZULU KING.

Cetywayo, the Zulu king, who is waging war upon the Dutch boors of the Transvaal Free State, South Africa, has a skin smooth as velvet, of a bright and agreeable brown color.

On his forehead, he wears a large ball composed of the feathers of the roller, shaved into a perfectly round form. Behind are streaming plumes of the egret and spoonbill. His only garment, on state occasions, is a rich kilt of the skins of the green monkey, alternating with leopards' tails. About his arms are massive rings and bracelets of gold of rude workmanship, while his neck is encircled with a heavy necklace of very large blue beads. Strings of pink and white beads decorate his waist, ankles, and knees. He has two inseparable attendants—a boy, who carries the royal snuff in an ornamented gourd, and a shield bearer, whose constant duty it is to perpetually keep the ox-hide target between His Majesty and the sun.

Change.—The change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and of whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

A GYPSY DIVORCE.

The first wife of McDonald, a sort of gypsy king in Scotland, was a virago called Eppie Lundie, famous for stripping her victims, if met with in lonely places, leaving them in woods and fields stark as when they were born; but she was too much of a vixen even for her robber husband, and he divorced her over a dead horse, according to the rites and ceremonies of his race. This is an effectual but expensive manner of getting rid of a bad wife among the gypsies; for horseflesh is dear, and the gypsies do not eat it when killed; and as the sacrifice must be unblemished and in no manner lame, it is not, therefore, any "old screw," worn out and useless, that will answer the purpose. The sun must "be at its height" when the ceremony is to take place; none but gypsies of full blood are allowed to be present; and lots are cast for the one who is to be the sacrificial priest on the occasion. All the men and women taking part in the rites carry long staves; and the priest, with a long staff in his hand, walks round and round the horse many times, repeating the names of all who have possessed it, and extolling its qualities and virtues. Then it is shot; the man and woman, joining hands at the head, walk slowly down toward the tail—the horse between them—saying certain sentences together. By another version, "they walk three times round the body of the horse contrariwise, passing and crossing each other at certain points, as they proceed in opposite directions. At certain parts of the horse (the corners of the horse was the gypsy's expression), such as the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, the head and tail, the parties halt and face each other, and again repeat sentences in their own speech at each time they halt. The two last stops they make in their circuit round the sacrifice are at the head and tail. At the head they again face each other and speak; and, lastly, at the tail they again confront each other, utter some more gypsy expressions, shake hands, and finally part, the one going north, the other south, never again to be united in this life."

Immediately after the separation takes place, the woman receives a token of cast-iron, about an inch and a half square, with a T upon it, and which she must always wear about her person. A divorced woman cannot marry again, but the husband may have as many wives as he likes to marry, and sacrifice a horse to get rid of afterward.

In another account the horse is made, in a manner, the scapegoat and representative of the woman. Perfect and free, it is turned loose, and by its manner of going sets forth the degree of her sin. If wild and difficult to be caught, leaping dykes and ditches, and plunging madly along, the woman is held to have been infamous and guilty exceedingly; and if the beast is wild out of all bounds of charity to endure, both horse and woman are sacrificed together. If calm, and mild, and docile, and easily caught, the woman is held to be not so very guilty, after all, and the scapegoat may bear her sins very well.

When McDonald divorced his wife, Eppie Lundie, one Mr. Allan Ramsey came upon them unexpectedly in a hollow, and saw them walk hand in hand on either side of the dead horse till they came to the tail, when silently they parted, each proceeding in a different direction, as if going on a journey. Mr. Ramsey said he never could forget the violent swing which McDonald gave his wife at parting.

The Russian gypsies also sacrifice horses on such occasions; and it seems as if the custom can be traced to Hindoostan, the gypsies' land of adoption and second cradle, so to speak. The Yetholm gypsies, more prudent than the rest of their brethren, only knock down their "cuddies," or donkeys, when they separate from their wives, which answers all the purpose of the more expensive sacrifice

FLOATING ON THE LAKE.

By Mrs. Amanda T. Jones.

Floating—floating on the lake,
All the merry, merry day;
How the swells arise and break,
Flash and toss their pearly spray!
While I dream—float and dream,
As the billows in my wake
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and vanish in the lake.

Green the shore and fair the lake;
Here the wave and there the glade,
Here the ripple, there the brake;
Here the sun and there the shade.
While I dream—float and dream—
Would my heart might never wake!
Swell and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and sparkle, laughing lake!

Sigh and murmur, swelling lake!
I've a lover on the shore;
There he waits my hand to take,
When my wayward mood is o'er.
Still I dream—float and dream;
Shall I never, never wake?
Creep and darken, glide and gleam,
Sink and swell, oh, tossing lake!

Hark! the wind is on the lake;
Shadows drift and vail the skies;
Yonder cloud begins to break;
Forth the baleful lightning flies.
Still I dream—float and dream;
Oh, my foolish heart, awake!
See the billows roll and gleam,
Swell and dash across the lake!

Shoreward flying o'er the lake—
Ah, my friend, too long alone;
Faithful still, though all forsake;
Well my loving shall atone!
While we dream—sweetly dream,
Suns may shine, or storms may break;
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam;
Love is brighter, foaming lake!

METAL FONT AT HADERSLEV.

The bell-metal fonts of Danish churches are a feature in themselves—*évasé* in form, generally supported on the shoulders of three monks, or grinning monsters of some kind. They are too large for present use, and inside is generally fitted a metal dish *en repoussé*, with Adam and Eve, the spies, or three fishes, thereon, rude in workmanship, though they are of more recent date than is imagined, showing the art to have remained in *statu quo* later in these northern climes than in the south of Europe.

The general style and form, however, is not without its striking features, and may suggest new forms in our own churches.

TOM'S EXPERIENCE.

"One of those affairs, you know, tilted over the face just sufficiently to throw a most becoming shadow over the eyes, making them look like violets on a shady bank; and golden-brown hair, sir, streaming on the wind, and such an ankle! perfection, sir; and such an innocent baby-face, like one of Raphael's cherubs. Jove! a girl worth looking after, I assure you."

The weather was too warm to do more than stare languidly at Tom's excited countenance, but fortunately he was too much interested in his theme to be as *exigeant* as he generally is, so he accepted the stare as sufficient token of interest on the part of his attached friend (myself), and straightway proceeded:

"She's with an old lady in a brown front and spectacles, and a set of teeth, false, you, know; and no one knows who they are, and she walks on the sands every morning, quite early, without the lady with the front; and as sure as my name's Tom Latimer, I'll manage an introduction."

Here I found energy sufficient to say, "What about Godine?" in a tone replete with that elegant sarcasm for which I am noted, but which, curiously enough, Tom never appreciates as it deserves.

He now obliged the company (myself and a lemon-colored setter) with one or two forcible, though inelegant, expressions, bearing reference firstly to me, and secondly to Godine, and consigning us to a latitude where chills are certainly not one of the evils of life (Godine was the last damsel to whom he had whispered vows of love).

The weather, as I have said, was excessively warm, and Tom is extremely tall, with a well-developed biceps, so the resentment which, under other circumstances, I might have cherished, was wanting, and with the eye of an injured yet forgiving friend, I watched him as he stalked to the mirror and commenced a critical examination of his Grecian features and elaborate necktie, an operation he spent fully ten minutes in. Then whistling to the lemon-colored setter, and arming himself with his cane and gloves, and without so much as deigning a glance toward my lounging-chair, he made his exit from the apartment, leaving me to the enjoyment of my *dolce far niente*, disturbed by no visions of violet eyes and golden hair, or, in fact, anything but a pleasing, yet melancholy, reminiscence of the canvas-backed ducks and chablis I had partaken

METAL FONT AT HADERSLEV.

TOM'S EXPERIENCE.—"HE PLACED THE GASPING POODLE IN THE LITTLE GAUNTLETED HANDS STRETCHED EAGERLY TO RECEIVE HIM."

of that day at my dinner; melancholy, for do we not feel regret for the good that is past?

I am not of an active habit of body, but I am the fortunate owner of that jewel, rare at my time of life, a good appetite, to retain which I court the morning breezes before breakfast; and it was during my constitutional the following day that I next caught sight of Tom, the lemon-colored setter, and the necktie, and at the same time of a shepherdess hat, a floating cloud of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and the whitest, fattest, and wooliest poodle it has ever been my fate to see.

The shepherdess hat was leading the poodle by a blue ribbon with one hand, while the other held a book, on the pages of which the blue eyes were downcast, of course utterly unconscious of Tom, who was walking some twenty yards behind, diligently sucking the handle of his cane, and as diligently staring at a back view of the shepherdess hat (black, trimmed with crimson roses), the golden hair, and the daintiest little waist around which a blue moire belt was ever fastened, and the neatest foot ever buttoned up in a kid bottine with mother-of-pearl buttons.

It is needless to say that, as the hat was absorbed in her book, and Tom in the contemplation of the fair student, neither of them observed *me;* and knowing from experience how conducive to a hearty appetite a little mild excitement is, I slipped behind a convenient rock in order to watch Tom's proceedings at my leisure.

They sauntered quietly on for a few paces further, and this little tale might never have been indited by my graceful pen had it not been for Tom's lemon-colored setter.

This sagacious animal had been for some time eying the apoplectic poodle waddling on in front, with divers signs of canine ill-will, unobserved by his spell-bound owner, and just as its fair mistress turned a fresh leaf of her book, with a bloodthirsty snarl the setter dashed at the unoffending poodle, whose white curls were soon flying in every direction, as with yelps of defiance and anguish they rolled over and over in the soft sand in deadly combat.

The young lady screamed frantically, and endeavored to rescue her favorite from the fangs of the setter by showering blows of her white-and-gold "Dante" on his yellow back; and at this crisis Tom sprang to the rescue with uplifted cane and excited mien, and managed to convey to the setter, per cane and boot-toe, his desire that hostilities should cease, and with fervent apologies for the unpolished behavior of his canine follower, he placed the gasping poodle in the little gauntleted hands stretched eagerly to receive him. And what commiseration the abominable hypocrite showered on the brute! and didn't they eventually walk off together to her hotel, he carrying the animal, and she chatting to him gayly, and looking up into his face with such pretty gratitude, while the lemon-colored setter, with drooping ears and tail, followed slowly in the rear.

Well, Tom came home to mock at the idea of breakfast and rave of Bertha Seldon, for such proved to be the lady's name, and *against* the charming Godine Haughton, who sat opposite him at table, and whose black eyes darted reproachful fires at him across the table-cloth; for had he not neglected to ask her for one dance even on the previous night?

Friendship should never blind us to the failings of our friends, and I set down with melancholy regret that Tom was a notorious flirt. Really, I felt uneasy when I saw the way he went on with that little girl, and if it hadn't been for a habit he had of resenting what he was pleased to term "impertinent intrusion," I'd have given him a piece of my mind.

But it was not long before he awoke to a discovery which astonished himself as much as it did me, viz., that he *had* a heart, and that it was in the possession of the pretty

Bertha, a fact he determined to let her know as speedily as possible.

"You see," he said to me, "though my father is fool enough to contemplate marrying again at his time of life, I'm quite independent, and as I'm tolerably sure she likes me, why, old boy, you may expect an invitation to my wedding before long;" and he swaggered off, looking like a handsome, confident puppy as he was.

There! the fellow provoked me, though I *was* glad he really intended marrying the pretty blue-eyed child, and not jilting her, as he had half a score of others.

The very same day who should arrive at our hotel but Latimer, *père*—a hale, handsome man of middle age, and an old acquaintance of mine. We dined together in private, and while Tom sipped his wine in silence, we elders gossiped of the place, the people, and the cooking, though more than once I fancied that cheerful Mr. Latimer was more distrait than usual, and several times I noticed that he cast anxious glances at Tom's thoughtful countenance.

"By-the-way,' he said, after the waiter had placed the dessert and finally withdrawn, "neither of you has inquired my business here."

He looked at Tom, and Tom, rousing himself, looked at him.

"Well, sir," said that young gentleman, "people don't come to Newport on business, at least not generally, so it didn't strike me to inquire."

"Well, my boy," said the elder gentleman, laughing, "I'll give you the information gratuitously; I have come down for a day to see the lady I'm about to marry. Miss Seldon—you have probably met her."

Tom and I stared at his father in unmitigated surprise, and Tom ejaculated:

"I say, father, you're not in earnest, you know?"

"Of course I am," replied Mr. Latimer, rising and laughing, "and I'm off now to pay my respects. Come over in the course of the evening, both of you;" and while Tom stared blankly after him, he went away.

Tom looked at me, and I looked at him. Tom thrust his hands through his yellow curls, and then into his trowsers-pockets; he then whistled. *I* whistled.

"Such a man as that to marry a brown front and a set of false teeth," ejaculated Tom. "Jove! sir, I'm struck dumb!" in proof of which he became slightly profane.

I do not approve of strong language; I do of hock; so, to immolate two birds with the same stone, I cried:

"In any case, let us drink her health;" after which cheerful resignation came to Tom, and he was good enough to say:

"Well, after all, it will be pleasanter for Bertha and myself than if the governor had had better taste. I wonder what enchantments the old Circe threw around him?"

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, as later in the evening we ascended to the drawing-room of the bride-elect and her lovely niece, "I'll get Bertha out for a stroll this lovely moonlight night, and as sure as fate I'll propose. It's just the evening for that kind of thing, especially with those tender, blue-eyed things. I say! hadn't we better knock, lest we might interrupt the love-making?"

But I had opened the door, and there was nothing for it but to advance.

The room was but dimly lighted, yet sufficiently so to show Miss Seldon, the aunt, seated in a distant armchair, spectacles on nose, the paper she had been perusing fallen on her lap, while a gentle sound, like the snore of a fay, proclaimed that she was wrapped in slumber, as was also the poodle lying at her feet.

Close to the piano stood Mr. Latimer, bending tenderly over a little sylph in white tulle, whose bright hair floated over his black coatsleeve, and whose white fingers were shyly twisting one of the buttons of said coat—Bertha, in fact.

They started as the door opened, and Bertha would have sprung away, but his encircling arm detained her.

"Here, Tom!" he called out, "come and pay your respects to your future stepmother. She's but a little body, but no doubt she'll make you a good one!"

"Good-evening, Tom," said Bertha, smiling, half shyly. "Why didn't you tell me before that you were going to be my stepson? You are so nice and kind, I love you already, and I'm sure we'll get on *so* well together!"

Nice and kind! Oh, Tom! my poor friend!

The last time I heard of Tom, he was safely landed by the skillful and indefatigable Godine, and they were spending the honeymoon in Paris.

Mrs. Latimer, his stepmother, is a most charming little person, and they certainly do give the most *récherché* dinners in town.

THE JACQUIER TREE.

THE tropics are far-famed for the richness and peculiarity of their vegetation, and no part of them more than the Island of Mauritius. Our engraving, representing the *jacquier* tree, carries out this assertion, for a more extraordinary tree can scarcely be found.

The *jacquier* is one of the varieties of the bread-fruit trees of the Southern seas. It bears a portion of its fruit on its trunk, which is most peculiar. And what fruit? A species of gourds, oblong, with green, rough skins, and weighing from twenty to sixty pounds. But it is not alone on the trunk that the *jacquier* produces fruit, which also grows on its highest branches, so that in windy weather the shelter offered by the *jacquier* is not always secure. The seeds of this fruit are highly prized by the creoles. They have a flavor resembling the chestnut, and their kernel is very healthful and nutritious.

JINNY McFLINN.

HEIRS ATTENTION!—The relatives of Bridget McFlinn, late of Castlerea, County Roscommon, Ireland, will hear of something to their advantage by calling at the office of the subscribers, CHAUNCEY & WETHERELL, solicitors, No. 57 Moore Street, New York.

"READ that, Marcia," said Mr. Chauncey, throwing the *Times* across the table to his sister, who sat nibbling at her dry toast with a very languid air.

"Chauncey and Wetherell," echoed she, casting her eyes over the advertisement. "What is it all about?"

"Only that a fortune of more than a million dollars is awaiting the lucky fellow who can prove himself next of kin to Miss Bridget McFlinn, and I suppose you would petition me to bring him home and introduce him as soon as possible."

Miss Chauncey smiled in serene contempt.

"A million, indeed! Not for fifty millions," said she.

"Would not be introduced to Mr. McFlinn for fifty million dollars!" repeated her brother, smiling maliciously.

"Oh, introduced, you meant?" said Miss Marcia, in some confusion.

"Why, what else could I have meant?"

"Oh, well, never mind, I don't care what you meant. Don't talk about business to me," said the young lady, pettishly, and then Chauncey, smiling more than ever, rose to leave the room.

"I must go down-town to be ready for the coming man," said he, with his hand upon the latch.

"Good-morning, then. And, Ned, you might ask Mr. Wetherell home to dinner if you like.

"Very well. Good-morning to you."

Arrived at his office, the young solicitor found his partner awaiting him, and the two exchanged opinions upon the weather, last night's assembly, some new cigars, and finally upon business.

"I hope the McFlinn heir will turn up to-day," said Edward Chauncey, taking another morning paper, and turning to his advertisement.

"You have McFlinn on the brain," laughed the other young man. "Well, I am going into court, so if he applies this morning, you will have him quite to yourself."

"All right. Oh, hold on a minute, Wetherell. We want you to come up to dinner this afternoon. Sharp six, you know."

"Thank you. Did Miss Chauncey——?" hesitated Mr. Wetherell, fidgeting with his glove, and declining to meet his partner's laughing glance.

"Oh, yes. Marcia told me to ask you. It's all right," replied the latter.

"Thank you, then. I shall be most happy," and Mr. Wetherell, hastily leaving the room, almost ran over a little figure standing outside the door.

"Beg pardon," muttered he, trying to pass; but the young woman, for such she appeared to be, laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Shure an' it's mesilf should beg your honor's pard'n fur bein' in the road; but would you be so condescendin' as to tell me is this the place I'd been wantin' to find?"

"This is the office of Chauncey & Wetherell, solicitors. Do you want anything of them?" asked the young man, a little impatiently.

"Faix an' it's thimsilves as is wantin' me, and sayin' so in the newshpapers all round the town, an' Pat Doyle tould it me out av the *Herald* this blissid morn."

"Oh, yes. You are the McFlinn heir, I suppose," said the lawyer, hurriedly. "What is your name?"

"Jinny McFlinn, your honor."

"That's it. Come into the office, Jinny, and tell my partner all about it. He will be very glad to see you. Mr. Chauncey, this is Miss Jinny McFlinn, come to answer your advertisement. I will leave you to explain it, and investigate her claims to the property."

So saying, Mr. Wetherell once more left the office and went to court, thinking on the road of the invitation to dinner given him by his partner, and coming from his partner's sister.

Left alone with his new client, Mr. Chauncey handed her a chair near the fire, and looked at her with more open curiosity than he would have indulged under some circumstances.

Miss Jinny McFlinn appeared to be about twenty years of age, and was arrayed in a coarse and ragged woolen dress, with clumsy shoes, no gloves, a small plaid shawl, drawn tight about her shoulders and tied in a knot behind, and a woolen hood.

But within the hood appeared the prettiest face imaginable, with a complexion of infantile clearness and delicacy, large, luminous, gray eyes, shaded by ink-black lashes and brows, a straight little nose, and a bright mouth, set in dimples, and covering a set of small, white, and perfect teeth.

Over the white forehead strayed a few little curls of a sunny brown, somewhat careless and tangled, to be sure, but harmonizing admirably with the piquant face they shaded.

Enduring the young lawyer's scrutiny with the greatest apparent unconcern, this forlorn little figure sat, her coarse shoes extended toward the fire, her red fingers tucked under her arms, and her bright eyes wandering curiously about the office.

Mr. Chauncey lighted a cigar, and seated himself opposite her.

"I suppose, Miss McFlinn, that you are prepared to prove your relationship to the Bridget McFlinn whose property is awaiting an heir?" said he, a little pompously.

"An' shure it's my own aunt she was, the brother of my father, barrin' she was a woman, an' it's nobody's brother she'd be at all, at all."

Bridget McFlinn was your father's sister, then?" said Chauncey, smiling in spite of himself.

"She was that, your honor."

"Have you the proofs with you?"

"An' what is thim ag'in?"

"Why, certificates of your father's birth and marriage, and your own birth."

"An' where'd be the good uv certifyin' that myself was born whin ye can see for yerself that I'm to the fore; an' as for me fayther, it's not borrn he is, but dead an' gone to glory, the saints receive him!"

And Jinny McFlinn, hastily untying the little plaid shawl, elaborately wiped her eyes on one of its ragged corners.

"But, my good girl, how am I to know that you are the person you pretend to be, if you have no proof to offer of your statement?"

"Pretend, is it?" exclaimed the good girl, dropping her shawl, putting her arms akimbo, and turning up her chin sideways in her opponent's face, while she angrily repeated:

"Pretend! Faix, thin, an' I belave there's no law agin pretindin'. Mabbe it's yerself ud pretind to be a gintleman if you was among thim as did'nt know no betther."

"Come, come, Jinny, that's not the way to talk. A pretty girl like you should never scold," said the young lawyer, knocking the ashes from his cigar into the fire, and smiling into the glowing face of his angry client.

"An' was it to binifit me wid yer good advice, or to tell me I was a purtty girl, when shure it's from yer betthers I've heerd that same, before ivir I heerd of you, that you put it in the papers I was to come an' see you the day?" inquired the little termagant, glancing toward the door, and tightening the knot of her shawl.

"Neither. Sit down again and be a reasonable child while I ask you some questions," replied Chauncey, seating himself at his desk and preparing to take notes.

"Trate me raysonable, an' its raysonable enough you'll find me, but whin you talk about pretindin', an' me knowin' all the time that av I hadn' been borrn sorra a bit av me'd be here this morn's morn——" grumbled Jinny, finishing the sentence with a sudden laugh, clear, fresh, and sweet as a bird's song.

Chauncey looked up in surprise.

"What is it now?" asked he.

"The divil a bit av anythin', only I war luckin' to see how scared you war, an' I was wonderin' if yer owld woman never give yer a piece av her mind till you should git broke in loike."

"My old woman! What, my wife?"

"That same, shure."

"I have no wife."

"Niver a wife! Shure an' yer'll have a sweetheart?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Arrah, thin, an' its a burrnin' shame fer a foine b'y like yerself to git the mitten when yer wint a-coortin'"

Chauncey laughed outright.

"Oh, no, Jinny," said he, "you won't catch me tripping in such an easy snare as that. It's hard work to cross-examine a lawyer."

"Thrue for ye. Saarchin' fer the truth in a lawyer's worrds is all the same as saarchin' for butther in the cow's horns. But where is thim quistions you was manin' to ax me?"

"To be sure."

And Mr. Chauncey drew himself up a little, dipped his pen anew, and proceeded to put his new client through a rigid catechism as to her birth, parentage, and antecedents.

From it Jinny McFlinn issued hot, irate, but triumphant, having been able to satisfy her interlocutor upon every point, and to refer to such documents as were required, and not in her possession.

At the end of an hour Mr. Chauncey arose and offered his hand in leave-taking, saying:

"Good-morning, Miss McFlinn. Please to call here day after to-morrow morning, and I think I shall be able to inform you that your title is proven, and your aunt's property your own."

"Good-mornin', yer honor. Whin you didn't fale so shure I wor meself, plain Jinny was enough. Now it's Miss McFlinn, an' whin I've the money in me fisht it'll be yer ladyship. Och, wurra, wurra! Whin gintlefolks meets thin compliments passes."

At dinner Mr. Chauncey remarked:

"Marcia, you ought to have seen the McFlinn heiress. She called to-day."

"An heiress? I thought it was to be an heir," said Miss Marcia, with laughing emphasis, as she recalled by a glance the jest of the morning.

"Oh, yes; and you asked me to bring him home and introduce him to you."

"Now, Ned, you are really too bad," and handsome Marcia, blushing brightly, glanced at Mr. Wetherell, who laughed, and looked delighted.

"Ned will have his jest, whoever he hits," said he.

"The present question is to decide which of us is to marry Jinny McFlinn," said Ned, cracking a walnut with a meditative air.

"What! you or I?" asked Wetherell, aghast.

"Certainly. Marcia is counted out of that little game. Is it you or I?"

"You forget that I have not seen the lady," said Wetherell.

"Oh, well, you know how a million of money looks without an introduction," replied his partner.

"Stop, Ned; you sha'n't talk so about this poor girl," interposed Marcia. "I wish I could see her. She must be very droll."

"She is the very prettiest woman I ever saw, or would be, if her face was washed and her hair combed a little—not much—but I think it was even snarlier than the fashion."

"I must see her. Can't you bring her up here, Ned?"

"Why don't you go and call upon her? I shall see that she goes to a respectable house to board."

"I call upon her? Nonsense!" replied Marcia, superbly. "Bring her up here the next time you catch her, and let me have a glimpse before she becomes corrupted by civilization."

"Very well," laughed Chauncey; but Mr. Wetherell looked a little grave, while a question as to the amiability, or even good taste, of his secretly adored Marcia passed through his mind.

But the subject was dropped, and in two minutes forgotten.

Three days later Mr. Chauncey sent a note from the office to his sister, worded thus:

"I have invited the wild Irish girl and Wetherell to dinner to-day. Six, as usual."

Imagine, if you please, Miss Chauncey's dismay!

A quarter to six, and a latchkey turned in the lock. Enter Mr. Chauncey, his partner and Miss Jinny McFlinn, whom the master of the house desired should be shown to a dressing-room.

"An' sure an' it's dressed I am intirely a'ready!" exclaimed the guest, in a high, shrill voice, resounding through the house, and reaching even Miss Chauncey's ears. She stared, frowned, rose, and stood facing the door of the drawing-room. It was presently opened by Mr. Chauncey, hospitably exclaiming:

THE JACQUIER TREE.—SEE PAGE 26.

"Walk in, Miss McFlinn. My sister will be charmed. Marcia, this is Miss McFlinn—my sister, Miss McFlinn."

Miss Chauncey mechanically held out her hand and muttered some courteous phrase, while her quick eyes glanced over the person and costume of her guest in uncontrollable dismay.

Miss McFlinn had done honor to the occasion so far as the shortness of the notice would allow. Her dress was a large-flowered chintz, looped up over a thick petticoat of scarlet cloth. Beneath this appeared stockings of green silk, embroidered with white clocks, and finished by black satin slippers with high heels and red rosettes. The dress, cut low, left exposed a pair of white and dimpled shoulders, with arms to match, partially concealed by a little, old-fashioned shawl of embroidered muslin. To finish this toilet, Miss

JINNY M'FLINN.—"THE M'FLINN, IN A RICH, CLEAR VOICE, STRUCK UP 'ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING,' TIMING HERSELF WITH FOOT AND HAND."—SEE PAGE 26.

Jinny had crammed as much of her beautiful brown hair into a net as it could be induced to hold, and the rest escaped in little tendrilly curls upon her neck and forehead. In her ears she wore a pair of large paste earrings, and upon her fingers some corresponding jewels. To finish all, she carried a handkerchief decorated with wide cotton lace, and a paper fan.

"Very happy to meet you," murmured Miss Chauncey, helplessly.

"To mate me, is it! Wasn't you luckin' fer me to come? Shure it was yer brudder axed me."

"Oh, certainly, yes, very happy; won't you take a seat by the fire? It is very cold out, is it not?" stammered Marcia, less at her ease than if she had been receiving Queen Victoria.

"Arrah, thin, it's not so bad. It's in the aarly mornin', whin you come down in your bare feet, an' go pokin' in thim owld ashes and cindhers to kindle the fire, thin is whin you fale the cowld. Mebbe you niver did that same?"

"No, I am afraid I am not so energetic," said Miss Chauncey, regretfully.

"Inirgitic! An' what's that same? Be jabers, but it's a power of foine words I've got to larn, now I'm a rich lady. Say, thin, mavourneen, would it be plazin' to yersilf to tache me a bit now and again of what I'd ought to know. Sorra an iliganter lady thin yersilf I'd care to see, be the other whom she may."

"You do yourself injustice, Miss McFlinn. You need no instruction, from me at least," said Marcia, smoothly; and as she turned to welcome her other guest, she allowed a gleam of satirical meaning to glance across her smile.

Mr. Wetherell did not like it. His ideas of hospitality were Arabian, of truth, Spartan, and to his mind Marcia had failed in both duties.

He seated himself beside Miss McFlinn, and talked to her as he would to any lady, except that he talked of nothing she was not likely to be familiar with, and was rewarded by sundry gems of drollery and naïveté, at which he laughed frankly, in company with Jinny herself.

Dinner was announced, and Mr. Chauncey offered his arm to the guest, while Wetherell approached Marcia, who looked rather icy.

"An' do they go to ate their dinner this fashion always? Every gurrl has a b'y av her own. An' sayin' there's more Jacks thin Gills, or the conthrary—what thin?"

"Why, the fortunate gentlemen secure the ladies, and the rest go alone," explained Chauncey.

"Scramble fer thim, jis like monkeys fer a handful of nuts, or mebbe the ch'ice goes by favor, same as kissin' does," commented Jinny, stopping as she entered the dining-room to exclaim:

"Be the powers, thin, I'm guessin' it's yersilves have come in fer a fortin' instid of me. Who iver saw sich a heap uv silver an' chany an' purty glass. Say, miss, do yer ate this way ivery day?"

"It is not every day we have such a treat as to-day," replied Marcia, with a gesture that might have been of courtesy, but was really of sarcasm.

"Sich a trate! Oh, yer manin' we've got a faste instid of a dinner. Shure an' you needn't have tuck all that throuble fer me, an' all dhrissed up in yer silk gownd and bracelits. Mebbe you kape a gurrl in the kitchen though. Some folks does."

"Please take this chair. Mr. Wetherell will sit here," cried Marcia, hastily, and the *partie carrée* seated themselves without further remark.

But as the dinner proceeded, Miss Jinny's absurd mistakes, ceaseless comments upon everything she saw, and ignorance of the usages of polite tables, entirely overcame the forbearance of her hostess, and the gravity of her host. Mr. Wetherell alone continued grave, polite, and attentive, while Marcia frowned without disguise, and Chauncey excused his incessant laughter by pretenses so varied and so

absurd, that Miss McFlinn finally turned upon him with the remark:

"Bedad, thin, an' what's the use av thryin' to make up raysons for yer bein' merry? Don't we all know that whin the wine is in, the wit is out, an' we're all frinds here. Laugh away, my lad, an' niver be ashamed of a dhrop too much. Bud it's a moighty wake head ye have av yer own, to be coom over wid jist the glass or two I've seen yer take. Here's the other jantleman as cool as Decimber, and he's tuck full twice what you have. Maybe, though, he's more used to it."

So saying, Jinny returned with a good-natured smile to her filberts, which she chose to crack between her sound little teeth, like a squirrel. Mr. Chauncey laughed no more, but tried instead to induce a general conversation, in which he actually took pains to shine, and to prove by remarks, at once sagacious and witty, that he was by no means in the condition assigned him by plain-spoken Jinny.

He was rewarded at length by that young lady, who, looking him steadily in the face, remarked:

"An' shure you're gittin' on, my b'y. It's pritty fur along they be when their eyes shines an' their cheeks burns the loike av that. It's a hape safer to be silly, same as you was a while ago. Spake to him, miss, an' tell him to give over thryin' to put a comather on me, for I've seen a b'y at a wake before to-day."

And Miss Jinny, helping herself to a large apple, began eating it *au naturel*, assisting the process by drinking the perfumed water from the finger-bowl, just placed before her.

Miss Chauncey, with a glance of undisguised horror, rose from the table. Jinny didn't stir.

"Shall we leave the gentlemen to their wine, Miss McFlinn?" asked the hostess, loftily.

"Not this one. He's got enough. Come on, my lad. It was mesilf laned upon your arrm coomin' down-stairs, an' now it's you shall lane upon me goin' up, for it's I'm the betther man of the two sence then."

And Jinny, actually insisting upon Mr. Chauncey's accepting her arm, conducted him to the drawing-room, followed by Marcia, muttering remarks concerning her guest to Mr. Wetherell, who received them in utter silence.

"Do you know how to play on the pianner?" inquired Jinny, as Marcia swept by the piano, at which stood her guest, spelling out the titles of the sheet-music scattered upon it.

"Yes, a little," replied Miss Chauncey, curtly.

"Let's hear you, then," rejoined the guest, moving the stool into position.

Marcia seated herself, and without reply, struck a few cords, and sang an Italian *aria* in a somewhat thin, but highly cultivated voice. Then rising, she said, politely:

"We should be very happy to hear something from you, Miss McFlinn."

"Would you, thin! Well, here goes," and the McFlinn, in a rich, clear voice, sweet and strong as Southern wine, struck up "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," timing herself with foot and hand, and gesticulating freely.

"Bravo!" cried Chauncey, applauding as she finished. "Another of the same sort!"

"Thank you, Miss McFlinn. It quite stirs one's blood to hear the national melody so rendered. Won't you sing something more?" asked Wetherell.

"Mebbe it isn't safe. That one seems gettin' wild. What 'ould he be stampin' that way for?" inquired Jinny, looking apprehensively at Chauncey, who was still clapping and laughing.

"Do you know 'Cruiskeen Lawn'?" asked Wetherell, hastily.

"Shure an' I do. Wait till I sing it ye."

And again the clear sweet tones poured forth, this time unaccompanied by motion of hand or foot.

"For mercy's sake, take her away, Ned. I have borne as much as I possibly can," whispered Marcia in her brother's ear; and he laughingly replied:

"You're jealous, Marcia. You're afraid of Wetherell—you know you are."

"Nonsense!"

And Miss Chauncey, taking a book, seated herself at the other end of the room.

Mr. Wetherell presently joined her, but was so coldly received that he retired disconcerted.

Miss McFlinn received him in the rebound.

"An' what's the matther with miss, thin?" inquired she. "Shure an' yer not the b'y I tuck ye for, if ye can't coax a purty gurrl out av the sulks. It's bekase you axed me sing twict, an' her no more than wanst, that she's crass wid ye."

"Truth is not to be spoken at all times," muttered Edward Chauncey, while from the deep armchair came Marcia's clear, cold tones, saying, with cutting emphasis:

"Indeed, my dear Miss McFlinn, you are quite mistaken. No one can wonder at Mr. Wetherell for being charmed with a style of performance so very unusual in a drawing-room. I am nearly exhausted with delight."

"You're right, my lady," replied Jinny, coolly. "It wasn't in a dhrorin'-room I larned to sing. I got all outdoors to practish in, an' so coom by a way av lettin' it all out. Mebbe it's yersilf id be binifited by a coorse av the same thratement."

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I am afraid it is useless for me to attempt to resemble you," replied Miss Chauncey; and without further pretense of politeness, she devoted herself to her novel until nine o'clock, when Miss McFlinn, rising from the sofa where she had sat between the two gentlemen, entertaining both with the greatest ease, approached her, saying:

"I'm a-goin' back to the boordin'-house where I'm shtoppin'. Good-night t'ye; an' I'm hopin' you'll git up in a betther humor the morrow. Good-by!"

"Oh, are you going? Good-evening, Miss McFlinn."

And Marcia rose and stood stiff and stately, regardless of her guest's outstretched hand, until she had left the room. Then, coldly returning Mr. Wetherell's somewhat formal bow, she dropped again into her chair; and so soon as she was alone, gave way to the flood of nervous and mortified tears until then repressed.

Three months passed, and Mrs. Van Ruyter left cards upon the Chauncey's for a party, with a penciled line to Marcia:

"Be sure and come, my dear, for I have a sensation to present."

"Marcia went, and with her Edward and Mr. Wetherell. The sensation was presented under the style of——

"Miss Flynn, Miss Chauncey."

A lovely little figure, dressed in blue silk and point d'Alençon, with pearls and turquoise upon her white neck and arms, and skillfully adorning, but not formalizing, the bewitching tendrils of her bright hair, turned at the word, looked archly up in Marcia's face, and laughed merrily, but softly.

"We have met before, Miss Chauncey," said she.

Marcia colored as she had not since fifteen.

"Miss McFlinn," stammered she.

"Shure an' no other," murmured the little beauty, roguishly. "If it wasn't for all these people, Miss Chauncey, I should go right down upon my knees; but fancy how they would stare! Do be a Christian and come to see me to-morrow. I'll do it then—trust me but I will."

Marcia balanced herself for quite a moment upon the

knife-edge dividing indignation and amusement, and then gracefully stepped down upon the sunny side.

"I shall come to you with the greatest pleasure; but do not believe that I will forgive you such an audacious imposition," said she, laughing in spite of herself.

"And Mr. Chauncey and Mr. Wetherell? They must be present at the penance," said Miss Flynn, glancing about the crowded room.

The two gentlemen were just entering the door, and a little motion of Marcia's hand summoned them. They both glanced at her companion with an expectant smile.

"Miss Jinny McFlinn," said Marcia, a little sarcastically. It was her bit of revenge, and slight enough, we must allow.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Wetherell, calmly; but Edward Chauncey seemed more than surprised; one would have said he was overcome with some powerful emotion.

"Will you promenade a little, Miss McFlinn?" said he, offering his arm.

"They call me Flynn, without the Mc, and Jennie, instead of Jinny, and I thank you ever so much, Mr. Chauncey, but I am engaged for this dance, and every other through the evening, but your sister will tell you that I am hoping to see you all to-morrow. Never mind ceremony, Miss Marcia, but come to dinner. Do now, or I shall not go on my knees, nor shall I believe you really forgive me."

So the trio promised to go to dinner, and although for the rest of the evening Edward Chauncey and Mr. Wetherell devoted themselves to the attempt of speaking to Miss Flynn, neither succeeded by so much as a word.

Mrs. Van Ruyter was charmed at the result of her sensation.

As Marcia waited for her carriage, a servant handed her a card with an address, and the words, "Remember, it is dinner at six o'clock," penciled beneath.

At six o'clock Miss Chauncey's carriage stopped before an elegant house in *the* avenue, and that young lady, followed by her brother and his partner, entered the door obsequiously opened at their approach, all three in a condition of surprise and doubt to be imagined, perhaps, but not described.

A stylish maid brought Marcia to a pretty dressing-room and made her ready for the drawing-room, where she found the gentlemen waiting.

To them entered Jennie Flynn, bewitching in a French dinner-toilet, and just enough embarrassed to heighten the naive grace of her manner.

Fluttering up to Marcia, she took both hands, stood on tiptoe, and kissed her cheek, welcomed the gentlemen graciously, but not so warmly, and then dragged a big chair in front of a sofa.

"Now sit down and let us get it over," said she, laughing, blushing, and flashing fun from her gray eyes and dazzling teeth; and before her guests could comply with the request, she began:

"My father really was Cornelius McFlinn, as I told you at first, Mr. Chauncey, but he came here with his uncle when he was a boy, grew up, made money, and married a nice girl out of a good family. I was the only child, and as poor dear mamma died while I was a baby I was brought up at a boarding-school. My father died just after I was eighteen, and left me all his property and no guardian, so I boarded with a good old lady, whom we had always known, and did just as I liked, and I am afraid—well, never mind, I can't begin my confessions too far back. One morning I saw the advertisement, and I knew in a minute it meant me, for my father often talked of his sister Bridget, and Castlerea and County Roscommon, and the rest, and the idea came into my head that the advertisers, whoever they were, would be looking for a regular Irishman or woman to be heir to a Bridget McFlinn, and then I thought—oh, dear, wasn't it awful!"

And the lovely culprit buried her face in two of the prettiest little dimpled hands imaginable for a moment, then went on, penitently:

"I thought I could just play a little trick on the lawyers, and I borrowed nursey's gown and shawl, and bought a hood and some shoes, and I went. Oh, Mr. Chauncey, wasn't it horrid?"

"What a stupid fool I was!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, somewhat incoherently.

"And then," pursued Miss Jennie, "you asked me to dinner, and I saw that you expected to shock your sister, and I thought I would help you, and so I came, and—oh, dear—there now, Miss Marcia, I am going to do it. See!"

And the little thing actually dropped on both knees, and, hiding her face in Marcia's lap, whimpered like a naughty child.

"Oh, please forgive me, and I'll never do so any more."

And Marcia, a good girl under all her conventionality, put her arms about the child's neck and kissed her lovingly, whispering:

"You naughty darling, how could you do so?"

"And if you will, I won't make eyes at Mr. Wetherell, not a bit, I won't," whispered Jennie, in reply; so when Marcia quickly lifted her head she seemed to have caught the vivid blush from the bright cheek she just had pressed to her own.

Next came a luxurious little dinner, served in the highest style of quiet elegance, with Jennie's pleasant old chaperon at the head of the table, and then a gay evening, with "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" from the hostess; but it was not until he called all alone the next morning that Mr. Edward Chauncey got an opportunity to say the few words that had been so many hours burning upon his lips. They were:

"Miss Flynn, can you ever pardon me?"

"Why not?" was the reply. "You said if I was only a lady, or even an American, you would marry me. I dropped a courtesy, and said: 'Thank you, sir, but it takes two to make a bargain;' so that was all settled. Where's the harm to either of us?"

"WANT OF CONFIDENCE."

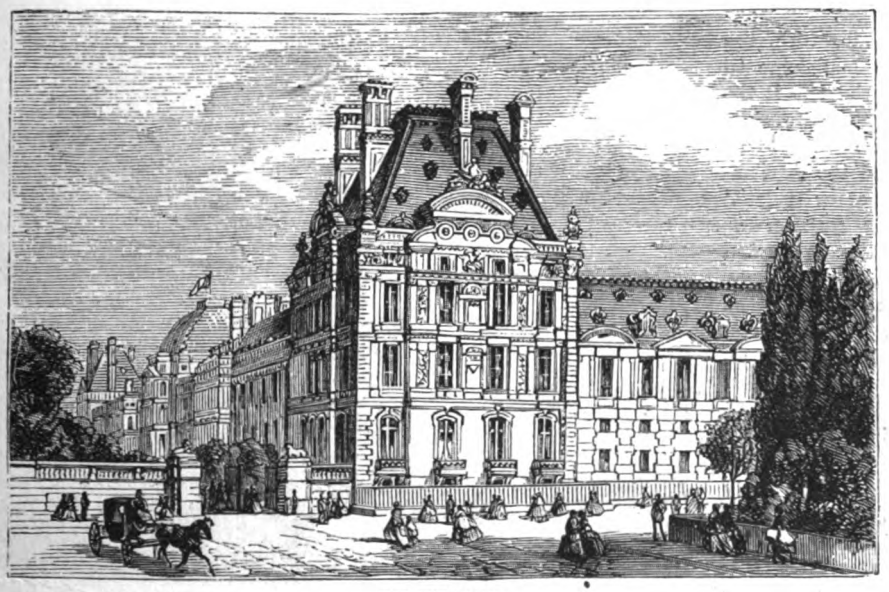
The artist idealizes a very pretty notion of the mixed curiosity and bashfulness of child-life in this little picture. A little boy has been induced by his elder sister to gather some wild flowers and choice herbs, to feed the old horse in the neighboring field; but when he comes to the act of presenting them his courage almost fails him—he wants confidence to place them in the gaping mouth of the harmless animal who stretches forward to receive them. The sister, by placing her hand on the faithful creature's head, would indicate that there is no ground for alarm, but the little urchin is still deterred by a "want of confidence." The grouping and execution of this little affair are very pleasing.

Exquisite Workmanship.—Modern goldsmiths do not compare favorably with the ancient Roman or Greek jewelers. There was one kind of chain in particular, wrought with such consummate skill, that modern jewelers have in vain attempted to make it. The links are so cunningly shaped and knit together, that when the chain is extended it resembles a plain bar of gold, and yet it is perfectly flexible in all directions. Chains of this sort, manufactured of gold and silver, have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, after being buried nearly two thousand years.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 31

THE WEST END OF PARIS.

UNQUESTIONABLY, one of the finest decorations of any city in the world is formed by that assemblage of palaces, of open spaces, and of promenades, commencing at the Louvre and extending to the Park of St. Cloud, passing by the Champs Elysées, the triumphal arch de l'Etoile, the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Bois de Boulogne. This magnificently laid out district, the harmony of which has been disturbed, ever since 1871, by the destruction of the Palace of the Tuileries, will once more stand forth in its former splendor when seen by the visitors to the Exhibition of 1878. At this moment the French Senate has under consideration several plans for rebuilding the palace now in ruins. M. Emile de Girardin, in a recent sensational article, proposed the transformation of the grounds of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées into an English park, acting as a connecting link with the Bois de Boulogne in the same way as St. James's Park in London does to Hyde Park. M. de Girardin characterized as ugly that vast range of straight avenues, of highly decorated fountains, of terraces, and of statues. He, it would appear, has a fancy for the winding alleys, the artificial valleys, the simulated rockwork so popular at the present day. Many, however, will consider preferable the grand old style of Louis XIV., and will be of opinion that Paris has quite enough of English squares and parks already, without making any addition thereto.



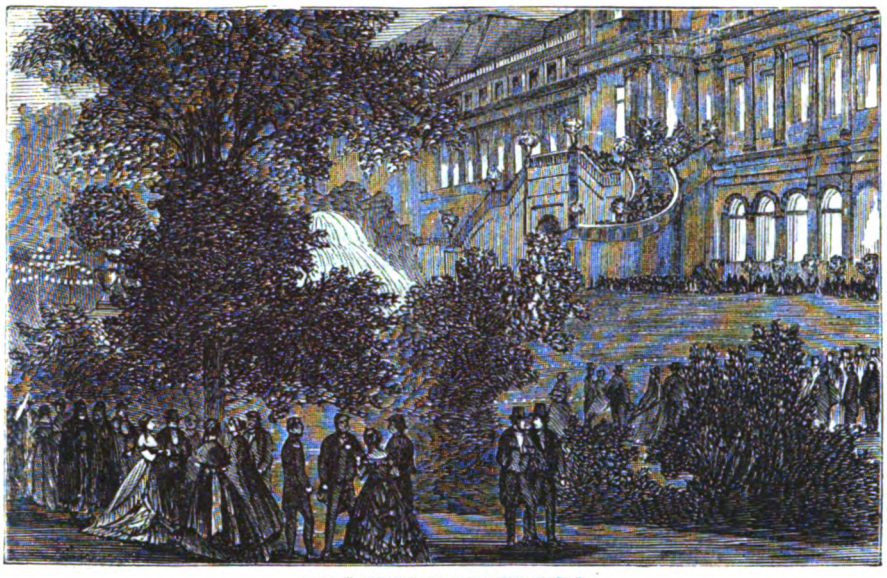
THE TUILERIES.

At the time of Louis XIII. the Tuileries grounds were separated from the palace by a street, which, after a lapse of two centuries and a half, has once more just been opened to the public. The spot was at that time a mere wood, visited by but few persons. The King set the woodmen at work to clear the place, simply sparing the finest trees. It then became a fashionable promenade, and under its shady elms might have been seen Marion Delorme, Ninon de l'Enclos, Cinq-Mars, the Marquis de Sévigné, and all those ladies and gentlemen who surrounded the Courts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. It was under Colbert's administration that Le Nôtre was commissioned to change the plan of the grounds. As he laid them out they have substantially remained since. Even the mythological and heroic statues are yet there to remind us of that essentially classic period. The finest among the statues are the two Huntresses and the Hunter, by Coustou; the Faun, the Hamadryad, and the two winged coursers bearing Fame and Mercury, by Coysevox; Lucretia, by Lepautre; Æneas carrying Anchises, Cybele, and a multitude of gods and goddesses, of kings and slaves. The great fountain is surrounded by a marble group of the Nile, the Tiber, the Loire and the Seine. To the left of the grounds, stretching along the Quay of the Seine, is the terrace called "On the Brink of the River" (*Terrasse du bord de l'eau*), which starts from the Pavillon de Flore. Carpeaux's bas-reliefs in this pavilion were saved by the Communists. At the entrance to the terrace—which, under Napoleon III., was set apart for the Prince Imperial to walk in—are the two lions taken at Sebastopol. To the right of the grounds, stretching along the Rue de Rivoli, is the Terrasse des Feuillants, which runs from the Marsan Pavillon, and which, during the Revolution, was the scene of so many bloody encounters.

The Place de la Concorde, originally named Louis Quinze, was opened to the public on the 20th of June, 1763, the equestrian statue of the monarch of that name, in the centre, being uncovered at the same time. Seven years later, on the 30th of May, 1770, commences the tragic history of this place. There had been a display of fireworks to celebrate the marriage of the future Louis XVI. with the Dauphine Marie Antoinette, when the crowd, being seized with a panic, twelve hundred persons were stifled and trampled to death. In 1792, the statue of Louis XV. was demolished, and on the 21st of January, 1793, was erected the scaffold of Louis XVI. Under its new name of Place de la Révolution, this spot was selected for the beheading of Marie Antoinette, Mme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, the Girondins, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, and many other victims of the Royalist or Jacobite party. In 1795, after the Reign of Terror, this spot took its present name of Place de la Concorde, a singular misnomer for the theatre of so much carnage and destruction. In 1835, was raised on this spot the obelisk of Luxor, one of the two needles of Cleopatra, a present of the Viceroy Mehemet Ali. Theophile Gauthier, the poet, has depicted in charming verse the sorrows of the exiled obelisk,

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum!"

On the two sides of the obelisk are two splendid fountains, which would appear, as Lamartine has said, placed there to wash away, if possible, for ever the blood of the victims of the Reign of Terror. All around this place are colossal statues of the principal cities of France, mutilated by the artillery in the second siege of Paris, but now restored. The statue of Strasbourg, which, it will be remembered, was adorned with flowers and garlands during the first siege, now remains in memory of the exiled city. Leaving the Garden of the Tuileries, you have, on reaching the Place, on your right two magnificent palaces, one of which belongs to the Minister of Marine. Beyond is the fine perspective

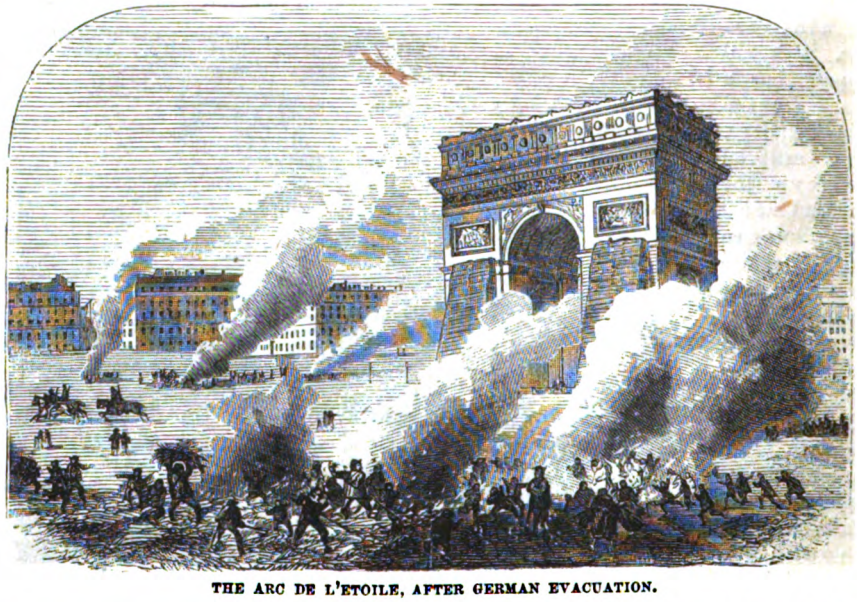


THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

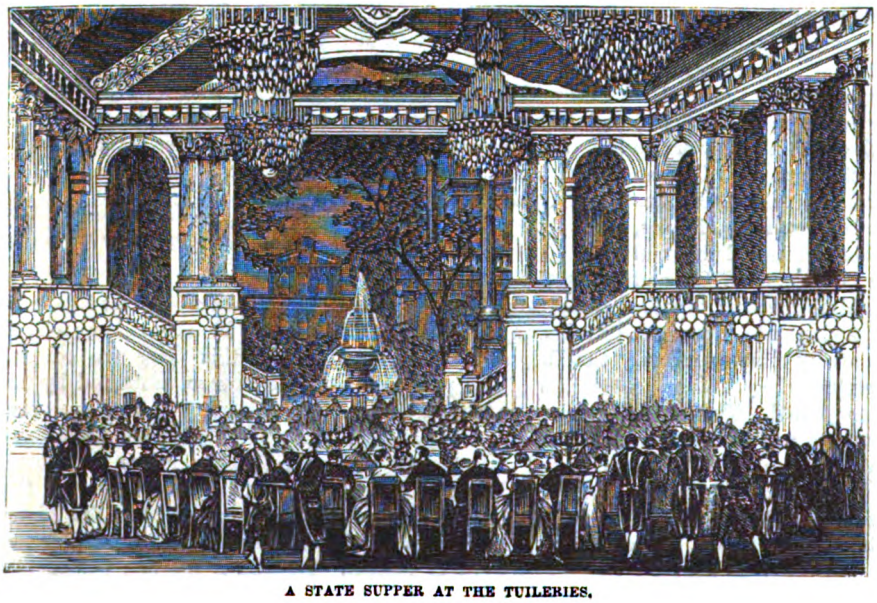
of the Rue Royale, with the Colonnade of the Madeleine in the distance. To the left is the Seine, bordered by the Bourbon Palace, the superb mansion wherein is installed the Agricultural Club, and other palatial edifices with their grounds. Opposite are the celebrated marble horses called *de Marly*, and the immense avenue of the Champs Elysées. In the distance, and towering above all other objects, is the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile.

The Champs Elysées was for a long time the only promenade of the Parisians. Now it is only the pedestrians' promenade. Those who ride on horseback or in carriages only pass through it in order to reach the Bois de Boulogne. It was Marie de Medicis who designed and had laid out the Cours la Reine, namely, that part of the Champs Elysées which extends along the bank of the Seine, and which is now the least frequented.

That which is at present the Avenue was then, as its name implies, simply fields, either cultivated or barren. In 1670, Louis XIV. had the present Champs Elysées laid out and planted by Le Nôtre. It at once became the fashionable promenade and the place for holding public *fêtes*. The Cours la Reine simply became an annex thereto. It was, however, only gradually, and by slow and successive changes, that were designed and planted those



THE ARC DE L'ETOILE, AFTER GERMAN EVACUATION.



A STATE SUPPER AT THE TUILERIES.

flower-beds, those grassy knolls, those spaces covered with rhododendrons and azaleas, which break the monotony of the severe lines of Le Nôtre, and reconcile English with French art. It was long before the magnificent mansions which now adorn the spot were erected. The neighborhood appeared too far off, but it is now one of the busiest and most lively of the capital.

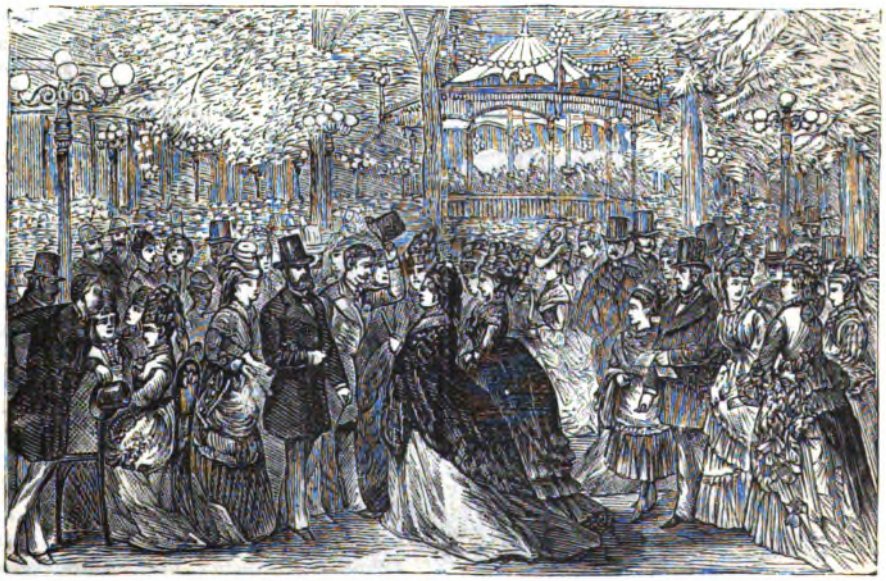
The first part of the Champs Elysées, going from the Place de la Concorde to the Round Point, is lined right and left by a succession of *cafés-concerts* hidden behind the great trees. Their fantastic illumination, and the strains of melody proceeding therefrom, form one of the peculiar charms of Paris on a

Summer night. Here are to be found the theatre of the Folies Marigny, the Summer Circus, the Panorama, the Concert Musard (where it is fashionable to go on Fridays), the celebrated restaurants Laurent and Ledoyen, one on the right and the other on the left, and finally the Palace of Industry, which is simply the Main Building of the Universal Exposition of 1855, and which is now used for the cattle-show in March, for the horse-show in April, as a picture and sculpture gallery in May, and for exhibitions of industrial or other art for the remainder of the year. The Palace of Industry is almost always occupied with one attraction or another. The entrance fee for most of the exhibitions is only twenty cents, and on Sundays it is always free.

A FRIDAY CONCERT AT THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

INTERIOR OF A PARISIAN OMNIBUS.

After passing the Round Point the avenue becomes narrower, and you walk between two lofty rows of mansions; but even here the Champs is three times as wide as Broadway. To the right and to the left you pass the magnificent diagonal avenues, the Avenue Matignon, the Avenue Montaigne, where are situated Mabille and the Pompeian Palace, built by Prince Napoleon on the model of an elegant one found in the ruins of the fated city. A stone's throw from here you have the best restaurant on the Champs Elysées, the "Little Red Mill" (Petit Moulin Rouge), famed for its fresco dinners. Then you have a succession of riding-schools, of harness-makers', of carriage-builders', and of horse-sellers' establishments, the owners of which are not unfrequently millionaires. You feel instinctively that you are in that section of Paris chiefly devoted to the study of horse-flesh. In the morning you are sure to meet a succession of grooms walking their horses, followed by the stable-dogs, coachmen trying their new harness and carriages, speculators training their young horses in skeleton carriages, cavaliers and amazons on their way to the *Bois* for their matutinal trot. Octave Feuillet has, in "Monsieur de Camors," given a charming description of this



FASHIONABLE PROMENADE, CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

A STATE BALL AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

morning hour, in which old Paris seems rejuvenated and painted afresh. Toward midday, the great avenue is deserted. About two o'clock in Winter, and four o'clock in Summer, it is again animated by the long files of carriages filled with fashionables of both sexes. These have their focus at the Place de la Concorde, where converge those routes, one of which conveys the merchant prince from his home in the Chaussée d'Antin, the other the representatives of the aristocracy from their homes in the Faubourg St. Germain. Under the shadow of the trees, seated in armchairs, or on the public benches, are a crowd of persons admiring, contemplating, studying, and criticizing the turnouts *à la Daumont*, the tandems, the four-in-hands, and the other varieties of equipages. The sprinkling arrangements are so good that there is no dust, even on Sunday, in Summer, when the races attract thither thousands of carriages and spectators. From the base of the Arc de Triomphe, adorned by the fine bas-reliefs of Rude, start twelve avenues, all lined by splendid mansions. Here is also the modest dwelling-house of Mr. Washburne, the American Minister. The American colony has a great predilection for this part of Paris. Many Americans have constructed or bought veritable palaces on the chief avenues, or those environing them. There, at every step, you come across American signs—butcher shops, bakeries, American confectioners, where the excellent maize and wheaten flour from the Western States may be found unadulterated, and where buckwheat cakes and pies are at hand to transport the transatlantic visitor back to his "home, sweet home!" Close by the Champs Elysées, in the Rue de Berry, is the American Church. This section of Paris seems made for young America. It can there freely indulge its passion for horses, and in the neighboring Park Monceaux can play at croquet to its heart's content. The Russian colony is also partial to the Arc de Triomphe, and lives there, as everywhere else, on the most excellent terms with the Americans. Behind the trees of the Park Monceaux, the visitor espies the gilded byzantine dome of the Greek Church. The Russian horses run side by side, neck and neck, in the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de l'Impératrice, with the American trotters, and the superiority of the one over the other is the only contested point between the representatives of the two nations.

After passing the Arc de Triomphe, the continuation in straight line of the Champs Elysées is called the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and extends as far as Courbevoie. Carriages, however, rarely take this route. They usually turn to the left, and take the celebrated Avenue de l'Impératrice, now called the Avenue de la Bois de Boulogne, which runs in straight line to one of the entrances of the Central Park of Paris.

The Avenue de l'Impératrice has three

alleys—that on the left for pedestrians, that in the centre for carriages, that on the right for horse-riders. Like all alleys reserved for equestrians in Paris, this alley is carefully strewn with a mixture of wood chips and sand, which yields under the horses' feet, and which is apt to become disagreeably softened after heavy rains.

While giving all due praise to the Parisian authorities for their solicitude on behalf of equestrians, it must be acknowledged that Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, is far better adapted for this especial purpose than is the Avenue de l'Impératrice. The fact of the trees on the avenue having been cut down in the Winter of 1871, has made it a somewhat less shady walk than might be desired; but the eye rests with pleasure on the greensward, the clusters of geraniums, the pelargoniums, the plants which are exchanged for others as soon as they have ceased to bloom, and the fine private gardens which surround, on either side, the elegant mansions. You cannot call this the city, for the houses are too wide apart for this; but neither are you in the country, for everything leaves the impress of comfort, of luxury, and of lavish expenditure. Here is the Turkish Embassy, there the dwelling of Hortense Schneider, the Diva of "Opera Bouffe," the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Here you have the castellated mansion of Madame Ratazzi, widow of the former Prime Minister of Italy, famed for her Venetian-night fêtes. At the end of the avenue are the fortifications, masked under the clusters of rare plants and flowers. You cross them as you go over the broad bridge, then enter, by the magnificent gateway of the Dauphine Gate, the Bois de Boulogne.

SPORTS OF THE PARISIANS.

London has its Hyde Park, Madrid its Prado, Florence its Cascine, Vienna its Prater, New York its Central Park, Philadelphia its Fairmount, Paris its Bois de Boulogne. At the time of Charlemagne it was a marshy forest, infested by bandits and filled with wolves, with scarcely a path traced across. It was then called the forest of Rouvray, and formed simply a corner of that vast array of forests which covered almost the entire Isle of France, and which formed part of the royal domain.

Thanks to Monsieur Haussmann, the Bois de Boulogne is now a magnificent English park, with winding alleys, affording glimpses of the elevated ground, glistening with light, on which stand Sèvres and Meudon, its clear lakes sparkling in the sun, its wide expanse of greensward, and its grand old masses of brushwood.

Boulogne, Passy and Auteuil, which lie on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne to the left, and which were once villages, are now pretty little towns, clean and neat, made up, not of vulgar houses, but rather of charming villas, hidden by their grounds, and inhabited by the most renowned among Parisian artists, actors and men of letters. It was at Passy that Rossini, Beranger and Jules Janin died; and Passy is the chosen abode of Cuvillier Fleury, the critic of the *Journal des Débats;* of M. Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase Theatre; of Got, Delaunay, Bressant; of the Theatre Français, and a dozen or more of the best known painters.

Auteuil is more countrified than Passy. There may be found a number of pretty pavilions, of Swiss chalets, of cottages having rustic pretensions, almost buried beneath the trailing vines, convolvulus and ivy; perfumed by the rose and lilac-trees so thoroughly that these little bandboxes seem built on purpose for the delectation of happy couples on their honeymoon. Auteuil is full of memories of Boileau and his friend Molière.

On entering the Bois de Boulogne by the gate of Auteuil, you have to the right the handsome château and park of La Muette, the property of Madame Erard, widow of the celebrated piano manufacturer. To the left is the Prince's Park, adorned with handsome villas, and in the midst of which

rises the magnificent palace of the Count Chauveau, one of the curiosities of Paris. Auteuil was formerly a great place for duelists; but they now prefer the forest of Vésinet.

Hard-by is the Auteuil race-course, established in 1873 by the little club of the Rue Royale, and its president, Prince Talleyrand Sagan, in order to revive steeple-chasing in France. Everything about the race-course is elegant and in good taste. The members of the Petit Club would certainly appear to have been desirous of imitating in every respect the model of an English race-course; for even while the race is going on, the cattle in the fields adjoining graze peacefully and undisturbed by the tumult around them.

The fashionable world of Paris has enthusiastically adopted the Auteuil race-course, which has thus proved a great success. Every year, in the month of May, the grand international prize of $6,000 is here contested—a race won alternately by Baron Finot and Count Saint-Sauveur, the two great steeple-chase runners of France. A mile further on, but still in the Bois de Boulogne, stretches out on the banks of the Seine the Longchamps race-course, set apart for flat races, and where, among others, is annually run the grand prize of $20,000, which generally, with the entry money added, mounts up to $35,000. Every Sunday, during the three racing seasons, the grand stand at Longchamps is filled to its utmost capacity. The spectacle is charming. Opposite lies the Bois de Boulogne; to the right, the pretty villa of the Prefect of the Seine, and the picturesque, ivied windmill. To the left, the vast blue horizon, with the hills of Meudon, Sevres, Bellevue, St. Cloud and the Seine. The river is dotted with verdant islets and bordered by villas. It describes a vast semi-circle round the course. The plain of Longchamps is also the favorite spot for mustering vast bodies of troops; and every Summer it is here that Marshal MacMahon reviews the army of Paris, which is composed of some 40,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery.

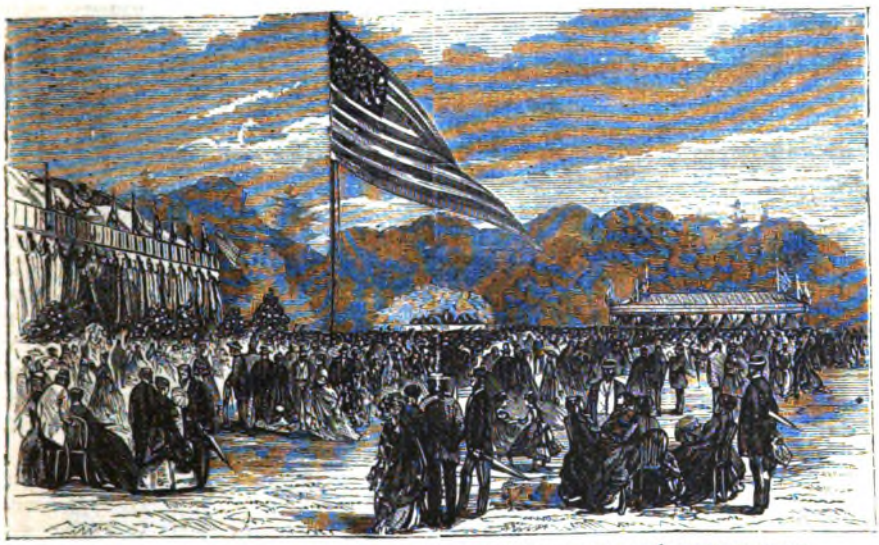
DINING IN A TREE.

Leaving Longchamps to return toward Paris, and penetrating further into the Bois de Boulogne, the first object that meets the eye is the great waterfall, from the base of which the Pole Berezowski, in 1867, shot at the Emperor of Russia, who was returning with Napoleon III. from the review. The excellent restaurant at this spot, called the Cascade, is the most moderate in its charges of any in the Bois. At the waterfall commences the broad avenue of the Acacias, which is the favorite place of resort of many aristocratic ladies, who prefer this spot to the fashionable but noisy promenade along the border of the lake. It is, however, to this promenade that the Bois de Boulogne owes its worldwide fame. Let us here state that the expression "Le tour du lac" is a misnomer. The promenade extends along the larger of the two lakes, and instead of forming a circle, stretches out on one side, namely, that nearest to Paris.

The long string of equipages, after having gone from one end of the lake to the other, describe a large semi-circle and return to their starting-point. As the horses are always at a walking pace, and are often compelled to stand still for several minutes, the occupants of the carriages, as well as pedestrians, have ample opportunities for looking at and studying one another. Of course, the chief attraction of the promenade, its supreme delight, is the mutual inspection of toilets, carriages and horses. Most of the participants in the scene know each other, at least by sight, having met for years every day at the same hour. Many of the most distinct types have received nicknames, not always of the most pleasing character, and newcomers who are not known to the habitués are sure after a few days to receive some appellation more or less flattering. In the Bois are regularly to be seen the stately equipage of the British Ambassador, the owner

wearing a weary, almost a sad look; the yellow calèche of Princess Metternich, who, although no longer the wife of an ambassador, is yet, what some would consider a still higher dignity, a true Parisienne. Here, too, are the elegant carriages of the Comte de Mercy, of the Prince Troubetzkoï, of the Marquis of Sabran, of James Gordon Bennett; the admirable steppers of an American named Wilkinson, celebrated for his magnificent turnouts. There you perceive the superb phaetons of Messrs. Cahen, of Antwerp, Aguado, Camondo, and other well-known bankers. Here, also, you may see the *daumont* of

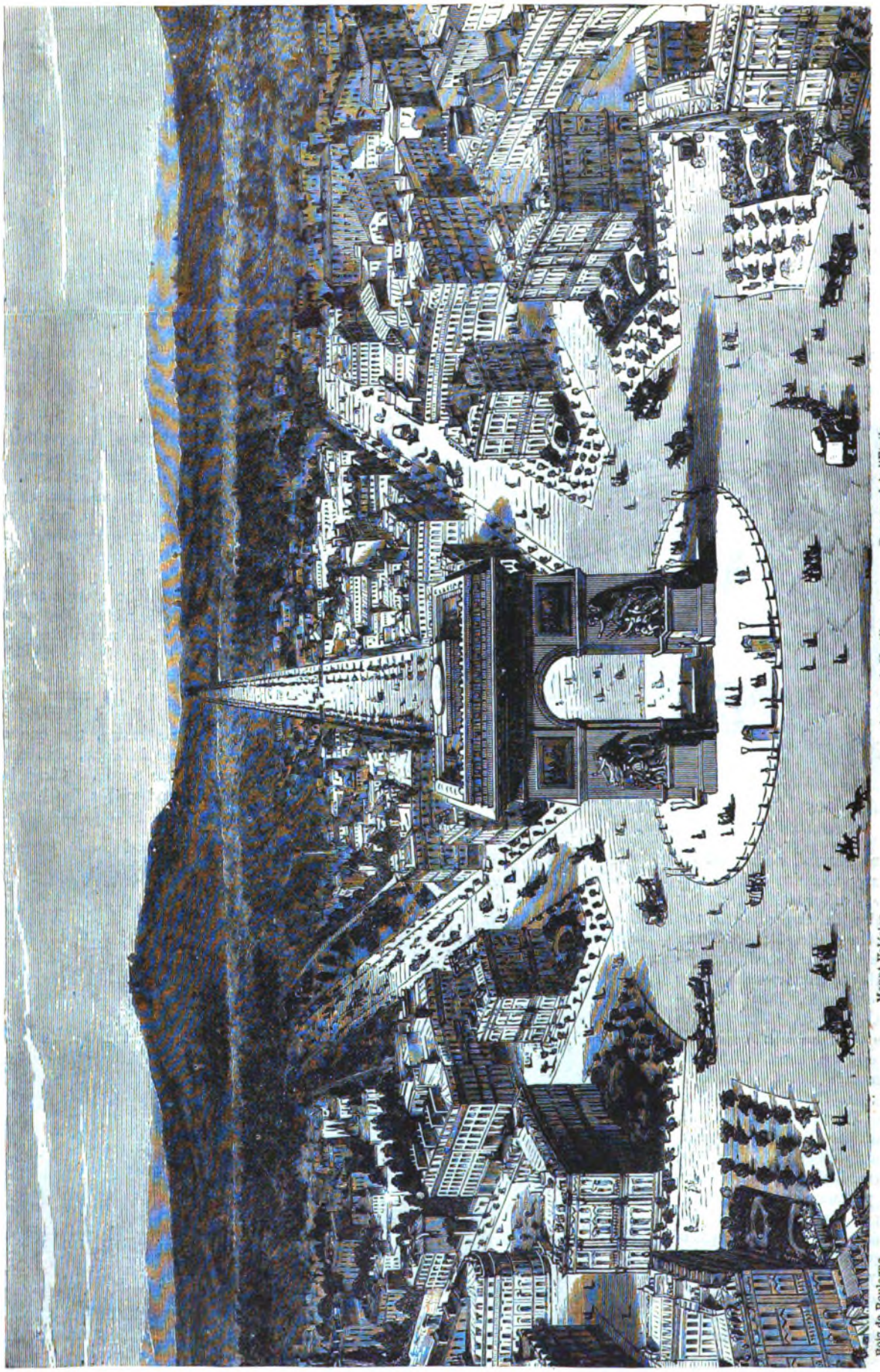
SKATING AT NIGHT AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



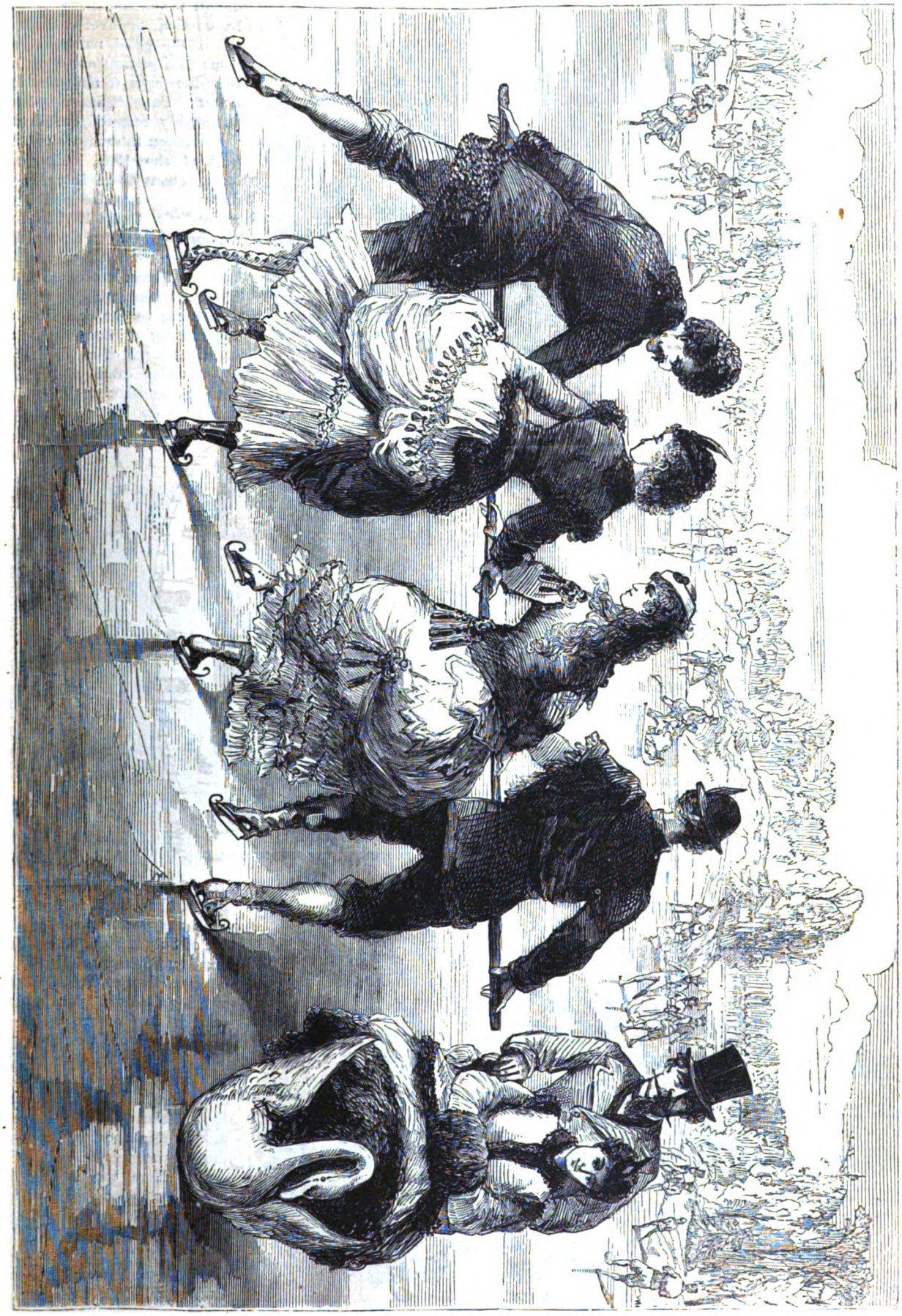
CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY BY AMERICANS, AT THE PRÉ CATELAN, PARIS.

Madame Musard, and, alas! far too many victorias and coupés of the demi-monde. Running parallel with the drive is the Persil, the Rotten Row of Paris. Here are to be found, displaying their horsemanship, the Duc d'Aumale, Duc de Nemours, Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris, Mr. Mackenzie Greeves, the most celebrated horseman in the Bois de Boulogne; the Duke and Duchess de la Trémouille, Mlle. Croizette, of the Theatre Français, and many others. Most riders, however, look upon this afternoon promenade with disdain, owing to its closely resembling a parade held for the benefit of the spectators, and hold tenaciously to their morning promenade in the shady Allée des Poteaux, a place especially reserved for equestrians. Going there between ten and eleven in the morning, the visitor has the most favorable opportunity for seeing the best saddle-horses to be found on the Continent of Europe. In fine weather, when their canter is over, many of the riders, attracted by the beauties of the Bois, lunch or dine in some one of the gay restaurants to be found there, such as the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, or at the Madrid, so named from its being on the site of the old Château of Madrid, built by Francis I. on his return from captivity in Spain. Madrid is a good restaurant, but one of the dearest in Paris, that is to say, in the world. Close by Madrid, and within the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, is

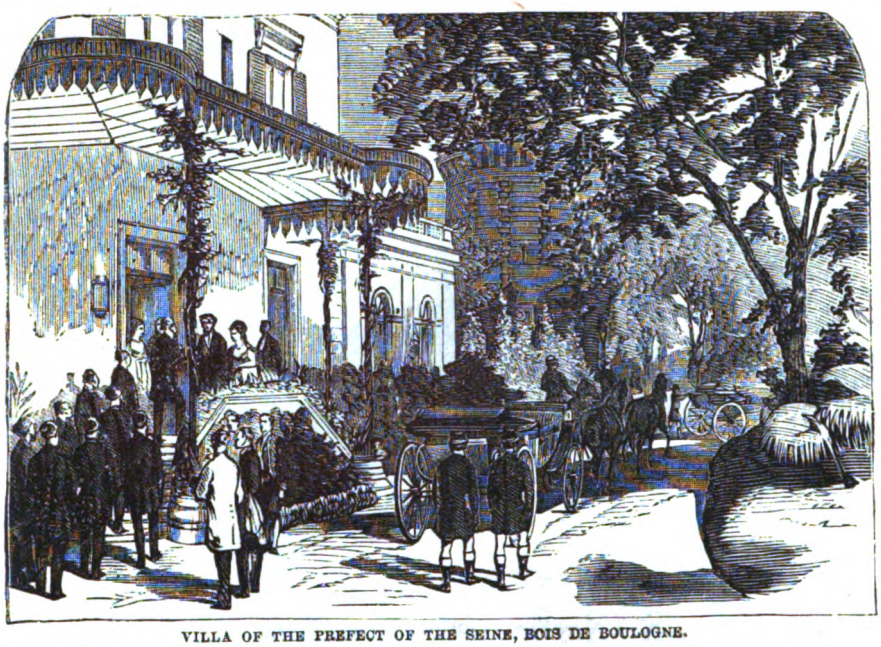
ARTISTS OFFERING PICTURES FOR EXHIBITION.



VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



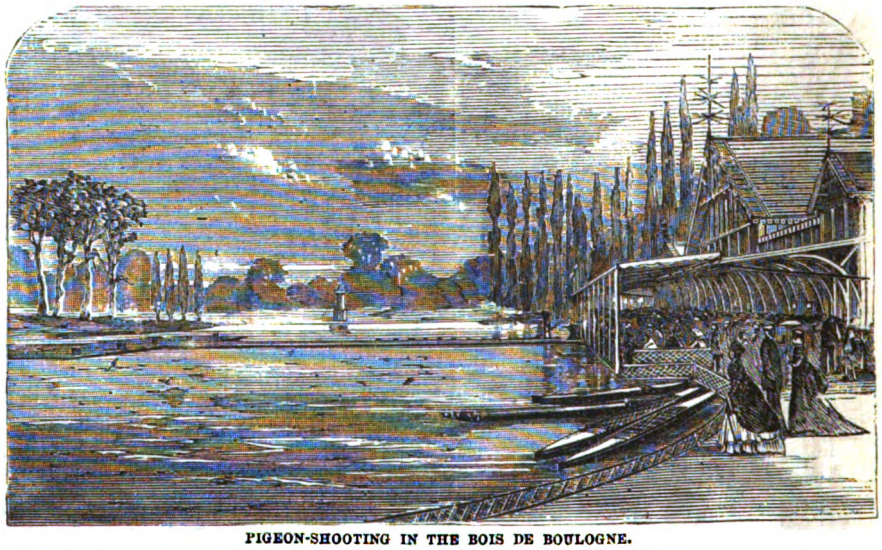
SKATING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



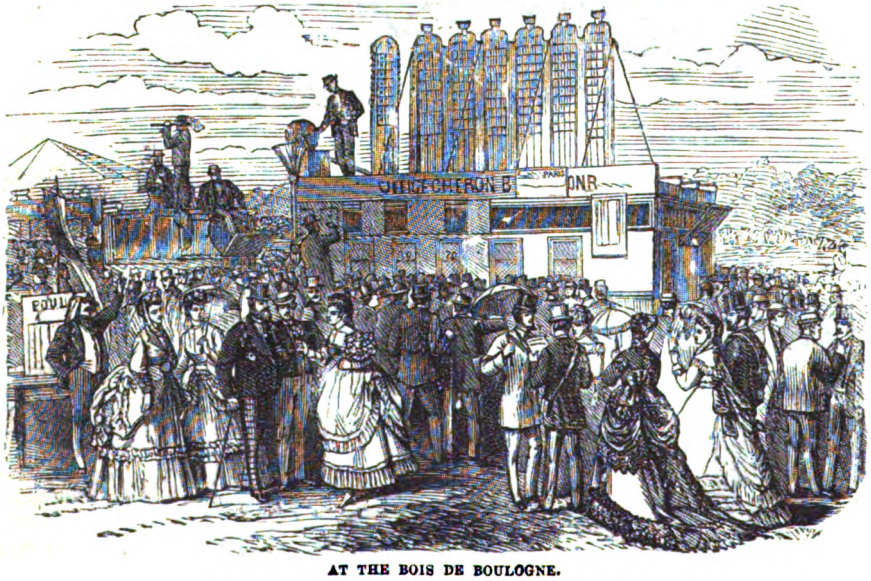
VILLA OF THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

other end of Paris. The Jardin d'Acclimatation, managed by Monsieur Geoffroi St. Hilaire, son of the great naturalist, belongs to a private society. Although ruined during the two sieges of Paris, it has now been thoroughly restored, and is for the children the most attractive part of the Bois. They are driven about there in carriages drawn by ostriches, like so many little Swiss Robinson Crusoes. They, for a few sous, get on the elephant's or camel's back, and have a pleasant ride. They get fresh milk, as well as something to eat, and have an opportunity of listening to an excellent band of music. Good milk is also drank at the Pré Catelan, another inclosure in the Bois de Boulogne, with a model dairy. All Americans who

the inclosure of the Pigeon-shooting Club, which in Winter becomes the Skating Club. The central space is then inundated with a light sheet of water, the frozen surface of which is constantly swept and kept in condition by the jets of steam ingeniously brought to play upon it. Close by this spot is an exercise ground, open gratuitously to all lovers of the steeple-chase. Here horses are trained to leap hedges, walls, and streams. On the same side of the Bois de Boulogne is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which we should call the Zoological Garden, and which may be considered an annex of the Jardin des Plantes, situated at the



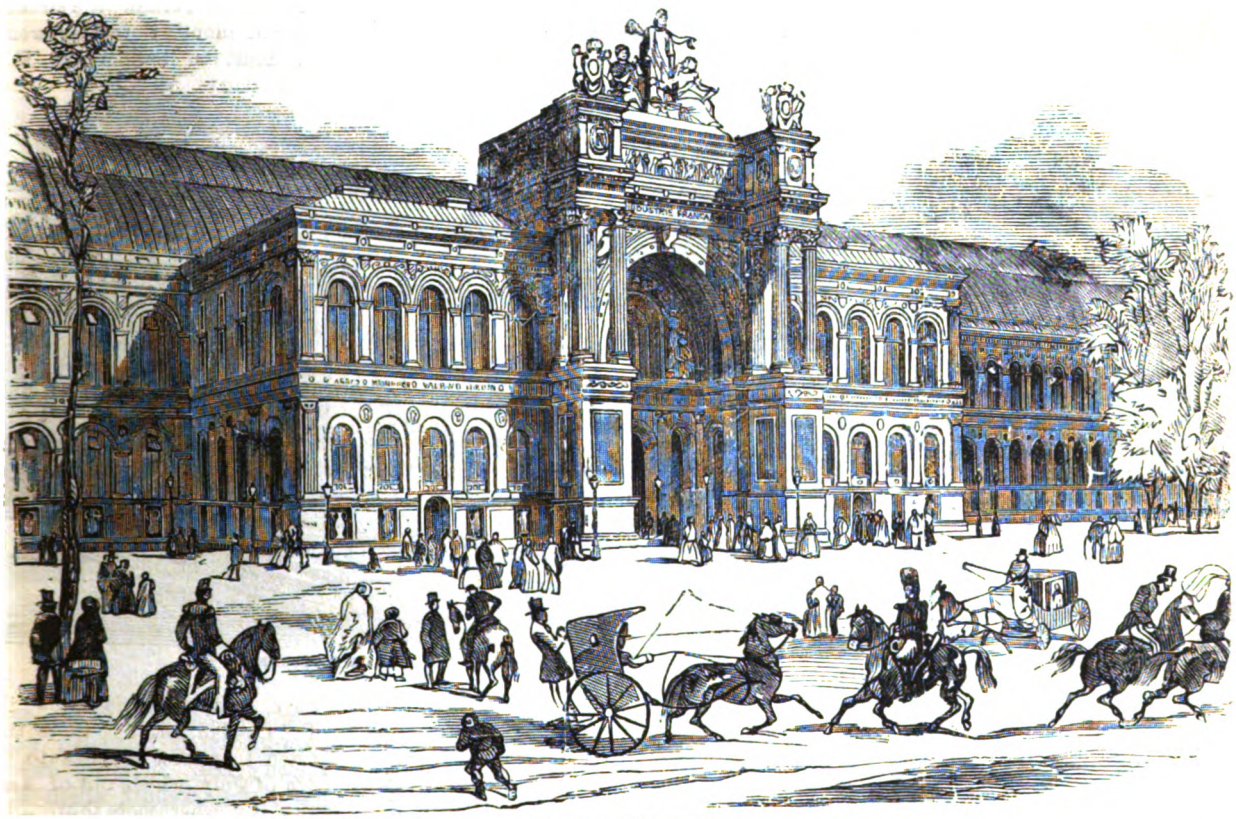
PIGEON-SHOOTING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

have been in Paris know the Pré Catelan, for it is there that often they meet to celebrate the 4th of July, which, out of America, is nowhere more thoroughly observed than at Paris. Before quitting the Bois, let us mention one or two of the châteaux which surround it, going toward Neuilly and the Seine. Here is the whimsically constructed mansion of the Comte d'Osmond, the interior of which is on the model of a theatre, where the dinner proceeds from the parquet. Here, too, is the Folie St. James, belonging to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, built in the last century by Beaudard, the financier, who spent no less than three hundred thousand dollars in order to have some

artificial rock-work placed there. Here you have "Bagatelle," belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, the English philanthropist and patron of art. There the Château of Suresnes, belonging to another member of the Rothschild family. In the Bois de Boulogne are immense quantities of rabbits. The wardens do their best to get rid of them by granting licenses for shooting them at certain seasons. There are also stags and deer in the inclosures, in the vicinity of the lakes. The most enjoyable months in the Bois are May and June, when gay and brilliant Paris disports itself under a generally blue sky, amid the bright Spring flowers and the newly laid-out *parterres*. By that time the Americans and the Russians have returned from Nice, Mentone, Pau and Arcachon. The Parisian ladies are no longer afraid of having their fresh and delicate toilets spoiled. They are there in full force, inhaling the fragrant atmosphere, listening to the sweet song of the birds, and wandering among those shady and picturesque nooks which give an additional charm to the far-famed promenade we have attempted to describe.



PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

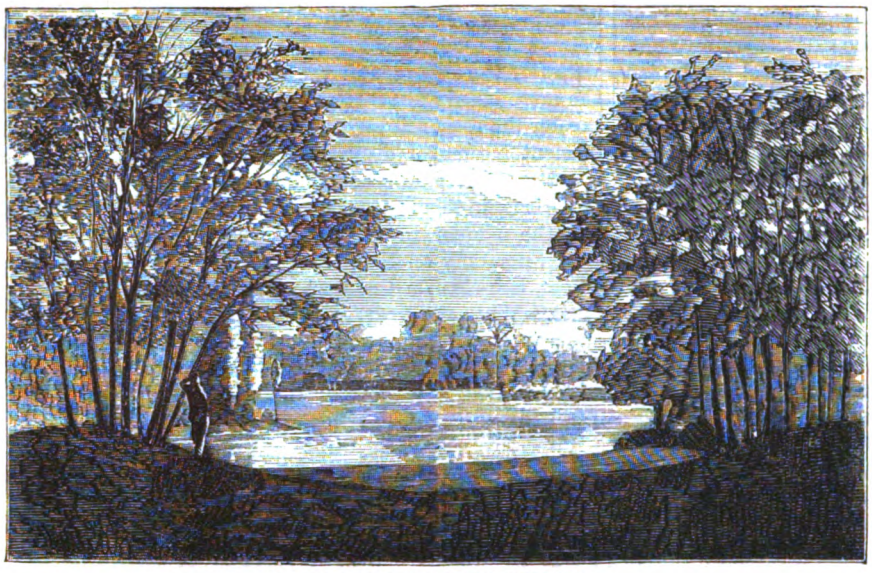
One of the most important questions that a municipal body can be called on to decide is incontestably that appertaining to the disposal of the sewage of any great city. It is a thing that has to be got rid of at any cost.

How different, in its dirty, filthy, unwholesome condition, is that slimy, sluggish liquid, exhaling pestilential vapors, from the pure, limpid water so indispensable for the health and nourishment of towns, which, in the case of large cities, has frequently to be brought, at enormous expense, from afar off; which the Romans so prized as to construct those splendid aqueducts we are still able to admire—for which New York has established its fine reservoirs, and for which Paris has undertaken those gigantic works of the Dhuys and the Vanne. The larger the town the more closely is its population packed together, and the greater the responsibility upon its town council for adopting efficient means for disposing of the sewage. Money thus spent can never be accounted misspent.

Paris is, in this respect, a model. Its system of drainage, and the manner in which it is carried out, merit careful study, not only on the part of those aspiring to municipal offices, but also on the part of all those who have to pay taxes. When the great bulk of the electors are versed on subjects of this nature, they do not allow themselves to be deceived by pompous platforms, but they vote for men who will work, and against those candidates who promise costly parks and stately, but not seldom ruinous, thoroughfares of the city.

From the time of Julian the Apostate to the days of King Charles the Fifth, there were no drains in Paris. The sewage made its way as best it could into the Seine through the sloping streets and the kennels. Where this was not the case, the filth congregated in masses, disseminating around them the germs of those contagious diseases which devastated whole districts of the city during the Middle Ages. What wonder that leprosy and other terrible disorders should have spread under such circumstances. Even in our own time, there are cities in Turkey and in China that will enable men to realize to some extent the state of things then prevailing.

King Charles V. found his sojourn at the Hotel St. Paul, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, rendered so intolerable by the



LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

effluvia emitted, that he had the first covered drain constructed in Paris. Francis the First was, in his turn, infested at the Palace of Tournelles, and had to flee with his court to a more salubrious district. Hence the origin of the Tuileries. Under Henry IV. there were six miles of drain-pipes in Paris, and most of these were stopped up with slime, and thus practically useless. Though Louis XIV. was prodigal enough with the people's money in building magnificent castles, and in laying out parks, yet he cared very little for the health of his Parisian subjects. At his splendid residence at Versailles, the great monarch was subject to none of the exhalations of the capital. The Regent Duke of Orleans, living as he did in Paris, paid some little attention to the subject, and the father of the eminent Turgot, then provost of the merchants, had the drains laid down from the east to the west end of the capital, from Belleville to Chaillot; unfortunately, the drains were open. King Louis XV. lived at Versailles, so that Paris was again forgotten.

Under the Republic, men were too busy to think of such trifling matters as the public health, nor did Napoleon I. greatly improve the condition of things, although at the close of his reign Paris certainly had some fifteen miles of covered drains. Of course, this was utterly insufficient for a great city like Paris, the streets of which in rainy weather were as difficult to traverse as the streets of New York during the snow-blocks of December and January last. In every street was a small kennel, which became a swollen torrent after heavy rains, and flooded the entire neighborhood. Passengers crossed over on planks. After the Restoration, the cleaning out of one of these drain-pipes occupied no less than seven months, more than 6,000 cartloads of filth being extracted from it.

GATHERING ICE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE CASCADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The stench forced the entire population to evacuate the neighborhood. King Louis Philippe did much for Paris; to him are due the sidewalks and some fifty miles of covered drain-pipes.

Napoleon III. undertook, not

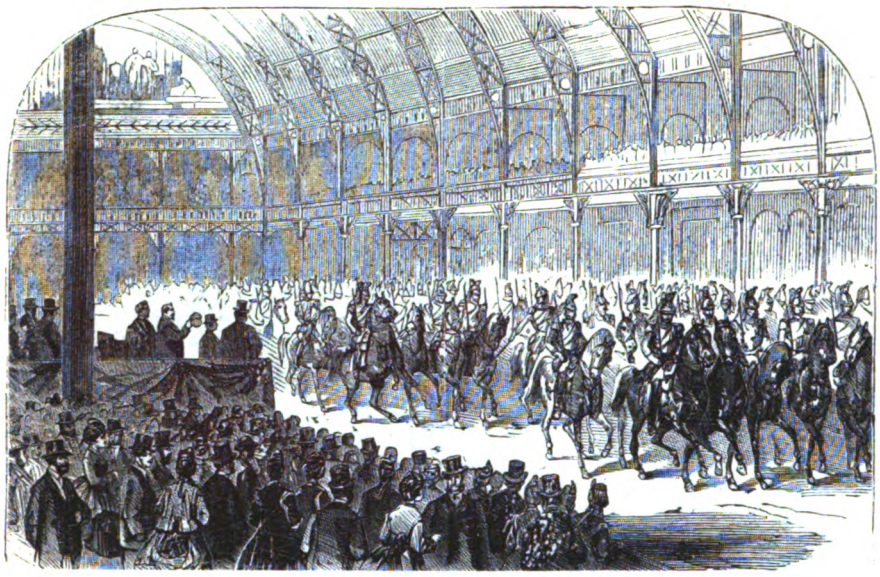
only to beautify Paris, but also to work a radical transformation; and this work, which he left incomplete, has been vigorously taken up by the third Republic. The progress made in recent years may be gathered from the fact that there were only 260 miles of streets and 70 miles of drainage in Paris when M. Belgrand, chief engineer of bridges and roads, M. Emile Vaudray, and their intelligent staff of young men from the Polytechnic School, had their plans and their system of drainage accepted. Now there are 450 miles of streets and over 400 miles of drain-pipes, of which 73 miles are specially for private houses. It will thus be seen that almost every foot of the public highway has a corresponding space of covered drain-pipe.

Paris is the only city in the world which has made such rapid progress as this. Considerably over 300 miles of drain-pipes were thus laid down in ten years. Their 6760 mouths are concealed under the curb of the sidewalk, and into these are poured daily nearly 1,000,000 cubic feet of water, from which must be deducted one-fifth for absorption or evaporation. There are twelve models of drain-pipes, which differ so as to be adaptable to every kind of service they may be called on to perform.

Besides the drain-pipes, properly so-called, are the collectors or feeders, which receive the waters, and which carry them in one mass down to the Seine. The collectors, following the course of the valleys, receive the waters from the drains, which flow down by gravity from the heights above. One of these collectors starts from Ménilmontant and runs in the direction of St. Denis. It empties into the Seine, near St. Ouen, the refuse of the most infected part of Paris; for there are to be found the cattle market of the Villette, the slaughter-houses, the gasworks and the depôts of the night-carts of Bondy.

"The great collector," as it is called, "of the right bank

DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD AND WINE AT THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES, PARIS.



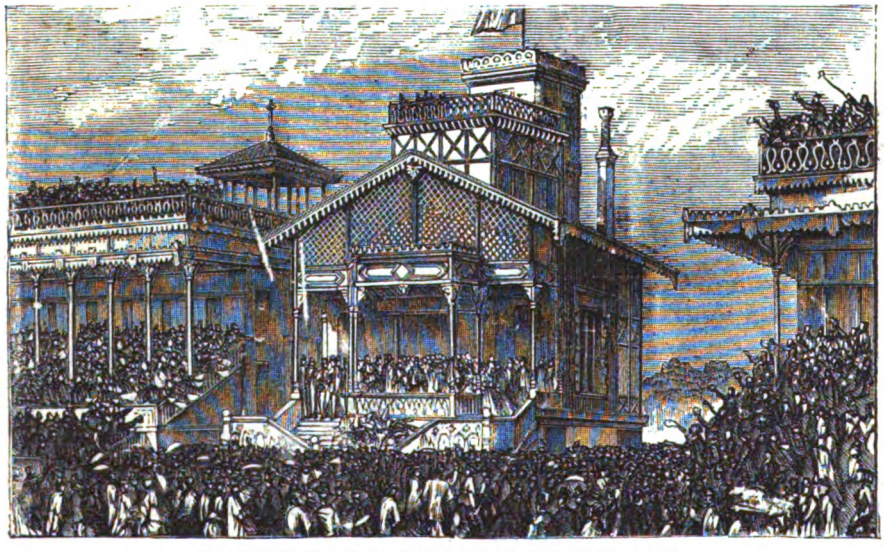
MILITARY REVIEW IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, PARIS.

of the Seine," leaves the Bastille, follows the line of Boulevards, crosses the Malesherbes district, and empties itself into the Seine near Asnières, after having received, but half a mile from its mouth, the waters of the great collector of the left bank. The latter brings its share of all the drain-pipes on this side of Paris, and, besides that, the river of Bièvre in its entirety, after having crossed the Seine near the Alma Bridge.

Most travelers visiting Paris have passed through a portion of the great collector of the right bank. Permission is readily accorded by the Government to visit the section between the Châtelet and the Madeleine. You descend by an iron, winding staircase, and are soon in an immense crossway the arch and walls of which, covered with Roman cement, have the appearance of extraordinary cleanliness. There is no bad smell, and it is only at times that the wind blows in a whiff of ammonia, which is by no means so very disagreeable.

Visitors to the sewers are taken on their trip, first in a car, then in a boat. The cars, gliding rapidly along the rails, are drawn at a regular trot by workmen, who relieve each other at intervals and in perfect order. When beneath the Place de la Concorde, visitors get out and take the boat to the Place de la Madeleine. This is the official excursion, to which are invited all the sovereigns, ambassadors and men of note visiting Paris.

LONGCHAMPS.



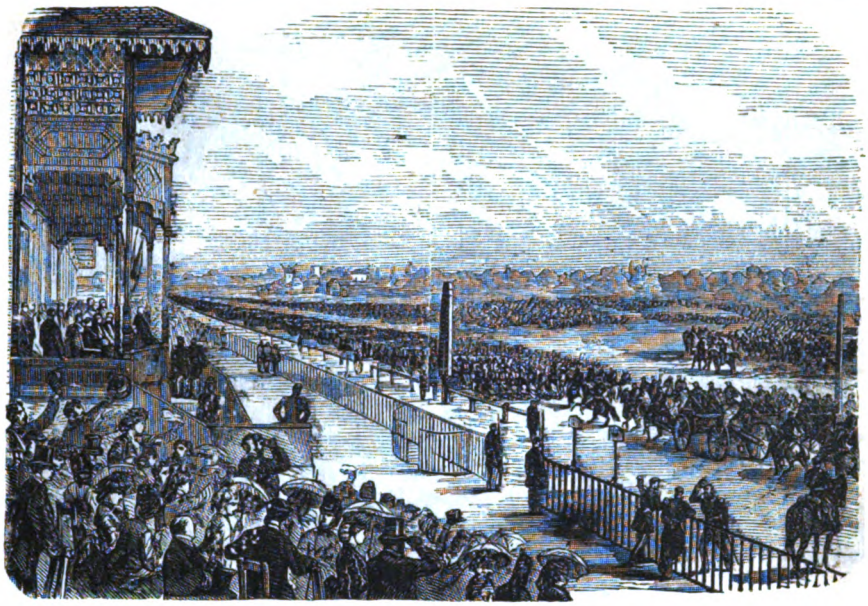
THE GRAND STAND AT THE COURSE, LONGCHAMPS, PARIS.

The drinking water of the city is carried through great metal pipes, which thus convey the waters of the Dhuys and the Vanne, those two rivers brought at so heavy an expenditure from Burgundy and the borders of the Ardennes, in order that Paris may not have to drink the somewhat unpalatable water of the Seine.

The American traveler, accustomed to see the telegraphic wires passing over the streets of his chief cities, is surprised, on reaching Paris, to find nothing of the kind; but when he makes his subterranean visit to the sewers of Paris, he there

finds the electric wires enveloped in gutta-percha. It is by the same underground route that letters are conveyed in pneumatic tubes, gliding along impelled by the force of the air from behind.

At distances of about one hundred yards apart are safety stairways, in order to enable workmen to escape when overtaken by a storm, which swells the waters in the sewers, and renders them dangerous. Although a fight between the dogs and the rats in the sewers does still occasionally take place, still the number of rats to be found in the sewers is, in fact, daily on the decrease. The smooth and glassy surface of the coating of cement, which lines the inside of all the new sewers, effectually prevents the rats from burrowing holes in which to nestle. Who would believe that from these unsavory sewers the fashionable world of Paris should obtain more than one of those articles of luxury which have, at the present day, become a necessity. Yet such is the case.



REVIEW OF THE TROOPS AT LONGCHAMPS.

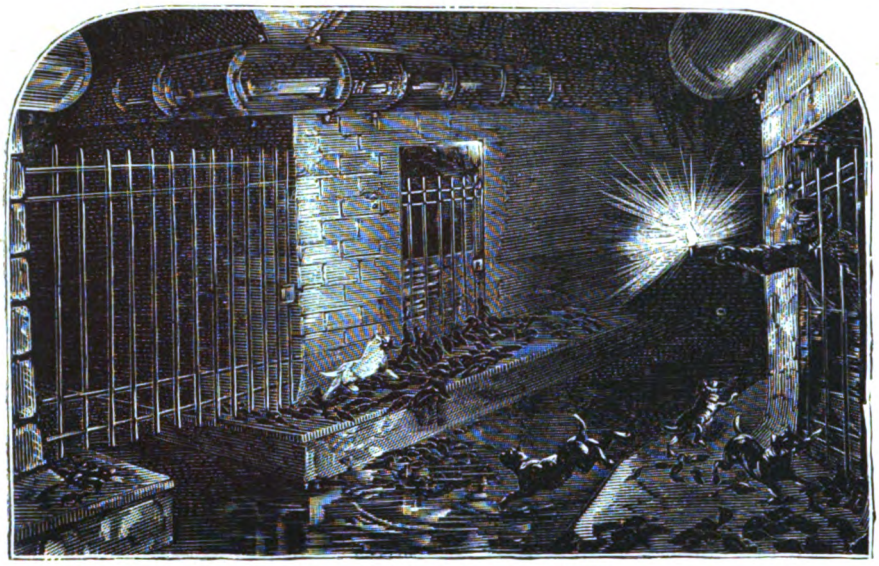
AT THE SURESNES BRIDGE, ON THE WAY TO LONGCHAMPS.

First, the innumerable corks which float down the sewers, thanks to the prodigious quantity of bottles of wine daily emptied by Paris, are carefully collected at their exit, recut and transformed into small corks for the *flacons* of essences and of perfume which the *grandes dames* apply to their nostrils.

It is from the sewage that is obtained that admirable fertilizer, which, applied to the plain of Genevilliers—formerly utterly barren—has been the means of its producing roses, violets, and a hundred other sweet smelling flowers, which are not only sold by the flower-girls, but also employed in the manufacture of scents. Until this fertilizer was adopted, Paris imported its peppermint from England, and hence on this one article alone the product of the sewage has been a most valuable acquisition to the nation.

Then the Government provides its 630 workmen in the sewers with great heavy boots of solid leather, giving them a new pair twice a year. At the end of the six months, the old pairs are sold to a manufacturer, who, after cutting them

PARISIANS RETURNING FROM LONGCHAMPS.

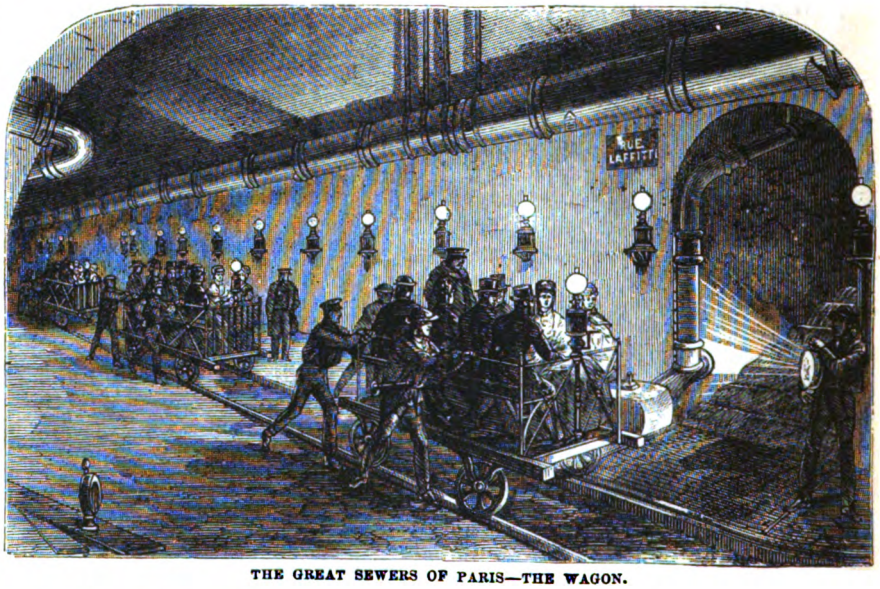


A RAT HUNT IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

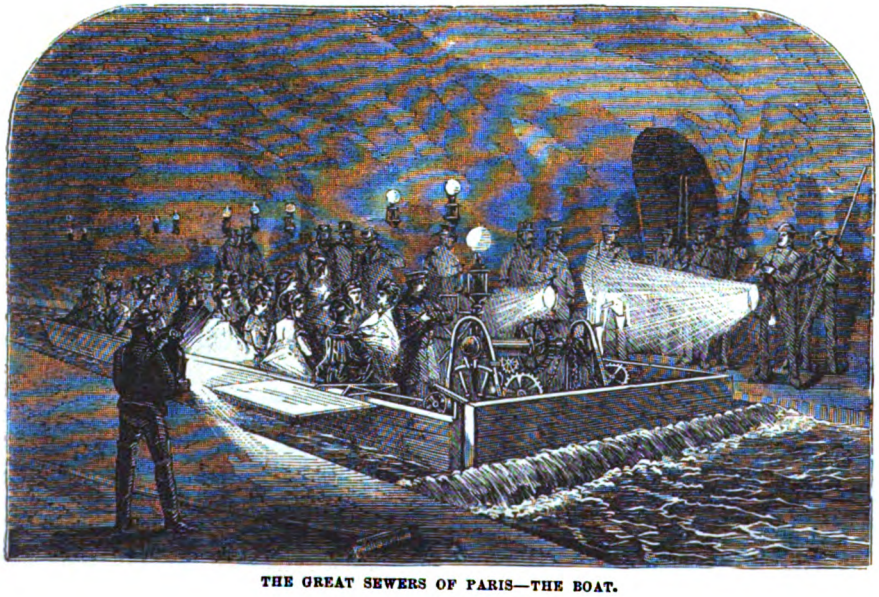
down, makes them undergo a certain process, and produces therefrom the softest and most pliant leather possible to find. This leather is then only employed for fine work, such as boots for ladies of the upper classes, for which the six months' tramp in the sewers has most admirably fitted the material.

It may here be remarked that, as new streets are opened up in Paris, fresh sewers beneath them are at once connected with the main arteries. At this moment workmen are busy on a great sewer in the new Avenue of the Opera, while other workmen are busy, a few yards from them, in opening up the new street.

Formerly, the waters of the Seine received the contents of the sewers, and were thus rendered filthy in the highest degree. The dredging machines had to be constantly at work to prevent the bed of the river being clogged up, and the admirable fertilizer was completely wasted. Now, thanks to the well-known chemist, M. Durand Claye, the water from the sewers is completely purified, deodorized, and separated from all foreign matter before being emptied into the Seine. By employing a chemically prepared substance in the proportion of one gallon to two thousand gallons of sewage, this result is obtained. The impure matter, which sinks, is placed in heaps, dried, and sold for fertilizing purposes, at about $7 a ton.



THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.



THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

BENEVOLENCE FOR EFFECT.—Generosity and benevolence are sadly abused terms, their application often being mistaken for the very refinement of selfishness and the quintessence of meanness. Not very long ago, a rich old gentleman of London became so possessed with a desire to act the benefactor, that he impatiently advertised in a journal for some indigent and worthy family to apply to him for help. That sounded like the perfection of benevolence. But mark the sequel. The advertisement was answered, an interview was appointed; and, at that interview, the generous old gentleman found the accepted applicant to be his own aged sister, whom he had permitted to lack the necessaries of life for several years.

THE TWO BRACELETS.—"MR. ALDRICH THEN STEPPED FORWARD TO THE FEAR-STRICKEN CREATURE, AND SAID, 'FOR THE SAKE OF THESE LADIES I WILL NOT EXPOSE YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES IF YOU IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO THEM THEIR JEWELS AND MONEY. BUT REFUSE, AND BY RINGING THE BELL I CAN SUMMON THE POLICE.'"

THE TWO BRACELETS.

I WAS poor, and taught in a French boarding-school.

My father and mother were dead, so I spent my Summer vacations with a rich aunt and her daughter Nettie.

Mrs. Renton — that is my aunt's name — had always a hearty welcome for me, and begged me to make my home with her. But she was not a woman whom I could admire. Her idol was the world of fashion. To it she devoted her brilliant powers of mind, her attractive person, and her earthly possessions; whilst she totally neglected her daughter, who, of all girls, needed protection and watching.

She was pretty, young, and without worldly knowledge, though, through reading French romances, she had contracted a taste for adventure which I had often told her would lead her to harm. Therefore, though we were of the same age, twenty—I don't mind telling in a story—I took the older sister's part, won her confidence, and tried to be her mentor.

The Summer of 186– came, and with it the usual cordial invitation to spend my holidays with the Rentons. But I had just recovered from a fever brought on by overwork, and the "extra gay times" which Nettie promised seemed anything but refreshing. Therefore, I went, with the old maid who kept our school, to a farmhouse near the village, on the borders of which was my aunt's Summer residence.

It was just such an evening as you read of in poetry—moonshine, breezes, sweet perfumes and all that, so I will not tell you of it here. But it was what I liked, and I was determined to enjoy it, so I seated myself upon the veranda.

The farmer sat there smoking, and his wife by his side was hushing their baby to sleep. Miss Griffin joined us, and immediately began a discourse on the geography of the heavens.

The rustic part of her audience dozed, and I built castles in the air.

What was it to me whether Venus was in right or wrong ascension? All I cared for was that some star would make my life a little less dull.

"The altitude of a star is the number of——" and the lecturer suddenly ceased.

The attention of all was drawn to a gentleman riding up the path.

"I am a stranger in these parts; can you tell me how far I am from Eagleside, and which is the right road?" he asked, when his horse was quite up to the porch-steps.

"Wall," said the farmer, first indulging in a yawn, "I guess it's about five miles and a half, and you must take the road that turns to the left."

"Thank you," said the stranger, dismounting. "Now will you oblige me by watering my horse? he has come a long way. And, my good woman," continued he, addressing the farmer's wife, "will you quench my thirst in a glass of the excellent milk I know is in your dairy?"

The farmer went with the horse to the trough, and the woman entered the house.

Then the gentleman, after gazing at the Griffin for a moment, said to her:

"Beg pardon, madam, but as I came up I overheard you giving some useful information about the stars. Perhaps you could favor me with the name of that very brilliant one which has lighted me on my lonely way?"

Miss Griffin was transported. In the first place, he had

called her "madam," and, in the second place, he had appealed to her astronomical knowledge.

She stood up, to be more impressive, perhaps to be nearer the stars, and recommenced her harangue.

He came up the steps and stood by her side. Their backs were turned toward me.

He listened and looked, while she pointed and talked.

Presently his hand was stretched behind Miss Griffin, and a note was dropped in my lap.

The farmer and his wife returned. The stranger thanked them and Miss Griffin, and took his departure.

I now expressed myself very much in want of repose, and retired to my room, where I hastily examined the note, and found it to be from Nettie.

"DEAREST FLORA: Meet me to-morrow at the S——field Depôt, in time to take the 11.30 train for the city. Please do not disappoint me. Get off from that virago, Griffin, without telling her more than that I have sent for you. Let her think you are coming to our house. Much discretion is required. Word by mail could nôt reach you in time, so that Mr. Aldrich has kindly consented to deliver this note. Yours, in anxiety, NETTIE."

"What could it mean?" thought I. "The world must be coming to an end when Nettie talks of discretion!"

I packed a few things in my satchel, and made other arrangements for leaving. Mr. Waters, the farmer, brought our letters from town daily, in the morning, so that when at the breakfast-table I announced my intention of taking the 10.15 train, on account of news from Nettie, my cousin, no one questioned me, or connected in any way the stranger's visit with my departure.

For the sake of rarity, the train was on time. Nettie was at the depôt, and, to my great astonishment, by her side stood Mr. Aldrich. This threw some light upon the mystery. I was to witness a runaway match between my cousin and this gentleman. It seemed strange to me that he would be a party in any clandestine affair; he looked so noble. As for Nettie—I was not much surprised.

"I will explain all in the cars; we must hurry—see, they are about to start," said Nettie, following Mr. Aldrich, and dragging me into the New York train.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked I, as soon as we were seated.

"Well, it is a long story," said Nettie. "Let us get comfortably fixed before I begin. Allow me to introduce Mr. Aldrich to you—my cousin, Miss Flora Dean."

I bowed, and the handsome gentleman made some pleasant remark about our rencontre of the previous evening.

"Now, Flora, I have done what you will call a very dreadful thing. You know I wrote about Mr. Berini, and sent you his picture——"

"Yes," interrupted I, "and I wrote back that I was surprised you would encourage the attentions of such a looking man."

"Well, hear me out before you scold. He proposed, oh, *so* sweetly! and made such handsome presents, that I consented to become engaged, for you know all the girls in my set are getting married. But he said it must be kept a secret from ma until he could go to Italy, and arrange some law business concerning his estates there. Then he would return and make me mistress of his wealth, and take me to his lovely château on the Arno. So he bade me farewell yesterday morning. But Mr. Aldrich, who has been at our house a great deal lately, guessed at half my secret, and made me tell him the rest, and he says he feels certain Alphonso does not intend to go abroad."

"You may be surprised," said Mr. Aldrich, addressing me, "that I should interfere in Miss Renton's affairs. But I will speak plainly. This man who calls himself Alphonso Berini —I beg your pardon, Miss Renton—has to me the face of a rascal. It is also rather to his disfavor that he has carried away a large portion of Miss Renton's jewelry. Therefore, as I am an old friend of the family, I have taken the liberty of disclosing my suspicions."

"But why not tell your mother?" I asked of Nettie.

"Oh, that would never do. You know Alphonso would be angry with me if I told her. And if it *should* turn out as Mr. Aldrich fears, she would make matters worse, and we would have less chance of recovering my diamonds. I am just the least little bit frightened, and intend, with Mr. Aldrich's assistance, to find out the truth. Therefore I wrote to you to come, for I want you to stay with me. I made the 'Jerome Races' the excuse for coming to the city at this time. I am going to open our town-house, and aunt Betsey will play *chaperon*."

"But, Nettie," said I, "what about your diamonds? How did he get them?"

"Oh, I gave them to him. He gave me three beautiful sets—pearl, turquoise and emerald; and that he might not think that I was entirely without jewelry I showed him that diamond necklace that grandma left me, and which ma would never let me wear. He said the stones were exquisite, but oh! how he laughed at the old-fashioned setting! And then he offered to take them to Paris, and have them done in the latest style, *au jour*. And when he is in Florence he is to get me some beautiful cameos."

Poor, foolish Nettie spoke with enthusiasm.

"And do you believe in him yet?" asked I.

"Yes; I have perfect faith in my Alphonso. He would not deceive me. But I wanted to come to the races any how, and at the same time I may as well convince this Mr. Prudence that I am right and he is wrong."

"I should think that the jewels he gave you were sufficient to guarantee his return."

At this remark of mine a comical expression overspread Mr. Aldrich's face.

"Why, the fact is, Miss Dean," said he, "*they* have gone along with the diamonds to be reset in Paris."

Nettie looked rather chagrined at this, but, brightening up a little, said:

"But he left me one of the two turquoise bracelets for a keepsake; the set is an heirloom in his family. See here!"

She pushed up the sleeve of her traveling-dress, and displayed her snow-white arm clasped by a handsome band of gold, set with a double row of the stones.

It must have been of great price, but could not be compared with the value of the diamonds.

We reached the city, and Mrs. Renton's house, about three in the afternoon.

Mr. Aldrich then went to see whether any one having the name "Alphonso Berini" had sailed for Europe.

Nettie lay down to rest, and I went to see how things were going on at the school.

Some of the teachers remained there during the Summer, and took charge of such pupils as chose to stay rather than go to their very distant homes.

To my surprise, I was told that Isabella Drake, our prettiest parlor-boarder, had already returned, and wished to see me; but she was out then.

I would have waited to see her had not something occurred which made me wish to hasten back to Nettie and Mr. Aldrich.

As I passed one of the up-town theatres, on my way to the school, I saw, standing at the ticket-office, the man whose picture Nettie had sent me as that of "her Alphonso."

I immediately stepped up, glanced at the numbers on the two tickets he had bought. They were orchestra chairs, "B 2" and "B 4."

He had no sooner turned away than I purchased seats "6" and "8."

Therefore it was that I hurried home, and, finding Nettie and Mr. Aldrich together, I told them of the circumstance.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Aldrich can take me to the theatre; we will sit next to him, and he knowing neither of us by sight, we will be able to trace him."

"No," cried Nettie, vehemently; "you must have been mistaken. It was not he whom you saw; and although Mr. Aldrich says he cannot find that any Alphonso Berini has gone to Europe, I know there *has*, for he told me he would sail this morning in the *Trinacria*. I *myself* will go, instead of you, to the theatre. If he is there I will see him with my own eyes."

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie, your faith is worthier of a better cause!" exclaimed I, seeing this wayward child in tears for the sake of the man I supposed to be a rascal.

When we had finished dinner, Nettie started to prepare for the theatre, and I joined her, saying:

"You may take me to the school. I will spend the evening with a young lady there, and you may call for me when the play is finished, unless Mr. Berini detains you. Then I shall stay all night."

But, upon reaching the school, I found Isabella out a second time.

"Miss Drake has gone to the theatre with her brother," was the word I received.

"With her *brother!*" thought I. "I never heard she had a brother. Here I have to stay in this poky old school alone all evening."

But I had barely seated myself to a book in Isabella's room, when the door opened, and in walked the young lady herself."

"Oh, Miss Dean," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to find you here. You must help me out of my troubles."

She then threw herself down wearied upon the sofa, and I noticed she looked worn and pale.

"I thought you were gone to the theatre with your brother?" said I.

"I went to the theatre with a man I called my brother, to elude the vigilance of the teachers. But he is not, and, what is worse, he is a rascal, and I am his dupe."

Again I listened to the story of a girl's folly, and I asked myself why women would allow themselves to be deceived.

The carriage sounded upon the pavement just as Isabella had finished.

"You ask me to help you. Come home with me and I will," said I.

I merely introduced her to Nettie and Mr. Aldrich, and not till we reached home did I explain.

"What happened at the theatre?" I asked of Nettie, as soon as we entered the parlor.

She looked toward Isabella, and I said:

"You need not hesitate to speak before Miss Drake, for she is here to prove how faithful is your Alphonso."

"Well, then, he was not there at all, and another gentleman with a lady took the seats you supposed he would have. So you see, miss, you were mistaken, after all."

"Very well," said I. "Now listen to me for a minute. A certain man, calling himself James Carson, corresponded with Miss Drake, and, with numerous presents and protestations of love, induced her to lend him large sums of money, and leave her home with the intention of marrying her. By appointment he took her to the theatre to-night, and on the way she promised to meet him to-morrow at his hotel, with sufficient money to defray the expenses of their passage to England. Upon nearly reaching their seats at the theatre, he stopped suddenly, told the usher that he objected to sitting so near the stage, and asked him if he would get some one else to take his seats—orchestra chairs, 'B 2' and 'B 4.' With this request the usher complied; but instead of taking the two seats vacated for him, Mr. Carson, after hesitating for a moment, suggested that he should take Miss Drake to some other place of amusement, as he did not like the character of the play at that one. She felt this to be a ruse. She began now to see through him, and, feigning a headache, she said she preferred to go home. She knew that this man had seen some one whom he feared, and she did not wish to be with a man afraid or ashamed to show his face. She was completely disenchanted; but lest she should lose all chance of recovering her money, she concealed from him that any change had taken place in her feelings. Now, Nettie, look at this bracelet, which was one of Mr. Carson's presents to Miss Drake."

Isabella took from her pocket a turquoise bracelet.

"It is the mate to mine!" exclaimed Nettie."

"Yes," said I; "and probably came from the same man. At any rate, we'll see."

Then I proposed a plan, and it was unanimously agreed that it should be carried out.

On the following morning, Miss Drake kept her appointment with Mr. James Carson.

The hour was eleven, and the place, the ladies' parlor of the —— Hotel.

Five minutes later we—Nettie, Mr. Aldrich and myself—entered the room, and found Isabella conversing with a gentleman—at least, I will call him one.

"Alphonso!" cried Nettie.

And the man sprang to his feet, and gave vent to a horrid oath.

Mr. Aldrich then stepped forward to the fear-stricken creature, and said:

"For the sake of these ladies I will not expose you to the authorities if you immediately return to them their jewels and money. But refuse, and by ringing the bell I can summon the police."

The wretch was deadly pale, and trembled fearfully.

"Say nothing," he said, "and I will get them directly; they are in my room;" and he moved toward the door.

"I will go with you," said Mr. Aldrich.

And they left the room together.

I had no fear that this James Carson, *alias* Alphonso Berini, would make any resistance, for, in comparison to his puny frame, Mr. Aldrich looked like a giant.

I now turned to the two girls.

Their looks betrayed their disgust; but we did not exchange words upon the subject, for a stranger had entered the room.

In a few minutes Mr. Aldrich returned with James Carson, *alias* Alphonso Berini.

The stranger looked up from his newspaper, and had the delicacy to remove to the door, where he was out of hearing, and again buried himself in the paper.

The girls found the money and jewels all right, and they returned the turquoise bracelets.

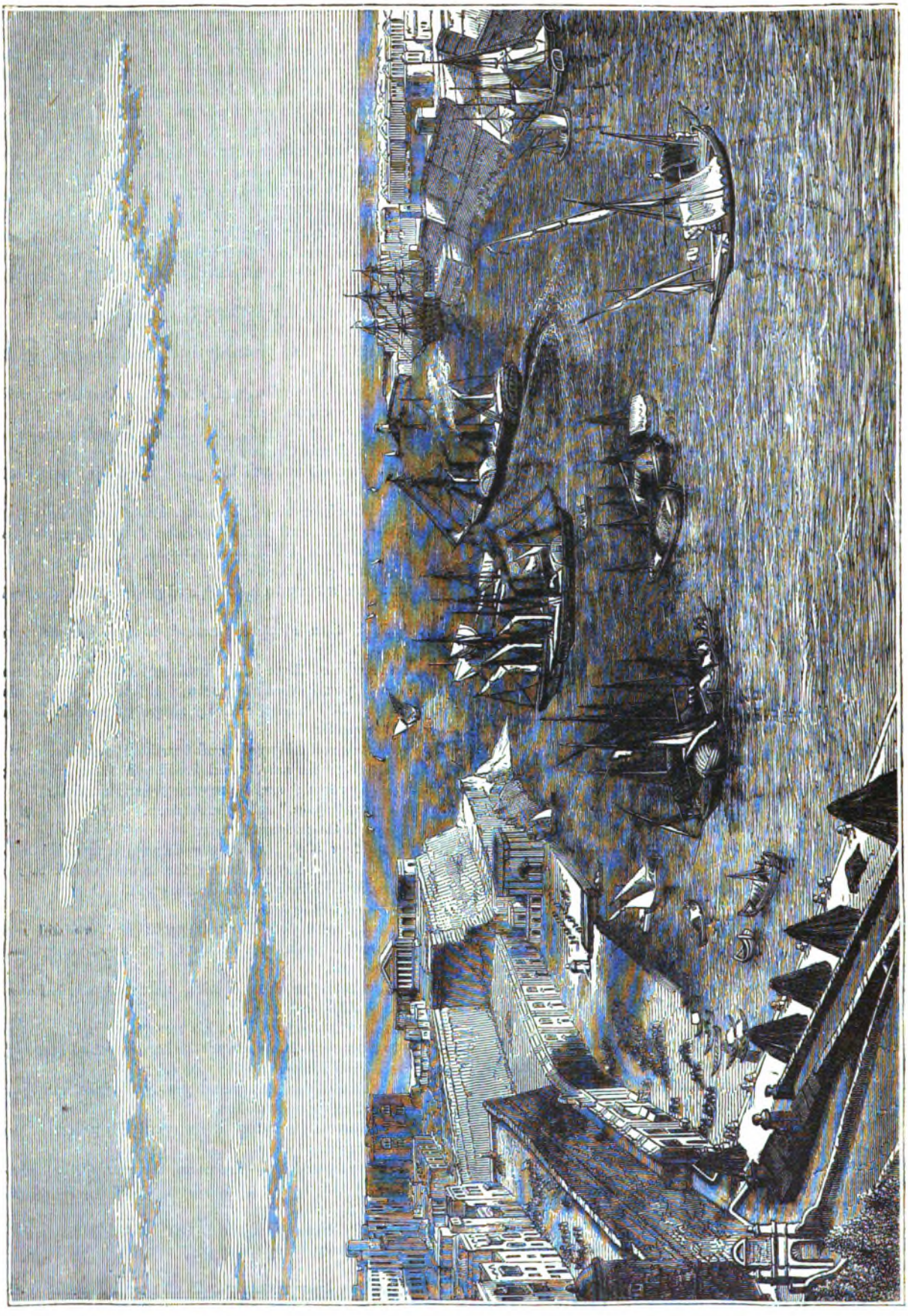
Then, anxious to be out of the scoundrel's presence, we hastened to depart.

But before we could leave the room, the man of the newspaper came up, and, laying his hand on Alphonso's shoulder, said:

"I am a detective, and I arrest you for robbery. I will take charge of these bracelets, as they are among the articles you have stolen."

We waited to hear no more. Nettie and Isabella had learned a lesson, and were wiser women.

We are all three happily married now, and my name is Mrs. Aldrich.



HARBOR OF VALLETTA, MALTA.

A GLANCE AT MALTA

By Francis Davenant.

There are three ways of getting to Malta from the Riviera. If you do not object to the probability of delay in the departure of the steamer; and further, if you do not object to long-since painted quarters, to a gritty, coal-dusty feeling about the bed-linen, and to a peculiar odor suggestive of many previous passengers of all nations, which pervades the cabin accommodation generally, you can go, for the price of two hundred francs, by *La Junon*, or some of her sisters of the deep, from the port of Marseilles.

If you do, you will be very fairly fed and civilly waited on, and you will find amusing and intelligent companions in the officers of the ship, especially in the doctor, who is always prepared to cry, "*A bas la tisane!*" in the same breath that he extols the virtues of good Médoc wine as a certain cure for all the ills that traveling flesh is heir to. You will be pretty well rocked in your bed at night, for the passage is not often a smooth one; but you will be rewarded for some endurance by seeing, in the day-time of the seventy-two hours' passage, some very charming bits of Mediterranean scenery.

DEFENSE OF FORT ST. ELMO BY THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA, IN 1565.

Out of the port of Marseilles, past Monte Christo's Château d'If, and along the coast by Toulon and Hyères, one enjoys a fine panorama. As the grand rock from which Nôtre Dame de la Garde looks over Marseilles recedes from view, one catches sight of those lofty hills above Toulon, where a young officer of artillery planted the battery with which he promised to answer with his head for compelling the evacuation of the town by the French Royalists and their English allies. He was as good as his word, and lived to conquer at Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena; and to find an overmatch for that brilliant battery of his at Moscow, at Leipsic, and at Waterloo.

If the Straits be made in the daytime, *La Junon* passes near Ajaccio, the birthplace of this same artillery officer, and further on it sights the island home of Garibaldi, with the port of Maddalena. From the Straits of Bonifacio to the lovely island of Maritimo, the easternmost sentinel of Sardinia, is an hour's run; and from Maritimo *La Junon* bruises the water for eighteen hours more ere she casts anchor in Valletta.

There is another way, the *ferrovia*, from Genoa to Leghorn and Rome, or from Genoa to Florence and Rome, and thence to Naples, or, for those who wish to minimize the discomforts of the sea-passage, to Reggio. At Naples and at Reggio will be found a steamer, one of the Florio Line, to convey the traveler to Messina. At Messina he can choose between a transhipment, which will put him in the direct route by sea to Malta, or he can go by railway to Syracuse, there committing himself to the sea.

For those who really suffer from sea-sickness the railway route from Genoa to Reggio, and from Messina to Syracuse, is undoubtedly the best. It is also undoubtedly by far the most costly, and inexpressibly the most tedious; for there is no "Flying Dutchman" in the Italian peninsula, and *grande vitesse* is a property which is confined to French railways, and to a few trains thereon. For him, however, who does not mind the weariness of the journey, nor the expensiveness of it, this method entails sea-traveling of less than a hundred miles. From Reggio to Messina is five miles; from Syracuse to Malta ninety more. But such a traveler loses an immensity of fine scenery. By far the most enjoyable method for the genuine traveler, distinguishing under that name a man who has a soul above his stomach, is to go by

MALTESE FISHING-BOAT.

sea from Genoa to Malta. If fortunate enough to secure a passage in the *Mediterraneo* or the *Scylla*, large and excellent sea-boats, and admirably commanded, and further, if favored with decently clear weather, he will find that he is embarked for a kind of yacht voyage, in which he will see much fine coast scenery and visit many places of great interest, and that for a sum which will leave him a gainer, if it be compared with his necessary daily expenditure while traveling on shore. For one hundred and seventy *lire* one gets transported in a capital ship from Genoa to Malta, and is fed in hospitable wise—after the Italian method of cookery—for a whole week besides. By the way he also gets a sight of some of the most charming spots in the beautiful Mediterranean.

Before starting for the steamboat office, I confer with mine host of the Grande Albergo, and take him into my confidence. I have several passages to pay for besides my own, and the "tottle of the whole," as some of our Scotch friends would say, after studying the fares in the *indicateur*, stands at 525f.

"Are the passages paid in gold or in *lire?*"

"*In lire, signor.*"

These two words made music to the ear. Warned by a friendly French banker, I had armed myself with gold before quitting the territory of the Republic, one and indivisible, and on hearing the landlord's answer I sallied forth to reap my advantage.

Not to the steamboat office till after a previous call on the proprietor of one of those many offices for "cambio valute" which abound in the neighborhood of the port. The exchange is eight and something tiny per cent. I put twenty-five napoleons (*pièces de vingt francs*, as my French banker friend, correcting me, told me these pretty coins are now called) on the counter, and received in exchange a collection of garlic-scented bank-notes, representing five hundred and forty-three lire, and capable of buying value to that amount *within the kingdom of Italy*. There is meaning, there is force in these italics. Outside the kingdom these notes lack power to conjure with; the foreigner will have none of them, and indeed has so poor an opinion of their value that he will not accept them in a mixed payment, even for so small a matter as a railway fare. Within the regions that own the sway of Vittorio Emanuele, however, they are motors of all kinds of activity; and though the subjects of that talented King will assuredly not refuse metallic payments—indeed they are loyally delighted whenever the unwary traveler gives them the opportunity of seeing their Cæsar's image and superscription—they are nevertheless bound to give and take on the faith of paper money stamped for as low a value as fifty centimes.

From the Cambio Valute to the office of the Servizio Postale of Messrs. Florio is but a step. The short delay caused by the call on the moneychanger turns out to be worth precisely forty-three lire. The complaisant look of Signor Florio's manager undergoes modification when he finds that he gets paper for paper, notes instead of coin for tickets. But he cannot demand gold, and, his benignity or otherwise being to me a matter of minor importance, I walk forth from his office the holder of tickets ostensibly worth 525 francs, but which have cost me 18 francs less than 500 francs. Had I paid him in gold, as but for an accident I should have done, my manager would have consented freely, and, without fraud upon his employers, he would have found himself on the transaction a happy gainer of some forty-eight francs—not a bad day's work for the Italian clerk. "Cambio Valute" is a great institution.

The *Mediterraneo* is a fine *piroscafo*. Once she was the *City of Cork*, and did transatlantic work, and was known at Sandy Hook and New York. This was in her maiden days. She married the Mediterranean and changed her name, and now, to the great benefit of travelers, pursues the even tenor of her way between Genoa and Sicily. Spacious are her sleeping-cabins, airy is her saloon; the Italian commandante is instructive and obliging, and Giovannini, the second steward, is a gem of his profession.

Who so knowing in remedies against seasickness, who so tender and careful for those who are down, who so willing and intelligent in his waiting upon the hearty, as our friend Giovannini? He has been in the Italian navy; he fought at the battle of Lissa; he was commended "for valor." Giovannini is simply invaluable. His employers should be proud of him. We, in the *Mediterraneo*, look upon him as the "be-all and end-all" of our comfort. Without him, to borrow a metaphor from the circumstances of the voyage, we should fall on Scylla or fall into Charybdis, and come to a doleful end on board. We vote him prince of stewards. Let us hope he as well liked us for his passengers.

From Genoa past Spezzia and the home of the Duilio and the 100-ton gun, to Leghorn, and to the fine harbor which owes so much to the last Grand Duke of Tuscany. Under the auspices of Giovannini we take advantage of the ten hours' stoppage to run up to Pisa, see the Leaning Tower, the Campo Santo, and the wonders of the church carving, and are again on board in plenty of time to get to sleep before starting again.

At Cività Vecchia, that ancient gateway of Rome, we stop two hours, and are shown the place where the French frigate Orénoque used to lie, that now vacant place bemourned of Cività Vecchians since the good sense and the good feeling of the French Republican Government recalled the useless menace to Italian unity. Besides this there is next to nothing to see at Cività Vecchia, even the old-world fort, which is but a standing monument of the difference between past and present, scarcely repaying the trouble of a visit. Giovannini was right when he begged us not to weary ourselves with visiting the place. It is only a vexation to the spirit, allowing you to see the train which might take you to Rome, while the steamer declines to stop long enough in the port to allow of the return journey.

The *Mediterraneo* quits Cività Vecchia, and in twelve hours is closing upon Ustica, that rocky northwest corner of Sicily whereon stand a few farms, and whereon the Sicilian Norvals feed their flocks. It is a grand, noble piece of coast that stretches its veritable highlands from Ustica to Monte Pellegrino. The latter, towering high and sheer from the water, forms the southern horn of Palermo Bay, and is the rock whence springs that handsome mole which is at once the main harbor and the landing quay.

Rounding the point of the mole one sees an immediate alteration, not to say improvement, in the appearance of those many passengers who will insist on enjoying their prerogative of seasickness up to the last moment. The imposingly-dressed carabinieri, in blue slashed uniform, with silver epaulettes and lace, and with the unwieldiest of sabres, who have been presenting anything but a martial look ever since they got on board at Leghorn, now stiffen out and stiffen up into a terror to evil-doers. The prisoners they have been nominally guarding could not look more miserable — one might also add more wicked — than they have done all the trip. Any feeling of satisfaction they might have had at relief from being sea-tossed is counterbalanced by the prospect, of which the smooth water is a witness, of being so much nearer to their place of punishment. The picturesquely colored bundles of clothes which have been huddled under plaids and wraps about the deck, now take fresh shape as men and women, and by the time the steamer has performed a movement akin to that which circus horses perform when dancing a quadrille, and has backed and sidled herself into stern moorings among the group of steamers, there emerge from cabins and other nooks and crannies of the *Mediterraneo* people of whose presence on board that vessel one had had no idea.

The management on board these boats does not necessarily incur much cost when it hospitably promises to include in the passage-money the provision of a good *table d'hôte.*

Giovannini saves me from the clutches of a water-brigand, of a kind not special to Palermo—by no means unknown, indeed, on our Hudson River—and I stand on the mole an unplundered and unruffled admirer of the magnificent panorama. On the right, Monte Pellegrino, with its Calvary and its richly adorned shrine of St. Rosalie, respected even by brigands; in front, the new and the shipping part of the town; on the left, the broad bay, backed to the northward by the mountains of Palermo province; whilst lying around, and stretching inland from the lower part of the bay, is the grand city of Palermo itself.

There can be no choice between the Hotel di Trinacria and any other. The Hotel de France, to which the steamer folk would send you, is good, but inferior to the Trinacria, where the fare is excellent, the rooms are good, and the view is enchanting. But it is not for hotels one has come to Palermo.

One wanders through the quaint streets, with their *quattro cantoni*, or four-streets-meet, at every important traverse in the line of thoroughfare; one looks into the handsome shops, the gorgeous churches, and stops short of the Porta Nuova to go over the singular and cold cathedral, with the marks of many architects and many eras on its walls and pinnacles. In the houses, in the public buildings, in the people, in the language, one sees without seeking the medley of races who have, from time to time, held sway at Palermo. Greek, Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, French and Italian, all are represented here. In the houses, Saracen and Spaniard are seen; in the churches, Norman, Spaniard and Italian. In the language all the nationalities mingle with an agreement that never existed amongst the nationalities themselves.

Here at the Porta Nuova, in the rooms over the gateway, staid Giuseppe Garibaldi what time he came across the mountains with the force which beat the king's troops outside Messina, and compelled the garrison of that town to capitulate. Hard-by is the Palazzo Reale, rich in inlaid staircases, with a bijou chapel all mosaic, with a campanile commanding splendid views of the rich, long and deep valley in which Palermo stands, and with memories which carry the mind back to Roger, King of Sicily, and to the emirs whom he dispossessed.

The sun is setting as we pass under the Porta Nuova, which leads by the Monreale road into the country. For the first time we remember what we have heard and read about *I Briganti*, whom we somewhat fondly imagined to

PHŒNICIAN RUINS, IN MALTA.

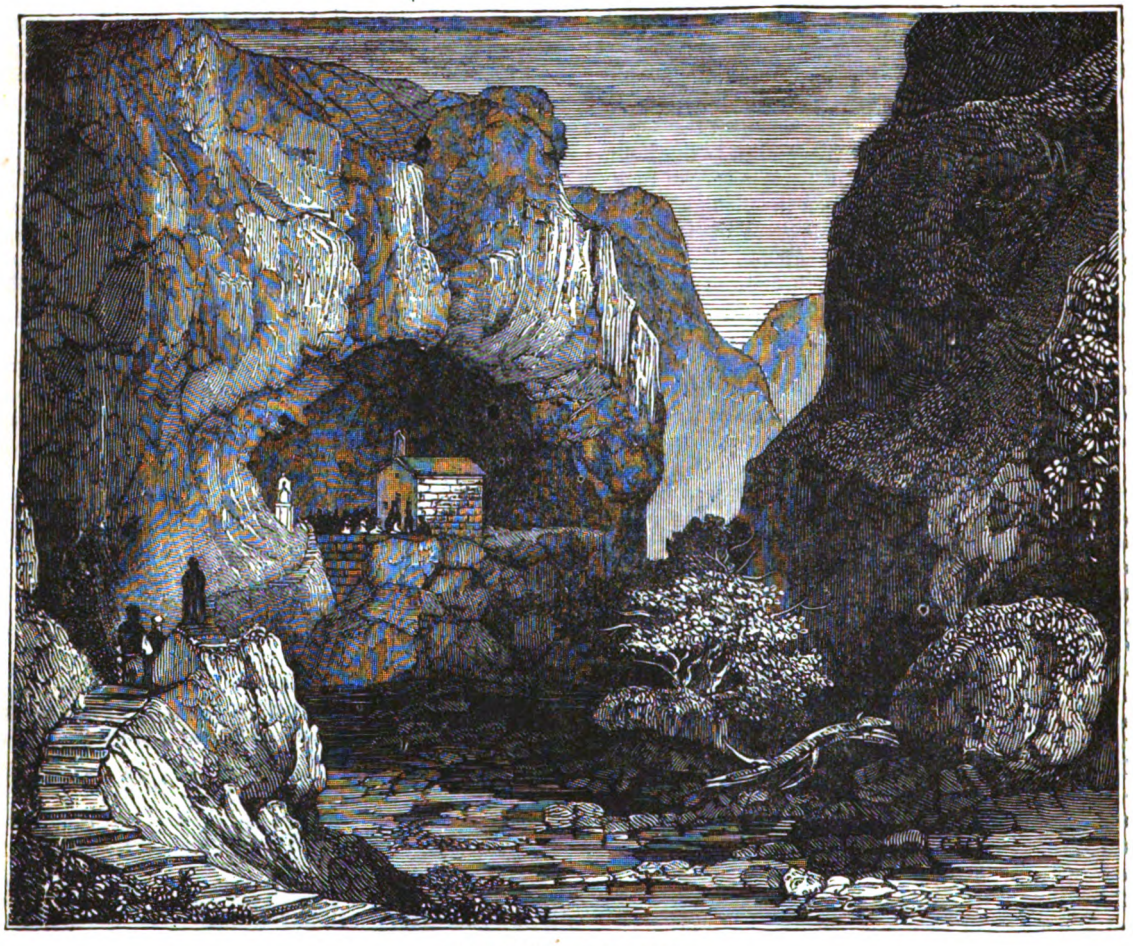
belong to the country districts alone. We turn back into the city, and across the Parade-ground, into the long street already ascended, and resolve to confer with wiser heads than our own before going outside the gates.

Giovannini rejects all suggestions as to the unsafety of the road. He himself is Palermitan. He is quite sure about it. There are no brigands; and between Palermo and Monreale *si trovano i posti militari per tutt' il cammino.*

Mr. Morrison, the obliging English and American banker, "thinks there is no danger;" he "has heard of brigands nearer than Monreale;" but, on the whole, thinks one may go, because, as Giovannini had said, "there are now posts of the Bersaglieri all the way between the two places."

"Will Captain M—— give Giovannini a day's leave?"

"Does the Signor Inglese wish it?"



GROTTO OF ST. PAUL, MALTA.

The Signor Inglese would much like to have Giovannini's escort to Monreale. *Giovannini è alla disposizione del signore.*

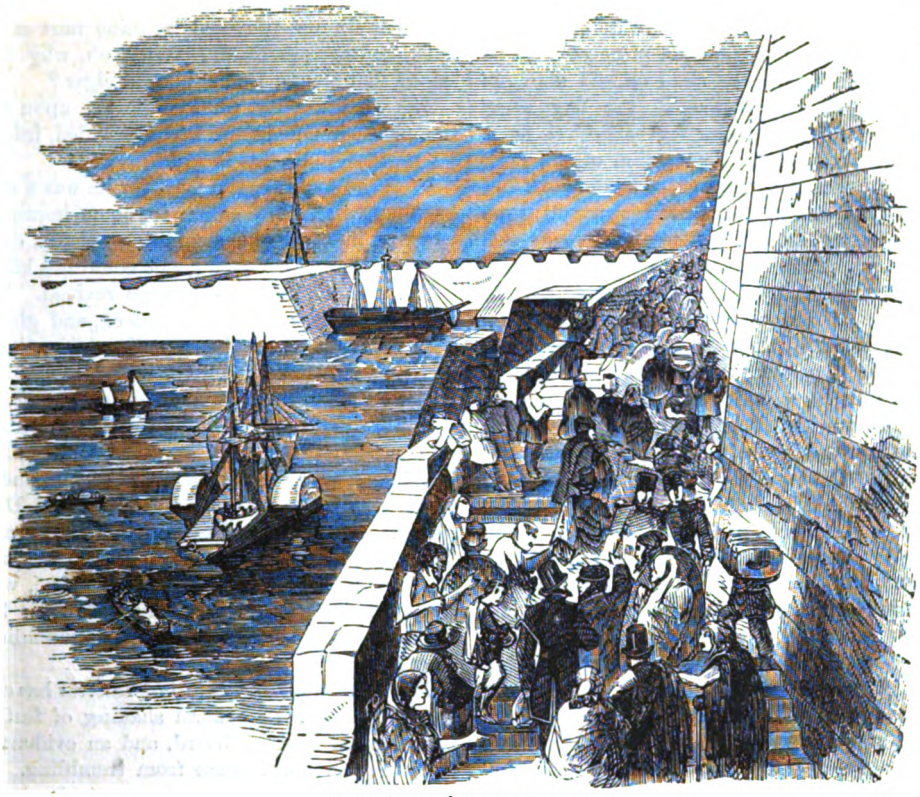
And so, with a trusty companion, with a stalwart coachman and a pair of fleet horses, we drove to Monreale, up the ascent which gives view after view of the utmost beauty, past the long-deserted ruins of the Angevin town, and the site of those gardens wherein the Palermitans and their French rulers walked that eventful night, after the Vespers sternly known in history as Sicilian. We see with rapt admiration that wonderful cathedral church in which the Norman kings of Sicily sleep; in which the founder, whatever his secular failings, was downright in the thoroughness of his church work, and was not above borrowing ideas from the higher civilization he had conquered, to secure magnificence in the church he dedicated to the God of Norman Christianity.

We enjoy it all—the grandeur, the finish, the stupendous proportions; we wander among the cloisters, decline with thanks the offer of a visit to the adjoining monastery, and then prepare to return. For the officer in command at Monreale will not allow us to proceed to the convent in the hills, three miles beyond the town, unless we take an escort of troops. We listen to the officer's account of the audacity of *Signori i Briganti*—how that sometimes they will even attack an escorted party if the lure be great enough; how lately they attacked one of his own patrols, killing a sergeant and wounding two soldiers, close to Monreale; and how there was no absolute security beyond his post. We listen to all this, and conclude that our desire to see the famous convent is less than our desire to avoid giving any occasion to the brigands. We thank the lieutenant for his courtesy; note in our memories his assurance that till he and his brother officers are allowed to shoot priests, brigands will flourish; and, re-entering our carriage, drive back in safety to Palermo, and to the *Mediterraneo.*

Space fails to tell of the vaults of the Cappucini monastery, where four thousand baked, and some embalmed, bodies, stand side by side along the walls, or recline, dressed as in life, in glass cases or wooden boxes. It fails also to tell of much that remains to be said about Palermo, where visitors would much more congregate, both for health and for pleasure, but for the standing discouragement and dread inspired by the brigand pest. Till travelers cease to be liable to capture within gunshot of a railway station, till

the working of the *Mafia* and other secret societies can be rudely stopped by the law, till perhaps the desire of the pleasant officer at Monreale can be gratified, it is impossible that Palermo can expand its vast natural and artificial resources as a Winter resort. It is idle to expect it.

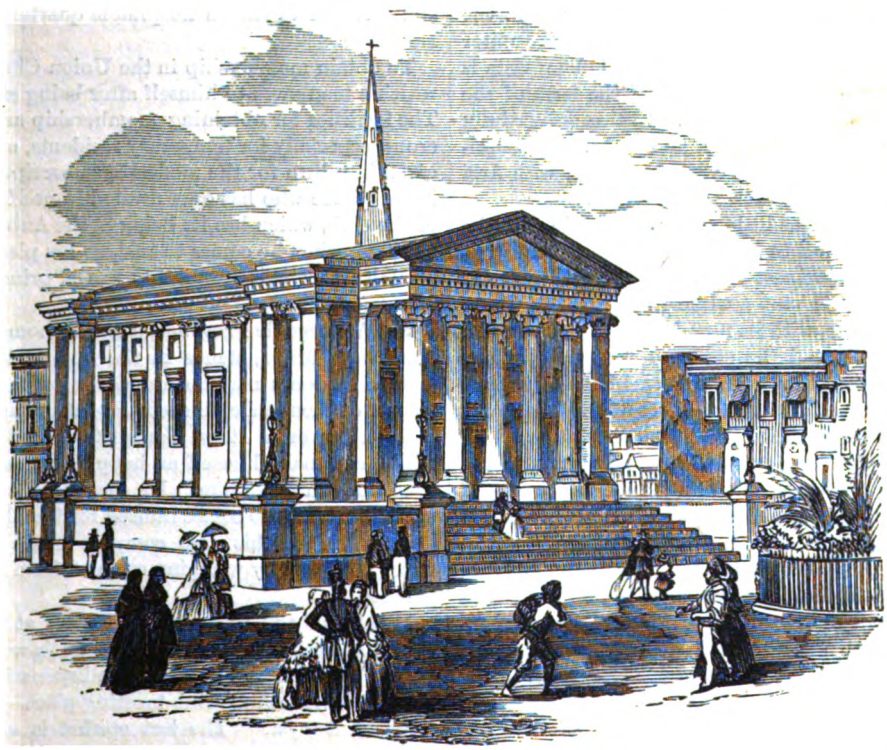
The *Mediterraneo* goes her way, and after plungingabout in the seas, which are always more or less agitated—*mare grosso*, as the Italians love to call them—about the northern parts of the island, feels her way down the Straits of Messina. She implicitly heeds the poet's warning to avoid Scylla, for that is an ugly rock jutting out from the sides of the steep land, on the crown of which stand the great mountains of Calabria; but furnished, as the bark of Palinurus was not furnished, with excellent steam-engines, she is less mindful of the direction against falling into Charybdis; on the contrary, she steams right through it, and, keeping a straight course on the whirlpool side, makes for the entrance of the splendid harbor of Messina.



THE BEGGARS' STAIRS, MALTA.

Here, alas! one has to realize the truth of the aphorism that the best friends must part. Giovannini, who has been so invaluable to us all the way from Genoa, is no longer to bring the morning cup of coffee to the cabin—no longer to interest us with descriptions of this headland or with accounts of that castle. With him, with the *Mediterraneo* herself, we have here to part, and transfer our baggage and ourselves to that pretty, yacht-like, but, oh! so much smaller, steamer, *Il Campidoglio*, which is lying two cables ahead of us. Giovannini renders a last, out not least, service by undertaking the whole business of transfer; so leaving our worldly goods to his sure hands and eyes, in full confidence of reunion with them on board the other ship, we are rowed ashore, and find ourselves in the town of Leonato and the birthplace of Hero.

Dogberry and Verges have both passed away; Hero has once more passed into the marble statue whence love had power to draw her; and the sharp wit of Beatrice no longer vexes the soul of Benedick, whose toothache has long since been cured by the prime curer of all the ills that flesh and teeth are heirs to. Not only has Don John made his exit, but, under the auspices of Garibaldi, all his kinsfolk have gone, too. No more can Conrad be guilty of "flat burglary as



QUEEN ADELAIDE'S CHURCH, VALLETTA, MALTA.

ever was committed," by calling "the prince's brother villain." No more does Dogberry "instruct the watch," or boast of his two coats, or of being "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina." "Old times are changed, old manners gone"; and the traveler who thinks of the day when Spanish viceroys dwelt in the town, and collected fleets for the succor of Malta, or for the destruction of the Turk —he who remembers what Messina was, and compares her with what she is, in spite of the commerce which still flows to her, of the gifts nature has lavished upon her, may well write "Ichabod" over her name in his book of recollections.

Out of the harbor, one sharp turn to the right, that is, to the southward, and we are once more in the Straits, crossing the margin of the redoubted Charybdis—marked in white foam—are passing by Reggio, that Rhegium whither St. Paul came after he "had fetched a compass."

The *Campidoglio* is to the *Mediterraneo* as a Boulogne steamer is to a New York packet. She kicks about mightily on her way to Catania, that standing temptation to Providence which stands at the foot of Etna. Those seeming rocks on the seashore are blocks of lava, tombstones of the city which lies, calcined and in ashes, under the site on which the present Catania stands. Time after time the place has been more or less ruined; and oftener still would have suffered, had not St. Agatha, who has the city in charge, been moved at the sight of her vail, brought out of its shrine at the cathedral by the terrified but faithful Catanians, and turned the molten stream into another channel. Very grateful are the Catanians to St. Agatha; and quite ready are they at any given time to outbid the Ephesians, both in time and fervor, in proclaiming the greatness of their goddess.

Beautiful is the sight of Etna, which bursts upon the view as one passes from the wharf, past the archbishop's palace, covered with the most brilliant and lovely Bourgainvilliers, and turns to enter the city by the water-gate. There, as in some vast theatre, the arch of the gate acting as proscenium, one sees the great square, and the long, wide, and gradually ascending street, which is the main thoroughfare leading out of it, and which has for background to its long vista the snow-covered, smoke-crowned mountain, under which Jupiter flung the rebellious Titan. At night, when this long vista is lighted up, and the moon throws into relief the form of the mountain, the sight is one of fairyland. In this delightfully placed city there are many English, and not a few Americans; for Catania has long been favorably known, with Arci Reale, as a Winter resort for delicate Westerns.

Those who wish to have as little as possible to do with the *Campidoglio* can go by rail to Syracuse; but they will in so doing miss some of the finest views of Etna. Whichever way they go, they should stop a while in Syracuse. They should also visit Augusta, with its now deserted fortifications, once of great strength, and the scene of many a Bourbon tyranny. It was at Augusta that the French made their last stand and final capitulation, when Hubert of Orleans strove in vain to quell the storm which rose after the Sicilian Vespers. It was at Syracuse—but we must not tarry to say what happened at Syracuse, the home and the grave of Archimedes, the stronghold of Dionysius, the pride, and at one time the dread, of the old-world powers of the Mediterranean. Already we have tarried long upon our way to Malta; and if we would take passage thither in our friend the *Campidoglio*, which is lying in the harbor with the steam already up, and blowing shrilly off, we must content ourselves with having seen the Greek and Roman theatres, the wonderful ear of Dionysius, the tomb of Archimedes, and the sweet water spring of Jove's fair nymph, Arethusa.

Let us draw a vail over our recollection of the nine-hour trip in that sodawater-bottle shaped *Campidoglio*, between Cape Passaro and Malta. To what purpose did we eat that excellent dinner, provided by mine host of the Albergo del Sole, before embarking? Why, oh, why did I venture to smoke that second Italian-bought cigar?

The would-be, but vain, comforter, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Giovannini had descended, informed me about 7 A.M., that Malta was in sight.

I did not embrace the man, for he was a steward, and had been active in his vocation for some hours past; and there was that indescribable something—shall I call it an *afflatus?* —about him which even garlic could not kill.

But with his information hope revived. We—of our own following, I mean—rushed on deck, and gladdened our eyes with the sight which the sun, dispersing the morning mist, gilded as it opened out. On the right lay the high cliffs of Gozo, in front the island of Malta, stretching out its bays and inlets right and left of Valletta. Far inland we can see, on the high hill-ridge toward Gozo, the palace of St. Antonio, fair Summer retreat of the governor, and now the abode of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The forts are becoming each moment more distinct. There is Ricasoli; that is St. Angelo behind it. There is St. Elmo; to the right of it Fort Tigné, with Sliema Hill beyond; while above St. Julian's Bay rise the buildings of Pembroke Camp, and the strong commanding works of the New Fort.

The signal-staff on the top of Valletta has our mail-steamer flag up. There is a general shaking of feathers among the poor human fowl on board, and an evident belief that ere long the waves will cease from trembling. Three-quarters of an hour more, and we get an outside view of the *Campidoglio*, anchored close to the Custom-house wharf, under the shadow of the high Baracca, and within range of a plunging fire from some dozen great batteries.

In our anxiety to get ashore we scarcely heed the presence of Sir James Drummond's superb fleet, which lies at the several moorings—a grand sight to see. We pass the ordeal of the Customs, settle ourselves into a car, like, but with a difference, to those one sees in the pictures of Velasquez, and drive off to Ellul's hospitable quarters in Strada Santa Lucia.

To obtain membership in the Union Club is the first duty which a man owes to himself after being six hours in Malta. The facilities for obtaining membership are ample and generous, especially for temporary residents, and the advantages given in return for the moderate subscription are very great indeed. He who has once availed himself of the hospitality of the club, which has its being at the Auberge de Provence, will find, when he comes to analyze his pleasant recollections of Malta, that this hospitality was a principal factor in his enjoyment.

The Auberge de Provence, once the home of the Provençal Knights of Malta, stands in the best part of Strada Reale. Within its doors may be found the most comfortable counterpart of London club accommodation, and willing service. A bachelor or a stray Benedict, stranded by himself at Malta, can make himself as happy here as Maltese creature comforts can make him. He may here, with fair chance of success, attempt to solace himself for the absence of Juanita; he may here at his ease compose those touching appeals which shall end by wringing consent from Juanita's obdurate parents.

Membership in the garrison library at the main guard is almost as necessary as the club to one's well-being in Malta. To one's womankind there it is indispensable. The garrison library is the Ladies' Club meeting-place—the malicious add "flirtation tryst." The last epithet is of course libellous, and, properly speaking, should find no place in this veracious chronicle. But for many of the purposes for which a

club is valuable to men the garrison library is valuable to ladies. They can read, write, think, admire, and be admired, see all the latest telegrams, magazines, and newspapers, and pick up all the *on dits* and *canards* of Valletta. There is no refreshment-room, to be sure; but then just across the street is there not that enticing retreat where "the Sick Man" purveys the coolest of Italian ices, the daintiest of French *confiserie*, the iciest of drinks? Refreshments of a more substantial kind are also at call, and the ladies have in "the Sick Man"* an obliging ally, who makes them independent of all club kitchens. Then for shopping, what point of departure so convenient?

If the Winter resident at Malta have a mind to house himself, he can find good quarters in Valletta, but better in Floriana, outside the inner line of fortifications. If he decide for hotel life, he can lodge fairly, and be fed sumptuously, at several places in Valletta for eight shillings a day. But by far the best hotel of Valletta is, to use an Irishism, not in Valletta at all, but at Sliema, across the creek of that name. There, under the roof of the courtly Ellul, can be enjoyed not only excellent quarters and excellent fare, but the loveliest views of the district. From the house-top of this Imperial Hotel the eye ranges over a wide-spread panorama of the island. High upon a hill seven miles to the southwest stands Città Vecchia, the walled capital of the island ere John de Vallette built the city which now crowns Mount Sceberras. Here, as tradition holds, was the house of Publius, the chief man of the island, who "courteously entreated" the shipwrecked Apostle Paul. Within three miles of it is St. Paul's Bay itself, inclosing a small islet on which the travelers are said to have lighted the fire whence an adder sprang upon the supposed murderer's finger. There is yet the place "where two seas meet"; there is still the creek into which the mariners strove "if it were possible to thrust in the ship."

East from Città Vecchia, as one stands on the Sliema house-top, lies Verdala, a Summer residence once of the Grand Master, now of the Governor, of Malta. Krendi, that strange remnant of prehistoric temples, lies hidden behind the southern cliffs; and as the eye travels eastward over the landscape, it rests upon the Mohammedan burying-place, many a fine Christian church, and the serried streets, forts, and buildings of the key of the Mediterranean.

There is abundance of amusement, there are endless objects of interest, for the Winter sojourner in Malta. The hands of the soldier and the monk are indelibly stamped on the place. From the time when Charles V., by his charter, still exhibited in the armory, granted the Islands of Malta and Gozo and the State of Tripoli to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the sword and the cowl have held sway in the island. At St. Elmo you can still trace, amid the bastions and batteries of that great castle, the small star fort, isolated from all succor, which cost the Moslem 8,000 men before he took it. You can still see, preserved by the pious care of after times, the chapel in which the sixty surviving, but none unwounded, members of the garrison, partook of their last communion at midnight before the final assault.

At St. Angelo, across the harbor, you can see what was the citadel of Malta, what time the borg or hamlet which clustered inside the then enceinte was as the germ of the present city. Strangely would John de Vallette, that great Grand Master, who hurled back the power of the Turk shattered and riven, rub his medieval eyes and clasp his gauntleted hands in wonder, could he see the weapons which have replaced his culverins and bombards upon the walls of St. Angelo. Astonished would be those valiant soldiers of La Vallette who dived and swam, sword in mouth, to attack their assailants in the water, could they see the torpedoes which have supplanted the pile-driven barbed palisade, upon the integrity of which hung, for a time, the fate of Malta. Great would have been their astonishment, as great as was our pleasure, could they have seen, as we saw from the batteries they so well defended, the long, sightly form of the *Serapis*, steaming majestically past Ricasoli, and shaking to the vibration of well-rammed 300-pounders engaged in the peaceful and loyal occupation of saluting the Prince of Wales homeward bound from India.

Then went Malta quite mad. The thunder and *rimbombo* of oft-repeated salutes, the decoration of streets, the illumination of houses, the presentation of addresses, procession-forming, torpedo-firing, sham assaults upon the fortress, illuminations of the fleet, of Grand Harbor, of Valletta, dinner-giving, ball-giving, gala performances at the Opera—these, and the like of these, produced a general vertigo in the brain of Malta, which outlasted the Prince's visit.

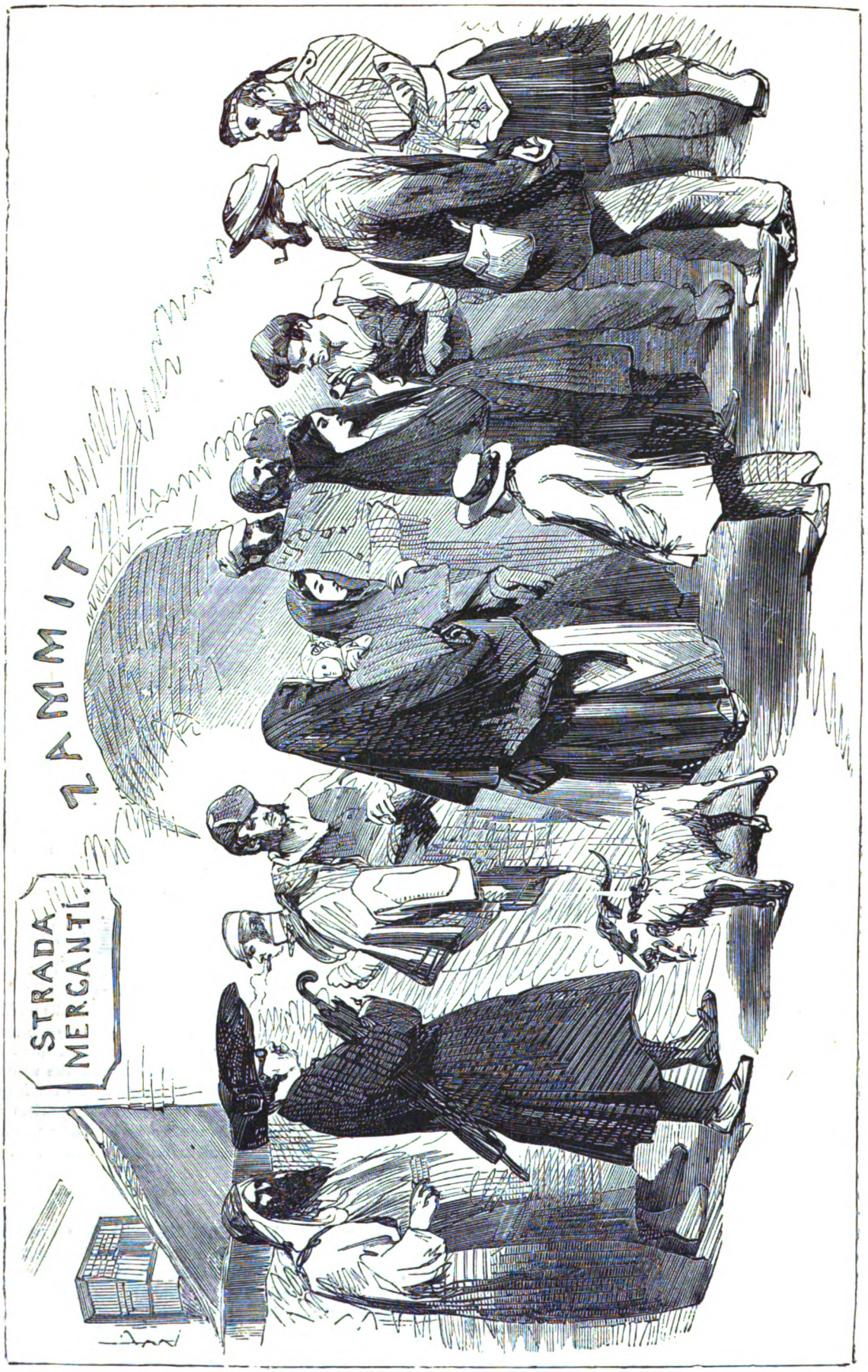
Not ours to describe the days of rejoicing. Far abler pens have written the history of that time. Whether they will faithfully record the jealousies which arose in consequence of non-invitations to this dinner at Government House, to that breakfast on the *Serapis*, in consequence of Miss A. being asked to dance with the Prince, while Mrs. B. was not asked; in consequence of Colonel C. being placed at table below Captain D. of the *Warhorse* frigate, it is impossible to say, neither does it much matter. Whether the official chroniclers perpetuate the fact that the torpedoes refused to explode themselves, when called upon, in the Marsa Muscetto, or that the anger of certain Maltese gentry exploded when not called upon, because of slights, real or imaginary, is equally immaterial. Accidents will happen to the best regulated programmes, especially if liable to sudden alterations. There is no need to write them down—rather the contrary; and all that need be remembered of the visit are the many undoubted pleasures to which it certainly gave rise.

Malta, as a Winter resort, is at once brighter and cheaper—far cheaper—than the favorite towns of the Riviera. It has a *sirocco*, it is true, an evil wind that ruffles the smoothest tempers, and imparts to the whole body, inside and out, a feeling that it has been rubbed with sandpaper. But then there is no such *mistral* as Cannes and the Niçois own; and the one must be set against the other.

There is society—plenty of it. There is the gayety and life inseparable from a great military and naval station; and there is an activity in commerce, represented by not less than six vessels in and out every day. The island itself is interesting—in parts it is pretty—and house-rent and living are marvelously cheap. Many avail themselves of these advantages between November and May, and find themselves the better in health, heavier in pocket, and the wiser for many pleasant associations, at the end of it. In the interval between the months named, let Continental tourists take it as true, that they would do well to revive their partiality for an old favorite resort, which has been much neglected of late years.

* Why the obliging Italian who keeps the best confectioner's shop in Strada Reale—that is, in Malta—should be known universally as "the Sick Man," the writer sought to know, but never learned.

Not long before the death of Frederick the Great several of his Ministers came to him as usual. "I have not closed my eyes all night," said the King, "and in the morning, when I felt disposed to sleep, I was obliged to attend to business." "Your Majesty," replied Garz, "might surely have indulged yourself." "What!" rejoined the King, looking steadfastly at him, "do you suppose I am paid by the State to do nothing?"



SCENE ON THE LANDING, MALTA.

THE CONSCRIPT.—"THE NEXT INSTANT HE DREW THE FATAL NUMBER—THREE!"

THE CONSCRIPT.

In one of the fruitful valleys of Piedmont, nestled amongst the clustering foliage of the vine and mulberry, stands the picturesque village of Piorino. Attracted by its simple beauty, I took up a Summer residence there some years ago, and formed the intimate acquaintance of its venerable pastor. He was at that period verging into his seventieth year, but the hand of Time had touched him gently: there was a cheerful freshness in his voice, and an infectious humor in his laugh.

I was one evening seated in his cozy sitting-room, when my eye chanced to light upon two military Orders and a golden cross of the Iron Crown, encircled by a wreath and suspended over the mantelpiece. Feeling curious to learn how those badges of war had come to adorn this peaceful home, I questioned my host respecting them. Suddenly, however, a cloud gathered over his furrowed brow.

"My question causes you pain?" I ventured to remark.

"No, no," he faltered, "not pain; but the memory of sad events is awakened by those mementoes. If you will patiently hear me to the end, I will relate them."

I promised attention, and after a pause he thus began:

"My story refers to the period when Piedmont's brave sons were driven forth to swell the armies of Napoleon. Near the schoolhouse at the end of the village there stands a vine-dresser's cottage, where resided with his widowed mother a young peasant named Andrew Toniato. He was a fine, stalwart youth, with supple limbs and powerful frame. In an adjacent cottage there dwelt the beauty, I may say pride, of our little community, Marie Levalle. She and Andrew had grown up from childhood together, and as they reached maturer years, their attachment ripened into earnest love.

"At length the bridal day was fixed; but within a week of its approach the sound of the drum through the village street caused many a stout heart to quail with fear. It announced the periodical conscription, and a few hours later I met Andrew on his way to the rendezvous. He was permitted to take a farewell of his mother and Marie, and wishing to bid him adieu I hastened at once to the cottage.

"'Marie,' he was saying, as I paused, unseen, upon the threshold, 'my darling Marie, next Sunday was to have been our wedding day,' he continued; 'but now four long years stand between that happiness we have waited for with so much anxiety.'

"'Yes, four long years, Andrew,' she said, in a faint whisper.

"'If they were twenty, said he, 'I could wait, Marie, and come back to find no change in you, even though your face should be wrinkled and your hair silvered. But I shall have to encounter perils in every shape before my return; nay, perhaps even death itself.'

"The young girl shuddered, and clung to him with a convulsive grasp, as she slowly repeated, 'Death!'

"'Yes, Marie,' he continued; 'and before we separate, possibly for ever, I wish to release you from your vows to me—to leave you free to accept another who will love and protect you as I would have done if Providence had so willed it. This is my earnest desire. Will you comply with it?'

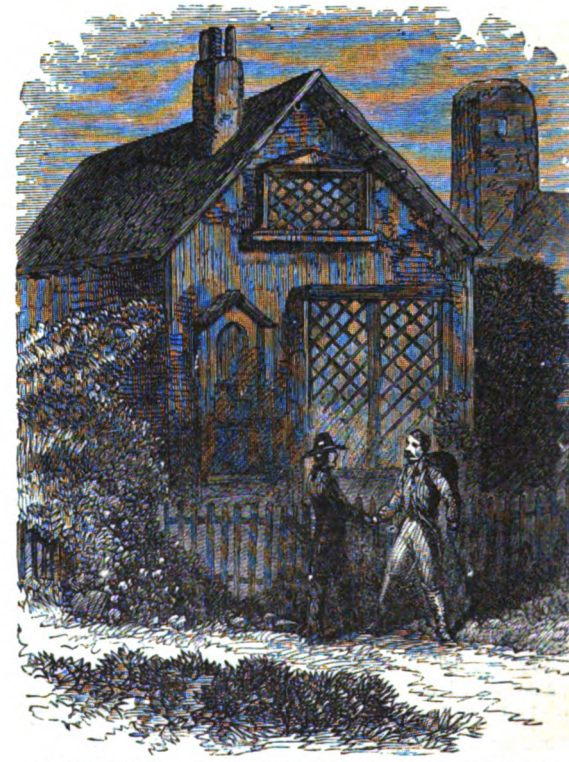
"'I cannot, Andrew,' she replied, in a beseeching tone; 'I cannot. My heart is yours, my love is yours; they can never belong to another.'

"'Ay, Marie,' said he; 'but if you wait and wait through weary years until your youth fades, where will you find a protector in your age?'

"'In God, Andrew,' she replied, in a voice of fervent meekness.

"At that moment the short, measured tread of armed men fell on my ear, and the sergeant, with his file of soldiers, halted in front of the cottage. Andrew knelt hurriedly before his mother and received her parting benediction; then, folding Marie to his breast, he bade her look up, that he might bear the image of her bright face for ever in his memory.

"While this painful scene was passing, she pressed a small cross carved in wood, and entwined with a lock of her golden



THE CONSCRIPT.—"AT LENGTH HE GASPED OUT, IN CHOKING ACCENTS, 'AND MARIE!'"

hair, into his hand. He took the humble token and placed it next to his heart.

"At that moment the word to move forward was given. I received Marie from him, and the band marched away on their sad route. We watched them pass round the winding hill, the declining sun slanting their shadows on the dusty road, until they disappeared from our strained sight.

"At the end of two months a letter arrived from Andrew, dated Magdeburg. It told us that he had joined a regiment of grenadiers. The following Spring he wrote from Aranza, in Spain; he had then passed unscathed through many a hard-fought field, had risen to the rank of sergeant, and had been decorated with an Order.

"Two years wore away. One evening my attention was arrested by a group gathered in front of Andrew's cottage.

"'Here is our pastor!' they shouted; 'he will be glad to hear the news.'

"'What news, my friends?' I inquired.

"Every voice, as with one accord, cried joyfully, 'Andrew Toniato is returned!'

"I passed to the door, where Marie welcomed me, her beautiful face all smiles and tears. Following her, I encountered the erect form of Andrew, in his uniform. The mother, with her furrowed face resting on his breast, was trying to bear her part bravely, but the emotion of her heart was plainly visible.

"'Back, Andrew, at last!' I said, as he grasped my hand.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'we are now on our way to rejoin the Italian army. I have obtained a three days' leave of absence to visit my mother and Marie.'

"'How long have you to serve now?' I inquired.

"'Two years,' he smiled, as he drew Marie to his side, 'and then the trial and suspense of this devoted heart will be all over. She will be mine for ever then—my wife.'

"To Marie, those three days were the brightest she was ever destined to know. When the hour for Andrew's departure came, he placed a ring upon her finger and a small golden chain round her neck.

"'You will see me again, Marie,' he said, 'with an epaulet on my shoulder. I go forth leaning on your love and His strong arm.'

"He went back to his regiment. In a few weeks Andrew's name appeared in the list of wounded; but he speedily recovered, and was appointed to the Imperial Guard.

"Two more years passed. France became embroiled in a war with Russia. Andrew was ordered away; his first letter was from Smolensko, informing Marie that he was adjutant, and that the cross of the Iron Crown had been awarded to him. She tried to smile when she read me the proud intelligence, but the tremulous motion of her lips and the moisture of her eyes belied her happiness.

"At length, in the Winter of 1812, a rumor reached our secluded village that the French army had been defeated. The fatal tidings quickly followed that Andrew had perished at the Beresina. From that time I seldom saw a smile upon Marie's face.

"In time, remnants of the shattered French army passed through our village, and from some of the soldiers we gathered full particulars of Andrew's death. One old sergeant of the Imperial Guard I overtook, as he was limping wearily up the hill leading to my church.

"'Do you belong to Piedmont, my brave?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'and thanks to the lances of those rascally Cossacks, my name will soon be struck from the muster-roll of the Old Guard.'

"'Did you know a young fellow named Andrew Toniato, belonging to your regiment?' I asked.

"'Halt!' he cried, suddenly, as the tears started to his eyes, and fell down his swarthy cheeks. 'Bombshells and sabres!' he gasped out in a hoarse, tremulous voice, 'but you have made a woman of me. Did I know him? Did I know my brave captain? He fell at the Beresina. We had crossed the bridge side by side together, when a bullet reached his heart. As I knelt over him for a moment, a beggarly Russian cut me senseless to the ground, and when I awoke I was in an hospital. Poor Toniato! He was the idol of the regiment, and the pride of the Piedmontese. He used to boast that he carried two talismans next his heart.'

"'Marie's love gifts!' I inwardly thought.

"I took the brave fellow to my house, and brought Marie to see him, that she might hear the tidings of her lover's death from the man who saw him fall.

"For long days and nights after that, poor Marie would steal away to the brow of the hill at the entrance to the village, and gaze over the long, winding road, hoping against hope that Andrew might return.

"Three years passed slowly by. Whatever little girlish vanity Marie had once possessed had vanished, and a grave thoughtfulness lent a passive sadness to her beauty. One evening I met her wandering through the little churchyard yonder. She was coming, as it subsequently appeared, to solicit my advice.

"'My dear child,' I said, 'has some new grief befallen you?'

"Lifting her pale face, she gasped, in a choking whisper, 'They wish me to marry.'

"'Who wishes you to do so?'

"'My parents,' she replied; 'they are aged and infirm. Their daily cares will be lightened, their poverty removed by Giuseppe Bernharde, the farmer, who has proposed for my hand.'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' I pleaded, 'is a prosperous, thriving man. You would secure by this marriage a happy home and a worthy husband.'

"She looked at me with a questioning, earnest glance, and then sank into a long, thoughtful silence. At last she murmured, 'It's a bitter sacrifice I am required to make.'

"'A sacrifice, Marie, that will smooth your parents' declining years, and give you a perfect triumph over self,' I urged. 'I leave your decision with your own calm judgment. Pray, my child, for the Almighty's aid to guide you.'

"'I will, father,' she said, meekly. 'Come to our cottage to-morrow evening; Giuseppe will be there for his answer.'

"The following evening, according to my appointment, I repaired at sunset to Marie's humble abode. Giuseppe was already there when I entered the cottage.

"'Well, Marie,' said I, 'what is your resolve?'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' she began, with her eyes fixed alternately upon the anxious faces of her father and mother, 'I cannot love you as I have loved Andrew. I can never banish his image from my heart. The only hope his death left me was that I should end my days alone, with his memory for a solace. But a higher duty has been pointed out to me, and I will not shrink from it; if, then, you are content to accept as much love as I have strength to bestow, take my hand. Through good and evil I promise to be a faithful and devoted wife.'

"'I ask no more, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, tenderly.

"'This ring and chain,' she said, pointing to Andrew's parting gifts, 'I should like to wear them still.'

"'Do not misunderstand me, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, with manly tenderness; 'I never was jealous of the memory of Andrew, who was my friend, ay, a brother in my heart?'

"On the bridal morning her aged parents were removed to Giuseppe's comfortable home. All seemed cloudless, bright and hopeful. At the end of a year a son blessed their union, whom they christened Andrew.

"On the fourth anniversary of their wedding a few friends, myself included, were invited to pass a social evening.

"I lingered in the midst of their happy circle till the shadows of evening had deepened into night, and then reluctantly took my leave. My hand was on the latch of my garden gate, when a strangely familiar voice said:

"'Good-evening, sir.'

"I turned abruptly, and under the clear, full light of the moon, my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated figure of a man, whose ghastly, bearded face and glaring eyes sent a thrill of fear through my veins.

"'Forgotten by you, too?' he faltered out, in a whisper.

"'Andrew Toniato!' I exclaimed, as I grasped his arm, to assure myself that he was living.

"'I was called so once, I believe,' he said, with a bitter sigh; 'but now I think that it must have been a dream.

"I dragged, rather than led him into the house, with a whirl of conflicting thoughts battling in my mind.

"'When did you arrive, Andrew?' I inquired, as I looked into his careworn features, under the fuller light of the lamp.

"'At dusk this evening,' he replied, as he dropped with a leaden weight into the nearest chair. 'My mother—does she still live?'

"'Yes, Andrew, she is alive and well. But she must be prepared for your unexpected return. The sudden shock might be fatal to her.'

"'Yes, true,' he assented, as he brushed away a falling tear. 'And Marie?'

"'She is well and happy,' I replied. 'But why have you not written?'

"'I *have* written,' he replied, with a look of surprise.

"'Then your letters have miscarried. Not one reached us.'

"'Then for the last seven years you have believed me——'

"'To be dead,' I broke in.

"'Dead!' he exclaimed, with a bitter emphasis. 'Oh, the joy that glowed in my breast as I neared home! Home!' he repeated—'fool that I was to believe that, in finding home, I should find happiness. And Marie believes me——'

"'Marie belongs to another now.'

"'And if the letters which I have sent within the last two years had reached home?'

"'It would have been too late. Marie has been married four years now. She is a true wife and a happy mother.'

"'And her husband?' he inquired.

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' I replied.

"'Will you go with me to my mother?' he asked, as he rose wearily from his chair.

"We walked slowly through the village to his mother's cottage. Leaving him at the little porch, I gently broke the tidings to the poor woman. Then I beckoned Andrew inside, and the next instant his aged mother's arms were clinging round his neck, and her tears and kisses, warm and bright, fell on his wasted face.

"I stole quietly out, and turned my footsteps to Giuseppe's farm. Marie had retired to bed. I told Giuseppe all, and charged him to break the news tenderly to his wife. The next day Giuseppe requested me to bring Andrew to his house the same evening.

"When we entered the parlor, Marie, with her youngest child on her knee, was seated in a chair. Giuseppe was playing with his little son.

"Marie rose at our entrance, and with extended hand and smiling lip, sprang toward Andrew, saying, 'Thank Heaven! I never believed we should meet again on earth. There, indeed,' she added, pointing upward, 'I had hoped to meet you, Giuseppe and I.'

"A faint smile illumined Andrew's wan, quivering features, as he silently took the outstretched hands of Marie and Giuseppe in his own, and pressed them to his lips. He then took the child from her arms, and held him to his breast.

"'And your name, my brave boy?' he asked the child.

"'Andrew,' said Marie.

"He drew the child closer in his embrace, and hid his weeping face in its clustering curls.

"'We were told,' said Giuseppe, after a long pause, 'that you had perished at the Beresina.'

"'I still carry the bullet that struck me down,' said Andrew; 'but I recovered and was marched a prisoner to the frontiers of Siberia. There it was my fortune to attract the notice of Baron Lestoff, a Russian noble. I rose quickly in his favor, but when I asked permission to return to Piedmont, he set a guard upon me, and evidently intercepted my letters. After many fruitless attempts, I at last effected my escape. Alone, and on foot, I traversed a great portion of Asia and Europe, depending at times upon the casual alms of strangers for a meagre meal. One hope sustained me, the——' he paused abruptly, and then, in a tone of forced gayety, added, 'Ah! it is a long road betwixt this and Siberia.'

"Marie's wifely devotion seemed to receive a new strength in that hour of trial; and when we rose to depart, her pure virtue shone out clear and soft in her bright smile and ingenuous tone.

"Andrew's step was heavy and faltering as we walked homeward together across the fields.

"'You are fatigued,' I observed, as he abruptly halted, and leaned with a heavier weight upon my arm.

"'Oh, yes!' he sighed; 'I am fatigued. Through years of captivity I have looked forward to this day as the crowning joy of my life. I return to my old home to see my cup of bliss grasped by the hand of another. It was a merciless fate that snatched me from the sword of the foe!'

"'It was your Maker's will, Andrew,' I interposed.

"'Yes, yes,' he murmured, 'that truth must not forsake me; besides, the future here need be of little moment to me now. I feel myself prematurely aged.'

"I led Andrew, with soothing words, to his mother's door, and bade him good-night.

"The next Sunday, after vespers, I was hastily summoned to Andrew's bedside. One glance assured me that the shadow of death was creeping swiftly over him. He held out his long, thin fingers to me, and said, in a faint whisper:

"'My warfare is nearly accomplished.'

"'Andrew,' I said, 'have you any earthly wish?'

"'Yes, yes,' he articulated, with laboring breath. 'Giuseppe and Marie—I should like to see them both once more.'

"'Nay, Andrew,' said I, 'have pity upon her, at least, and spare her this blow!'

"'Perhaps you are right,' he murmured; 'come nearer to me; a mist is gathering round me; I can scarcely see.'

"As I bent over him he drew from under his pillow a small wooden cross, with a lock of golden hair, tarnished with blood, entwined round it.

"'Place these next my heart when I am gone,' he feebly whispered.

"His hand again wandered beneath the pillow, and when he drew it forth his Orders and cross were in it.

"'Keep them for my sake,' he said; 'my last fight is over. Pray!'

"I knelt down by the bedside, still holding his hand in mine, and as my prayers rose to the throne of mercy, his fingers relaxed, a deep sigh broke from his lips; his earthly warfare was accomplished, and the shadow of death fell darkly over him. There, on the grassy slope of yonder little graveyard, he sleeps in peace."

"And Marie?" I asked, as the old pastor finished.

"Lived out a happy life," replied my venerable friend; "a chaste wife and loving mother."

THE SLENDER SHEAR-TAIL HUMMING-BIRD.

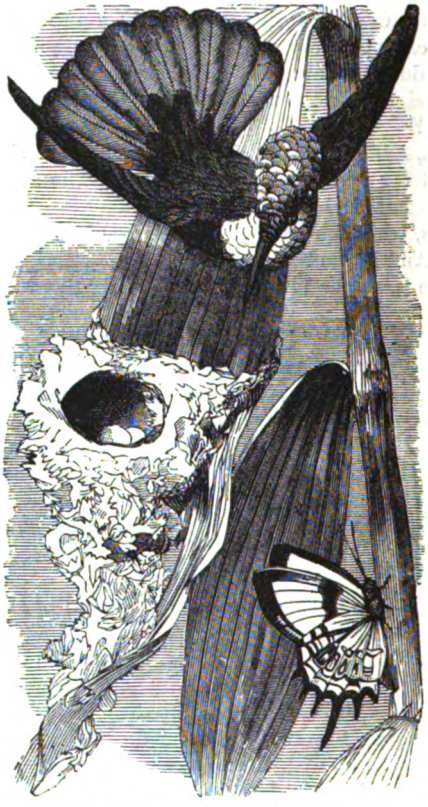
THE slender shear-tail is an inhabitant of Central America. It is supposed not to be found south of the Isthmus of Panama, nor to extend far north of it. As its wings are

1. SLENDER SHEAR-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD. 2. SWORD-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

rather short, and not remarkable for strength, it is conjectured to be a non-migratory bird. The country where it is seen in the greatest plenty is Guatemala.

The sexes of this creature are very different in their form and color of their plumage, and could scarcely be recognized as belonging to the same species. In the adult male bird, the upper parts of the body are of a deep shining green, becoming brown on the head, and changing into bronze on the back and wing-coverts. The wings are purple-brown. The long and deeply forked tail is black, with the exception of a little brown upon the inner web of the two outermost feathers. The chin is black, glossed with green; the throat is deep metallic purple, and upon the upper part of the chest is placed a large crescent-shaped mark of buff. The abdomen is bronze, with a gray spot in its centre; and there is a buff spot on each flank. The under tail-coverts are of a greenish hue.

The female does not possess the long tail, and her colors are golden-green above, and reddish-buff below. The tail is very curiously marked. The central feathers are entirely



RUBY AND TOPAZ HUMMING-BIRD.

gold-green; the exterior feathers are rusty-red at their base, black for part of their length, and tipped with white.

The ruby and topaz humming-bird derives its name from the coloring of its head and throat, the former being of a deep ruby tint, and the latter of a resplendent topaz. Sometimes it is called the ruby-headed humming-bird, and it is also known under the name of the Aurora. It is very common in Bahia, the Guianas, Trinidad and the Caraccas, and, as it is in great request for the dealers, is killed by thousands annually.

The plumage of this species is extremely variable, but may be described briefly as follows: the forehead, the crown, and the nape of the neck are metallic ruby red, and the chin, throat, and chest are effulgent topaz. The upper parts of the body are velvety bronze-brown, and the wings are purple-brown. The tail is rich chestnut-red, tipped with black, and the abdomen is a dark olive-brown. The female has none of the ruby patches on the head, but retains a little of the topaz on the throat.

THE JILT.—"THIS ARTLESS SPEECH, IF ARTLESS IT WAS, BROUGHT THE MAN ON HIS KNEES TO HER."

THE JILT.

By Charles Reade.

Part I.

It was a Summer afternoon; the sun shone mellow upon the south sands of Tenby; the clear blue water sparkled to the horizon, and each ripple, as it came ashore, broke into diamonds. This amber sand, broad, bold and smooth, as the turf at Lord's—and, indeed, wickets are often pitched on it — has been called "Nature's finest promenade"; yet, owing to the attraction of a flower-show, it was now paraded by a single figure: a tall, straight, well-built young man, rather ruddy, but tanned and bronzed by weather; shaved smooth as an egg, and his collar, his tie, and all his dress, very neat and precise; he held a deck-glass, and turned every ten yards, though he had a mile to promenade. These signs denoted a good seaman. Yet his glass swept the land more than the water, and that is not like a sailor.

This incongruity, however, was soon explained, and justified.

There hove in sight a craft as attractive to every true tar, from an admiral of the red to the boatswain's mate, as any cutter, schooner, brig, bark, or ship; and bore down on him, with colors flying alow and aloft.

Lieutenant Greaves made all sail toward her, for it was Ellen Ap Rice, the loveliest girl in Wales.

He met her with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and thanked her warmly for coming. "Indeed you may," said she; "when I promised, I forgot the flower-show."

"Dear me," said he, "what a pity! I would not have asked you."

"Oh," said she, "never mind; I shall not break my heart; but it seems so odd you wanting me to come out here, when you are always welcome at our house, and papa so fond of you."

Lieutenant Greaves endeavored to explain. "Why, you see, Miss Ap Rice, I'm expecting my sailing orders down, and before I go, I want——and the sight of the sea gives one courage."

"Not always; it gave me a fit of terror the last time I was on it."

"Ay, but you are not a sailor; it gives *me* courage to say more than I dare in your own house. You so beautiful, so accomplished, so admired, I am afraid you will never consent to throw yourself away upon a seaman."

Ellen arched her brows. "What *are* you saying, Mr. Greaves? Why, it is known all over Tenby that I renounce the military, and have vowed to be a sailor's bride."

By this it seems there were only two learned professions recognized by the young ladies—at Tenby.

"Ay, ay," said Greaves, "an admiral, or that sort of thing."

"Well," said the young lady, "*of course* he would *have* to be an admiral—*eventually*. But they cannot be born admirals." At this stage of the conversation she prefered not to look Lieutenant Greaves, R.N., in the face; so she wrote pothooks and hangers on the sand, with her parasol, so carefully, that you would have sworn they must be words of deepest import.

"From a lieutenant to an admiral is a long way," said Greaves, sadly.

"Yes," said she, archly; "it is as far as from Tenby to Valparaiso, where my cousin Dick sailed to, last year—such a handsome fellow—and there's Cape Horn to weather. But a good deal depends on courage and perseverance." In uttering this last remark she turned her eye askant a moment, and a flash shot out of it that lighted the sailor's

bonfire in a moment. "Oh, Miss Ap Rice, do I understand you? Can I be so fortunate? If courage, perseverance, and devotion can win you, no other man shall ever—you must have seen I love you."

"It would be odd if I had not," said Ellen, blushing a little, and smiling slyly. "Why, all Tenby has seen it. You don't hide it under a bushel."

The young man turned red. "Then I deserve a round dozen at the gangway, for being so indelicate."

"No, no," said the young Welshwoman, generously. "Why do I prefer sailors? Because they are so frank, and open, and artless, and brave. Why, Mr. Greaves, don't you be stupid; your open admiration is a compliment to any girl; and I am proud of it, of course," said she, gently.

"God bless you!" cried the young man. "Now I wish we were at home, that I might go down on my knees to you, without making you the town-talk. Sweet, lovely, darling Ellen; will you try and love me?"

"Humph! If I had not a great esteem for you, should I be here?"

"Ay, but I am asking for more," said Greaves; "for your affection, and your promise to wait for me till I am more than a lieutenant. I dare not ask for your hand till I am a post-captain at least. Ellen, sweet Ellen, may I put this on your dear finger?"

"Why, it is a ring. No. What for?"

"Let me put it on, and then I'll tell you."

"I declare, if he had not got it ready on purpose," said she, laughing, and was so extremely amused, that she quite forgot to resist, and he whipped it on in a trice. It was no sooner on than she pulled a grave face, and demanded an explanation of this singular conduct.

"It means we are engaged," said he, joyfully, and flung his cap into the air a great height, and caught it.

"A trap!" screamed she. "Take it off this instant."

"Must I?" said he, sadly.

"Of course you must." And she crooked her finger, instead of straightening it.

"It won't come off," said he, with more cunning than one would have expected.

"No more it will. Well, I must have my finger amputated, the moment I get home. But, mind, I am not to be caught by such artifices. You must ask papa."

"So I will," cried Greaves, joyfully. Then, upon reflection: "He'll wonder at my impudence."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, demurely. "You know he is Mayor of the town, and has the drollest applications made to him at times—ha, ha!"

"How shall I ever break it to him?" said Greaves. "A lieutenant!"

"Why, a lieutenant is a gentleman; and are you not related to one of the First Lords of the Admiralty?"

"Yes. But he won't put me over the heads of my betters. All that sort of thing is gone by."

"You need not say that. Say you are cousin to the First Lord, and then stop; that is the way to talk to a mayor; la, look at me, telling him what to say—as if I cared! There now—here comes that tittling-tattling Mrs. Dodsley, and her whole brood of children and nurses; she sha'n't see what I am doing;" and Miss Ap Rice marched swiftly into Merlin's Cave, settled her skirts, and sat down on a stone. "Oh!" said she, with no great appearance of agitation, "what a goose I must be! This is the last place I ought to have come to; this is where the lovers interchange their vows—the silly things."

This artless speech—if artless it was—brought the man on his knees to her, with such an outburst of honest passion and eloquent love, that her cooler nature was moved as it had never been before. She was half frightened; but flattered, and touched; she shed a tear or two, and, though she drew away the hand he was fondling, and said he oughtn't and he mustn't, there was nothing very discouraging in her way, not even when she stopped her ears, and said, "You should say all this to papa." As if one could make as hot love to the Mayor, in his study, as to the Mayor's daughter in Merlin's Cave!

She was coy, and would not stay long in Merlin's Cave, after this; but said nothing about going home; so they emerged from the cave, and strolled toward Giltar Point.

Suddenly there issued from the Sound, and burst upon their sight, a beautiful yacht, 150 tons, or so, cutter-rigged, bowling along before the wind thirteen knots an hour, sails white as snow, and well set, hull low and shapely, wire rigging so slim it seemed of whip-cord or mermaid's hair.

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Ellen. "What a beauty!"

"And so she is," said he, heartily. "Bless you for calling me 'Arthur.'"

"It slipped out by mistake. Come to the Castle Hill. I must see her come right in—Arthur."

Arthur took Ellen's hand, and they hurried to the Castle Hill; and, as they went, kept turning their heads to watch the yacht's manœuvres; for a sailor never tires of observing how this or that craft is handled; and the arrival of a first-class yacht in those fair, but uneventful, waters, was very exciting to Ellen Ap Rice.

The cutter gave St. Catherine's Rock a wide berth, and ran out well to the Woolhouse Reef; then hauled up and stood on the port tack, heading for her anchorage; but an eddy-wind from the north cliffs caught her, and she broke off; so she stood on toward Monkstone Point, then came about with her berth well under her lee, mistress of the situation, as landsmen say.

Arthur kept explaining her manœuvres, and the necessity for them, and, when she came about, said she was well-behaved—had fore-reached five times her length—and was smartly handled, too.

"Oh, yes!" said Ellen; "a most skillful captain, evidently."

This was too hasty a conclusion for the sober Greaves.

"Wait till we see him in a cyclone, with all his canvas on that one stick, or working off a lee shore in a nor'wester. But he can handle a cutter in fair weather, and fresh water, that is certain."

"Fresh water!" said Ellen. "How dare you? And don't mock people. I can't get enough fresh water in Tenby to wash my hands."

"What, do you want them *whiter* than snow?" said Greaves, gloating on them undisguised.

"Arthur, behave, and lend me the glass."

"There, dearest."

So then she inspected the vessel, and he inspected the white hand that held the glass. It was a binocular; for even seamen, now-a-days, seldom use the short telescope of other days; what might be called a very powerful opera-glass has taken its place.

"Goodness me!" screamed Ellen. The construction of which sentence is referred to pedagogues

"What is the matter?"

"The captain is a blackamoor."

Having satisfied herself of the revolting fact by continued inspection, she handed the glass to Greaves. "See if he isn't," said she.

Greaves looked through the glass, and took leave to contradict her. "Blackamoor! not he. It is worse. It is a gentleman—that ought to know better—with a beastly black beard right down to his waistband."

"Oh, Arthur, how horrid! and in such a pretty ship!"

Greaves smiled indulgently at her calling a cutter a

"ship," but her blunders were beauties; he was so in love with her.

She took the glass again, and looked and talked at the same time. "I wonder what has brought him in here?"

"To look for a barber, I should hope."

"Arthur—suppose we were to send out the new hairdresser to him? Would it not be fun? Oh, oh, oh!"

"What is it now?"

"A boat going out to him. Well, I declare—a boatful of dignitaries."

"Mercy on us!"

"Yes; I see papa—and I see the Secretary of the Cambrian Club—and another gentleman—a deputation, I do believe! No, how stupid I am. Why, the new arrival must be Mr. Laxton, that wrote and told papa he was coming; he is the son of an old friend, a shipbuilder. Papa is sure to ask him to dinner; and *I* ask *you*. Do come. He will be quite a lion."

"I am very unfortunate. Can't possibly come to-day. Got to dine on board the *Warrior*, and meet the prince; name down; no getting off."

"Oh, what a pity! It would have been so nice; you and Captain Laxton together."

"Captain Laxton? Who is he?"

"Why, the gentleman with the beard."

"Hang it all, don't call him a captain."

"Not, when he has a ship of his own?"

"So has a collier, and the master of a fishing lugger. Besides, these swells are only fair-weather skippers; there's always a sailing-master aboard their vessels, that takes the command if it blows a capful of wind."

"Indeed! then I despise them. But I am sorry *you* can't come, Arthur."

"Are you really, love?"

"You know I am."

"Then that is all I care for. A dandy yachtsman is no ilion to me."

"We ought to go home now," said Ellen, "or we shall not have time to dress."

He had not only to dress, but to drive ten miles; yet he went with her to her very door. He put the time to profit; he got her to promise everything, short of marrying him without papa's consent, and, as she was her father's darling, and, in reality, ruled him, not he her, that obstacle did not seem insurmountable.

That evening the master of the yacht dined at the mayor's, and was the lion of the evening. His face was rather handsome, what one could see of it, and his beard manly. He had traveled, and cruised, for years, and kept his eyes and ears open; had a great flow of words, quite a turn for narrative, a ready wit, a seductive voice, and an infectious laugh. His only drawback was a restless eye. Even that he put to a good use, by being attentive to everybody in turn. He was evidently charmed with Ellen Ap Rice, but showed it in a well-bred way, and did not alarm her; she was a lovely girl, and accustomed to be openly admired.

Next day Arthur called on her, and she told him everything, and seemed sorry to have had any pleasure he had not a share in. "He made himself wonderfully agreeable," said she, "especially to papa; and, oh, if you had seen how his beard wagged when he laughed, ha! ha!—and, what do you think, the 'Cambrians' have lost no time; they have shot him flying, invited him to their Bachelor's Ball; ah, Arthur, the first time you and I ever danced together was at that ball, a year ago; I wonder whether you remember? Well, he asked me for the first round dance."

"Confound his impudence! What did you say?"

"I said 'no'; I was engaged to the Royal Navy."

"Dear girl! And that shut him up, I hope?"

"Dear me, no. He is too good-humored to be cross because a strange girl was bespoke before he came; he just laughed, and asked might he follow in its wake."

"And you said 'yes.'"

"No, I did not, now. And you need not look so cross, for there would have been no harm, if I had; but what I did say, was not 'yes,' but 'hum!' and I would consult my memoranda. Never you mind who I dance with, Mr. Arthur; their name is legion. Wait till you catch me parading the sands with the creatures, and catching cold with them in Merlin's Cave."

"My own love! Come on the sands now; it is low water, and a glorious day."

"You dear goose!" said Ellen. "What, ask a lady out when it is only one clear day before a ball? Why, I am invisible to every creature but you at this moment, and even you can only stay till she comes."

"She? Who?"

"Why, the dressmaker, to be sure. Talk of the—dressmaker, and there's her knock."

"Must I go this moment?"

"Oh, no. *Let them open the door to her first.* But of course it is no use your staying whilst she is here. We shall be hours and hours making up our minds. Besides, we shall be up-stairs, trying on things. Arthur, don't look *so*. Why, the ball will be here with awful rapidity, and I'll dance with you three times out of four; I'll dance you down on the floor, my sailor bold. I never knew a Welsh girl who yet couldn't dance an Englishman into a cocked hat; now that's *vulgar*."

"Not as you speak it, love. Whatever comes from your lips is poetry. I wish you could dance me into a cocked hat and two epaulettes; for it is not in nature, nor reason, you should ever marry a lieutenant."

"It will be his fault if I don't, then."

The door was rattled discreetly, and then opened by old Dewar, butler, footman and chatterbox of the establishment. "The dressmaker, miss."

"Well, let Agnes take her up-stairs."

"Yes, miss."

Greaves thought it was mere selfishness to stay any longer now; so he bade her good-by.

But she would not let him go away sad. She tried to console him. "Surely," said she, "you would wish me to look well in public. It is *the* ball of Tenby. I want you to be proud of your prize, and not find you have captured a dowdy."

The woman of society, and her reasons, failed to comfort Lieutenant Greaves; so then, as she was not a girl to accept defeat, she tried the woman of nature; she came nearer him, and said, earnestly, "Only one day, Arthur! Spare me the pain of seeing you look unhappy."

In saying this, very tenderly, she laid her hand softly on his arm, and turned her lovely face and two beautiful eyes full up to him.

A sweet inarticulate sound ensued, and he *did* spare her the pain of seeing him look unhappy; for he went off flushed, and with very sparkling eyes.

Surely female logic has been underrated, up to the date of this writing.

Greaves went away, the happiest lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and content to kill time till the ball-day. He dined at the club; smoked a cigar on the Castle Hill, and entered his lodgings just as the London day mail was delivered. There was a paper parallelogram for him, with a seal as big as the face of a chronometer. Order from the Admiralty to join the *Redoubtable* at Portsmouth—for disposal. Private note, by the secretary, advising him to lose no time, as he might be appointed flag lieutenant to the *Centaur*, admiral's

ship on the China station, from which quick promotion was sure to follow in the ordinary course of the service.

Before he knew Ellen Ap Rice, his heart would have bounded with exultation at this bright prospect; but now that heart seemed cut in two: one half glowed with ambition, the other sickened at the very thought of leaving Ellen, half won. But those who serve the nation may doubt and fear, but they have parted with the right to vacillate. There was but one thing to do—start for London by the fast train next morning, at 10 A. M.

He sent a hurried note to Ellen, by messenger, telling her what had occurred, and imploring an interview. His messenger brought him back a prompt reply. Papa was going to Cardiff in the morning, on business; would breakfast at half-past eight precisely. He must invite himself to breakfast, that night, and come at eight.

He did so, and Ellen came down directly, with the tear in her eye. They comforted each other, agreed to look on it as a sure step to a creditable union, and, meantime, lighten the separation by a quick fire of letters. He would write from every port he landed in, and would have a letter for every homeward-bound ship they brought to, out at sea, and she would greet him with a letter at every port.

When they had duly sealed this compact, the mayor came in, and that kept them both within bounds.

But Greaves's prospect of promotion was discussed, and the mayor showed a paternal interest, and said, "Come back to Tenby a captain, and we shall all be proud of you; shall we not, Nelly?"

When a father says so much as that to a young fellow who has been openly courting his daughter, it scarcely bears two meanings; and Greaves went away, brave and buoyant, and the sting taken out of the inopportune parting.

He was soon at Portsmouth, and aboard the *Redoubtable*.

He was appointed flag-lieutenant on board the *Centaur*, then lying at Spithead, bound on a two years' voyage. Under peculiar circumstances she was to touch at Lisbon, Madeira and the Cape; but her destination was Hong Kong, where she was to lie for some time in command of the station.

Next morning, a letter from Ellen; he kissed it devotedly before he opened it. After some kind things, that were a balm to him, she seemed to gravitate toward that great event in a girl's life, the ball. "I did so miss you, dear; and that impudent Mr. Laxton had the first dance—for, of course, I never thought of putting anybody in your place; but he would not give up the second any more for that. He said I had promised. Oh, and he asked me if I would honor his yacht with my presence, and he would take me a cruise round Sunday Island. I said, 'No; I was a bad sailor.' 'Oh,' said he, 'we will wait for a soldier's wind.' What is 'a soldier's wind'? When I would not consent, he got papa by himself, and papa consented directly for both of us. I cannot bear such impudent men who will not take a 'no.'"

Arthur wrote back very affectionately, but made a point of her not sailing in Laxton's yacht. It was not proper; not prudent. The wind might fall; the yacht be out all night; and, in any case, the man was a stranger, of whom they knew nothing, but that his appearance was wild and disreputable, and that he was a mere cruiser and a man of pleasure. He hoped his Ellen would make this little sacrifice to his feelings. This was his one remonstrance.

Ellen replied to it. "You dear, jealous goose, did you think I would go on board his yacht, the only lady? Of course there was a large party; and you should have seen the Miss Frumps, and that Agnes Barker, how they flung themselves at his head; it was disgusting. But don't you worry about the man, dear. I am sorry I told you. We were back to dinner."

Then the fair writer went off to other things; but there was a postscript:

"Captain Laxton has called to bid good-by, and his beautiful yacht is just sailing out of the roads."

As what little interest there is in this part of the story centres in Miss Ap Rice's letters, I will just say that Greaves had one from her at Lisbon, which gave him unmixed pleasure. It was long, and kind, though not so gay as usual. As for this Laxton, he appeared to have faded out entirely, for she never mentioned his name.

At Madeira, Greaves received a letter, shorter and more sprightly. In a postscript she said: "Who do you think has fallen down from the clouds? That Mr. Laxton, without his yacht. We asked him what had become of her. 'Condemned,' said he, solemnly. 'In the Levant, a Greek brig outsailed her; in the Channel here, a French lugger lay nearer the wind. After that, no more cutters for me.' We think he is a little cracked. That odious Agnes Baker will not let him alone. I never saw such a shameless flirt."

The ship lay eight days at Madeira, and on the seventh day he received another letter, begging him to come home as soon as possible; for she was subject to downright persecution from Captain Laxton, and her father was much too easy. For the first time in her life she really felt the need of a protector.

This letter set Greaves almost wild. She wanted him back to protect her now, and he bound for the East, and could not hope to see her for two years.

Nothing for it but to pace the deck, and rage internally. No fresh advices possible before the Cape. He couldn't sleep, and this operated curiously: he passed for a supernaturally vigilant lieutenant.

There was a commander on board—a sprig of nobility, a charming fellow, but rather an easy-going officer; he used to wonder at Greaves, and, having the admiral's ear, praised him for a model. "The beggar never sleeps at all," said he. "I think he will kill himself."

"He will be the only one of ye," growled the admiral.

But he took notice of Greaves—all the more, that a Lord of the Admiralty, who was his personal friend, had said a word for him in one of those meek postscripts, which mean so much when written by the hand of Power.

At last they reached the Cape, and dropped anchor.

The mail-boat came out, with letters.

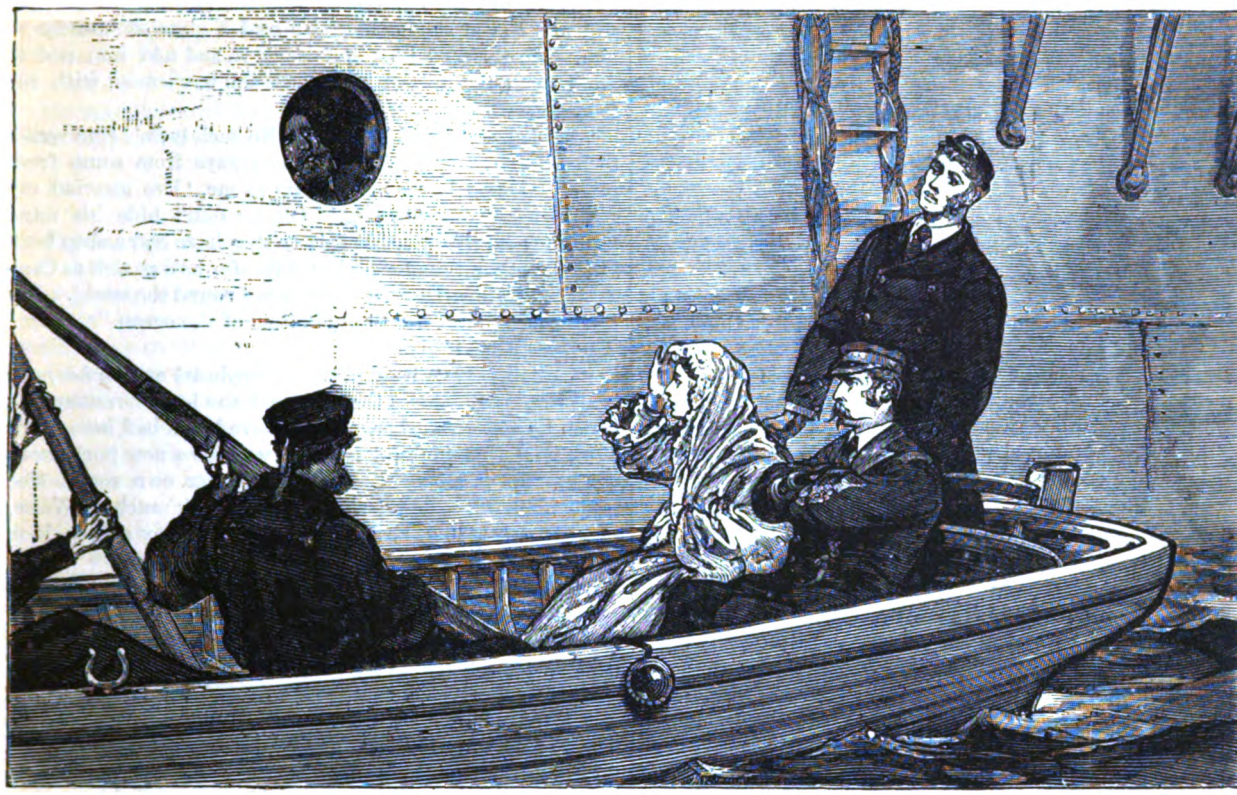
There was none for Greaves.

No letter at all! The deck seemed to rise under him; and he had to hold on by the fore-braces; and even that was as much as he could do, being somewhat weakened by sleepless nights. Several officers came round him, and the ship's surgeon applied salts and brandy, and he recovered, but looked very wild. Then the surgeon advised him to go ashore, for a change. Leave was granted immediately, and the second lieutenant went with him, good-naturedly enough. They made inquiries, and found another mail was due in two days. They took up their quarters at a hotel, and there Greaves was so wretched, and his companion so sympathetic, that at last the tormented lover made a confidant of him.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the other. "Why should she want you home if she liked that lubber?"

"I don't know," said poor Greaves. "The last letter was not like her; such a high-spirited girl; and it looked as if he was getting her into his power. If he has, all the worse for both of us; for the day I catch him I shall kill him!"

Next day the mail came in, and, as Greaves had left his address at the post-office, a letter was brought him, all wetted and swollen with rain, the boy having carried it without the



THE JILT.—"AS THEY TURNED THE BOAT'S HEAD ROUND, THE LADY, WHO HAD SEEN GREAVES THROUGH HER VAIL, AND HAD TIME TO RECOGNIZE HIM IN SPITE OF HIS BEARD, LIFTED HER VAIL FOR ONE MOMENT, AND SHOWED HIM THE FACE OF ELLEN AP RICE."

least attempt to protect it from a thick drizzle that enveloped the town that day.

Greaves tore it open. It was fatally short. This is every syllable of it:

"Forget one unworthy of you. I can resist no longer. I am fascinated. I am his slave, and must follow him round the world. Perhaps he will revenge you.

"Dear Arthur, I did not mean to deceive. I am but young; I thought I loved you as you deserve. Pray, pray forgive me. E."

Suspense, the worst of all our tortures, was over; the blow had fallen. Arthur Greaves was a man again.

"Yes, I forgive you, my poor girl," he groaned. "But" (with sudden fury) "I'll kill *him!*"

He told his friend it was all over, and even gave him the letter. "It is not her fault," he sobbed. "The fellow has cast a spell over her. No more about it; or I should soon go mad."

And, from that hour, he endured in silence, and checked all return to the subject very sternly.

But his friend talked, and told the other officers how Greaves had been jilted, and was breaking his heart; and he looked so ghastly pale that, altogether, he met with much honest sympathy. The very admiral was sorry, in his way. He had met him in the street, looking like a ghost, and his uniform hanging loose on him, his stalwart form was so shrunk.

"Confound the women!" growled the old boy, to his favorite, the commander; "there's the best officer in the ship, a first-class mathematician, an able navigator, a good seaman and a practical gunner, laid low by some young woman not worth his little finger, I'll be bound."

Next day he sent for the young man.

"Lettenant Greaves!"

"Sir."

"Here's a transport going home, and nobody to command her. They have come to me. I thought of sending the second lettenant; it would have been more convenient, for, by Jove, sir, when you are gone I may have to sail the ship myself. However, I have altered my mind—you will take the troops to Plymouth."

"Yes, admiral."

"Then you'd better take a fortnight ashore, for your health. You are very ill, sir."

"Thank you, admiral."

"Come out to Hong Kong how you can. You can apply to the Admiralty for your expenses, *if you think it is any use.*"

Greaves's eye flashed, and his pale cheek colored.

"Ay, ay," said the admiral, "I see these instructions are not so disagreeable as they ought to be. A steam-tug and a cargo of lobsters! But you must listen to me: An honest sailor like you is no match for these girls; it is not worth your while to be sick or sorry for any of them. There—there—send your traps aboard the tub, and clear the harbor of her as soon as you can. She is under your orders, sir."

"God bless you, admiral," sobbed Greaves, and retired all in a hurry, partly to hide his emotions, and partly because it is not usual, in the service, to bless one's superiors to their faces. It is more the etiquette to curse them behind their backs.

Now was Greaves a new man: light shone in his eye, vigor returned to his limbs; this most unexpected stroke of good fortune put another face on things. He had the steamboat coaled and victualed with unheard-of expedition; got the troops on board, and steamed away for Plymouth.

They had fair weather, and his hopes rose. After all, Ellen could hardly have taken any irretrievable step; she had never denied his claim on her; a good licking bestowed on Laxton might break the spell, and cool his ardor into the bargain. He felt sure he could win her back somehow. He had been out of sight when this fellow succeeded in deluding her. But now he should get fair play.

He landed the troops at Plymouth and made his report; then off to Tenby at once. He went straight to the mayor's house. A girl opened the door.

"Miss Ap Rice?"

"She don't live here, sir, now. Lawk! it is Captain Greaves. Come in, sir, and I'll send Mr. Dewar."

Greaves went in, full of misgivings, and sat down in the dining-room.

Presently Dewar came: a white-haired old fellow, who had been at sea in early life, but was now the mayor's factotum, and allowed himself great liberties.

He came in, open-mouthed. "Ah, Captain Greaves, it is a bad business. I'm a'most sorry to see you here. Gone, sir, gone, and we shall never see her again, I'm afraid."

"Gone! What, run away with that scoundrel?"

"Well, sir, it did look like running away, being so sudden. But it was a magnificent wedding, for that matter, and they left in a special steamer with a gilt starn, and the flags of all nations a-flying."

"Married!"

"You may well be surprised, sir. But, for as sudden as it was, I seen it a-coming. You see, sir, he was always at her, morning, noon and night. He'd have tired out a saint—leastways a female one. Carriage and four, to take her to some blessed old ruin or other; *she* didn't care for the ruin, but she couldn't withstand the four horses, which they are seldom seen in Tenby. Flowers every day. Hindia shawls; diamond necklace; a wheedling tongue, and a beard like a Christmas fir. I blame that there beard for it. Ye see, captain, these young ladies never speaks their real minds about them beards. Lying comes natural to them; and so, to flatter a clean, respectable body like you or me, they makes pretend, and calls beards ojious. And so they are. That there Laxton, his beard supped my soup for a wager agin his belly; and, with him chattering so, he'd forget to wipe it for ever so long. Sarved him right if I'd brought him a basin and a towel before all the company. But these young ladies, they don't vally that. What they looks for in a man is to be the hopposite of a woman. They hates and despises their own sect. So what they loves in a man is hunblushing himpudence and a long beard. The more they complains of a man's brass, the more they likes it; and as for a beard, they'd have him look like a beast, so as he looked very onlike a woman, which a beard it is. But if they once fingers one of them beards, it is all up with 'em. And that is how I knew what was coming; for one day I was at my pantry window, a-cleaning my silver, when miss and him was in the little garden; seated on one bench they was, and not fur off one another neither. He was a-reading poetry to her, and his head so near to her that I'm blest if his tarnation beard wasn't almost in her lap. Her eyes was turned up to heaven, in a kind of trance, a-tasting of the poetry; but whiles she was a-looking up to heaven, for the meaning of that there sing-song, blest if her little white fingers wasn't twisting the ends of that there beard into little ringlets, without seeming to know what they was doing. Soon as I saw that, I said, 'Here's a go. It is all up with captain Greaves. He have limed her, this here cockney sailor.' For if ever a woman plays with a man's curls, or his whiskers, or his beard, she is netted like a partridge; it is a sure sign. So should we be, if the women's hair was loose; but they has so much mercy as to tie it up, and make it as hugly as they can, and full o' pins; and that saves many a man from being netted, and caged, and all. So soon arter that she named the day."

Greaves sat dead silent under this flow of envenomed twaddle, like a Spartan under the knife. But at last he could bear it no longer. He groaned aloud, and buried his contorted face in his hands.

"Confound my chattering tongue!" said honest Dewar, and ran to the sideboard and forced a glass of brandy on him. He thanked him, and drank it, and told him not to mind him; but to tell him where she was settled with the fellow.

"Settled, sir?" said Dewar. "No such luck. She writes to her papa every week, but it is always from some fresh place. 'Dewar,' says his worship to me, 'I've married my girl to the Wandering Jew.' Oh, he don't hide his mind from me: he tells me that this Laxton have had a ship built in the North, a thundering big ship—for he's as rich as Crœsus—and he have launched her to sail round the world. My fear is, he will sail her to the bottom of the ocean."

"Poor Ellen!"

"Captain—captain—don't fret your heart out for *her*; she is all right. She loves the man, and she loves hexcitement; which he will give it her. She'd have had a ball here every week if she could; and now she will see a new port every week. She is all right. Let her go her own road. She broke her troth to do it; and we don't think much, in Wales, of girls as do that, be they gentle, or be they simple, look you."

Greaves looked up and said, sternly, "Not one word against her before me. I have borne all I can."

Old Dewar wasn't a bit offended. "Ah, you are a man, you are," said he. Then, in a cordial way, "Captain Greaves, sir, you will stay with us, now you are come."

"Me stay here!"

"Ay; why not? Ye mustn't bear spite against the old man. He stood out for you longer than I ever knowed him stand out against *her*; but she could always talk him over—she could talk anybody over. It is all haccident, my standing so true to you. It wasn't worth her while to talk old Dewar over; that is the reason. Do ye stay now. You'll be like a son to the old man, look you. He is sadly changed since she went; quite melancholy, and keeps a-blaming of hisself for letting her be master."

"Dewar," said the young man, "I cannot. The sight of the places where I walked with her, and loved her, and she seemed to love me—Oh no!—to London by the first train—and then to sea. Thank God for the sea. The sea cannot change into lying land. My heart has been broken ashore. Perhaps it may recover in a few years, at sea. Give him my love, Dewar, and God bless *you!*"

He almost ran out of the house, and fixed his eyes on the ground, to see no more objects embittered by recollections of happiness fled. He made his way to his uncle, in London, reported himself to the Admiralty, and asked for a berth in the first ship bound to China. He was told, in reply, he could go out in any merchant ship; but as his pay would not be interrupted, the government could not be chargeable for his expenses.

In spite of a dizzy headache, he went into the city next day, to arrange for his voyage.

But, at night, he was taken with a violent shivering, and before morning was light-headed.

A doctor was sent for in the morning.

Next day the case was so serious that a second was called in. The case declared itself—gastric fever and jaundice.

They administered medicines, which, as usual in these cases, did the stomach a little harm, and the system no good.

His uncle sent for a third physician—a rough, but very able man. He approved all the others had done—and did the very reverse; ordered him a milk diet, tepid aspersions, frequent change of bed and linen, and no medicine at all, but a little bark; and old Scotch whisky in moderation.

"Tell me the truth," said his sorrowful uncle.

"I always do," said the doctor, "that is why they call me

a brute. Well, sir, the case is not hopeless *yet*. But I will not deceive you; I fear he is going a longer voyage than China."

* * * * * * *

So may the mind destroy the body, and the Samson, who can conquer a host, be laid low by a woman.

PART II.

YOUTH, a good constitution, good nursing, the right food and drink, and no medicine, saved the life of Arthur Greaves. But gastric fever and jaundice are terrible foes to attack a man in concert; they left him as unlike the tanned and ruddy seaman of our first scene, as the wrecked ship battered against the shore is to the same vessel when she breasted the waves under canvas. His hair was but half an inch long, his grizzly beard two inches; and his sunken cheeks as yellow as saffron. They told him he was out of danger, and offered him a barber to shave his chin—the same that had shaved his head a fortnight before.

"No," said the convalescent; "not such a fool."

He explained to his uncle, in private, "I have lost my Ellen for want of a beard. I won't lose another that way, if I ever have one."

He turned his now benumbed heart toward his profession; and pined for blue water. His physician approved; and so, though still weakish and yellowish, he shipped, as passenger, in the *Phœbe*, bound for Bombay and China; and went on board at Gravesend. She was registered nine hundred tons; and carried out a mixed cargo of hardware and Manchester goods, including flaming cottons got up only for the East, where Englishmen admire them for their Oriental color. . . . She was well manned at starting, and ably commanded from first to last by Captain Curtis and six officers. The first mate, Mr. Lewis, was a very experienced seaman, and quite a friendship sprang up between him and flag-lieutenant Graves. The second mate, Castor, was an amiable dare-devil; but had much to learn in navigation, though in mere seamanship he was well enough. Fortunately, he knew his deficiencies, and was teachable.

A prosperous voyage is an uneventful one; and there never was a more humdrum voyage than the *Phœbe's*, from Gravesend to Bombay. She was towed from Gravesend to Deal, where an easterly wind sprang up, and, increasing, carried her past the *Lizard*, and out of sight of land; soon after that the wind veered a point or two to the northward. She sighted Madeira on the seventh day, and got the N.E. Trades; they carried her two degrees north of the line. Between that and 2 S. she fell into the Doldrums. But she got the S.E. Trade sooner than usual, and made the best of it; set the foretopmast studding sail, and went a little out of her course. At 34 S. she got into the steady norwester, and, in due course, anchored in Table Bay.

The diamond fever being at its height, several hands deserted her at the Cape. But she had fair weather, and reached Bombay without any incident worth recording. By this time Greaves had put on flesh and color, and, though his heart had a scar that often smarted, it bled no longer, and, as to his appearance, he was himself again, all but a long and very handsome beard.

At Bombay the *Phœbe* landed part of her cargo, and all her passengers; but took a few fresh ones on board, for China; a Portuguese merchant bound for Macao, and four ladies, two of them officers' wives returning to their husbands, and two spinsters going out to join their relatives at Hong Kong. They were all more or less pretty and intelligent, and brightened the ship amazingly; yet one day every man in her wished, with all his soul, every one of those ladies was out of her. She also shipped forty Lascars, to make up for twenty white men she had lost by death and desertion.

The *Phœbe* had fair weather to Penang, and for some time after, but not enough of it. However, after the usual bother in the Straits of Malacca, she got clear, and carried a light breeze with her. Captain Curtis feared it would be down sun, down wind; but the breeze held through the first and greater part of the second watch; and then, sure enough, it fell dead calm.

Mr. Lewis had the morning watch; the ropes were coiled up at one bell, the whip rigged, the deck wetted and sanded, and they were holystoning it, when day began to break. Then there loomed the black outline of a strange sail lying on the *Phœbe's* port-beam, a quarter of a mile off. The sun soon gets his full power in that latitude, and in a minute the vessel burst out quite clear—a topsail schooner, of some four hundred tons, with a long, snaky hull, taunt, raking masts, and black mast-heads, everything very trig, alow and aloft, sails extremely white; she carried five guns of large calibre on each side.

Lewis reported her to the captain directly, and he came on deck. They both examined her with their glasses. She puzzled them.

"What do you make of her, Lewis? Looks like a Yankee."

"So I thought, sir, till I saw her armament."

Here Greaves joined them, and the captain turned toward him. "Can she be one of your China squadron?"

"Hardly, unless the admiral has a schooner for his tender; and, if so, she would be under a pennant."

Lewis suggested she might be a Portuguese schooner, looking out for pirates.

Captain Curtis said she might; and he should like to know; so he ordered the driver to be brailed up, and the ship's colors hoisted.

The next moment it was eight bells, and pipe to breakfast. But Captain Curtis and his companions remained on deck, to see the stranger hoist her colors in reply.

The schooner did not show a rag of bunting. She sat the water, black, grim, snake-like, silent.

Her very crew were invisible; yet one glance at her rigging had showed the officers of the *Phœbe* she was well manned.

Captain Curtis had his breakfast brought him on deck.

The vessels drifted nearer each other, as often happens in a dead calm. So, at 8.50 A.M., Captain Curtis took a trumpet, and hailed the stranger, "*Schooner—ahoy!*"

No answer.

The *Phœbe's* men tumbled up, and clustered on the forecastle, and hung over the bulwarks; for nothing is more exciting to a ship's company than hailing another vessel at sea.

Yet not one of the schooner's crew appeared.

This was strange, unnatural, and even alarming.

The captain, after waiting some time, repeated his hail still louder.

This time, a single figure showed on board the schooner—a dark, burly fellow, with a straight mustache, a little tuft on his chin, and wearing a Persian fez. He stood by the foremast swift-sure of the main rigging, and bawled through his trumpet, "Hullo!"

"What schooner is that?"

"What ship is that?"

"The *Phœbe*."

"Where from, and where bound?"

"Penang to Hong Kong. Who are *you?*"

"The *Black Rover*."

"Where bound?"

"Nowhere—cruising."

"Why don't—ye—show—your colors?"

"Ha!—ha!"

As this strange laugh rang through the trumpet across the strip of water that now parted the two vessels, the Mephistophelian figure dived below, and the schooner was once more deserted, to all appearance.

It was curious to see how Captain Curtis and his first mate now evaded their own suspicions, and were ingenious in favorable surmises. Might she not be an armed slaver? or, as Lewis had suggested, a Portuguese?

"That fellow who answered the hail had the cut of a Portuguese."

But here Mr. Castor put in his word.

"If she is looking for pirates, she hasn't far to go for one, I'm thinking," said that hare-brained young mar

"Nonsense, sir," said the captain. "What do you know about pirates? Did ye ever see one as near as this?"

"No, sir."

"No more did I," said Greaves.

"*You!*" said Castor. "Not likely. When they see a Queen's ship they are all wings, and no beak. But they can range up alongside a poor devil of a merchantman. Not seen a pirate? no; they are rare birds now; but I have seen ships of burden, and ships of war, and this is neither. She is low in the water, yet she carries no freight, for she floats like a cork. She is armed, and well manned, yet no crew to be seen. The devils are under hatches, till the time comes. If she isn't a pirate, what is she? However, I'll soon know."

"Don't talk so wild, Castor," said the captain; "and how can you know? They won't answer straight, and they won't show their colors."

"Oh, there's a simple way you have not thought of," said the sapient Castor; "and I'll take that way, if you will allow me—I'LL BOARD HER."

At this characteristic proposal, made with perfect composure, the others looked at him with a certain ironical admiration.

"Board her!" said the captain. "I'll be hanged if you do."

"Why not, captain? There, that shows you think she is wicked. Why, we *must* find out what she is, somehow."

"We shall know soon enough," said the captain, gloomily. "I am not going to risk my officers; if anybody boards her, it shall be me."

"Oh, that is the game, is it?" said Castor, reproachfully. "Why, captain, you are a married man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"No more words, sir, if you please," said the captain, sternly. "Step forward, and give the order to sling a butt and get a boat ready for target practice. I shall exercise the guns, being a calm. Perhaps he thinks we are weaker than we are."

As soon as Castor's back was turned, he altered his tone, and said, with much feeling:

"I know that foolhardy young man's mother. How could I look her in the face if I let him board that devil before we know her intentions?"

A butt was ballasted with sand, so as to secure its floating steadily, bung-hole up; the bung was removed, and a boat-hook wedged in, bearing the ensign. The butt was then launched, and towed out half a mile to starboard; and the *Phœbe* tried her guns on it.

If she had anticipated this meeting, the ship could have poured a formidable broadside into the mysterious stranger; for she carried three 32-pound carronades of a side on her quarter-deck, and thirteen 18-pounders of a side on her gun-deck. But it was the old story: the times were peaceable, the men were berthed on the gun-deck, and, for their convenience, eighteen out of the twenty-six guns had been struck down into the hold.

With the remaining guns on the starboard side they fired at the butt, and so carefully that, after an hour's practice, it was brought back very little the worse. The only telling shot was made on the gun-deck by a gunner, whose foot slipped somehow, and he dropped a 32-pound ball on Greaves's ankle, disabling that unfortunate officer; he was carried to his cabin, in great pain, and there attended by the surgeon.

The commotion caused by this misfortune was scarcely over upon the quarter-deck, when an unexpected incident occurred, an act of direct insubordination. Mr. Castor had put on his uniform, and persuaded two poor fellows, an ignorant Lascar and a reckless Briton like himself, to go out in the boat to the schooner. They slipped into her as soon as the party came on board with the butt, and at first pretended to be bailing her out, and examining her for leaks; but they worked quietly alongside till they got under the ship's bows, and then dropped their oars gently into the water, and pulled for the schooner like mad.

They were a third of the way before Captain Curtis caught sight of them. He roared at them to come back, and threatened to put them in irons. But none are so deaf as those who won't hear; and he did not use his trumpet, lest the enemy should think they were disunited on board the ship.

He and Lewis, therefore, now looked on in silence, and literally perspired with anxiety for the fate of Castor and his boat's crew; and, although their immediate anxiety was as unselfish as it was keen, yet they were also conscious that, if Castor lost his life in this rash enterprise, that would prove the commander of the schooner felt strong enough to attack *them*—no quarter on either side—and intended to do it.

At this terrible moment, when their eyes were strained to observe every movement in the schooner, and their nerves strung up like violin strings, female voices broke gayly in upon them with innocent chatter that, for once, jarred as badly as screams; the lady passengers had kept very snug during the firing, but finding it was quite over, burst on the deck in a body.

First Lady—"Oh, that's the ship we have been saluting."

Second Lady—"A royal salute."

Third Lady—"Is it the Duke of Edinburgh's ship, captain?"

No answer.

Third Lady—"What a beauty!"

First Lady—"Why does she not salute us back, captain?"

Captain—"Got no guns, perhaps."

First Lady—"Oh, yes, she has. Those black things peeping out are guns."

Second Lady—"Ah, there's one of our boats going to call on her."

Third Lady—"Oh, captain, may we go on board of her?"

Captain—"No, ma'am."

Third Lady—"Oh, dear. Why not?"

Captain—"That is my business."

The fair speaker tossed her head, and said, "Well, I am sure!" but she drew back with red cheeks, and the tears in her eyes, at being snubbed so suddenly and unreasonably; the other ladies gathered round her, and the words, "Cross old thing!" were heard to issue from the party, but fell unheeded, for neither the captain nor Mr. Lewis had eyes nor ears except for the schooner and the boat. As the latter neared the ship, several faces peeped, for a moment, from the port-holes of the schooner.

Yet, when the boat ran alongside the schooner amidships, there was no respect shown to Castor's uniform, nor, indeed, common civility; it would have been no more than the right

THE VISIT TO THE GRANDPARENTS.

thing to pipe the side; but there were no sidesmen at all, nor even a side-rope.

Observing this, Captain Curtis shook his head very gravely.

But the dare-devil Castor climbed the schooner's side like a cat, and boarded her in a moment, then gave his men an order, and disappeared. The men pulled rapidly away from the schooner; and a snarl of contempt and horror broke from Curtis and his first mate. They seemed to be abandoning their imprudent but gallant officer.

They pulled about a hundred yards, and then rested on their oars, and waited.

Then every sailor on board the *Phœbe* saw, instinctively, that Castor felt his danger, and had declined to risk any life but his own. He must have ordered the men to lie-to a certain time, then give him up for lost, and return in safety to the ship. This trait, and his daring, made Castor, in one single moment, the darling of the whole ship's company.

The ladies were requested to go below, on some pretense or other; and the ship was cleared for action, as far as possible.

Meantime words can hardly describe the racking suspense that was endured by the officers, and, in a great degree, by the crew of the *Phœbe*. The whole living heart of that wooden structure throbbed for one man.

Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—thirty—yet he did not reappear.

Apprehension succeeded to doubt, and despair to apprehension.

At last they gave him up, and the burning desire for vengeance mingled with their fears for their own safety. So strong was this feeling, that the next event, the pirate's attack upon that ill-fated officer's ship, was no longer regarded with unmixed dread. The thirst for vengeance mingled with it.

At ten o'clock, A.M., the strained eyes on board the *Phœbe* saw two sidesmen appear amidships, and fix scarlet side-ropes.

Then came an officer, and hailed Castor's boat. The men pulled to the schooner. Then Castor appeared, and went down by the ropes into the boat; he and the officer touched hats. Castor sat down in the stern-sheets, and the men gave way.

The ship's company cheered, the side was piped, and the insubordinate officer received on board with all the honors. Caps were waved, eyes glistened, and eager hands extended to him; but he himself did not seem so very exultant. He was pleased with his reception, however, and said, in his quaint way, "This is jolly. I am not to be put in irons, then."

The captain drew him apart. "Well, what is she?"

"Don't know."

"Why, what do you mean? You have been near an hour aboard her."

"But I am none the wiser. Captain, I wish you would have us all into your cabin, and then I'll tell you a rum story; perhaps you will understand it amongst you; for you know my head-piece isn't A 1."

This advice was taken directly, and Castor related his adventures, in full conclave, with closed doors.

MR. CASTOR'S NARRATIVE.

"THE beggar did not hang out so much as a rope to me. I boarded his hooker the same way I should like to board her again with thirty good cutlasses at my back; and I ordered the boat to lie out of harm's way for an hour.

"Well, I soon found myself on her quarter-deck, under the awning. By George, sir, it was alive with men, as busy as bees, making their little preparations, drat 'em. Some were oiling the locks of the guns, some were cleaning small arms, some were grinding cutlasses. They took no notice of me; and I stood there looking like an ass.

"I wondered whether they took me for a new officer just joined; but that was not likely. However, I wasn't going to notice *them*, as they hadn't the manners to notice me. So there I stood, and watched them. And I had just taken out my vesuvians to light a cigar, when a middle-aged man, in a uniform I don't know, but the metal of it was silver, came bustling up, touched his cap to the deck, and brushed past me as if I was invisible; so I hung on to his coat-tails, and brought him to under all his canvas.

"This set the youngest mate giggling, but he was promptly frowned down.

"'Hullo!" says he, 'what are ye about? Why, who the deuce are *you?*'

"'Second mate of the *Phœbe*, alongside,' says I.

"'Mate of the *Phœbe*,' says he; 'then what brings you on board of *us?*'

"That was rather a staggerer; but I thought a bit, and said I wanted to see the captain of the schooner.

"Well, sir, at this some of the men left off working and looked up at me, as if I was some strange animal.

"'*Do* you?' says the officer; 'then you are the only man aboard that does.' Then he turned more friendly like, and says, 'Look here, young gentleman, don't you go to meet trouble; wait till it comes to you. Go back to your ship, before *she* sees you.'

"'She! Who?'

"'No matter. You sheer off, and leave our captain alone.'

"Now, gentlemen, I'm a good-tempered chap, and you may chaff me till all is blue; but I can't stand intimidation. If they threaten me, it puts my blood up. At school, if another boy threatened me, I never answered him; my fist used to fly at his mouth as soon as the threat was out of it."

"Good little boy," said Lewis.

But the captain was impatient. "Come, sir, we don't want your boyish reminiscences; to the point, please."

"Ay, ay, sir. Well, then, the moment he threatened me, I just turned my back on him, and made for the companion-ladder.

"'Avast there!' roared the officer, in an awful fright. 'Nobody uses that ladder but the captain himself, and, man alive, if you *will* see him, follow me.' So he led me down the main hatchway. By the chain-cable tier I came, all of a sudden, on three men in irons; ugly beggars they were, and wild-looking, reckless chaps. One of them ran a spare anklet along the bar, and says to me, 'Here you are; room for one more.' But my companion soon stopped his jaw. 'Silence in irons, or he'll cut your tongue out,' says he. He wouldn't go to the captain with me, but he pointed aft, and whispered, 'Last cabin but one, starboard side.' Then he sheered off, and I went for'ard and knocked at the cabin-door. No answer; so I knocked louder. No answer; so I turned the handle and opened the door."

"Young madman!" groaned the captain.

"Not so very. *I had my little plan.*"

"Oh, he had his little plan," said Curtis, ironically, pityingly, paternally. Then, hotly, "Go on, sir; don't keep us on tenter-hooks, like this."

"Well, captain, I opened that door, and oh, my eye! it wasn't a cabin; it was a nobleman's drawing-room; pile carpet an inch thick; beautiful painted ceiling; so many mirrors down to the ground, and opposite each other, they made it look like a big palace. Satin-wood tables; luxurious couches and chairs; a polished brass stove, but all the door-handles silver; venetians, and rose-colored blinds and curtains. The sun just forced its way through, and made everything pink. It was a regular paradise; but instead of an angel, there was a great hulking chap, squatted cross-legged on an ottoman at the further end, smoking a hookah as long and twisty as a boa-constrictor. The beggar wasn't smoking honest tobacco, neither, but mixed with rose leaves and cinnamon shavings, and, in my opinion, a little opium, for he turned up his eyes like an owl in paradise."

"Not so formidable, then."

"Formidable! Well, I wouldn't answer for that at the proper time, and at the head of his cut-throats; for he was a precious big chap, with black brows, and a wicked-looking mustache and tuft. He was the sort of chap that nigger, who smothers his wife in the play, says he *killed;* 'a malignant and a turbaned Turk,' you know. But then, it wasn't his fighting hour; he was in smoker's paradise, and it's my belief you might have marched up to him and knocked him on the head—like one of those devil-may-care penguins that won't budge for a cannon-ball—and then he would have gone smoking on the ground till you cut his head off and took away his pipe. But you'll find the 'Malignant' had a protector, worse luck, and one that didn't smoke spice, but only looked it. Well, captain, I came up to the nearest table, and hit it pretty hard with my fist, to see if I could make that thundering picture jump."

"What picture?"

"Why, the 'Malignant and the Turbaned.' Devil a bit. He took no notice. So then I bawled at the beggar—'Your most obedient, sir; I'm the second mate of the *Phœbe*, lying alongside, and the captain has sent me to compare longitudes."

"The 'Malignant' took no notice; just glared at me, and smoked his pipe. He looked just like that 'Malignant Turban' that plays whist with you by machinery in London, and fixes his stony eyes on you all the time; but, with me bawling at him, a door opened, and in came a flood of light, and, in the middle of it, oh Lord!"——

"Well, what?"

"Just the loveliest woman I ever clapped eye on. The vision took me all aback, and I suppose I stared at her as hard as the 'Malignant' was staring at vacancy; for she smiled at my astonishment, and made me a sort of a haughty curtsy, and waved her hand for me to sit down. Then says she, mighty civil—too civil by half—'Have I the pleasure of addressing the captain of that beautiful ship?'

"'I'm her second officer, ma'am,' says I; but I was too dazzled to make her up any lies all in a moment.

"'Bound for China?' says she, like honey.

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'A large crew?' says she, like treacle.

"'About ninety, ma'am,' says I, very short, for I began to smell a rat.

"'Many European sailors amongst them?' says she.

"So then I saw what the beautiful fiend would be at, and I said 'about fifty.'

"'Indeed!' says she, smiling like Judas. 'You know ladies will be curious, and I could only count twenty-five.'

"'The rest were below, coiling ropes,' says I.

"So she laughed at that, and said, 'But I saw plenty of Lascars.'

"'Oh, our Lascars are picked men,' says I.

"'I wish you joy of them,' she says; 'we don't have them here: not to be trusted, in EMERGENCIES, you know.'

"Whilst I was swallowing this last pill, she at me again. Did we often exercise our guns? I said of course we did, in a calm. 'Why,' said she, 'that is not much use; the art is to be able to hit ships, and *things*, as you are rising, or falling, on the waves—so they *tell* me,' says she, correcting herself.

"The beautiful devil made my blood run cold. She knew too much.

"'What is your cargo?' says she, just as if she was our bosom friend. But I wouldn't stand any more of it. 'Nutmegs,' says I. So she laughed, and said, 'Well, but seriously?' So then I thought chaffing her would do no good, and I told her we had landed the valuable part of our cargo at Bombay, and had only a lot of grates and fire-irons left. I put on a friendly tone, all sham, like hers, you know, and told her that tea-ships depended on the cargo they brought home, not on the odds and ends they took out just to ballast the craft."

"Well, what was the next thing?"

"Oh, I remember she touched a silver bell; and a brown girl, in loose trousers, and cocked-up shoes and a turban, came in with a gold tray, or it might be silver gilt, and a decanter of wine; and the lovely demon said, 'Pour out some wine, Zulema.'

"'No, thank you, ma'am,' said I. So she laughed, and said it wasn't poisoned. She sent off the slave, and filled two glasses with the loveliest white hand, and such a diamond on it. She began drinking to me, and, of course, I did the same to her. 'Here's to our next merry meeting,' said she. My blood ran a little cold at that; but I finished my liquor. It was no use flying a white feather; so, says I, 'Here's to the Corsair's bride.' Her eyes twinkled, but she made me a civil curtsy.

"'That's prime Madeira,' says I.

"She said, yes, it had been their companion in several cruises. 'It runs through a fellow like oil,' says I. 'Then have some more,' said she. So I did, and then she did not say any more, and the 'Malignant' sat mum-chance; and I was pumped dry, and quite at a loss. So—not to look like a fool—I—asked 'em to breakfast."

"What!—Who?"

"Why, the lady and gentleman; I mean the 'Malignant,' and 'the Corsair's bride.'"

"Young madman!"

"Why, what harm could that do, captain?"

"What good could it do? What did they say?"

"She said, 'Are there any ladies aboard?' I said, 'Yes, and tip-top fashionable ones.' So then she looked at the 'Malignant,' and he never moved a muscle. So then she said: 'We will do ourselves the pleasure—IF WE ARE IN COMPANY;' and she smiled ever so knowingly, did that beautiful demon.

"Then I pretended cheerful: 'That is all right,' said I. 'Mind, I shall tell the ladies, and they will be awfully disappointed if you don't come.'

"'I assure you,' says she, 'we will come, IF WE ARE IN COMPANY. I give you my hand on it,' says she; and she put out her hand. It was lovely, and white; but I looked at it as if 'twas the devil's claw; but I had to take it, or walk the plank; so I did take it; and, oh Lord, would you believe it? she gave mine such a squeeze."

Lewis—"Gammon!"

Castor—"I tell you she gave my flipper the most delicious squeeze you ever—it was so long, and soft, and gentle."

Curtis—"But what was it for?"

Castor—"At the time I thought it was to encourage me; for she said, ever so softly, 'You are a brave man.' But more likely it was to delude me, and put me off my guard. Well, I was for sheering off, after that, and I made a low bow to the 'Malignant'; he never got up, but he showed his little bit o' breeding, took the snake-pipe out of his mouth, and brought his head slowly down, an inch a minute, till he looked like pitch-poling over on the floor and cutting a somersault; and, whilst he was going down and up again, the lady said: 'You had better wait a minute'; it was in a very particular way she said it; and she flew to a telegraph, and her white hands went clicking at an awful rate; and I cannot get it out of my head that if those white hands hadn't worked those wires, I should have been cut to pieces at the cabin-door. Not that I cared so very much for that. I HAD MY LITTLE PLAN. However, she left off clicking just as that old picture got his figurehead above his bows again; so I made my bow to 'em both, and sheered off; and blest if that elderly officer does not meet me at the door, and marcu

before me to the quarter-deck; and there's another officer hailing my boat; and there were fine scarlet silk side-ropes fixed, and two men standing by them. So I came away in state. But I'm no wiser than I went. Whether it is an Eastern prince out on pleasure, or a first-class pirate, I don't know. I hope you will order a tip-top breakfast, captain, for the honor of the ship—lobster curry, for one thing; and sharpen cutlasses, and clean small arms; and borrow all Mr. Greaves's revolvers; he is taking out quite a cargo of 'em. And that reminds me I forgot to tell you what my little plan was that made me so saucy. I borrowed one of Greaves's six-shooters; here it is, and at first sign of treachery, I wasn't going to waste powder, but just cut back and kill the 'Malignant' and the Corsair's bride; for I argued they wouldn't have a successor ready, and ten to one they would have a quarrel who was to take command; so that would save our hooker at the expense of one hand, and him a bachelor. Nobody minds a bachelor getting snuffed out."

Upon Mr. Castor revealing his little plan, the other officers insisted on shaking hands with him. At which he stared, but consented heartily; and, finding himself in such unexpected favor, repeated his advice. "Prepare an excellent breakfast for to-morrow, and grind cutlasses, and load the guns with grape, and get all the small-arms loaded, especially revolvers; for," said Castor, "I *think* they mean to board us to-night, cut all our throats, ravish the women, and scuttle the craft when they have rifled her; but if they don't, I'm *sure* they will come to breakfast. She gave me her hand on that, and the turbaned Turk nodded his thundering old piratical figure-head."

The other officers agreed with him that the ship would probably be attacked that night, and all possible preparations were made for her defense. They barred the ports on the main deck, charged the cannon with grape, armed the Lascars with cutlasses, and the white men with muskets as well, and the officers and the boatswain with cutlasses and revolvers.

The sun set, and all was now grim expectation and anxiety. No watch was called, for the whole crew was the watch.

The moon came out, and showed the cutter, like a black snake, lying abominably near.

Hour after hour dragged by in chill suspense. Each bell, as it was struck, rang like a solemn knell.

Midnight came, and passed. Morning approached.

The best time for attacking seemed to have passed.

Fears began to lessen; hopes to glow.

The elastic Castor began to transfer his whole anxiety to the cook and his mate, standing firm to his theory that the Corsair and his bride would come to breakfast, if they did not attack the ship that night. The captain pooh-poohed this; and, indeed, Castor persuaded nobody but the cook. Him he so flattered about his fish-patties, and lobster curries, etc., that he believed anything.

Day broke, and the ship's company and officers breathed freely. Some turned in. But still the schooner was closely watched by many eyes and deck-glasses, and keenly suspected.

Soon after eight bells there was a movement on board the schooner; and this was immediately reported by Mr. Castor, then in charge of the ship, to Captain Curtis. He came on deck directly.

"You are right, sir," said he, handling his glass, "and they are lowering a boat. He is coming. And—by Jove, they are rigging a whip. There's a lady. Mr. Castor, rig a whip on the mainyard. Bear a hand there forward. Bosen!—attend the side. Here, sling this chair. Smart, now—they are shoving off."

Six able oarsmen brought the Corsair and his bride, with race-horse speed, from the schooner to the ship.

But there were smart fellows on board the *Phœbe*, too. There was a shrill wind of the boatswain's pipe-call, the side was promptly manned, the chair lowered into the schooner's boat as she came alongside, and gently hoisted, with the lady in it, and she was landed on the deck of the *Phœbe*.

She had a thick vail on.

The commander of the schooner drew up beside her, and Captain Curtis came forward, and the two commanders off hats and bowed.

The captain of the schooner was now gorgeous in a beautiful light-blue uniform, the cloth glossy as velvet, and heavy with silver, as was also his cap.

The captain led the way to the cabin. His guests followed; the ladies were duly informed, and dropped in one after another. Then the Corsair's bride removed her vail, and revealed a truly beautiful woman, in the prime of youth, with a divine complexion, and eyes almost purple, so deep was their blue.

Captain Curtis seated this dazzling creature to his right, and, to the surprise of the company, her commander immediately seated himself on her other side. The ladies looked at each other, and smiled, as much as to say "He is jealous; and no great wonder." However, they talked to her across the body of her lord, and she to them, and she was a most piquant addition to the table, and full of spirit; she seemed devoted to her companion.

For all that, she had a letter in her pocket, which she intended to confide to one of those ladies she had never seen before in all her life; and she was now quietly examining their faces, and judging their voices, as she conversed with them, merely to make the best selection of a confidente she could.

The breakfast did honor to the ship, and the Corsair praised the lobster curry, and made himself very agreeable all round.

Presently one of the ladies said to Mr. Castor, "But where is Mr. Greaves?" Castor told her he had been disabled by a shot a lubberly gunner had dropped on his foot, and was confined to his cabin.

"Oh dear," said the lady; "poor Mr. Greaves! How unlucky he is!"

"Is it one of your officers?" asked the strange lady, quietly.

"No, ma'am. He is a Queen's officer, lieutenant of the *Centaur*, going out with us as passenger."

Then the lady changed color, but said nothing, and speedily turned the conversation; but the Corsair looked black as thunder, and became rather silent all of a sudden.

The ladies rose and invited the fair stranger to go with them.

"Please excuse her," said the Corsair, in a civil but commanding tone.

She seemed indifferent.

Soon after this an officer came in and said, joyfully, "Wind from the *Nor*-west."

"Ah!" said the stranger; "then we must leave you, sir. Come on deck, dear."

When they got on deck, the lady said, rather pettishly, "Wind? I feel no wind." Thereupon Mr. Castor pointed out to her a dark blue line, about eight miles off, on the pale blue water.

"Oh!" said she; "that is wind, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am, and a good breeze, too; it will be here in twenty minutes. Why, your boat is gone. Never mind, we will take you."

"By all means," said she, aloud; then, as she turned from him, she said, in a swift whisper, "Sit near me in the boat; I've something for you."

Now this conversation passed at the head of the companion-ladder, and Greaves heard the lady's voice, though not the words. He started violently, huddled on his clothes, and would have hobbled on deck, but the boat was brought alongside in full view from the port-window of his cabin. He heard her grate the ship's side, and opened the window just as the lady was lowered into the boat. The chair was hoisted. The lady, with her vail down as she had come, took her seat on the stern thwart, beside her companion; Castor sitting at the helm.

"Shove off!" was the word.

Then, as they turned the boat's head round, the lady, who had seen Greaves through her vail, and had time to recognize him in spite of his beard, lifted her vail for one moment, and showed him the face of Ellen Ap Rice—that face he had loved so well, and suffered so cruelly for loving it. That face was now pale and eloquent beyond the power of words. There was self-reproach, a prayer for forgiveness, and—stranger still—a prayer to that injured friend—FOR HELP.

(To be continued.)

"THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS."

A FAIRY TALE.

"THERE were two Princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
'Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the King.'

"They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

"A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth—
One climbed the rocks to reach. Ah! well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

"Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground—
Gems of quick fire the other found.

"One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

"Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands
The other torn and empty hands.

"At bird and rose and gem and fruit
The King was sad, the King was mute:
At last he slowly said, 'My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"'Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound.'"

MISS CRIMME'S ROMANCE.

AT the extreme end of Main Street, in a quiet New England town, there was a low, rambling stone house. A portion of it was overrun so with vines that some of the windows were quite hidden. There was all around it a small space of ground thickly planted with trees. Miss Jane Crimme lived in the house, and had lived there for many years. Before, her mother had lived there also a long time, and when the old lady became an invalid and bed-ridden, her daughter took her place at the head of the house, and so strongly did Miss Jane resemble her mother that, when the latter passed away, things went on exactly as ever, and it seemed as if the old lady and her daughter had been merged into one person; so that people called her Mrs. Jane or Mrs. Crimme.

Miss Jane was far from being a homely person; through the traces of time and suffering might easily be seen the remains of past beauty, but hardened and so sorrow-stricken, that a great fear fell on the little maid, Elizabeth, whenever she appeared.

Elizabeth was the maid-of-all-work, and a living defiance to those rules which arrange a certain harmony between people and their names. Having been taken from some asylum or charity school, and being much astonished at everything differing from her past associations, her face had acquired a chronic look of utter amazement, somewhat heightened by a pair of perfectly round, large black eyes. Her general appearance was rather remarkable, too, on account of the evident unrestrained exercise of her own taste in matters of dress, which was not altogether above criticism. Her favorite post was at a window commanding something of a view of the main street, at which, at short intervals, during the entire day, she was to be seen leaning her chin on her two hands, and her elbows on the window-ledge, with the prominent portions of her face pressed flat against the glass, which practice had not improved the regularity or form of her features. At the least noise she vanished as though the earth had swallowed her, the fact being that she dropped herself on the floor and crawled to the scene of her duties, as though the window alone was to be feared by allowing her to be seen.

Miss Crimme was really kind and gentle, but Elizabeth could never quite accustom herself to the tall figure, and severe, sad face of her mistress.

Miss Crimme's mother had first come to the town many years before, quite alone. Her peculiarity of attending exclusively to her own affairs, and leaving those of her neighbors alone, had at first, naturally, of course, excited curiosity and suspicion; but as years passed on, and nothing occurred to feed the one or keep alive the other, they died out, and the old lady was spoken of with respect and left entirely to herself. Even the arrival of her daughter, of whose existence many were ignorant, some years after her removal to the town, caused but little remark.

Miss Jane was then a handsome woman of about twenty-three. It was said she came from abroad; indeed, several stories were set afloat, but soon were forgotten for some more interesting subject of gossip. She was quiet in her manner, and very retiring and reticent, as if under a restraint, at first, but this soon grew to a habit. Shortly after her coming, her mother was taken ill, and from that time never left her room except to be carried to her last resting-place.

From the time of her mother's illness Miss Crimme assumed the head of the house, and, as I once before said, seemed so like her mother in her ways and appearance, that she was called Mrs. Crimme, and the old lady herself was forgotten some time before she passed away.

Elizabeth was seated, one afternoon, on the back of a chair at the kitchen window, greatly absorbed in the occasional passing-by of a pedestrian, when a violent knock at the door caused her to drop instantly on the floor. She remained there some moments, entirely forgetful of her duty to open the door. At a second knock, she tremblingly went to the door. This she carefully secured with a chain, to prevent its being opened more than about four inches, and then opening it, and placing as much of herself as was possible in the opening, she said, "Please come in, ma'am!" utterly unconscious of the impossibility of any compliance with her request. It was the postman.

Elizabeth never remembered having seen the postman at the house before, and was, consequently, greatly alarmed as well as amazed.

"A letter for Mrs. Crimme."

And he left in the hands of the trembling and still terrified maid a small note with the postmark of the city on it, and sealed with black.

It was some minutes before she sufficiently recovered to close the door. Then she carefully wiped off the letter on both sides with her apron, and folding it up in that article of dress, went to Miss Crimme's room.

She knocked timidly.

The clear, even voice of Miss Crimme came in reply:

"Come in!"

Elizabeth opened the door carefully, and squeezing herself in, shut it to hastily, as though she was afraid the occupant might escape.

"Please ma'am, it was the postman, and he's been and gone and left a letter, ma'am!" with two quick courtesies, and widely opened eyes fixed on Miss Crimme, who sat near a wood-fire, reading from a journal.

"Give it to me," said Miss Crimme, closing her book, while a slight flush overspread her face.

Elizabeth slowly approached and gave the letter, without removing her eyes from her mistress.

Miss Jane took it, broke the seal, slowly unfolded the letter and read it. As she did so, a strangely bright expression came over her face, and she looked almost lovely by the red light of the fire.

Elizabeth stood by, greatly wondering, till her mistress, suddenly remembering, said:

"You may go, Elizabeth; and, if you wish, go out for an hour, no longer; or you may sit by the window, if you choose."

"Yes, ma'am—thank'ee, miss!" and she retired as she had entered, carefully closing the door, lest Miss Jane might escape.

In Miss Crimme's lap lay the letter, while her eyes studied the red coals of the fire, and a smile played over her generally sad and stern face.

This was the letter:

"Can you forgive and forget the past? I have suffered much, but my feelings for you are unchanged. Write me but one word. I am ill, and lonely, and dying."

Then followed an address.

Miss Crimme was thinking—remembering. She was but human after all.

There are, in the world, a few natures—weak, they are called—which neglect, inconstancy, or insult even, can scarcely change or shake in their allegiance to the object beloved. Besides, actions viewed through the vista of long years look wonderfully different.

Miss Jane arose after a few minutes, and, going to a small writing-table, wrote the answer. And the "one word" requested was: "Come."

One or two days after the letter came, Miss Jane informed the astonished Elizabeth that a gentleman was coming to stay with them, and that the best spare room, which had been her mother's, must be prepared.

The room was accordingly prepared, and toward dusk the expected visitor arrived. He came in a carriage. He was evidently an invalid, or had been quite ill.

Elizabeth let nothing escape her as she opened the door and called Miss Jane. The gentleman walked slowly and with the aid of the coachman. He was quite tall, and, but for the various wrappings around him, might have been erect and well-shaped. His face was peculiarly handsome. All the features were regular and finely chiseled; but there was a something, to any one familiar with physiognomy, painfully repugnant in the face. Utter and intense selfishness was plainly written there. Narrow and contracted thoughts seemed to be the necessary companions of such a face.

Miss Jane met him at the door.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion, as she grasped his hand, and a world of affection and pity seemed expressed in her face. She looked young again, and pretty, with that beauty which high thoughts and generous impulses give to a countenance.

"At last, Jeannette—Jeannette!" he said, and his face caught something of the brightness of Miss Jane's.

A bright light burned on the hearth of the parlor. There Miss Jane led him, while the coachman deposited a small, worn and well-traveled box in the hall. The visitor was seated in a large chair by the fire, and Miss Jane stood by him. The door was closed.

"We meet again, Edward, after so many years of separation," said Miss Jane; "and yet it seems but yesterday since we last met. The long years have rolled by—oh, how long and weary they seemed in passing!—and now that they are all past, it seems so short—so short!" she repeated in a dreamy sort of way, and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"My true, faithful Jeannette!" returned the gentleman, looking up at her with his large, beautiful eyes, and taking her hand in his.

There was a few moments' pause, during which neither seemed to know exactly what to say. At last Miss Jane broke the silence.

"And when did you leave Paris?"

Something of the sweet expression here seemed to die out of her face, and she looked away from him and took a seat near him.

"Ah, Jeannette! I am at best but a miserable fellow, but you must help me, for there was never but one in my wretched life who really made me feel what I might and ought to be."

The soulless look in his eye belied the words he spoke; he continued:

"After we parted in Paris, and you returned to your mother, what was there for me to do? I believed that I had tried your patience too far. I believed myself forsaken by you."

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Miss Jane, looking up at him tenderly.

He continued:

"Before I met you, my life had been a thoughtless, careless one. Obtaining a position in the army through the influence of my mother's relatives—who, as you remember, were French—I led a careless, dare-devil life, till I met you, just after you had left school, at your uncle's house. You were lovely, Jeannette——"

Miss Jane sighed, and smiled sadly.

Edward added, rapidly, "With that beauty which nothing can diminish, and which is the reflex of a noble, generous heart. I met you at your uncle's house. I need not recall, I think, those happy, happy days we passed together, swearing to love each other and be true. I was wrong, I admit it, Jeannette, but you have forgiven me. It was only, however, in appearance. I sacrificed myself for a friend."

Miss Jane looked at him eagerly—every word of excuse he uttered, whether true or false, was only too welcome to her.

"I frequented the house of Marie with my friend, for he had resolved to marry her in defiance of the anger of his father. You supposed it was I who really loved her. Ah, Jeannette, if you had only been less precipitate, how many years of suffering it might have spared us both!"

He sighed deeply as he looked into the fire, perhaps for inspiration.

"You would hear nothing, and you refused to see me. In vain I called, wrote and sent messages. You were decided. You left Europe. You left me that cruel note. I tried in vain to follow you, to write you, or to explain. All was useless. In desperation I married Marie; my friend had died and left the poor girl half heart-broken. For ten long years I have wandered about, now stationed in one place, now in another, till last month, when Marie died. I met your uncle by accident in New York, whither I had come, resolved to make still another effort to find you. He gave me your address, and, so soon as I was able, after an attack of illness, I wrote you; and here, at last, I am with you, my Jeannette."

How much of it all she really believed, it is impossible to say. One thing, however, was certain; she had tenderly loved him in her younger days, and long separation, with nothing in the meantime to occupy or distract her mind, had hallowed and strengthened this love till it had become a part of herself. She knew his narrow, small character; she knew how plausible and truthless he was; but there was a certain romance and sentiment about her old affection for him which was powerful still.

There was as much of sadness as of sweetness in her smile as she turned to him and said: "Edward! I do not know if you still love me; I am much older and changed since we parted; but this I know, that my old love is still strong, and that nothing has ever altered it."

"Ah! Jeannette," he rejoined, "you may think ill of me; you cannot think worse of me than I think myself. But with your love to guide me for the future, I have no fears. Tell me, dearest, shall it be, then, at last? Can you so far forgive me as to marry me?"

"It may be weakness," said Jeannette, with a melancholy in her tone. "My life for years past has not been a happy one; its one happiness has been dreaming of my younger days. God forgive me if I do wrong! You will love me at least, Edward; and in a soberer friendship, more suited to our years, we shall be happy."

Her eyes glistened in the red firelight, and were moist.

He seemed to misunderstand her.

"I spoke of marriage, Jeannette, and you speak of friendship."

"I mean the same," she replied. "The word seemed too full of happiness for me to utter."

A few days later the neighbors were somewhat surprised to hear that Miss Jane had been married quietly in the morning to a Lieutenant Edward Arton.

For a while, Miss Jane's life seemed to glide on as smoothly as before, and one heard or saw but little of her. Sometimes, early in the morning or late in the evening, she was seen walking with a tall and handsome gentleman, whom all knew to be the lieutenant, and looking happy and pretty. Soon, however, they were seen rarely together, then, not at all, and the inmates of the low stone house were as mysterious and secluded as before Miss Jane's marriage. No one knew the sorrow shut up there. The lieutenant went off for days together and returned as suddenly as he left, and generally in the night. His wife, with the blind devotion of woman, was always ready to pity and forgive. She soon found that her dream was over, her hopes a delusion; but she still clung to the memory. He squandered and wasted her fortune, and treated her with the contempt and insolence a mean and selfish nature feels for those who sacrifice all to them.

Years passed on, and told their sad story of a breaking heart on the face of Miss Jane. She still clung to him with devotion.

One night there was a noise, late, which roused some of the neighbors, as a carriage drove up to Mrs. Arton's door. Two days after, early, there was a quiet funeral there. Mrs. Arton was a widow.

She lived on yet many years, but much changed. Now she was conspicuous for doing good, and relieving the necessities of those around her. She could be seen almost daily, her hair perfectly white, dressed in gray, and going, with a basket on her arm, to the poorer portions of the town.

Elizabeth still lived with her, but grown into a pretty young woman, still with an inordinate love of dress. She regarded men with great aversion, and was a model of fidelity and devotion to her mistress, whom she regarded at any moment as likely to be carried off like Elijah or Enoch, and only wondered, as, of course, she must do at something, that the aerial journey should be delayed. Her eyes had never lost their look of amazement, but she had lost all her taste for sitting at the kitchen window, except about the time when Miss Jane, as she always called her mistress, was wont to return. She met her at the door then, with a smile. "You must be tired, miss," she would say. "No," Miss Jane would answer; "not tired, Elizabeth—one cannot be tired when one is occupied doing good, and forgetful of oneself. It is the fruitless dwelling on the past that wearies, or the pursuit of something which God does not intend us to have."

THE HAWK-MOTH—NOCTURNAL LEPIDOPTERÆ.

THE moths, almost all nocturnal in their habit, and classed as Lepidopteræ, are distinguishable by the pointed tips of their antennæ, which are often furnished with a row of projections on either side, like the teeth of a comb, giving them a feathery appearance. The wings are generally conjoined by a bristle and loop.

When the sun declines these beautiful insects begin to appear, and they are often of such size and beauty as to charm all who behold them. The class called Hawk-Moths take their name from their strength and speed of their flight. Where, as in the example shown in the illustration, the wings are so large as to reach beyond the body, these moths are much more attractive. It is the Casnea Licus, found in Brazil and Central America, bold yet simple in coloring.

OFF AND ON AT LONG BRANCH.

THERE are always two sides to a story, and if mine is not the right side, then I'm no judge. It is most perplexing and astonishing that people, with apparently an equal amount of discrimination and good sense, can take such antagonistic views of the same subject.

"Variety is the spice of life!" hints one. Ah, yes, so we have been told before. Now, a certain amount of spice is pleasant—that is, the right sprinkling of condiments—but when they become so aromatically pungent as to be both bitter and acid, the writer begs to be excused. If individuals could differ amicably, could discuss the events of life with toleration and kindness, it would give a delightful zest to conversation—be just spicy enough. But I started to tell a story, and my readers will discover after a little the significance of this abrupt preamble.

Well, my name is Frank Richards, and my home is New York City; am a lawyer by choice and profession, and one year ago this very July was betrothed to the daughter of the senior member of the house of Nadgett & Co. Juliet Nadgett she was christened, and a superb-looking woman she is, too. To say that I was proud of my affianced expresses it feebly.

Julia was highly educated—could *parlez-vous* like a native,

A HAWK-MOTH, EGGS, CHRYSALIS AND CATERPILLAR.—SEE PAGE 79.

sing like a Patti, dance like a houri, and walk—ah, there it was she excelled all others—her gait was *stunning*.

To watch her as she floated along Broadway was to make the most trusty member of the celibacy club unmindful of his initiatory vows, oblivious to the confirmed state of his bachelorhood, and the husband of a plain wife feel his dissatisfaction keenly.

Our engagement came about in this wise. We met at a

party on Fifth Avenue, were introduced by a mutual friend, were mutually pleased, and three weeks after, I had formally proposed to the old gentleman, Nadgett, for his daughter's hand, and an expression of his willingness to transfer the support of said Julia to myself.

Strange to relate, I found him, to all appearance, as willing as a man could be. I had naturally expected opposition, for Nadgett, of the house of Nadgett & Co., was the owner of several brown-stone fronts, and a man who manipulated a certain railroad stock with the same ease and *conscientiousness* that Vanderbilt and Drew have more recently shown with Madame Erie; but, remarking that he had received good reports of my business capacity and character, he concluded by saying that he always intended his daughters to select husbands for themselves (by-the-way, Julia had several sisters), and he was only too glad that the oldest of the family had chosen so wisely. I was overwhelmed with the nabob's condescension; could not imagine what I had ever done to deserve so high an opinion, and so stated. I have thought many times since that I might have said several soft things on that occasion, and have found myself asking whether or not a decided opposition to my suit on the part of my intended father-in-law would not have been more to my wishes.

A nice little woman, all ready to fall into a fellow's arms, with the permission and God-speed of all her relatives, may be very nice to dream about, but, in my humble opinion, there is nothing so stimulating to love as a little maiden coyness, and a flat refusal by the old gentleman.

Well, Julia decided to spend last Summer at Long Branch, and, of course, I, her most obedient, proposed to do Long Branch also, so we all went together. A goodly family, that Nadgett family. There was Julia, and Emma, and Kate, and Minnie, and "Bob," an enterprising young man of three years, who made himself generally obnoxious. Coming after so many girls, and when all idea of a male scion had been given up by both parents, it was scarcely to be wondered at that he was spoiled by the entire household. At last we were comfortably quartered at Long Branch. Julia was fond, and exceedingly demonstrative. That I had no objection to behind the scenes, but when the eyes of an inquisitive public were upon us it was not always pleasant to have her little jeweled fingers seeking mine; to know that looks of the most loving admiration were constantly following me. To tell the truth, I was uncomfortable the greater part of the time.

Julia attracted considerable attention; I was proud of that. No voice could equal hers in depth and richness; sometimes it seemed to me that her conceptions lacked soul; but then, I was always spoony about music, and preferred, from a boy, a heart-stirring, plaintive ballad to the most brilliant selections from operas.

"My cousin will be here from Boston to-morrow, Frank," said Julia, one moonlight evening, as we strolled toward the hotel after a long walk. "My Cousin Nettie and her invalid father. Nett never allows him to travel alone. She is very pretty, Frank, and very much beloved; take care you do not fall in love with her."

OFF AND ON AT LONG BRANCH.—"I RUSHED TO HER RESCUE—NOT A SECOND TOO SOON. THE DEAR GIRL'S STRENGTH WAS ALMOST SPENT."—SEE PAGE 79.

"What, Julia, fall in love? How is that possible? Am I not already in love with your charming self? How could I love two women at the same time?"

"*Le monde est le livre des femmes!*" said Julia, with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

Now, I am a very indifferent French scholar, and was compelled to ask the young lady to translate.

There seemed to be a shade of anxiety and doubt on her face that I had never noticed there before, and I secretly wondered if she was really borrowing trouble in regard to this expected relative.

"Translate! Certainly," she replied, with a smile which faded as quickly as it came. "Very easy. The world is woman's book."

"Yes," said I, perplexed. "But I am unable to see the analogy."

"All right, stupid; let's change the subject," replied my Dulcinea.

So I wound my arm round the taper waist, renewed my vows of eternal constancy, and bade her good-night at the door of her room, with a determination to never give the dear girl the slightest cause of jealousy.

Two talkative young blades had the apartment next to

mine, and our windows were very close together. It was a glorious night, and as I donned my dressing-gown for a good smoke, I fell to thinking how fortunate I was in the possession of Julia.

It was plain to be seen that every man envied me, and it was singular how I fought against the wish that the young lady would be a little less demonstrative. I assured myself that a man could not have too much of a good thing—simply impossible; but a queer little voice would persist in saying that "a constant diet of sugar was to the last degree nauseating."

Those fellows next door—how I wished they would stop their noise and go to bed!

Presently I heard my name mentioned. My ears were pricked open instantly.

"Decidedly well matched, I declare! two fools together," said one.

"Take Richards away from that soft cake, and he's as sensible as the next one. He acts to me as if he had a little rather she'd show less of her affection before folks," replied his companion, thoughtfully.

"I wonder where Jones is, that she was engaged to last Summer? Say, Ned, old Nadgett told me to-night that Nettie Cutbert and her father are expected to-morrow. Jones, you know, deserted Miss Nadgett for her cousin, and she refused him. Rather uncomfortable place, hey? Julia owes her one for that!"

"If Julia Nadgett had sense in proportion to her beauty, she would be a suitable companion for any man; but in her haste to get married, she simply makes herself ridiculous. Why, let's see; there's Mason—and Dusenbury—and Bardwell—and last of all, poor Richards. I expect the fool thinks he's first on the list of accepted suitors."

If anybody has the remotest idea that I slept a wink that night, let him dismiss it immediately. I had been gulled! gulled was the word; taken in, done for! and I immediately commenced to review my past conduct, and daylight found me still engaged in the same pleasant occupation.

Her former inexplicable devotion was accounted for. I could now fathom the depth of feeling which never allowed me out of her sight long enough to play a game of billiards, or smoke a cigar with a friend. She was fearful I should discover something in relation to her past engagements. No wonder old Nadgett was so willing. It may not be inappropriate to remark here that the stock of a woman previously engaged, or jilted (never mind under what circumstances), was unmarketable with me. How could I have been so stupidly blind, not to be able to see through this flimsy vail of deceit?

It was impossible, in the excited state of my senses, to decide upon any immediate course of conduct; but I resolved to lose no time in freeing myself from the silly engagement.

"Why, Frank, dear, you are late this morning!" said Julia, as I approached the door where she stood waiting for me to take her into breakfast. "I was afraid you were ill, and was just on the point of sending a servant to inquire. Upon my word, you do not look well!"

Assuring her that I was never in better health, I drew her arm in mine, and proceeded to the dining-room, passing my friends of the evening before, as we entered. It only needed this meeting to complete my chagrin and mortification. I had no appetite for the delicacies of the season, and Julia, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, declared herself unable to eat a mouthful.

"You are really sick, Frank. You had better come to our sitting-room and lie on the sofa."

Julia evidently flattered herself that she had a new field for the exercise of her sympathetic ministrations; but I received the matter in an entirely different light. To use a vulgarism, "I couldn't see it."

"I am not in the least ill, Julia, as I have assured you before, but I think I have been a little too inactive during my stay here; so I propose to accept an invitation I received yesterday for a yachting excursion."

"And leave me, Frank?"

"Certainly, Julia! no ladies are going."

I was determined to go, and left my betrothed in strong hysterics. It required no small effort of my will-power to drag away, for the whole family, even to Bob, were beseeching me to remain, and he, the little scamp, laid siege to my coat-tails, and threatened innumerable rents to my thin linen suit. However, I managed it, had a good sail, and obtained all the information I desired as to Julia's previous flirtations and engagements.

My lady did not make her appearance at dinner that evening. I was a little late, and took my accustomed seat at the table. Miss Minnie was on my right hand, and immediately opposite were an old gentleman and his daughter. Miss Nettie and her father, I supposed.

"Where's Julia?" I inquired of Minnie.

"Sick, or cross, or something," said the vixen, the youngest of the girls, and decidedly the most sensible.

After the meal was over, I was introduced to Mr. Cuthbert and daughter. Now, Nettie Cuthbert could not be called handsome. To begin with, her features were not regular; but there was something in the trim, tidy little figure—something in the modest lovable expression which instantly challenged one's admiration.

The first thing I knew, Nettie and I became engaged in an animated political conversation, and I was quite surprised at the amount of force, observation and intelligence, she brought to bear upon the subject.

I was not to blame if I did constantly contrast her with Julia. Never, since our acquaintance, had the last-named lady advanced an original idea in regard to any topic of public interest. If I attempted to draw an expression of her views, like "Doody" with his "Dora," I was immediately smothered with kisses, and requested to talk no more about those horrible dry things.

Mrs. Nadgett put an end to our pleasant *tête-a-tête* by coming over to the sofa, and asking me, with quite a show of motherly authority, if I was aware that Julia was quite unwell.

"Too ill to come down, Mrs. Nadgett?" I inquired, with great nonchalance.

"I fear so," she replied, with evident agitation. "She has suffered from a wretched headache all day."

"I am very sorry," I coolly replied. "Miss Minnie, won't you take up my compliments to your sister, and ask her to join us if she feels able?"

Ah! I knew what the dodge was: to get me upstairs, and then— Your imagination, my friends, can suggest the ordeal to which your humble servant would be subjected!

Minnie went, and returned with the message that Julia would be down presently; and, sure enough, in a half hour afterward the young lady entered the parlor, leaning on the arm of her paternal parent.

Vexed and disgusted as I was, there was nothing for me to do but to advance and offer my escort, which she accepted with a reproachful look, which would have driven a man in love to the verge of delirium. But I was disenchanted. Julia was too ill to sing, and Miss Nettie complied with the unanimous demand for a song by singing us several delightful ballads, which so magnetized her audience that a return to ordinary conversation seemed next to impossible.

"You like Nettie's singing better than mine," whispered Julia, as the last notes died away.

"I am particularly fond of ballads—*that* I have always told you."

And poor Julia, jealous, fearful that, like all the rest, I, too, was growing awry from her, looked the picture of despair. How to extricate myself from my unfortunate position, I did not know.

Some action must be taken immediately; I must burst the fetters, and revel once more in my freedom.

We had no opportunity for private conversation that evening, and I was glad of it. I had about made up my mind to leave the place quietly, and write to Julia and her father, giving my reasons for declining the honor of her hand.

There was a little too much of the sneak about this to suit my ideas of principle and decency; but how could I bear the tears, hysterics, and reproaches to which I should be subjected?

Several days passed in this state of miserable indecision. Julia recovered from her disquietude, was as affectionate as ever, and ceased entirely to remark upon the change in my behavior. This course I had not reckoned upon, and took me considerably by surprise, making it still harder to escape from the torturing meshes.

Nettie and I conversed together every time an opportunity offered. We seemed to be mutually pleased; and I did not at all wonder at Jones's conduct the preceding Summer.

Nettie was a capital swimmer, and very fond of the water. She always accompanied our party, as her father's indisposition made it impossible for him to take care of her on these occasions. I knew that Julia disliked to have her with us exceedingly, and attempted several times to prevent it; but Nettie either did not care, or did not notice Julia's rudeness, and so everything progressed pleasantly with all, except the fair Julia herself.

One glorious morning, we started for the beach. The young ladies looked very pretty in their picturesque costumes, and Nettie especially. There seemed to be no fear mingled with her love of the water, and she had once or twice alarmed me at the distance she would swim; so this time I cautioned her.

"Now, Miss Nettie, I beseech you, do not venture too far; remember that your father has placed you in my care, and I shall consider myself responsible for your safe return."

Nettie promised to behave, and plunged into the foaming billows. I had taught Julia to swim, and, with the exception of her cousin, she could excel any of the ladies at the hotel. I stopped for a moment to assist Minnie, who was taking her first lessons, when, all at once, a shriek, so shrill, so piercing, rung out from the merriment, that, for an instant, I was paralyzed with fright.

"That is Nettie's voice! Go quick, Frank," said Minnie, making for the bank.

Two figures ahead—the tide was coming in powerfully. I reached one—it was Julia.

"Who was that who shrieked so, Julia?"

"It was I, Frank. I thought I was sinking. Do get me to the beach as quick as you can."

One more look ahead—a light form struggling with the breakers. Just then another shriek, more startling than before; and, forgetful of everything save that Nettie was in danger, I rushed to her rescue—not a second too soon. The dear girl's strength was almost spent. I looked behind me for a moment, to see where the would-be murderess was, and, to my surprise, I found her by my side.

"How many times did you scream?" I inquired, with a look of horror at Julia.

"Twice, Frank; I thought I must certainly sink. What made you so long?"

"Julia can tell, if she wishes," I replied; but Julia seemed entirely dumb. She knew that I had penetrated her awful secret, and for a while was bewildered; but this did not last long. The evening found her gay and bewitching in her expensive dress and jewels, and as affectionate as ever.

I took occasion to tell her before the night was spent my opinion of her character, and excused myself from further intimacy. The whole family are everlastingly down on me in consequence; but Nettie is now my promised wife, and we don't care a snap. Julia's secret is safe with us. She has been engaged twice since then, with the same finale.

Moral—"Look before you leap."

THE OLD SPRING HOUSE.

UCH a delightful place it was for a Summer residence—the large, rambling old house, with its airy rooms, its ample halls and broad, shaded piazzas, through which, in those sultry days of June, the sea-breeze swept with its invigorating freshness. It had once been a Dutch farmhouse, we were told; and there was still standing in the garden a number of gnarled apple and half superannuated pear-trees which seemed to tell of the thrifty old Dutch proprietorship of the spot.

Within sufficiently easy distance of the city not to interfere with brother John's business habits, and yet allowing all the freedom of the country desired by us younger ones, our new residence was satisfactory to us all. We had no neighbors near enough to overlook us, but there were a number of pretty, comfortable-looking cottages scattered along the line of beach and the road which ran not far from the house—which latter, about a mile distant, merged into the principal street of a little suburban town.

The garden which I have mentioned was my great delight. I was scarcely seventeen—a healthy, well-grown girl, devoted to anything rural, and, truth to tell, independent to a degree which had procured for me from brother John the not very complimentary title of "Tomboy," which I was now, I flattered myself, outgrowing. Still, I loved, almost as much as the children, a game of romps, or hide-and-seek, up and down those box-bordered alleys, and amid the neglected and tangled thickets of lilac and snowball; and it was delicious in the warm Summer days to recline on the grassy bank beneath the low-drooping boughs of the old apple-trees, and there lose myself deep in the perusal of some fascinating poem or romance.

My favorite haunt was an old summer-house of trellis-work, the moss-grown roof of which seemed "inclining to a fall" beneath the weight of roses and honeysuckles with which it was overburdened. I had, with the children's assistance, carefully lopped away some of the protruding branches, and weeded and cleared the little walk that led to it; and it would have been, in my eyes, a perfect Arcadian retreat, but for the ugly, oozy little spot close by—the only disagreeable thing on the place. We had been at first puzzled to account for this little hollow being always wet, even in the dryest weather; and why a pile of rocks and the remains of a stone wall should be visible in such a spot; but we soon learned that there was a spring here, and that the stone foundation was the remains of what had been called a spring-house. The roof and walls had fallen in, choking up the little spring; and as no one had taken the trouble to repair it, or even to clear away the rubbish, a rank growth of slimy weeds and poisonous-looking plants had sprung up about the spot, spoiling the looks of the garden, and even, I fancied, affecting the purity of the surrounding atmosphere. I hated the sight of this old spring-house, but there it was, close to my loved retreat; and there, I supposed, it must remain.

"If the place were our own," said Emma, John's wife, "I should have this rubbish removed, clear out the spring and build a rustic pavilion or grotto above it. What an ornament it would be; and how pretty this garden could be made with a little cultivation. As it is," she added, looking around with a shrug, "it is but a howling wilderness, after all; and the picturesque slope of your arbor-roof, Katie, scarcely compensates for the risk of being crushed to death beneath it."

She was gathering June roses wherewith to adorn the parlor vases; and presently, having finished her task, we strolled away down the centre walk to a little green gate in the brick wall at the back of the garden. This opened into a grassy and secluded lane, overshadowed on each side by trees; a pleasant walk in the warm Summer evenings. Hearing the voices of the children at some distance, where the lane merged upon the common, we proceeded leisurely in that direction, when we were startled by the appearance of a gentleman coming toward us down the lane.

"GOOD DOG!" BY W. HUNT.

It was not the first time I had seen this man. Twice before I had encountered him in this very place, and now, fortified by Emma's presence, I looked at him more attentively as he approached. A man of about five-and-thirty, dark and pale, with finely cut features, black beard and mustache, and fine dark eyes. He was well dressed, and his appearance was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

On first seeing us, as he came suddenly around the angle of the garden-wall, he had betrayed a momentary hesitation, as if wishing to avoid us, but then came on quietly, touching his hat as he passed, with scarcely a glance at us.

"What a fine-looking man!" said Emma. "I wonder who he is?"

"And I wonder what brings him so often around our house?" I responded, with some impatience. "This is the third time I have seen him in our lane."

"The lane is not private property. I suppose he indulges in a 'constitutional,' and finds the coolness and quiet pleasant. He looks like a man in ill-health."

I unconsciously glanced back as she spoke, and saw that the gentleman had paused, and was looking in through the garden-gate, which I had left slightly ajar. At the same moment he turned his head, and, seeing that he was observed, passed on leisurely, without again glancing back.

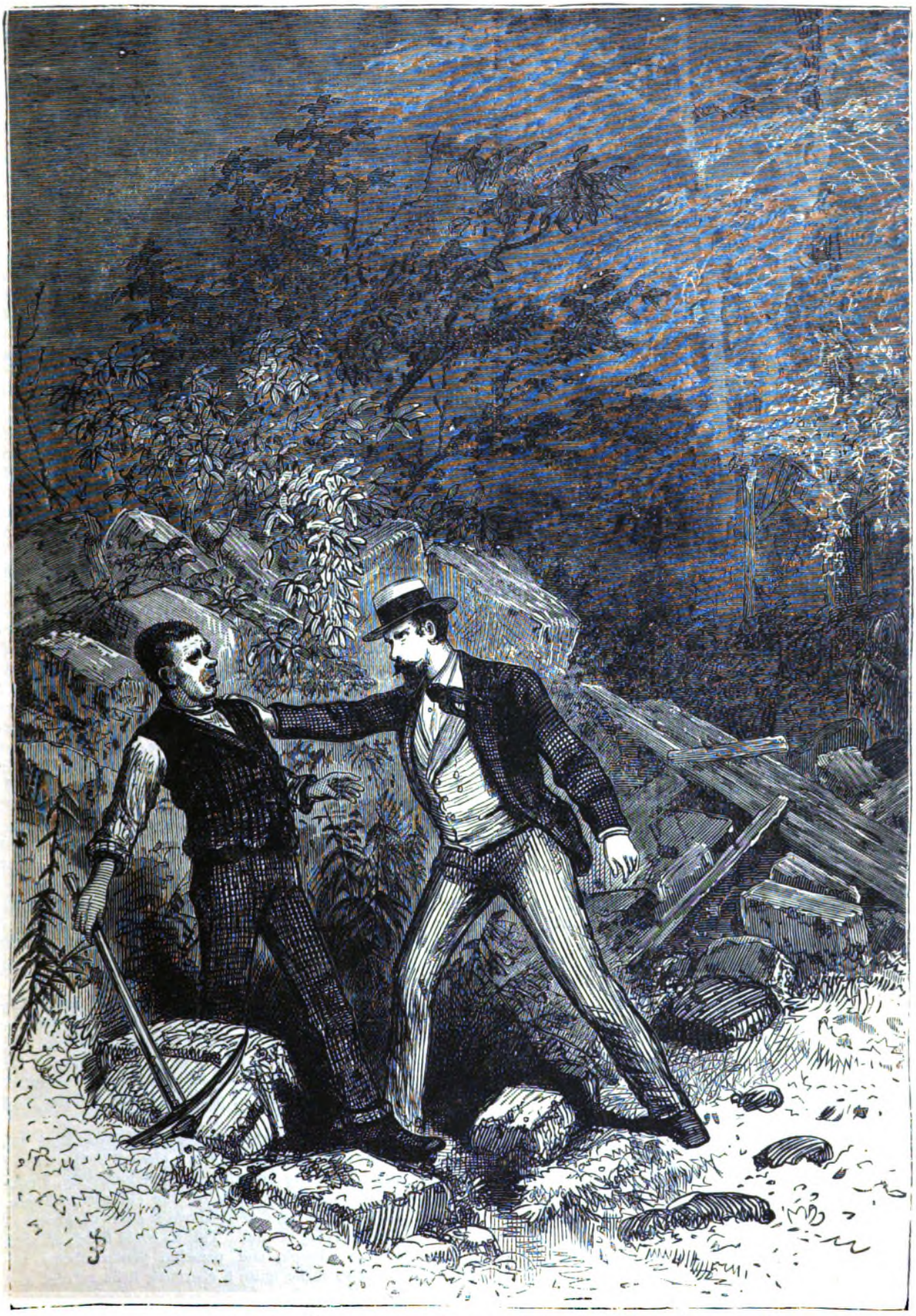
"I wonder what he means by such behavior?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I consider it quite a liberty and intrusion, his coming about the place in this manner."

For more than a week we saw no more of the stranger, and I was forgetting him, when he again presented himself to my notice, and in a rather singular manner.

I was reclining on the old rustic bench in my arbor, absorbed in the most fascinating of romances, "East Lynne," when a sound without the back garden-wall attracted my attention. It was as though some one were endeavoring to mount the wall, and presently I saw the foliage of the tall lilac-bushes agitated, and then a branch was bent aside, and a face looked through—the pale face and dark eyes of the man I had seen in the lane.

He did not perceive me, and, remaining perfectly still, I noticed the quick, eager look with which he seemed to take in every object before him. A rapid glance at the house, at the garden, at the vine-covered arbor directly before him, and finally at the ruins of the old spring-house just beneath the garden-wall; and then he softly let the branches close, quietly descended from his elevation, and I heard the sound of his retreating steps in the lane.

What could the man mean by such singular conduct?



THE OLD SPRING HOUSE.—"HE SPRANG OVER THE WALL AND GRASPED MIKE'S ARM."—SEE PAGE 83.

There had been something more than mere idle curiosity expressed in that rapid and earnest glance. Was he crazy? Was he—and at the thought my breath seemed for an instant to stop—was he a thief, a burglar, who was thus examining and taking notes of the premises, preparatory to an attempt to rob the house? I had read in the daily papers of gentlemanly-looking burglars, and in novels of highway robbers who had passed for dukes, and this man was no doubt one of a gang who had learned that we had Emma's jewelry and all the family plate with us for safety, and that John was now and then compelled to stay away late at night; and then the situation of the house was so lonely—the last of all that bordered the road from the village—and not another within reach of a call. Yes, no doubt my conjecture was right. The stranger who so persistently haunted the place was a burglar.

That evening I told Emma and John, breathlessly, of my discovery. Emma looked a little nervous, but her husband only laughed as he turned over the pages of the *Herald*.

"I always thought, Katie, that you would make a clever detective, you've such a knack for ferreting out things, and seeing more than other people. Nature certainly intended you for 'one of the strong-minded sex.'"

"But, John, if you had only seen the man's face—the expression, I mean—so sharp and—and *searching*. I can't find the right word, but as if he were ever so eagerly looking for something."

"For yourself, perhaps. Emma, you had better keep a sharp eye on her. It isn't right to have unknown and mysterious admirers hanging around the place. The neighbors will talk, you know."

"But, really, John," suggested his wife, "this man's conduct *is* rather singular."

"Well, if he annoys you again, I promise to look into the matter, and find out who he is."

He had not long to wait for the opportunity, which presented itself on the day following.

"There he is, John—the very same man!" I exclaimed, bursting into the room where John, just returned from the city, was preparing for a quiet Saturday evening at home in the bosom of his family.

"Ah, indeed! Well, let us have a look at this mysterious admirer of yours."

And he approached the window as the stranger, crossing the common from the road, turned into the lane at the back of the garden.

"Why, it is Mr. Delaney," he said, laughing. "Is that your boasted penetration and shrewdness, Katie, to take a rich, handsome gentleman for a common burglar?"

"Who is Mr. Delaney?" I asked.

"A *gentleman*, Katie, so far as I know. He is from the South, partly French, I believe, and used to live here in this house," answered John, rather more soberly.

"Do you know him?"

"Slightly."

"Where does he live?"

"At the new villa that you see on the heights yonder."

"That beautiful place? Is his wife with him?"

"I believe not. Here, child, take Dot; she wants her supper, and to go to bed early, like a wise, good little girl as she is."

Emma came up to nurse the baby, while I put Dot in bed; and from her I learned something more about Mr. Delaney than John had been willing to tell me.

"He had been very unfortunate, poor man!" said Emma. "Some years ago he had come from the South with his young creole wife, and engaged in some banking business in New York. John had known him about that time slightly, and remembered what a beautiful woman Mrs. Delaney had been. Then they had come into this neighborhood, and commenced building the elegant villa that we all admired so much, residing meanwhile in the house which we now occupied. They had many visitors from the city, principally gentlemen; and at length there began to be rumors with regard to Mrs. Delaney's intimacy with one of these—a very handsome young man of the name of Duval, a Southerner like themselves. The end of it was," said Emma, "that one morning Mr. Delaney, returning home from a short business trip, found his wife gone, and on her dressing-table a note, addressed to himself, informing him that she had left him, in company with the only man she had ever loved, she having married himself for money alone."

"And what did Mr. Delany do?" I inquired.

"He acted, John says" (Emma was always quoting John), "as few other men would have done. With the greatest indifference, or the greatest forbearance—it must have been the latter, for he had appeared devoted to his wife—he said to a gentleman, 'I shall not follow or seek them out. Let her go, and be happy if she can. I have always known that she was never happy with me.'"

"Has he ever since heard from her?" I inquired, with a feeling of growing sympathy for Mr. Delaney.

"I don't know. Something has been recently said about their having been seen and recognized somewhere in France and Italy. Mr. Duval was wealthy, and they may be traveling about enjoying themselves—that is, if such people *can* experience anything like enjoyment," added Emma, severely; thus concluding her story with a moral designed for my own especial benefit.

I never, after this, complained of Mr. Delaney's intrusiveness. Indeed, I began rather to feel a sort of sympathizing interest in a man who had been thus deceived and wronged in his dearest relations, and who had shown himself so forbearing under so great a provocation. He had loved and trusted his wife, and it was doubtless the influence of associations connected with her, and with the memory of happier days, that brought him so frequently around the spot where they had lived together. So now, whenever I saw the lonely-looking man, with his pale, classic face, and cold, almost stern immobility of expression, walking slowly down our lane, or stealthily glancing into the garden-gate as he passed, I would affect not to observe him. Once, when we were all in the lane, watching the children at a game of romps, Mr. Delaney made his appearance, and would have retreated had not John spoken to him, introducing him to Emma and myself, and inviting him to enter the house, which, however, he politely declined. As John had remarked, he appeared a perfect gentleman; and yet, despite this, and the feeling of sympathy toward him, I could not help feeling that I did not like the man. It might be his cold expression, or his reserved manner, but I did not like Mr. Delaney.

It was about a week after this that John, on returning home one evening, surprised us with the information that he had purchased the place which we were now occupying. He had been one of the first to know of its being offered for sale; and, considering it a good speculation on account of the rapidly increasing value of property in this vicinity, had immediately purchased it.

I was delighted with the arrangement. Now that the place was our own, we could do as we pleased in the way of improvement; and the first thing was, undoubtedly, I considered, to remove the rubbish off the old spring-house, clear the spring itself, and erect above it a sort of grotto of the loose stones lying around. This we could finish off with shells from the beach, and parasitic plants above the entrance, and so make quite a charming little retreat and ornament to the garden.

On the day following I set enthusiastically to work in the

carrying out of my plans. Pressing Mike, our man-of-all-work, into my service, I set him to work with the spade and pickax, whilst the children assisted with their little wheel-barrows in removing the light rubbish, and depositing it in the lane, behind the garden. The greatest difficulty, Mike said, was uprooting the young saplings which had grown thickly about the spot. When this should be done, he would be better enabled to get at and remove the stones, especially the big pile just where the wall had fallen down, and which was choking up the spring.

So Mike went for a pickax, whilst I sat down on a grassy mound close by, watching the children merrily wheeling their little barrow-loads of mold and dead leaves. Presently I heard Charlie, just at the gate, speaking to some one without.

"Oh, yes, it's real jolly. You *must just ought to come* when we've finished, and see what a grand stone house there will be over the spring; for there *is* a spring there, and we're going to clean it out, we and Aunt Katie."

"Can't I come in now," said a voice in reply, "and see how you are getting along?"

And at the same instant I saw Mr. Delaney enter the gate.

He came in with a quick step, and paused on seeing me, lifting his hat, and murmuring something like an apology.

"Excuse me, I had no idea of intruding. This little fellow wished me to see——"

"We are only proposing to build a sort of a grotto over the spring," I said, seeing him hesitate. "I think you lived here once, Mr. Delaney. Was the spring flowing at that time?"

"It was very much in its present condition, I believe," he answered, quietly. "The water is rather brackish, and dries up entirely for most part of the Summer. By the time your grotto is completed," he added, with a slight smile, "there will be no water to render it complete. It will be 'Hamlet' with the part of *Hamlet* left out."

"What a pity!" I exclaimed, disappointed.

"If I may be allowed to suggest," he remarked, at length, "a very pretty piece of rock-work may be made of this now unsightly heap. These loose rocks may be added to this pile"—pointing with his cane to the fallen wall—"and the whole beautified with ivy, ferns, and other such plants."

"How delightful!" I cried, charmed with the idea. "I'm not sure but that it will be prettier than the grotto. How shall we place the rocks, Mr. Delaney?" I inquired, quite forgetting for the moment that we were still almost strangers.

"If you and Mrs. Carleton will permit," he replied, politely, with a slight, grave smile at my enthusiasm, "I shall take pleasure in assisting you. I have some work of the kind on my own place, and you can take your choice of my plants."

"Oh, thank you. I will call Emma immediately. There she is, just entering the garden."

So we discussed the plan of the rock-work, and Mr. Delaney said he would come to-morrow afternoon and assist us. But meantime the heap of rocks must not be disturbed. In their present position they would afford the best foundation for the surface work of the proposed structure.

And so he left us, and continued his walk away over the open common toward the beach.

"It is strange that Mr. Delaney, with all his cold reserve and shyness, should have entered the garden so familiarly," remarked Emma; "and very strange that he should interest himself in this work of yours, Katie. After all," she added, banteringly, "John may be right, and you are the magnet which attracts him about the place."

"He isn't in the least interested in either myself or my work," I said, decidedly. "I think he rather dislikes me, and I wonder why he should have taken the trouble just now. I suppose merely to be polite; but, despite it all, I can't like him. What a cold, hard smile he has."

About an hour after, just as the sun had fairly set, Charlie came running to me with the news that Mike had got a pickax, and was "pulling down all the rocks in that big pile." And then I remembered that I had forgotten to countermand the order I had given Mike, and I ran hastily into the garden for that purpose.

I stopped suddenly as I came in sight of the spot. Mike was heaving away at one of the largest foundation-rocks, and at that very instant a man sprang over the garden-wall and grasped him by the arm.

It was Mr. Delaney, as I could see in the half twilight, but so utterly changed from the Mr. Delaney of an hour past that I paused in a sort of bewildered affright. His face was of a dead whiteness, and his black eyes no longer cold, but fairly blazing with anger.

"Fool! idiot!" he hissed between his set teeth, "what are you about?"

Mike, after a blank stare of consternation and astonishment, recovered himself, and jerked away his arm from the intruder's grasp.

"Sure, I'm obeyin' orders, an' it's puzzled I am to think what any mother's son off the place has got to do with it," he answered, pertly enough.

Mr. Delaney flung him aside, as he might have done to a child; and then he drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, seeming, to my idea, like a man who is endeavoring to control himself. Still his eye blazed, and his upper lip lifted itself in a kind of sneer, as he said: "Who gave you such orders?"

"Miss Katie, sure," replied Mike, confidently; and I fancied that I caught the muttered words, "Curse her!" as Mr. Delaney turned round in my direction.

He had not seen me, as I stood in the vine-screened garden alley; and, slipping noiselessly away, I ran back to the house, experiencing a thrill of shuddering horror, such as I remembered once to have felt on suddenly finding myself near a snake, half concealed in the grass.

Mike related to us the occurrence, and told how Mr. Delaney had himself assisted in rolling back the big rock into its former place, explaining that it was the wish of the ladies to have it remain so. Mike concluded with an expression of his own conviction that the gentleman was "stark crazed."

"It is not impossible," said John, thoughtfully, when that evening, seated on the moonlit piazza, we discussed the subject. "Mr. Delaney undoubtedly experienced a severe blow in the unfortunate conduct of his wife, and lesser troubles have proved sufficient to upset the mind of a man, even one of less excitable temperament than I should judge him to be. He is of the fiery, impulsive creole race."

"Delaney is certainly greatly changed since the occurrence to which you allude," remarked Mr. Mason, our nearest neighbor, and a clever lawyer, who had stepped in, as he generally did in the evenings, for a social chat. "I saw a good deal of him, we being near neighbors, and found him always lively and agreeable. He was evidently devoted to his wife, who was a woman of fascinating manners, and much younger than her husband. Some people called her *fast*, but that is no unusual thing in these days."

"But isn't it strange," suggested Emma, "that Mr. Delaney should be so fond of coming about the place, instead of avoiding it, as one would suppose most natural under the circumstances? And he appears particularly interested in the arbor and old spring-house, as though they were more especially fraught with associations."

"Possibly so," said John. "The agent mentioned to me, in speaking of the spring, that the wall of the old spring-house fell down on the night of Mrs. Delaney's disappearance."

"Ah!" said Mr. Mason, suddenly. And I noticed that for some moments he sat silent, appearing scarcely to hear what was said. "Suppose we step into the garden, and take a look at this spring," he said, presently. "I used to know it well, and have taken many a draught of its clear, cool waters. It is a pity it should be allowed to remain choked up."

So they went into the garden, leisurely smoking their cigars; and presently becoming sleepy, I retired to my own room, leaving Emma to await their return.

This room was at the back of the house, and overlooked the garden. As I have said, it was a bright moonlight night, and as I stood at the open window, slowly unbraiding my hair, I now and then caught a glimpse of John and Mr. Mason moving about the spring, which was half screened from sight of the house by the intervening arbor. The sound of their voices came to me, not clear and distinct on the still air, but speaking in subdued tones, and then I caught the sharp sound of falling rocks.

What could they be doing but pulling down the heap of rocks, surely! I listened, but for fifteen minutes there was a dead silence, and then came the dull thud of a pickax, and again the muffled voices. I had not yet disrobed, and now, wide awake with aroused curiosity, I went down-stairs.

"I can't imagine what they are about," said Emma, in reply to my inquiry. "It is past eleven. Let us go and see what they can be busying themselves about."

We were half way up the garden walk, when John came hastily toward us. He looked very grave, and even the tone of his voice seemed changed.

"Go in—go in, child," he said to me, as I first met him. "Come, Emma; we don't wish to keep you two up. You should both have been in bed before this."

"We have been waiting for you. What in the world are you and Mr. Mason doing, working away with pickaxes at this time of night?"

"We are amusing ourselves, Mrs. Carleton," answered Mr. Mason. "We have dug away some of the rocks from the spring, and already the water flows more freely."

He took leave of us, but I noticed that John, before entering the house, fastened the garden-gate with a padlock. He had never before done so. What could it mean?

I again asked myself this question, when, on the following day, awakening at sunrise and glancing from my window, I saw the same mysterious work going on in the garden, only that instead of Mr. Mason and John alone, there were several other persons present. I could not see them plainly or distinguish exactly what they were doing, but they were all grouped together about the spring, and were, I fancied, examining something which lay on the ground; and then two of them passed hurriedly out at the little back gate, and I knew from their earnest manner and grave countenances that something serious was the matter. All at once a sudden fear and horror came over me. I ran to Emma's room; but she knew no more than I did about the proceedings in the garden.

A SIAMESE ROPE-DANCER.

"I *will* find out what it all means," I said, and, despite Emma's remonstrances, I went down-stairs.

I found the gate padlocked, as on the night before, and, not to be further balked, I passed out to the front of the house, and thence to the lane at the back of the garden. But here, too, I found the gate secured, and felt instinctively that if I called admittance would be denied me.

I stood still a moment, looking around, at a loss what next

to do, and feeling every moment the vague horror deepening upon me. Suddenly my eye fell upon the place where I had seen Mr. Delaney looking over the wall, and I noticed that several of the old bricks had been removed, as if intentionally, so as to afford a foothold for mounting the wall.

It was not a very ladylike thing—perhaps not even a strictly proper thing for me to do—but the next moment I had mounted to the level of the top of the wall, supporting myself by grasping one of the saplings near. Cautiously putting aside a branch of the matted ivy, I thus gained a view into the garden. And the horror of the sight! Even now I shudder as I recall it. I do not know how many or what persons were present. My eye fell instantaneously upon one spot, and that alone I saw.

A little wet hollow, just dug out, resembling a shallow grave. And in this hollow (*that* had once been the spring) was a mass of sodden and rotted clothes, and a glimpse of white bones, and the dark hair of a man, mingled with the long, light tresses of a woman; and, in the midst of all shone the strange and startling gleam of jewels.

"It was no doubt *this* with which they were murdered," I heard one of the men say, as he held up something which looked like a large rusted knife or dagger; and, paralyzed with horror, I dropped from my elevation, and fled from the accursed spot.

All that morning people thronged about the place, crowding into the lane, and peering over the wall, discussing with eager, excited faces the terrible discovery.

Nobody accused Mr. Delaney—no one, as yet, even suspected him, except Mr. Mason and—myself. But when I learned that upon the diamond bracelet found on the skeleton arm had been discovered the initials of Mrs. Delaney's name, and when I recalled the horrible expression of that man's face as he sprang over the wall and grasped Mike's arm—then I instinctively *knew* that he had been the murderer of his wife, and of the man whose remains had been discovered with hers.

MRS. GENERAL GAINES SOON AFTER HER MARRIAGE. SEE NEXT PAGE.

Late that afternoon a new and unexpected horror was added to the affair. Mr. Delaney had been at length suspected, officers had been sent to arrest him, and encountered him just as he was hastily preparing to go to the city. He had at first turned very pale and looked a little nervous, but had then listened calmly and quietly to what was said—asked a question or two, and then requested to be allowed to step into his dressing-room for a moment. Then the report of a pistol was heard, and the officers, rushing in, found him lying dead, with his brains scattered on the wall and floor.

Doubtless he had long meditated and been prepared for this act; and now, knowing discovery to be inevitable, he had thus avoided the fate which would have awaited him.

As to the mysterious attraction which drew the murderer about the spot which had witnessed his crime, who may understand or explain it? We have heard of these things—though in this case, doubtless, it had been partly from the desire to watch and guard against the discovery of the remains, until such times as they could be safely removed; for it was known that Mr. Delaney had been very unwilling to leave the place when the term of his rent had expired, and that he had since repeatedly sought to purchase it, though John had unwittingly been beforehand with him.

Of the double murder itself, but little was ever known. Inquiries revealed the fact that, since the understood "elopement," Mr. Duval had never been seen nor heard from by his friends at the South. Their inquiries had been replied to by the generally believed report of his elopement with Mrs. Delaney.

That the elopement was really intended there could be no doubt, and it is probable that Mr. Delaney, unexpectedly returning the night previous, and during the absence of the servants, had discovered sufficient to lead to the hasty commission of the crime, which he concealed in the only manner that on the instant presented itself—a hurried burial in the garden, where, perhaps, the murder had been committed; further securing against discovery by the throwing down of the tottering old stone wall upon the spot.

In relating this story, I have not revealed the true locality, neither mentioned the real names of the persons concerned, else there might be some among my readers who would recall to mind the tragedy to which it alludes.

A SIAMESE ROPE-DANCER.

The juggler and the rope-dancer are among the earliest examples of the great number who devote themselves to the amusement of their fellow-men as a trade. And it is strange enough that any set of men ever took up such a means of livelihood. The great modern comic paper, *Punch*, shows, by its very name, that it is an attempt to encroach on the business of the puppet show-men; and it must be admitted that it has made a more successful onslaught than "Don Quixote" did on the ancient amusement. Extravagance of dress and manner are characteristics of rope-dancer, clown and harlequin; but that there is yet something to learn will be admitted after regarding the make-up of a Siamese rope-dancer, as given by a recent traveler. Like the Chinese, the Siamese attach honor to the finger-nails. We ourselves are not without making them a test of social rank. The well-chosen, well-made dress, the appropriate adornment, sometimes fail to hide the lack of true gentility which the nails betray. Our rope-dancer has his in all the length of Chinese sanctity and respectability, and the rest of his attire is well adapted to impress the vulgar, whom his nails have prepossessed in his favor.

The rope-dancers are very expert, and achieve feats that would win golden honors even in civilized lands, their art being the highest in the East in public esteem, more intellectual amusements being little known—the drama, a wild, confused system, still mingling with their mythology.

HOW SHE BECAME MRS. GENERAL GAINES.

A Leaf of Romance from "The Great Gaines Case."

By G. B. W.

[Considering the facts—that the following narration is substantially true (a bit of "romance in real life"); that the famous law-case of which it forms an important chapter is public property; that every event in the life of the distinguished heroine, essential to the history of the case, may be properly given to the public, and that the event involved is one of which the lady is justly proud, the writer believes that, without further remark, it may be submitted to the public.]

The "great Gaines case" of thirty odd years of litigations, including frequent appeals to and decisions from the Supreme Court of the United States, is, in many respects, the most remarkable case on record of the successful prosecution of an apparently hopeless claim in the outset against a powerful and unscrupulous coalition of enemies and adverse circumstances. To establish a birthright, of which the claimant herself, in a different and distant locality, had been kept in ignorance till a woman grown—to set aside a will upon which her father's estate had remained for many years in the unquestioned possession of other parties—to prove a will in her favor which had been destroyed, involving city property which had increased from thousands to millions in value, was suggestive of the labors of Hercules. Yet, by a brave and persevering little woman, these labors were bravely undertaken, and, after a struggle of thirty odd years, were rewarded with a decisive victory.

A strictly legal narrative of the prosecution of this case, from court to court, down to the last conclusive decree from the court of last resort, exhaustive as this "brief" would be of the issues, principles, pleadings, precedents, and decisions involved—English, French, and American—would be an invaluable law book; but the surpassing interest of this extraordinary struggle between justice and power, right and possession, lies in its romantic incidents and accidents from the beginning to the end. The arrangement of the drama in this shape is singularly interesting, in its novelties, vicissitudes, and situations; and in our heroine we have a character in which are blended the rarest elements of gentleness and resolution, unfaltering faith and hope, and never failing charity. She is, too, one of those quick, sagacious and enthusiastic little women who know "no such word as fail." At sixty, after having fought through her tedious, protracted and doubtful battle, she retains, in her personal attractions and mental elasticity, the freshness of a well-preserved and charming woman of forty. And she freely declares it is due to her good cause, a clear conscience, and an unquestioning confidence in the final issue. How the chivalric soldier, General Gaines, was vanquished on sight when she was somewhere in the Summer glow of thirty, may be readily imagined.

Our leaf of romance extracted from it marks, we may say, the beginning of the great Gaines case; for, until the happy union thus secured, there was no Mrs. General Gaines, but only a destitute widow, casting about for a shelter for herself and three helpless little children. Her former husband, a Mr. Whitney, of New York, a man of many qualities, and of education and means, had died in her cause, of a malignant fever in New Orleans, contracted while, regardless of malaria and exposure, industriously employed in unearthing the mysteries of his wife's birth, her early separation from her father, and his reported will, through which strangers possessed her rightful inheritance as his daughter and only child. It is, indeed, said that Mr. Whitney's death, in the prime of life, was due as much to the remorseless persecutions which he suffered from his wife's enemies, as to the Summer pestilence of the Crescent City. With his death the widow was left helpless and without an income; and in providing for the daily wants of her three little children, even her personal trinkets had, one by one, disappeared to the last and most highly-prized bracelet. Her enemies vainly imagined that, in this extremity of their contestant, they had nothing more to fear. Without means the prosecution of her claims had, indeed, been suspended; but though she knew not how, when, or from whom material relief would come, she still believed in the support of the Heavenly Father, and never despaired.

Her last bracelet had been sold. The money thus secured must be wisely expended. Meantime, she was driven to look about for a roof for herself and little ones. In this dilemma she remembered a certain lady, who in recognition, years gone by, of an important service, had said:

"Now, Mrs. Whitney, I know not how I can ever repay you; but should you ever get into any trouble, do not forget that my house is open to you and your children, till you can do better."

This, thought the widow, is our only refuge now. The generous lady in question, Mrs. Smith let it be, kept a large fashionable boarding-house, and surely she was sincere in her invitation, and needed only to be reminded of it. The thought was acted upon, and Mrs. Whitney and her children, with their faithful Scotch nurse and follower, Janet, on comparatively easy terms, were provided with comfortable apartments.

This respite, however, from the widow's late absorbing anxieties, was of short duration. Before the expiration of the stipulated month, she was informed by the landlady, that "having an excellent offer, Mrs. Whitney, for these rooms, on condition that the party can have them this evening, I shall be compelled to transfer you to the other building without further loss of time."

Mrs. Whitney appealed for a postponement till the morning. A violent storm was raging without. Two of her children were seriously ill. It would be impossible to remove them to the other building without getting them drenched by the exposure, and this might be the death of them. This appeal was lost upon Mrs. Smith, whose charity was unequal to the opposing temptation presented, and so, leaving her orders for immediate preparations to move, she bowed herself out, and descended to give her instructions to the servants below.

But the charming little widow and her distresses had enlisted the sympathies of the servants, and, upon the hint of her removal, they came up-stairs in a body as volunteers in her defense. One of their number, as the organ of the detachment, bravely spoke out:

"Excuse us, ma'am, for coming in upon you in this way (they were armed with brooms and sticks); but you shall not, with these poor, sick children, be moved out into the rain this dreadful night, if we can help it; and if she brings anybody to try it, ma'am, there will be a fight for it, that's all."

The widow, with mingled thanks and remonstrances, tears and laughter, was pleading the cause of submission and peace, when the faithful Janet was called to the door by a suggestive rapping. In answering the call, she simply remarked, "It's a card, ma'am."

"From whom? Read it, Janet."

"It reads, ma'am, Major General Gaines, U. S. A.—which means the United States Army, and that the general and the army are here to enlist in your cause. There's the card, ma'am."

"You are a little enthusiastic, Janet. But what can be the meaning of such a call on such a night as this? I cannot imagine. I do not know General Gaines. But whatever may be the object of this call, I am in no condition now to entertain a stranger, or to see him. Go down, Janet, with

my compliments and apologies. You will know how to excuse me. Tell the general I shall be pleased to see him in the morning."

"No, my dear mistress. Let me insist that you go down. The general is rich. They say he is generous. I am sure he comes to befriend you. What else can it be? Dry your tears. Prepare yourself to receive him, while I go down to tell him you are coming. I am sure he comes, like St. George, to deliver the lady from the dragon. Don't stand on ceremony on such a night, and in such a time as this. Look at the poor children. Indeed, ma'am, you must not deny me in this notion of mine;" and getting down upon her knees before her mistress, Janet concluded: "Do go down, for my sake.'

The earnestness and eloquence of the faithful servant prevailed. The widow dried her tears, changed her dress, smoothed down her hair, and otherwise hastily preparing herself, descended to the parlor with a cheerful countenance, to meet the distinguished soldier; not without some curiosity to learn what it could be that had brought him from his headquarters out in search of her on such a night, and somewhat encouraged withal by the inspirations of Janet, that the son of Mars might be an angel in disguise.

General Gaines, rising at the lady's approach, and gracefully bowing, advanced to meet her, with the remark, "I am glad, Mrs. Whitney, to have the honor, at this somewhat unusual hour, of an answer in person, to my call upon you."

"You do me honor in calling, general; but, indeed, I am but poorly qualified this evening to entertain a visitor so distinguished and so unexpected; yet, sir, as in duty bound, I am here, and await your orders. I am sure they cannot be anything very dreadful; but, sit down and tell me, first, what is the news."

"First, my dear madam, let me explain my mission. I have heard of your trials, your sufferings, your struggles and your persecutions. I have looked into the proceedings of this case of yours before the courts. Whatever the issue, I am satisfied of the justice of your cause. I come, therefore, madam, to offer you my services as a volunteer, and if with something of a soldier's bluntness, it is also with the soldier's sincerity."

"I am sure of it, general, and I sincerely thank you. It gives me renewed courage, too, to be thus assured that you are impressed with the justice of my claims. The brave are always just."

"Thanks, madam. I am at least so far impressed with the justice of your claims that, as the friend of the widow and the orphan, I am at your command. I have several swords awarded me by Congress and the State of Louisiana for my services as a soldier, and each of these swords is ready to leap from its scabbard in your defense. In plainer terms, madam, I am here to serve you, and if I have come under a sky somewhat unpropitious, you will pardon me in giving as my reason that I, as a friend, have been led to think that I may be immediately useful. Is it not so?"

The poor widow broke down in her first attempt to frame an answer to these cheering words from this strong, welcome and generous ally. She felt that the deliverer had come—that Janet was right. She was so filled with gratitude that it first had to overflow in tears and incoherent and broken sentences; but soon her self-possession returned, and with it, under the general's kindly cross-examination, a simple statement of her difficulties.

When the old soldier said "Good-night, madam," it was not only with a response from the widow, "Good-night, general; I shall be at home at ten in the morning, as you desire," but with a very cordial promise from Mrs. Smith that the lady and her children should not be disturbed, and should want nothing.

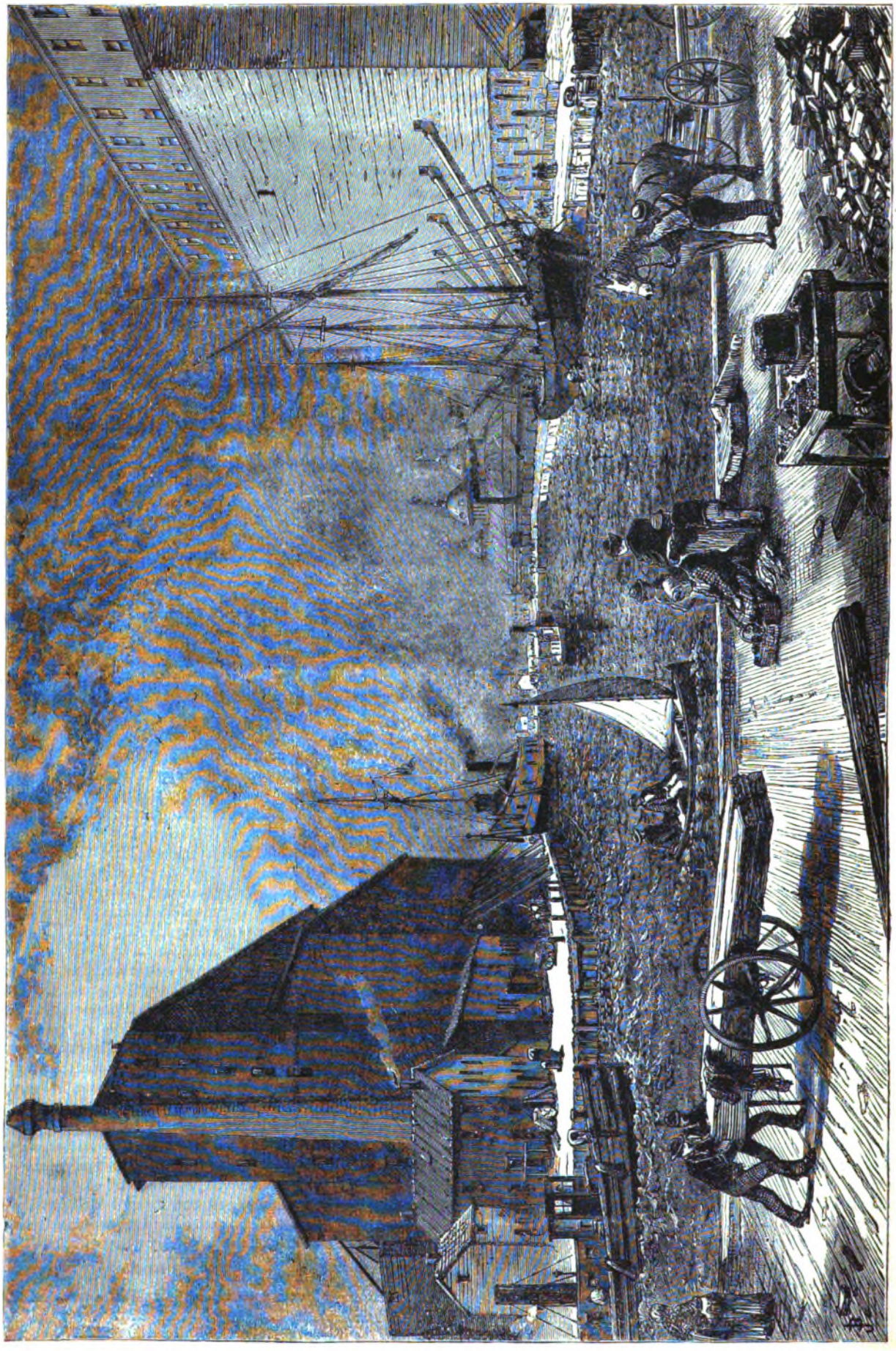
General Gaines, after a succession of agreeable and instructive visits, from which he became thoroughly satisfied that there could be no higher duty and no greater pleasure in this world than to offer all that he had and all that he could do at the shrine of this incomparable little lady, came one evening to confess that he was involved in a position from which there was no escape save in an unconditional surrender.

"But," said he, "I do not mean that you shall become a prisoner, my dear friend. I am ready to devote all that I have, all that I am and all that I can do in your cause, as your husband, or as your friend. You are still young and very charming. I am getting old. It is natural for youth and beauty to seek an alliance with some one of corresponding age and attractiveness. This may be your desire. The disparity of years between us requires a sacrifice on your part, which I cannot ask from a sense of gratitude. I cannot take this advantage of you. Be assured that you are perfectly free in this important matter. If you would prefer to await the coming of some younger cavalier, or if you have some understanding with another party, be not afraid to tell me. Only let me be your old friend, or as an old uncle who has taken this agreeable whim into his wise old head of making your cause his own. Rely upon the loyalty of an old soldier. If you are inclined to a closer relation, take your own time to think it over, and whatever your judgment, remember, I am ready to concur in it as your friend. Only, best of women, if you feel entirely satisfied, setting aside my humble services; only if you feel fully convinced that, as my wife, your future happiness may be best secured, that you love me and will love me to the end, as I do and shall love you, only in this relation do I wish your answer now. Shall I now bid you good-evening, and if so, when shall I call again?"

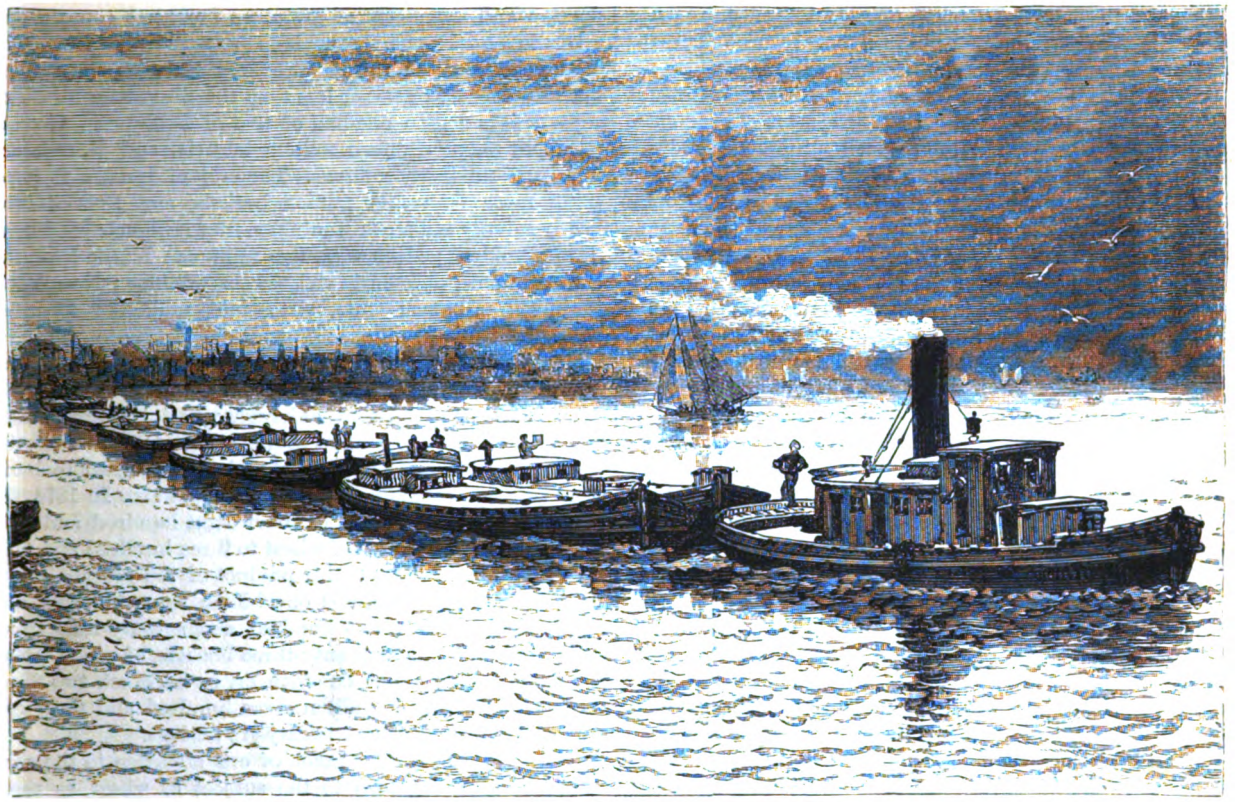
"Sacrifice, did you say, general? I am making no sacrifice here. Be happy with you? Yes, till death shall part us. Love you, do you inquire? With all my heart, you brave, noble, good, and generous man. Here is my hand, and all my hopes are here. How little it is with all that I can give. Think it over, must I? Yes, general, to the end of my days I will think over this happy hour. It is such joy to be deemed the best of women by the noblest of men." And sobbingly, in the hero's sheltering arms, she concluded her happy confession.

And so, with the usual arrangements, Mrs. Whitney became Mrs. General Gaines. They lived very happily together for many years. His fortune was not expended more cheerfully in meeting her expenses in Chancery than were her time and attentions in promoting his happiness. During his life she was known among her friends as the woman of two ideas—her husband and her case—love and law. After his death, with her pension as his widow, she continued her great struggle for her good name and her property as her father's rightful and only heir, and though frequently penniless in the severe and unequal conflict, she never despaired of the ultimate victory. As the merits of her case, from repeated appeals to the Supreme Court, became more and more apparent, she found it less and less difficult to meet with friends ready to respond to her applications for the sinews of war; and as for her friends, since the final and decisive judgment in her favor, covering property to the extent of some twenty millions, "their name is legion." But still she may be excused in turning from the incense of their devotions over her crowning triumph, to her first romantic meeting with General Gaines as the crowning glory of her life.

CHEERFULNESS keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with steady and perpetual serenity.



PROPELLERS AND SAILING VESSELS LOADING AT THE CHICAGO ELEVATORS.

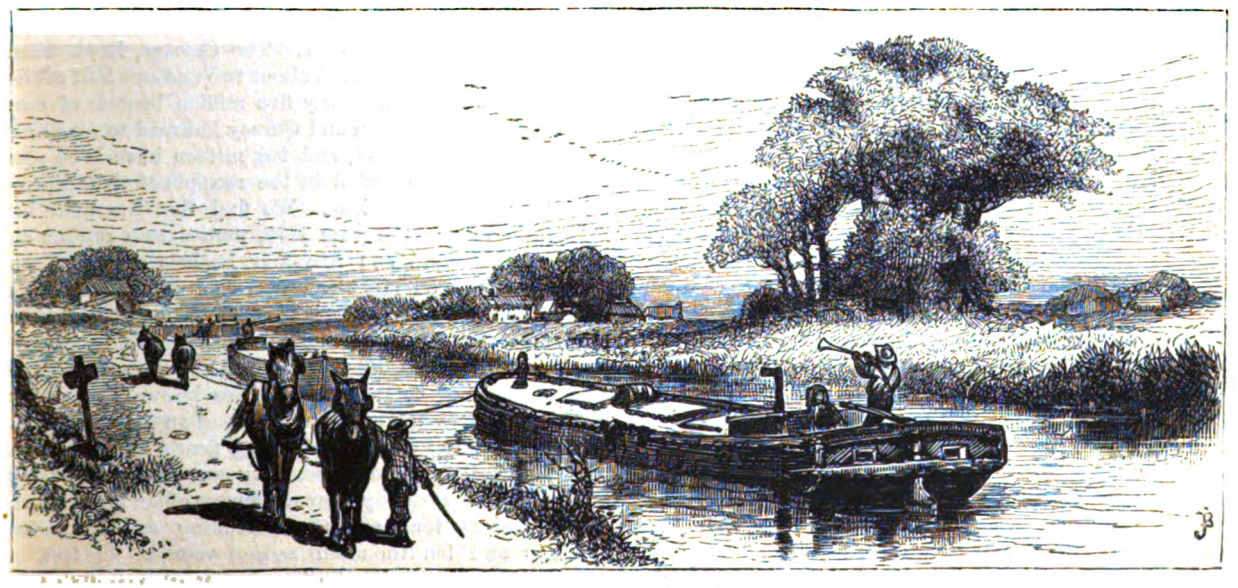


GRAIN-VESSELS TOWED FROM CHICAGO INTO LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE GREAT GRAIN MOVEMENT.

THERE is certainly no other single industrial interest in the world to be compared, in the importance of its relations to the human race, as that which is involved in the culture, the gathering, and the transportation of grain.

The nutrition of the body is unquestionably the prime factor in all human power and all human product. To preserve this nutrition at its best grain is the only obvious necessity. Fortunately for the immediate wants of the great American nation, and perhaps not less so for their accumulation of wealth, and the advantages which wealth can purchase, the configuration of this country is of a character peculiarly adapted to the cultivation and production of grain in vast quantities and of the very best quality. The Atlantic coast, to be sure, presents no special advantages in this direction, though of vast importance in others. Excepting portions of the State of New York, and one or two others of the Middle States, is the section north of Virginia and east of the Ohio River, much devoted to grain crops; but west of this section, in the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and in most of the Southern States, corn or wheat, or both crops, may be found



A GRAIN-BOAT ON THE ERIE CANAL.

covering extensive tracts of territory; while the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope are capable of furnishing grain enough for the consumption of the civilized world. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to the reader to consider for a moment the peculiar nature and constituents of wheat which render it applicable for the food of man. If you cut a grain of wheat across the middle and examine it under a glass, the central parts will be found to be composed of a white substance, which, if the grain be dry, readily becomes a pearly powder. Near the outside of the kernel the texture is more compact, and at the surface it is hardened in appearance. This added firmness of the grain is produced by the increasing quantity of the gluten, which is the element that gives flour its strongest constituents—the greater or less quantity of gluten in flour rendering it more or less nutritious. That wheat which has grain in a dry and clear atmosphere, and grown on a fresh and strong soil, contains the greatest quantity of this nutritious element. The best of all wheats are those raised in California and Oregon. The Summers of these States are long and uniform, and allow grain to ripen finely. So free are these localities from moisture, that the grain is left in the field piled in bags, one upon another, and covered with a layer of straw for several months after it is thrashed. It thus becomes thoroughly ripe and dry, and may be transported across the equator without injury to its quality. This wheat is sown in the Fall of the year, about the time of the first hard frosts, and it generally springs a few inches above the ground, and in that condition goes through the Winter, making but little advancement, but starting into luxuriant and rapid growth in April. The ordinary harvest in countries where wheat is staple commences in the middle of May and June, and lasts about thirty days before the grain becomes so ripe as to shell and handle. The chief characteristics of wheat that grows in dry climates is, that the gluten becomes perfectly dry and hard, and will bear transportation to great distances, keeping for many months, and yet be as good as it was when first harvested.

Formerly, the Richmond flours were noted for this quality, and until the great development of the West, Richmond was the leading city in the production of the first grades of flour. Its wheats grew in West Virginia, and East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina and Georgia. The greater portion of Richmond flour is used in Cuba and the South American cities, since it bears transportation and keeps in hot climates for a year or two without injury; while the Western wheats must be kept cool, and should be consumed within a few months after they are ground. At present the greater quantity of our wheat is produced in those States which border the great Western rivers. The quantity of wheat grown in New England would not furnish its population with bread for a month, while so great is the population of the Empire State that, although the western part of New York is a fine wheat locality, and Genesee flour was long celebrated, yet all the wheat grown in the State would not feed its population more than half a year. The State of Pennsylvania can supply itself with flour, but has no surplus. Ohio, until within a few years, furnished two or three millions surplus, but at present she consumes nearly all the wheat grown within her limits. It is when we get west of the Wabash that we come to States which produce wheat in vast quantities, with a constant surplusage. The wheat crops of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota frequently reach the immense product of twenty-eight millions of bushels, while California ranges from eighteen to twenty-two millions, and Ohio and Minnesota, twenty-eight millions. The grain of the Pacific Slope, after supplying its own population, is almost wholly exported to Liverpool, but that of the Western States is stored in the great western cities of Milwaukie, Chicago, St. Louis and Toledo; but in our consideration of the production and movement of grain, we must not confine ourselves to wheat alone.

The State of California produces little over a million bushels of corn, or rather less than the crop of Connecticut, while it is less than one-half of that of Delaware. Georgia produces about eighteen million bushels, and Illinois one hundred and thirty millions. The crop of Indiana is something more than fifty million bushels, and that of Iowa nearly seventy millions; Kentucky, fifty millions; Michigan, fifteen millions; Minnesota, five millions; Mississippi, sixteen millions; Missouri, sixty-seven millions; New York, seventeen millions; Ohio, sixty-eight millions; Pennsylvania, thirty-five millions; Tennessee, forty-two millions; Texas, twenty-one millions; and little Rhode Island four hundred thousand bushels.

So it may be seen that, although wheat is considered a rightful and more important product, corn is no less worthy of notice. The more particularly, since, in regard to bulk, it far outstrips its more aristocratic competitor. In 1874, the product of corn amounted to about eight hundred and fifty million bushels, and that of wheat to three hundred and nine million bushels. The entire product of the cereals in the United States, in 1870, was one billion three hundred and eighty-seven million two hundred and seventy-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-three bushels, of which wheat contributed only about one-fifth or, to be exact, two hundred and eighty-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-six bushels.

Having given thus far much of our attention to the corn question, we will return to the subject of wheat, as more directly involved in the matter we are considering—that of the movement of the grain in its relation to the necessities and welfare of humanity.

From the field where the wheat is thrashed, it is carried in bags to the nearest railway station, and poured into cars—cars made expressly for use in its transportation. The capacity of these cars being about three hundred bushels each. The cars carry the grain to the elevator, where it is inspected by the proper officer, who divides it into four grades, and after this inspection it goes into the elevator. To give some idea of the vast railroad traffic in grains, we will note the shipments of the more prominent western railroads in 1875. In that year the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad shipped four hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-four bushels of wheat, and one hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty-seven bushels of corn. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway received about two and one half million bushels of wheat, and nearly five million bushels of corn. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad received four million bushels of wheat, and ten million bushels of corn. Much of the corn counted in the receipts of these lines of railway is shipped by lake. We find that the total lake shipments during the year 1875, were sixteen million and sixty-one thousand and fifty-four bushels of wheat, and twenty-one million eight hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and fifty-two bushels of corn. The vast increase of the trade and navigation of the Western lakes—Erie, Ontario, Huron, Superior and Michigan—is one of the most remarkable instances of commercial progress known. A century ago, these great inland seas, covering an area of ninety thousand square miles, and draining nearly four times that extent of territory, were almost unknown, save to the aborigines. Now they employ a gross tonnage of six hundred and fifty thousand tons annually, including seven hundred steamers and ten thousand sailing vessels. In fact, no Atlantic seaport can boast of such a marine trade as the port of Chicago, which, in a single year, has been credited

with the arrival of nearly twelve thousand vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of over three million. The lake and river commerce separated by the great inland seas is valued at more than five hundred million dollars per annum. The aggregate shipments of flour from Milwaukie, Chicago, Detroit and Toledo, during the year 1873, amounted to nearly six million barrels, and that of wheat, fifty-seven million bushels, and corn fifty million bushels. The grand total of the grain movement of the four ports just named, for the year 1873, was one hundred and sixty-two million three hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and ninety-six bushels. All of this grain moved toward the ocean seaboard; meanwhile, the transportation of grain over the Erie Canal, during the same year, amounted to more than fifty million bushels, while the foreign export grain trade of Montreal, which is the great depot of the Dominion lake commerce, amounted to over eighteen hundred million bushels, and its importations from the United States, and principally from the port of Chicago, reached about the same figures. The railroads having brought the grain from the field to the elevators, the next subject to be considered is the elevator itself.

Most of our readers have probably seen elevators—tall, tower-like structures, whose actual use it is always difficult to discern at first sight. These elevators are usually six or seven stories high. The cars run into them on the tracks, and, their doors being opened, the grain is shoveled with grain shovels into a large hopper beneath. This hopper has a bottom sloping to one side, through which, over a pulley, a large band passes, which goes over another pulley in the top of the elevator. This band has buckets of tin attached on it which contain about one-half a bushel each. As the band passes through the hopper these buckets fill themselves and are drawn rapidly up the elevator, and discharge the grain into the loft above as fast as it can be shoveled from the hopper into the car. From the buckets it passes into a large receptacle, or bin, which contains from two to three tons. Here it is weighed, and thence conducted through spouts to other bins; grades of the same kind being kept in the same receptacle. These bins are thirty or twenty feet square, and fifty or sixty feet deep. From them spouts go down to the holds of the vessels or to cars, and the wheat descends with great rapidity, so that the hold of a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons will be filled in two hours. These elevators have a vast capacity. In Chicago, seventeen of them were reported in 1875 as having a capacity of fifteen million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. The construction of elevators and the increased use of railroads and steamboats have dispensed almost entirely with the use of bags in the handling of grain. The car or vessel containing grain passes at once to the flouring-mill, where the grain is elevated directly by means of an elevator into the loft of the mill, and from this loft it is conducted through a tube to the spout, whence it pours into the hopper where it is ground. At the ending of this spout is a fanning-wheel which throws a blast of air up through the spout, thus permitting only the sound grain to fall into the hopper. All chaff and like grain is by this means blown up outside of the spout and falls on the floor. By shortening this tube at its lowest section the grain can be thoroughly winnowed, while by lengthening the lighter grain will fall with the heavier into the hopper.

The stones used in grinding are called French burr stones, though they are found in Arkansas and in other parts of this country. In some flouring-mills steel-faced stones are used. They make a flour inferior to that produced by the French burrs. From the receptacle from which the flour falls from the stones it is carried at once to the bolt. This is a large cylinder, usually eight-sided, covered with bolting cloth and made to revolve. It is set at an angle, so that the upper end of the bolt only admits the finest of the flour to pass through the cloth. At the middle more of the bran goes through out of the flour, and is therefore termed "middlings," and at the lower end of the bolt the bran falls through. After passing through the bolt the flour is carried by small elevators into the mill-room, and falls from quite a height on a clean floor, where it is allowed to cool. It is then packed in the barrels, each barrel holding one hundred and ninety-six pounds. If the flour is packed before it has time to cool thoroughly its quality is materially injured. From the mill the flour is shipped to various points where it is inspected by officers for the purpose. If it is of full weight, strictly sound, and free from any defect or fault, it is called "sound," and it is branded by the inspector according to the grade.

Chicago is unquestionably the great central depot of this country. In 1875 there were received in store in that city, one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-seven car-loads, six hundred and one canal-boat loads, and eleven vessel-boat loads of grain. The total amount of the grain received in that year being fifty-one million eight hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and nineteen bushels. Of this amount, four-fifths was reshipped by water. The shipments of flour from St. Louis, in 1873, amounted to two and one-half million barrels; of wheat one million two hundred and two thousand bushels, and of grain five million bushels. Indianapolis receives, from the region naturally tributary to that State, about one hundred and eighteen million bushels of corn, and fifteen million bushels of wheat annually. The grain trade of that city, for the year 1873, amounted to three million dollars in value, and the mill product, for the same year, to two million dollars. The receipts of grain by lake at Buffalo in 1873 amounted to thirty million bushels of wheat and twenty-eight million bushels of corn, and about nine million bushels of all other grains. In that year Buffalo had sixteen elevators, Milwaukie five, Toledo nine, Detroit two, and Indianapolis three. The local consumption of grain at Buffalo is estimated at one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand bushels annually, and that city has a good trade in Boston and New York also, with ports in the State of Pennsylvania, and directly with Europe. Eleven mills in Buffalo manufactured, in 1873, three hundred and twenty-five thousand eight hundred and thirteen barrels of flour. The estimated capacity of the Buffalo elevators for handling and storing grain was, in 1873, seven million bushels.

The foreign exportation of grain from the United States is, of course, an element of great importance in the revenue of the country. The total exportation in 1875, from New York, amounted to, flour, eight hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred and sixty-four barrels; wheat, twenty-five million seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty-two bushels; corn, eleven million nine hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven bushels. From other ports the transatlantic movement of grain amounted in the same year to about twenty-eight million bushels. Of European countries, Russia is the great grain producer, usually exporting every year about thirty-five million bushels of grain to England and other European countries; while even Turkey and her dependencies last year exported to Great Britain alone six million and eight hundred thousand bushels. It may be readily seen from these figures that a great European war involving these two countries cannot but have an important effect upon the American grain trade, since it cuts off about forty-two million bushels of grain usually distributed by them throughout Europe, and which deficiency the United States is the only country to supply.

The agricultural wealth of the country is considered by philosophical writers to be the first test of its internal

A TOW OF GRAIN-BOATS ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING GRAIN TO A EUROPEAN STEAMER IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

resources and the condition of its people. The increase of population on the Eastern continent beyond the capacity of production, of course invests the question of food with a significance which never before belonged to it, and gives a world-wide interest to the statistics of American agriculture far beyond that which this country derived merely from the wants of her countrymen. Consumption has in certain parts of Europe long since overtaken production, and in England, France, Belgium, Holland, and in the greater part of Germany, the food question itself precedes all others. In England, the turning point at which consumption overtook production is said to have been in 1824, and ever since the disproportion has been increasing. The political importance of the bread question in Europe is patent to every student of history. It will be remembered that the famine of 1847 was attended in Ireland by the loss of half a million of lives, this being the result of the loss of a single crop in a single country. It has been said by a distinguished French writer, of the time of the second Empire, that the mildew on an ear of corn is of more vital consequence to the existence and power of the French Government than the splendor of the imperial jewels or the marvels of a thousand handicrafts. Whatever in our days cuts off the small profits of the industrial classes in Europe, or threatens the crops of Europe, strikes at the stability of the political institutions of the land and wields a mighty influence whether for evil or for good. The very existence of thrones may be affected—indeed, some think their existence has been determined by causes so apparently insignificant as the rot in the potato or the weavel in a grain of wheat. John Stuart Mill admitted in his writings that America was the only source which could be depended upon to supply the food necessity of Great Britain; but added that if the British population continued to increase as it had done, the only mode in which food could continue to be supplied cheaply by America to Great Britain would be by sending the British population abroad to produce it. Yet this is a comparatively new condition, for in 1756 England was said to have grown corn enough in one year to supply herself for four years. Twenty years ago England imported food annually to the amount of two hundred and fifty million dollars; while her population was increasing at the rate of a thousand a day. As long ago as this, too, it was said by a Frenchman, in writing of the French peasantry, that the natives had not enough to eat, even to supply the natural wants of the human frame; in fact, while English laborers consume a pound and a quarter a day, this being also the usual daily ration in the British army, and while the daily ration in the United States Navy is fourteen ounces of bread, a half pound of beef, six ounces of pork, etc., in France the actual consumption of food is only about one-sixth of a pound per day for each individual, or less than half what it ought to be. Indeed, it has been alleged that the final deterioration of the standard of growth in parts of France has been the result of an inadequate supply of nutritious food, bread in particular. In one of the reports of the French Exposition of 1855 it was said that more than four million Frenchmen were not in the habit of eating bread. It is a curious fact that in Europe the increase of population is tended by a decrease of breadth of land devoted to cereal produce, and this has been particularly noticed in Prussia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, and most of the minor German States. In France this decrease has been made great by the absorption of land in the cultivation of the sugar beet; while Belgium and Holland, being grazing rather than agricultural countries, are themselves purchasers of foreign grain; in fact, it is only in Russia that a strenuous effort has been made to maintain the grain markets, and to secure agricultural supremacy. It may thus be judged that, as was stated by the eminent statistician, Hon. Samuel B. Reynolds, in his comprehensive pamphlet on the agricultural products of the United States, "The agriculture of the American Union is the broad and enduring basis of its natural strength."

The agricultural population of the United States was, in 1870, about six millions, and the agricultural wealth of the country was estimated at eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, showing an average value of about nineteen hundred dollars per head. Every million added to that agricultural population will certainly add at least nineteen hundred million to the national wealth, and an additional million is gained every thirteen years. These facts go to show that Mr. Mill was not far from right in his theory that, to obtain grain from America, Great Britain must send over her surplus population for its cultivation. The total value of the farms of the United States, covering two hundred million acres of improved land, and about as much unimproved, was about ten thousand million dollars, certainly an enormous capital to be invested in agriculture, yet paying a pretty good profit, since it yields a net yearly income of nearly four hundred dollars for every individual in the country. In speaking of the importance of agriculture in one of his addresses, delivered at Boston on his return from England, Daniel Webster made the following observation: "Agriculture feeds to a great extent. It clothes us. Without it we should not have manufactories; we should not have commerce. They all stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture." To this assertion Edward Everett adds his opinion in the following words: "There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that, as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various occupations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions." The importance of the cultivation of grain is shown in relation particularly to that of maize or Indian corn, by the fact of the occurrence of this plant in the floral decorations of Rome, painted in the time of Raphael. This plant is referred to by the most ancient Peruvian histories. It was cultivated by the aborigines in the time of Columbus, and it is still found growing in a wild state from our Rocky Mountains to the forests of Paraguay, although it was long a mooted question. There has been of late years no doubt, in the minds of those who have studied the subject, that maize or corn is a true American grain, and that the Old Continent received it from the New. As long ago as 1858, Indian corn was prominently the great staple of this country, surpassing all others in the area of its cultivation, and in the amount and value of the crop; in fact, almost equaling the united value of the three next staples in their order—wheat, hay, and cotton. It was said by Professor Mapes, in a lecture on Indian corn, before the American Institute, that its failure for three successive years would nearly bankrupt the nation. To corn we are indebted in part for our beef, and in a very large proportion to our pork, since in the far West it is fed largely to cattle and pigs. The number of hogs feeding on it nearly equals the number of inhabitants, and the lard has become a staple article of export. The sugar estates in the West Indies are mainly supported by American Indian meal, while millions of bushels are consumed in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors. As for wheat, while in New England its culture has declined to a minimum of importance, and in the Middle States is stationary, its increase in the Northwestern and Pacific States has been enormous. In 1840 Chicago imported flour and meal for her own consumption; now she has the largest primary grain depot in the world, rivaling Odessa, Dantzic and St. Petersburg, and leading all the other ports in the world in the quantity and quality of her exports.

The stupendous and constantly increasing importance of

the grain interest to America and the entire civilized world, will have been sufficiently shown in the brief summary of statements and figures which we have made, and which is all that can be afforded in the short space alloted to this article. The tremendous operations required to move the grain crops of the United States will be readily appreciated on slight consideration of the facts. There should be remembered the vast capital invested in the cultivation of grain; the six million persons engaged in farming avocations; the gigantic traffic in this staple which goes so far toward sustaining our railroads, inland lake and river navigation and foreign commerce; the investments in improved and wide-spread mill interests; and all the other elements which go to make up the totality of this business. Upon the regular, safe and successful movement of the grain crop is constantly dependent the settlement of business in cities, often thousands of miles distant from the region where this crop is gathered. In fact, the balancing of business accounts among merchants, bankers and manufacturers is more influenced by the grain interest, in its various departments, than by any other single agency. Certainly, when all this is taken into consideration, no one can fail to find the subject interesting in the aggregate, and in its details; and in defining and illustrating the movement of grain, from its cutting to its final manufacture and employment as food, we have reason to believe that we supply a topic for the consideration of the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY which will be found to be instructive and entertaining.

COOKING SHRIMPS.

BY ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

THE illustration on page 100 presents a scene familiar only to those who live on the southern coast of this country, especially in Charleston, S. C., and the adjoining Sea Islands.

Shrimp-catching, shrimp-cooking, and last, though not least, shrimp-eating, are unknown in the North, except to the epicurean taste that demands the stimulant of imported luxuries.

Nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains occasionally palled on the palates of such sated epicureans as Lucullus or Sallust; while another fastidiously dainty Roman fed the fish in his private ponds on the flesh of African slaves, which imparted to them a peculiarly high flavor.

De gustibus non est disputandum.

But to return, not to our *mutions*, but to our shrimps, and the darkies who find delight both in catching and devouring them.

Some ply a profitable business by selling them in the streets, the demand being often greater than the supply. They are much sought after, both by white and colored people, as a popular article of food. You hear the venders uttering their shrill cry of "Shr-i-m-mps!" in a drawling, nasal tone, anywhere and everywhere about the city as they pass.

The authors of orthodox cooking-books invariably begin by saying, "First, catch your fish," or fowl; after which they instruct us in the important and profound art of preparing them to be served on the table.

So, then, we will first catch our shrimps; which is done by placing a piece of netting around a barrel-hoop, forming a sort of bag, in which bits of fat meat are put to serve as bait. Then the bag-net is dropped down on the bottom of the bay or river, with a line attached, so that it can be drawn up conveniently. Into this the creatures crawl to feast on the meat, and are thus trapped very much after the fashion of mice nibbling at the dainty bit of cheese that allures their necks into a position favorable to the involuntary suicide that invariably follows.

These shrimps, or prawns, as they are also called, in species are something of a cross between a crab, a craw-fish and lobster, most resembling the lobster in appearance and flavor, though of much smaller size.

They are eaten according to taste, sometimes *au naturel*, without removing their delicate shells; but more frequently, after the shell has been removed by slight boiling, they are dressed with condiments, like a raw oyster or lobster; or made into a hot dish with the addition of pastry and seasoning similar to an oyster-pie, and very popular.

The family scene portrayed in the picture presents to view the interior of a "colored gentleman's" residence, with all the details of the domestic *ménage* admirably delineated. In the centre of the group, and most prominent, stands "madam," who is evidently the ruling spirit of the household. We will call her "Sheba" for the occasion, as the name is suggestive of authority.

She is busily engaged stirring the contents of the huge iron pot (of a size capacious enough for a witch's caldron), that hangs suspended over a fire of sticks, most probably pine or light wood. Her head is enveloped in the regulation turban that has, from time immemorial, been a stereotyped fashion among the women of her race; it is generally formed of a bandanna handkerchief of brilliant hues.

She is apparently doing double duty—with one hand stirring the pot over which she leans, resting the other arm on the chimney, while evidently delivering a lecture (possibly on woman's rights), in approved Caudle fashion, to her *cara sposa*, who presents a profound illustration of indolence, as he carelessly sits opposite, with relaxed limbs incased in big boots, one hand idly resting on his knee, the other employed scratching his head—a frequent amusement with the woolly pates—as he looks pleadingly up into Sheba's sweet countenance with a deprecatory expression, while she treats him to a specimen of that feminine commodity commonly known as "a piece of her mind."

Between the couple we see the youngest hopeful sprawling on the floor, with back resting against the table-leg, his extended limbs unencumbered by clothing, only one garment redeeming the "pappoose" from a state of nature, as he stares steadily upward at the steaming pot. On the table stands a large trayful of shrimps. One has fallen to the floor, where it looks like some anomalous animal only defined in the dictionary of Agassiz, or some other scientific student of the marvels of nature and the denizens of the deep.

In the rear of the group, lazily leaning on the table, stands the eldest olive-branch, who apparently inherits the paternal characteristic, indolence. He, too, gazes with spellbound, solemn delight at the steaming pot, evidently contemplating what might be the pleasure of absorbing a portion of its contents.

There is something seriously subdued in his temperament, which doubtless Mammy Sheba reduces to subordination, according to orthodox Scriptural advice—"Spare the rod, spoil the child."

We have observed, on such occasions of condign punishment, privately or publicly administered, as the case may be—parents not being especially choice in the selection of situations—that the involuntary gymnastic evolutions were wonderfully lively and strikingly picturesque; while the vocal accompaniment of roars and yells mingled with ejaculations and admonitory threats from mammy, of the most fearful and desperate character, such as, "I'll cut you into little pieces, you varmint, you!" "Hush that hollering, or I'll take your tongue out by the roots, you rascal!" etc., etc.—such expressions having a tendency to suppress the subject

SOUTHERN SCENES.—COOKING SHRIMPS.—SEE PAGE 99.

THE UNDERCLYFFE GHOST.—"'SEND A BALL THROUGH ITS HEAD,' SUGGESTED JARVIS."

in stringent style, while the punishment, actively administered with vigorous energy, continued unabated, rendering the situation supremely ludicrous.

We cannot close our sketch without one more allusion to shrimps—an extract from the letter of an illiterate "carpet-bagger," who for a while sought profit and plunder in the South since the war; like many others of that class, which we ex-rebels *now* understand as no more representing the mass of population at the North, nor indicating the character and feelings of the honest, kindly, right-minded class of Northern people, than did such specimens as Legree and St. Clair, portrayed by Mrs. Stowe, present a *type* of Southern slave-owners and overseers. Both are exceptions, not types, of their race; for the St. Clairs, Legrees and Uncle Toms were only occasionally met with.

My readers will pardon the expression of honest and sincere sentiments on these subjects, though they were a digression.

The "carpet-bagger" before alluded to had been for a while holding some petty office in Charleston, and, returning North, brought with him a specimen of Southern luxuries in the shape of a keg of shrimps. The weather was warm, and, alas! for human expectations, the anticipated treat proved a failure.

A letter to a friend in the South set forth in pathetic portraiture his disappointment, on arriving, at the condition of said consignment of shrimps:

"N. B.—I didn't say nothing to none of you about the keg of shrimps I brought on from Charleston. When I got here, they were a sight for mortal eyes! Nobody could tell which was head or which was tail; a perfect regiment of critters had took hold on 'em, and when I told our folks how much nicer and delicater they were than lobsters, they began to twit me, and I ain't hearn the last of it yet. I only wish I could have preserved the live stock for a museum. No more at present, from yours truly,

"ABIJAH SLADE."

EVERY day of your life is a page in your history.

THE UNDERCLYFFE GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

"AH, sir, it's all very well for you, who haven't seen it, to smile like that; but there it was, with its white, stony face, its yellow hair looking like dead gold in the moonlight, its eyes fixed firm on something far, far away. It's very well to smile, sir, but go stand face to face with a human soul separate from its body and bones, and see where your smiling would be then."

"You had resolved to speak to it. Where was your strength of purpose?"

"Sheer boasting, sir. When I was chatting with some of the women, the other night, I said, off-handed like, that if I knew where any spirit took its walks, I'd meet it and ask a question or two. And as to my strength of purpose, sir, why, heart and purpose failed me then. I was speechless and afraid. I'm not ashamed to confess it, sir."

Mr. Clyffe of Underclyffe looked up with a benignant smile. "You are a foolish woman," said he. "And as for your ghost—what do you think of it, Jarvis?"

The question came unexpectedly, and the gentleman turned with sudden sharpness upon the gardener. But the latter was not to be caught unawares. He blinked his ferret-like eyes repeatedly, as though by some secret process this action stirred the fire smoldering in their red depth; then, opening them widely, turned the dull glare full upon his questioner.

"What do I think, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I'm of opinion that the ghost never came from the grave as could stand powder and shot. I'm of opinion that a dose of that's as good for them as for any other night-walkers. And, finally, sir, I'm of opinion that, as to this golden-headed creature in particular, Mary saw it in her sleep, and that's where Mary saw it."

"Oh, sir!" protested the woman, too eager to be angry,

"I was as nigh to it as I am to you. I saw it, sir; indeed I did!"

"Hush," said the master, softly. "You may all go now. Why, what can I possibly do? I endeavor to prove your folly. You will be deaf. You cling to your belief. All that you hear and see does not affect *me*—it should not affect you. And this sort of notoriety which, through your silly superstitions, must attach itself to the place, is unpleasant. I cannot permit it. Now, Mrs. Whitmore, if you please."

Mrs. Whitmore, the housekeeper, a matronly body, advanced toward the master.

"Well, Mr. Clyffe."

"You will question these people, discharge those who wish to resign my service, order them to leave without a half hour, provide yourself with fresh servants, and repeat my commands—that the first one among them who alludes to the cause of that fool's whining shall be turned from the house at any hour of the day or night. They may go."

And be assured they waited for no more courteous dismissal.

Reginald Denbigh Clyffe was a man of eight-and-thirty, rather small, with features sharp and clearly cut. There was nothing effeminate here, however; for the brown eyes were cruelly keen and watchful, the thin lips beneath the heavy mustache sternly set, the low voice full and sonorous.

Alone now, the gentleman wrote a letter or two, finished his cigar, then, sauntering to the window, stood there until heavy feet came tramping down the walk. These heavy feet belonged to Jarvis, the gardener, whose great horny hands were presently battling with the refractory sumach-bushes just facing the library. A muttered curse and a vicious hack of his pruning-knife revealed much of this honest fellow's true character—as much, indeed, as met the watcher's approval, and evidently decided him in his course of action; for, quitting his place of concealment behind the heavy curtains, he stepped out upon the terrace and strolled leisurely toward the worker.

Purposeless questionings followed, and in the midst of them Mr. Clyffe paused, bent low to lift a tendril of trailing vine, and said, in a half whisper:

"Follow me to the library. I wish to speak to you."

Then, confident that he would be understood, our gentleman let fall the vine and strolled back to his work as leisurely as he had left it.

Nor was he wrong, for suddenly brave Jarvis shut his knife and strode up to the terrace.

"Mr. Clyffe!" he called.

"I am here."

An impatient beckoning accompanied the quiet answer.

Jarvis now stood at the low, open window.

"Come in," signed the master, and the man obeyed.

A pause. Mr. Clyffe sealed his last letter, then looked up suddenly, to meet those ferret eyes suspiciously following every movement.

"Martin," commenced the gentleman.

"Jarvis, sir, if you please." The man's face was positively frightful now in its ugliness. A sudden pallor had overcrept the healthy glow, and upon this pallor every villainous curve and furrow was simply eloquent. "Jarvis, sir, if you please," he repeated, with an abject terror.

"And what if I insist upon calling you Martin?—Martin Holmes. Have I not the right? Come now. You are forgetting yourself, Martin. Do you remember where I found you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Where?"

"You won't make me say it, sir! You won't, sir!" The fellow's broad breast heaved and his treacherous eyes went shifting about the room. "Oh, I can't! Why, what have I been a-doin'? Every mornin' I says to myself, 'Now, steady's the word for to-day, my boy!' and steady it is, sir, till night comes again. What have I been a-doin, Mr. Clyffe?"

"I found you," Mr. Clyffe continued, unmovedly, "a poor wretch just released from prison. You had been tried for murder, convicted, and——"

"Great heaven, sir, and I as innocent—as innocent as a baby!"

"And reprieved. When you stepped from the scaffold, where you should rightfully have swung, you rascal! you were friendless. Who busied himself in procuring a pardon for you?"

"You, sir."

"You were starving. Who put bread in your mouth, you cur?"

"You, sir. You did, Mr. Clyffe. You was an angel to a down-trodden fellow creatur, sir. For if ever a human's life was sworn away, mine was that day. I was innocent, sir."

"Hold your tongue! I do not believe you. I *do* believe that if ever a murder was done with deliberate intent, that was the one, and you were the rogue who did it. But with that I have nothing to do. It is past; let it go. Now, Martin Holmes, I chanced to be present at your trial, and if I interested myself for you, secured your pardon, took you by the hand, fed you, clothed you, changed your name and brought you here amongst strangers, what do you suppose was my object?"

"Charity, sir," was the prompt answer.

"No. I'll vow it was not. You are here to shoot poachers."

"Sir?"

"Yes, poachers—ghosts."

The restless eyes settled at last upon the tempter with a look of cunning inquiry.

"Powder and shot, sir?"

"Powder and shot. For example, if you should be up to-night—if you should see that *thing*—if you should——"

"Send a ball through its head," suggested Jarvis.

"Through its head," coolly acquiesced the master. "Why, who can tell what good fortune might not follow? You might stumble upon a comfortable sum of money. You might secure a life-lease of your present situation. Stop now—don't speak. Suppose as well that your ghost is no ghost at all. Where is the crime? You meet this in the dark. You fire. A mistake—nothing more. Bah! couldn't you try to kill a poacher, man?"

"Well, yes, better even than that—I could do it, sir."

"Then that is all. Be off now to your work. Here! look at this—think how soon it may change masters."

It was a fine sight—that yellow gold slipping through the pretty womanly fingers of Clyffe of Underclyffe. Jarvis thought as much, and stepped down from the terrace with an evil grin upon his pinched face.

* * * * * * *

Midnight! As the hour sounded, Reginald Clyffe, who was reading in the library, put aside his book. Quick upon the last stroke followed the sharp crack of a rifle.

"Ah, ha! poachers again!" exclaimed the master of Underclyffe. "I solemnly trust that Jarvis has dealt with them."

Which fervent aspiration was almost a prayer.

The gentleman read no more that night, although he did not leave the room. At gray daybreak there came a cautious step upon the gravel walk. Then Mr. Clyffe arose and opened the window to Jarvis. Barely had the newcomer entered the room when his master commenced:

"Quick! what of it?"

"You heard me, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Is she——"

"She's Satan himself, or a ghost indeed. The ball never touched her, sir!"

"You villain!" springing at his throat.

"See now. Don't do that—don't. I'm not safe. Villain? Great Lord! I took a good sight, fired, and—my ball's buried deep in the tree behind where *it* stood. There!" wiping his clammy brow, "I cannot do no more than that, sir."

Reginald Clyffe frowned and bit his lips. At last, said he, with a half laugh, "Yes, you may do more. Take this for your trouble," handing him a few pieces of gold. "Now go down to the cottage by the river. Not now, but to-night. Old Esther and her grandchild live there alone. For the hag I care nothing. As to the girl——"

"Ay, sir," ventured the other, expectantly.

Mr. Clyffe pondered a little, as though he solved a tormenting question, then said he, with that wicked smile of his, "As for the girl—well now, to-morrow I am off to town. And when I come, pray be the first to meet me and tender to me this welcome—that the girl has been found dead, with a knife sheathed in her heart! There! Go, my brave lad. Do not wait, do not hesitate, do not fail! Be off now! It is late, and I am tired."

At the window Jarvis paused doubtingly.

"What is it?"

"Only this, sir. Must you go to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly. I have no choice in the matter, for I go to bring home a wife."

Chapter II.

REGINALD CLYFFE was speaking as unconcernedly as though the matter regarded any one in the world but himself.

"We have been married four and twenty hours," said he, "and yet you will confide to me nothing of your love affair with Ellesmere. You loved him, at least?"

"I loved him, yes. You knew that?" wearily came the answer from this bride of a day.

"Humph! An assurance upon which one may build much possible happiness. You should have remained faithful to his memory, madam!"

"Ah, sir!" she piteously cried. Then clasping her little hands, she raised them to her breast, and kept them folded there; but not another word fell from her lips.

She was very young, this learner of life's hardest lesson—forgetfulness—young and delicately fair. Rippling yellow hair falling back from a broad, low brow, eyes of violet-blue, lips tremulously sad and firmly closed upon the great woe which might never bear the telling—poor little bride!

The jaded horses dragged themselves lazily along, content to hearken at last to a positive "Whoa!" from the fat coachman.

"What is it?"

"If you please, sir," apologized the footman at the carriage-door—"if you please, sir, here's a letter for you, sent by post to the landlord at Tenford. He gave it to me, and I quite forgot it, sir, indeed, till now."

Mr. Clyffe took the letter, read it without a word, then put it by.

"Drive on, and quickly!" was the word of command; "I cannot lose one moment."

And so, with a rattle and a dash, and a haste most unseemly, did this strange bridal party make its advent.

In the library, at home, Jarvis came to the master.

"You got my letter, sir? I made bold to write——"

"Yes. They are gone?"

"Both gone, sir, the woman and the girl. Gone without one word of warning even."

"Come here! Now listen. How far may I trust you, Martin Holmes?"

"To the death, sir."

"To the death, then, let it be. Lock the door, Martin."

From the interview which followed the gardener withdrew a full half hour later. Then Clyffe of Underclyffe sought his wife's chamber.

"Now, madame," approaching the poor creature sitting there alone, "a word with you. Am I to understand, finally, that you do not love me?"

"I cannot help it," she commenced, and the tears were, in truth, not yet dry upon the cheeks of this bonny bride.

"Am I to understand that to your good aunt alone I owe my happiness?"

"That would not be just," she objected with a sad smile. "I was not forced to marry you. You simply threatened to beggar one who had been a mother to me, and I consented to save her."

"Am I to understand as well, that if Gordon Ellesmere had returned, you would have been his wife?"

"You know it!" she cried. Then softly, "I had promised, I loved him so—but he is dead!"

"Is he? Then the grave has given him up, for he is in the city, and will be here to-morrow."

The cruel blow! She neither moaned nor wept, but a calm despair settled down upon the poor pale face—a calm despair which quite crushed out all semblance of youth, and left it a wan and haggard mask. She sat gazing at him vacantly, her blue eyes wide with a wretched horror.

"Not dead!"

The lips formed but did not utter the words which he answered:

"No, not dead. And here will he come, this gallant cousin of mine, because, forsooth! my wife is here. He has been a pauper, a prisoner. Heaven only knows what, abroad, and now——"

"Did you know this yesterday?"

"Before I married you? Oh, yes, I heard from him—that is, he wrote to me from Antwerp."

"Then, may the good Lord pardon you!" she cried, and so sank down.

"Say more than that!" he exclaimed, as he spoke, tearing away her hand from her face. "Say more than that! Upbraid me as your heart dictates."

But she, freeing herself from his unmanly grasp, arose, and with a dignity strangely at variance with her former tears and trembling, said but this:

"Hear me, then. What are reproaches now! Nothing. I am lost to him, and he to me, *for ever!* I am your slave, for you have bought me. Through what treachery and deceit, through what villainy and wrong dealing, Heaven only knows and Heaven will judge. You are a man, strong, brave and victorious; I but a woman, faithless, weak and perjured. Be patient with me, sir, I pray. Give me a little time to bury these—my dead, dead hopes, dead happiness, dead peace and rest. It is not much I ask. Give me until to-morrow, and then——"

Here she arose, standing before him with a gesture half proud and half defiant.

"And then?"

"I will go the way that you lead, knowing no will but yours."

"I marvel at so modest a request," he sneered; "until to-morrow?"

"Until he comes."

"What if he does? I shall not see him."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

"And I believe. Ah, if you would but reflect, madam. Think how I love you, how dear you are to me! Great Heaven! You have the making or the marring of a life in these little hands. Remember that, and remember, too, that he sues as a slave, who might as a master *command!*"

The morning brought Gordon Ellesmere, that cousin of Clyffe of Underclyffe, who, after a weary absence, must now come back to the cruel change which spitefulFortune had worked.

Young, handsome, clever and rich, might not this reckless fellow have slighted Fame for Love? Ay, but thus had he reasoned:

"I'll make a fine name, little one, and then I'll bring it home to you."

But the fine name did not come till gaunt suffering had first reached out its hand. His ship was wrecked (he was bound upon some self-ventured voyage of discovery), and he, escaping from a barbarous serfdom, came home to find the darling he had left.

Now, the welcome over, our wanderer fell to telling his intentions:

"I shall run down to Cordelia to-night," said he; "it was absolutely necessary to see you first, you understand. Wasn't it strange that I should have met no one whom I knew in New York but Hartley? By-the-by, he told me——"

"Who is Cordelia?" interrupted Mr. Clyffe.

"My wife, that is to be, my dear fellow. You never saw her, old boy."

"Ah! Well, what were you saying?"

"Why, that Hartley told me of your marriage. I have not forgotten it, although he could not recall her name. Don't feel neglected. I must see her, too. Well, well, so there is a Mrs. Clyffe, eh?" a little curiously.

"Yes, I have been giving my precious self away. I have a wife. You know her, Cordelia Chester?"

"Is she?"

"Mine? Yes. You will enjoy a laugh with her over that old folly. She has told me of it. Don't bear malice, my dear cousin."

Poor Gordon bent his head in silence, then passion breaking through a better judgment, he gave this enemy a sight of all his sufferings.

But very deliberately did Reginald Clyffe proceed to explain the whole affair. Of course, the other would hear nothing.

"The thought of her has brought me back, and now——" stopping in his excited walk, with cheeks ablaze and kindling eyes, before the master of Underclyffe.

"Let Cordelia tell it, then," suggested the latter, and straightway summoned her.

She came to them, quiet and self-possessed. Gordon's haughty civility she met with cool reserve.

"Tell me," said he, when the door had closed upon her—"tell me why you were false to me?"

Now the husband had measured her composure and knew its little worth. Advancing, he took her hand.

"Have no fear, my child," he benignly urged. "I authorize your presence. Pray convince this gentleman that you have married me through love alone."

"Through love alone," she echoed, never looking toward him.

"This I surrender to you—I may no longer keep it honestly." 'Twas but a little ring which Gordon laid before her. "It is yours. Through good and evil fortune have I guarded it sacredly. It is yours, and may Heaven forgive you, oh, woman, so perjured, base and heartless!"

"Not heartless!" freeing herself from her husband's clasp, she crossed to him whom she had so wronged. Humbly kneeling, she said but this: "Not heartless, perjured only, for I love you, oh, my darling!"

INTERVIEW OF LADY CATHARINE GORDON, THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND, WITH HENRY THE SEVENTH OF ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 109.

And this unblushingly, before the man whose name she bore. An awkward scene, but the quiet indifference of Reginald Clyffe did battle for him here again, and left him victor.

"Come," said he, "this is in wretched taste. One might well fancy it studied from the third act of a melodrama." He was bending over her, his hand upon her shoulder, his cruel eyes gloating over her misery. "Get up! There, leave us now. The rest is an affair between this gentleman and myself."

He led her to the door, but ere they reached it Gordon Ellesmere stood between them. Thrusting Clyffe aside, he caught the woman in his arms. One kiss he pressed upon her lips, and then said he:

"There! Go now to that man—*from me.*" And before the husband could utter one word of indignant protest: "Vile wretch! Behold your triumph! A friend deceived, a woman broken-hearted, a good name tarnished—for to that shall it come, ah, hear me swear it, Heaven!"

And with this, past the fainting form he strode, regardless alike of cry or curse that followed him.

* * *

That night Reginald Clyffe, standing upon the terrace, was speaking to the woman Jane. She was within, lighting the lamp on the library table.

"Turn it down," said he," I shall not want it yet, and close the further window."

Then he continued his walk, falling into troubled meditations, of course, to be aroused presently by an affrighted exclamation. Jane, beside him, pointed toward the wood, which upon that side was not fifty paces distant, and there, not in the black shadow of the overhanging boughs, but standing full in the bright moonlight, was the figure of a woman.

One moment it paused, then, gliding onward, seeming scarcely to touch the ground, it reached the shadows, and the shadows kept its secret; for when Reginald Clyffe came dashing down the walk, nothing was there. Returning from a fruitless search, he found upon the terrace the woman Jane, crouched in an agony of terror.

"Oh, sir, you saw it then?"

"I saw it."

"Its awful face, so white and deadly in the light; its yellow hair, like beaten gold; its——"

"Hush," interrupted the master. "Hush! Prove to me that you are a sensible creature. I was harsh and wrong. You are right, but keep a quiet tongue about this. Tell it to no one, and when you want a friend, remember where the kindest may be found.

Thus, at the price of a new gown and a piece or two of money, was this good soul's silence brought.

Chapter III.

Reginald Clyffe stood in the hall as his wife, fresh from the long ride over the hills, came tripping past. Tripping past with a happy carol upon her lips, starting back with an ugly frown when he stood in her path.

"Cordelia!" Mrs. Clyffe drew aside with an impatient gesture. "Ah, Cordelia, one little word only. Have I not earned my pardon yet? Will you never forget, never forgive? Must this go on for ever—this mockery of marriage? Have pity, my wife!"

A prayer, tender, low and reverent. But she who listened only stooped to gather up again the long folds of the riding-habit, which in her astonishment she had let fall, and then swept past him without one answering word.

THE SWISS CLOCK.

Newly-arrived Bridget (to Paterfamilias)—*"Sure an ilegant little burd hopped out of the clock, and 'Cuckoo!' says he; and wid that I ups wid the broom and knocks him dead, and here he is."*

On to her chamber now with hastening steps. The key turned in the lock, and then, with quickened breath and hot, flushed cheeks, she drew from her bosom—a letter! This she kissed and kissed again, in that fond way all women have who love. Even after she had set it alight she jealously watched until the last flickering flame was dead.

"No careless act of mine shall bring trouble to him," she whispered. "He has forgiven this, and I will go to him. Away in foreign lands with him—and never, never to know sorrow more!"

Was Gordon Ellesmere's oath forgotten, think you?

As for the gentleman whom Mrs. Clyffe had so unceremoniously left in the hall, he stood listening until the door overhead closed. Then he calmly turned away, to find himself face to face with the gardener, Jarvis.

"You?"

"You sent for me, sir?"

Mr. Clyffe led the way to the library.

"Yes, I sent for you. Have you heard anything of that woman and the girl?"

"No, sir; and I've left nothing undone. It's clear, sir, the old one had money, and she's off with it, that's all."

"That has been seen again—the ghost, I mean."

Clyffe of Underclyffe said this with a forced laugh, as though in depreciation of the reference to so puerile an affair.

"By 'em all, sir; only they're afraid to say it. Never at the house, however; always at the wood. And as they're only paid to stop indoors, they reasons sensibly and stops there."

"Very well. Now, Martin, it is time to end this folly. You will go with me to-night, and we will see what powder and ball may do."

"Right you are, squire!" exclaimed the man, heartily. "There's nothing like that to settle trouble. A good rifle, a fair shot—and where's your ghost? says I."

These words came back to Reginald Clyffe that night as he drained a full glass of brandy. Although habitually temperate, this was no more to him now than a glass of water would have been.

Midnight sounded as he stepped off the terrace with Jarvis. Noiselessly they crossed the lawn, stealing beneath the heaviest shadows. Then, skirting the forest, crouched low at last in the midnight blackness thick about them. Not a word escaped them. Presently Jarvis touched his master's arm.

"Look!" he motioned.

In the very path which they had taken followed the figure of a woman!

"Good God! the head is covered. I have never seen it so," whispered the man.

"So much the better," was the cool answer. "Take aim. Steady now. Are you afraid, Martin Holmes?"

The words seemed magical. The fellow's teeth pressed hard upon his lip, his strong fingers closed about the gun, speedily was it raised, hurriedly aimed, and then—

"Fire!" hissed Clyffe.

Rudely upon the command dashed the report. A stifled cry pierced even that, and reached these men; and they, from their hiding-place, saw, as the white smoke floated away, a figure lying prostrate—there, where *that* had stood.

A dash across the moonlit space, a strong hand quick to lift that form, a nervous wrench tearing loose the dark mantle—and then, the master still kneeling there so motionless, the man bent down and touched his arm.

"Mr. Clyffe!"

Clyffe of Underclyffe looked up.

"It is my wife," said he. "And she is dead."

Words of such fearful import that anxious Jarvis fairly reeled beneath them.

"Good Lord!" he cried, below his breath. "What will follow this?"

"No harm," answered the gentleman, very calmly. "There, don't show any cowardice, man. She is dead."

"You'll leave her here, sir? Mr. Clyffe, you never knew 'twas *her?*"

"As she fell?—yes," letting the blood-stained mantle drop carelessly over the ghastly face. "I did not suppose that it was—my wife."

Rising, and taking the assassin by the arm, he resolutely turned away from the corpse.

"Come," continued he. "This is an awkward affair, best arranged behind closed doors. As for that," with a backward motion of the hand, "why, a murder more or less should be nothing to you, Martin Holmes."

Cordelia, wife of Reginald Denbigh Clyffe, was buried. They had found the poor child in the little wood with a bullet in her heart.

The bereaved husband could offer no explanation, the servants were equally ignorant. It was all a sickening mystery—one more for the clods to cover.

Through all the day following the funeral did the mourner remain alone in his chamber. The next morning, however, he was himself again—calm, collected and reserved. Looking older and more haggard surely, but meeting his great sorrow as all the world might have expected of such a man as Clyffe of Underclyffe.

Chapter IV.

THE five years had been five gracious gifts to the master of Underclyffe. Rich he had always been, but now his name stood foremost in the ranks of those to whom Fortune had proved kindest. For, being alone in the world and well nigh broken-hearted, Reginald Clyffe would have sank beneath his affliction had he folded his hands and sat at home. But his was a nature craving excitement. So, with an earnestness which astonished not a few, he turned to commerce for good aid and comfort. He launched his wealth upon the seas, and the propitious waters bore him back a thousand fold. He dashed into hazardous speculations, and where another might have bemoaned a folly, Clyffe of Underclyffe smiled grimly at a strange success.

Now, in all this while, he had not abandoned the old home. To the contrary, a singular attraction drew him to the place. Guests never again darkened the doors, but from time to time the master would run down.

"Let me always find everything as *she* liked and left it. Let nothing be changed, Mrs. Whitmore," would be the reiterated command.

"He loves her still," the old housekeeper never failed to declare to the few allies whom she yet retained about her. "And take my word, no other mistress will he ever bring us, poor soul!"

But there came a day when the master, arriving unexpectedly, was met with a certain air of awkward welcome. He was not slow to perceive this, and so he straightway questioned Jarvis when the latter made his appearance.

"What is the matter here?" he asked.

"Matter?" responded the honest fellow. "Why, sir, they have been seeing *that* again."

"That! What?"

"The ghost," answered Jarvis, in a low whisper.

"You idiot!" commenced the master, but the man broke in upon his anger.

"Now, sir, between us, I can't stand this no longer. You won't let me be a friend——"

"Friend! Is the fellow drunk?" Clyffe of Underclyffe asked this in perfect faith.

"Quite sober, sir, and quite serious. Now wait, Mr. Clyffe, you've got that old name upon the tip of your tongue. Say it, sir. Call me by it, if you please; and then, to end the matter now and for ever, Martin Holmes can tell the *truth*. Now that's what Martin Holmes can do, and what he will."

How the matter would have ended, how far this open defiance might have led, it would have been difficult to divine; but just then there came a tap at the door, and Jarvis, looking out, looked back to say:

"It's your cousin, Mr. Ellesmere, sir."

And, without a bidding, Mr. Ellesmere strode into the room.

"You!" Reginald Clyffe exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I. Close the door."

This to Jarvis, who stood upon the threshold.

"Don't go away," called out the master.

"Excuse me," interposed the visitor. "His movements cannot concern you. It is with *me* you have to deal."

This was said very calmly, but before the relentless purpose in the quiet tones the other could offer no resistance.

Now the master of Underclyffe was no coward, yet, not being conscience clear, he had his natural misgivings. In a hand-to-hand encounter he was certainly no match for his broad-shouldered kinsman; but it would never come to that, he concluded, and so made this concession haughtily:

"Between us there can be nothing in common. Yet, since you are here, I am willing to listen to you, sir."

"I intend it so. To be brief, then, I will commence with this: You remember my last visit, of course; it was sufficiently unpleasant to merit recollection. Well, I rode from here an angered man, burning for revenge. See how chance threw it in my way. I declare to you that when I quitted the broad road and dashed into the narrow one leading through the ravine, I had no thought but that of reaching Tenford sooner. I had not forgotten the mill-stream way. I neared the bridge, reached it, went clattering over the rattling timbers, and, in my mad haste, leveled a wretched creature who turned from the forest path as I entered it. You may imagine that this calmed me. The woman was old, and through my carelessness, a sufferer. She had fainted. I succeeded in reviving her. Unwillingly enough she was forced to accept my good offices, and I led her to her home, a miserable little hovel quite hidden in the tangled woods. No matter how it came about, this I learned, that the old Esther was in hiding. More, I saw her grandchild, a woman young and beautiful—I learned why the poor creatures clung to that place, for they told me *all*. I learned why one, at least, cowered at the bare mention of your name · I learned——"

"Be careful," advised his listener.

"*I learned whose hand had sped the bullet which widowed you and robbed me of my love!*"

"Sir!"

"Be silent!" came the stern command. "Look toward the window."

Only a man passing quietly back and forth, never raising his eyes, never looking toward them, yet evidently losing no movement of either.

"Who is that?"

"An officer. I brought him down to arrest you upon the charge of murder."

"Murder?" he echoed.

"Of your wife, yes. Do not attempt to speak. Those women witnessed the deed—they saw her, saw you. Your confederate, Jarvis, has also confessed to me, not willingly, I acknowledge. Threats were needed, but I have the truth at last, and Martin Holmes has told it. He it was, in fact, who put me in the way of finding you here. His treachery should not astonish you; you were a hard master—the fellow has no love for you."

"I bought him, soul and body," politely objected Mr. Clyffe. I paid him his price and a good sum over. I cannot understand these qualms of conscience with such as he. Ah! so you know all this, my handsome cousin? You have suborned honest Jarvis, and now come here with a false and stupid charge? Why, you are a fool, Gordon Ellesmere. Take that for your answer, sir, and be gone!"

"See now," continued the unmoved accuser, and his voice fell to a low whisper; "you always kept your pistols in that drawer, your hand is upon it at this moment—if you dared, you would kill me as you did your wife; not face to face, however, but if I were idiot enough to turn my back. Will you listen to one word of advice? Well, *kill yourself*, for I swear to you, that, going from here, you shall go to the gallows!"

Gordon was right. The treacherous hand had stolen up, it had opened the drawer, and now the death-dealing weapon lay within its grasp. With a short, hard laugh, Clyffe stole a glance at the open window. The strange man stood there.

"I'll thank you to hand me that, captain," came the twanging drawl. "Such playthings is dangerous sometimes."

With a scornful exclamation the gentleman sent the pistol crashing through the pane.

"Unless you have another you are lost, you coward!"

With this half-suggestion, Gordon sprang out upon the terrace.

"Officer!" he cried, "arrest this man for the crime of——"

A sharp report broke in upon the words. With one accord the two rushed in the room, to find Clyffe of Underclyffe stretched upon the floor, a corpse! The blue smoke yet floating in the air, the pistol yet clinched in the nerved grasp, the wide eyes staring blindly.

As they raised him, a dark stain spread upon the snowy linen.

"Be careful!"

"Shot through the heart!" exclaimed the officer. "And you just about to order his arrest for the crime of——"

"Did I say *crime?* I spoke excitedly then. It was simply a matter of money, as I told you before we came. I suspected something like this, but *I* would have been the victim had he not known that you were nigh. He was mad, surely!"

A verdict in strict accordance with that rendered by a sapient jury.

So the suicide was buried, and they who bore the body within the gloomy portals of the old vault were somewhat startled at an object lying upon a coffin, which had been placed away off from the others—white roses, nothing more; and the sexton afterward explained their presence there.

"'Twas Mr. Ellesmere brought 'em yesterday," he said, "and he would go in to put them upon poor Mrs. Clyffe."

Gordon Ellesmere, soon after the funeral, came down to Underclyffe as its master, and its master he is to this day. A lonely man, but one tender-hearted, and full of kindly deeds. Following him came old Esther, with her grandchild, Lucy. To these Ellesmere was singularly kind. Whenever he chanced in upon them at the cottage which his care had provided, the girl, Lucy, would meet him always with a little cry and a scrap of song, and then fall to her work again. That welcome told her secret—*she was mad!*

Old Esther was fond, almost to servility.

"You saved my life," she would declare. "If harm had come to me, where could she have gone?"

She, poor wreck of innocence and youth! She whom Reginald Clyffe had betrayed and abandoned, once overhearing this, looked up with a vacant smile.

"He will come to-night," she whispered, pleasantly.

"Do you hear her?" cried Esther, "do you? I never listen to her saying that but this comes to me keener yet. If it had not been for my poor Lucy, *his wife* might have been living now."

"Hush!" said Gordon, again listening to the painful story. "Hush, it was the will of Heaven."

"Nay, the wickedness of man. He used to meet my girl

in that wood, and she, ever since her trouble when he cast her off, in spite of me, would steal out there to wait for him who never came. Ghost! Ah, he knew who was the ghost that tormented him. Oh, sir, how I have saved and starved, and almost begged, to keep her, to hide her from him! But she would be here only. 'Stay,' said he, 'I will always befriend you.' And I was obliged to stay, for Lucy would be unmanageable at any other place. Somehow I was afraid of him; so I persuaded her, and we stole away. Jarvis gave me the word, you see. That Jarvis wasn't all bad then, sir. I do believe he pitied us, as, indeed, who wouldn't? When he found that we'd come back again, he laughed and said he'd keep our secret from Mr. Clyffe if I'd keep Lucy quiet. With Jarvis for a friend, and I believed him one, I felt safe enough. No one ever came a-nigh us, and even if any of the servants should find out that we were there, I wouldn't worry. Mr. Clyffe wasn't the man to give a servant the chance to speak to him."

"Then he knew who the ghost really was?"

"Yes, he knew 'twas only Lucy, for he met her once. That was long before she grew so bad as this. He was afraid of her after that, afraid of what she might say or do to his wife. He never told me so, but I have seen it, I have seen it. Oh, sir, two men buying and selling their souls to kill one poor, half-witted creature, and she what one of 'em had made her. Ah, but the Lord is just, for she who would take my girl's place kept it to the end. Neither of them, Jarvis nor him, suspected that we knew about the murder, and before daybreak I was off again with my Lucy. Ah, well, it's over, and I'm thankful that Jarvis is gone for good, sir; I'll breathe freer like."

"NOW I'LL CATCH YOU, I'M SURE."

For Jarvis had gone. His going had thus come about:

Guided by what he had learned concerning Lucy, and influenced by a strange suspicion of wrong-doing, Gordon Ellesmere contrived to see the gardener. That disinterested worker was sullenly uncommunicative; so the lover waited and watched.

The idea of finding an ally in old Esther never suggested itself to him. Imagine, then, his astonishment and joy when she found him and came to him with the *truth;* for she had witnessed the deed. This, then, gleaned from her gratitude, behold him once again with Jarvis. Harassed by his conscience, made desperate through his fears, the miserable wretch now made a full confession.

"I had no idea of killing her," he protested. "I thought it was Lucy, and I liked the child too well to do *her* a harm. You wouldn't think it of me, I know, but my heart was kind for the poor creature, sir — my hand must have trembled, for he had a way of calling me by *that other name* which quite upset me. He'd say it so that it seemed like as if the whole world was ringing with it. He kept me down with it like a dog. Curse it, sir, he called me *Martin, Martin Holmes,* that night, or else I'd not have *this* upon my soul! *He's* the murderer, not *me,*" frowning and with sudden spite.

"Who gave him the idea of going there?"

HOW I ASKED FOR NELLIE MAYTON.—"I SAW, UNDER THE CHANDELIER, WITH A WONDER-STRUCK COUNTENANCE, NELLIE MAYTON HERSELF."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

"I did. The fools about the place were frightened, and I knew he'd hear of it. I never for one moment supposed that he would act upon my old advice. He did, though, and I had no choice but to obey—and now, if I am to swing for that, I'll make his bones rattle in their fine coffin, for I'll cry out the truth from the scaffold."

"You need not fear, I shall not betray you." Mr. Ellesmere turned from *her* murderer with a sickening sensation of loathing. "You are safe."

So the ill-conditioned rogue was sent to a foreign land with but this warning: "*Never return!*" and he remained there.

Once again going to the cottage, the master found Lucy sleeping. White roses were upon her pillow, rosebuds lay upon her breast.

"She loved them so!" said old Esther, between her sobs. "Surely she may have them now that she is dead."

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

THIS beautiful and unfortunate lady, who was surnamed the White Rose of Scotland, in compliment to her many graces, personal and mental, was Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, and granddaughter of James, King of Scotland. In 1495 she was married to the impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who was foisted by the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy upon King James as Prince Richard of York, the veritable son of Edward IV., and who was supposed to be murdered with his elder brother in the Tower of London.

This pretended son of Edward IV. was in reality the legal son of a renegade Jew of Tournay, named John Osbeck, or Warbeck, who for many years was a goldsmith in Lombard Street, London. Becoming personally intimate with the gallant king, that amorous monarch bestowed so much favor on the Jew banker's wife that, on the birth of Peterkin, or Perkin Warbeck, he stood godfather to the child. The extraordinary resemblance between the royal sponsor and the infant strengthened the scandal of the time that Mrs. Warbeck was one of Edward's mistresses.

On the death of that king, Warbeck returned to Flanders, and took his child with him. As he grew up, his personal beauty, courtly manners, and extraordinary likeness to his royal godfather introduced him to the notice of Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, whose hatred of Henry

VII. of England induced her to tutor Perkin Warbeck to pass himself off as the legitimate son of Edward IV., and consequently the rightful king of England. Having furnished him with means, he landed in Ireland in May, 1492, and proclaimed himself King Richard of England, denouncing Henry VII. as a usurper. Being recognized by France and Scotland as the legitimate monarch, he was enabled to make head for a short time in Ireland; but being defeated, he fled to Scotland, where he was received with open arms by James, who gave him his granddaughter, Catharine Gordon, in marriage. In 1497, Perkin Warbeck was compelled to fly from St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, before the conquering forces of Henry, leaving his fair bride behind. She was taken prisoner and sent to London, where she was kindly received by the English king, who retained her in his court as lady of honor to his queen, Elizabeth.

Our picture on page 104 represents the meeting of the English king and the White Rose of Scotland. When her impostor husband, Perkin Warbeck, was hanged at Tyburn, in 1499, she married Sir Matthew Cradock, a Welsh gentleman of large estates and influence. History adds that after his death she married twice more, surviving all her husbands. She was buried by the side of her second husband, Sir Matthew Cradock, in Swansea Church.

HOW I ASKED FOR NELLIE MAYTON.

I AM a modest man. Modesty is in many people a virtue; in me it is an absolute fault. I have spent all my life in New York City. I have been in society for years. I have been a drygoods clerk, an advertising agent, and a Custom-house broker, and yet I am, under certain circumstances, a sufferer from modesty, or bashfulness, or whatever people may please to call it.

Notwithstanding ordinary good looks, respectable manners, a good business and plenty of affection, I remained unmarried, and even unengaged, for years after the day I determined I had been a single man long enough.

Not that I did not fall in love, for I loved often and ardently; but it always happened that, before I could muster courage sufficient for a declaration and proposal, some other man would be smitten by the charms of the lady I was adoring, and I could do nothing but hasten to relieve my heart of affection for another man's wife.

Time after time this same thing happened. I could make myself agreeable in company, and chat pleasantly with all of my lady acquaintances; but the moment I found myself feeling unusual tenderness for any one of them, I was sure to feel so terribly embarrassed in her presence that I generally put an end to my hopes by keeping out of the lady's presence as much as possible.

I finally began to doubt whether I should ever get a wife at all. I lacked but a few years of middle age, and what tender, susceptible girl, such as I should hope to win, would marry an old man?

Frightened by the thought, I solemnly resolved that, should I ever again fall in love, I would promptly declare my passion, and earnestly press my suit.

My resolution had not time to cool before I succumbed to the resistless power of Nellie Mayton's eyes. Nellie did not purposely look witchingly at me with her deep brown eyes—girls *never* do such things purposely—but by some fortunate accident she gave me a glance which immediately made me her adoring slave.

As she was an old acquaintance, I did not think a deliberate courtship was necessary; on the contrary, I determined to tell my story at once, come of it what might.

The time consumed at my toilet on that eventful night was far more than I had devoted to that duty even in my foppiest days. But, in spite of all I could do, my nose would look a little red, and a slight razor-cut on my cheek insisted on looking angry; my cravat acted as if possessed by a human soul in the most abjectly depraved condition, and my shoes took a mild polish only with reluctance.

I finally reached Mrs. Mayton's mansion, and rang the bell. Fortunately for me, Nellie had neither father, brother or sister, and as her mother was the busiest woman in her set, I felt reasonably sure of finding Nellie alone.

I was not disappointed. As I entered the parlor, Nellie was at the piano, putting into sweet sounds an exquisite reverie of her own. She did not hear the servant announce me, so her dainty fingers continued to tenderly chase each other over the ivory keys, while the balmy air of the warm Spring evening and the soft shades of the gathering twilight seemed in full sympathy with the beautiful girl and her feelings.

Never before had she seemed to me so exquisitely beautiful as now; and as the purpose of my visit suggested itself to me, I felt more hopelessly bashful than ever—it seemed that only the perfection of all manliness should dare to ask for the heart of so angelic a being. I struggled desperately against an inclination to retire before she should know of my presence, and to cut off any possibility of retreat I cleared my throat violently.

Nellie turned quickly upon the piano-stool, without recovering from the soulful trance into which she had fallen, and, with her glorious eyes, she looked into my face as if she would read my soul.

"Nellie!" I exclaimed, but I could not remember another word of the tender declaration I had composed before leaving home.

I was conscious of flushing violently, and of opening my mouth to speak words which would not come; but the searching eyes which were fixed on mine read my story there, and the ripe, tender lips below them broke into a pleased smile.

As she arose from the piano, I, with an imploring look, threw my arms about her, and the drooping of her beautiful head upon my shoulder answered all my unspoken questions.

I led my beautiful darling to a sofa, and there, with unloosed tongue, I whispered in her not unwilling ear a story which seemed to interest her greatly. In the enthusiasm which possessed me after I had regained my speech, I went beyond a mere declaration of love—I asked Nellie to be my wife. She answered in the sweetest whisper in the world:

"Yes, if mamma is willing."

In an instant I was shivering violently. Ask Mrs. Mayton's consent! I had rather have proposed to half the marriageable ladies in New York! Not that there was anything frightful about Mrs. Mayton; on the contrary, she was the impersonation of politeness, goodness, tact, kindness and all other virtues, as well as being brilliant, witty and, despite her forty years, extremely handsome. But when she listened to any one, it was with a look which plainly said, "No nonsense, now." When she found occasion to use sarcasm, she was most unmercifully sharp and bitter, and her power of mimicry was such that she could imitate to perfection every tone of her miserable victim. To think of facing her with any possible risk of her disapproving of my suit was simply dreadful.

Suddenly Nellie, asking me to excuse her for a moment, left the parlor. Out of the darkness I conjured up dreadful visions of Mrs. Mayton in every pose and feature of disdain, and, aside from any other cause, I was thankful when the gentle step and rustling dress of my darling announced her return.

As she sat down on the sofa I stole my arm about her waist, and exclaimed:

"Nellie, I am not a coward, but how *can* I ever ask your mother's consent?"

She trembled for an instant as she felt the pressure of my arm, but she made no reply.

"She is so terribly sarcastic—so cutting, when she wishes to be," I continued.

"She certainly is," said Nellie, in a very serious tone.

"So merciless—so pitiless, in fact," said I.

"Very true," replied Nellie, with considerable emphasis.

"So you—do you know what she thinks of me?" I asked.

"Well," drawled Nellie, rather reluctantly, "the truth is, she thinks you're a goose—she said so this very day."

"Perhaps she will pity me a little when she knows how I love you," said I.

"I don't know," said Nellie, dubiously. "She says she don't believe you'll ever amount to anything, and she's sorry for the poor girl who is taken in by you."

Cold drops of perspiration stood on my brow. In one terrible moment I repented of having told Nellie of my love, but the taunting she had repeated so insulted my pride that I cried:

"You *shall* be my wife, despite anything she may think or say!"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Nellie, as we heard footsteps near us, "perhaps that is mother, now."

As the unknown touched the chandelier, I attempted to remove my arm from its resting-place, but my darling, apparently determined to force an issue at once, and to uphold me in my critical moment, caught my wrist tightly with ten soft but very strong little fingers. There was a hiss of gas, and then a bright flash, and as, with a desperate attempt at calmness, I raised my head to meet my doom, I saw under the chandelier, with a wonder-struck countenance, Nellie Mayton herself, while a loud peal of laughter escaped from her mother, who was tightly locked in my arms!"

"What *are* you two people doing?" said Nellie, slowly recovering her senses.

"Why," said Mrs. Mayton, with an air of self-forgetful resignation, "I came into the parlor a moment ago, and took a seat on the sofa, in the dark, and this impudent fellow—I'm old enough to be his mother—put his arm around me, and wondered how he could ever ask my mother's consent. When your father proposed, he was thoughtful enough to ask *my* consent first, but I suppose the fashion of courtship has changed since then. It made my blood boil to hear your saintly grandma called merciless, and sarcastic, and cutting, and all sorts of dreadful things; but I've borne it meekly for your sake, Nellie, that you might have a stepfather young and silly enough to sympathize with you, and——"

"He's my own lover," said Nellie, with a laugh and a blush, as she boxed her mother's ears, and hid herself in my arms.

Mrs. Mayton gave us a look of mock indignation, but only for a moment, for two motherly tears entirely hid the sharpness of her eyes; then the lips I had dreaded so much gave each of us a kiss which was likewise a blessing.

We increase our wealth when we lessen our desires.

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

Nothing is, perhaps, more striking at the present day than the roaming of French, and especially English hunters and sportsmen. The days of Nimrod have come again, and it is probably from this Nimrodic tendency that a recent English writer has issued a volume to show that the Catholic Church is only the worship of Nimrod and his mother. That the English worship Nimrod is evident, whether Dr. Pusey had anything to do with it or not.

Quæ regio in terris nostris non plera labores, may well be the cry of the animal kingdom. No part of earth is free from the English hunter. We wondered, a few years since, to see some sprigs of the insular aristocracy coming across the Atlantic to get a chance shot at a bison on the Western prairies; but what is that to plunging into the interior of Africa, not to increase our store of knowledge, but merely to have the boast of having killed lions, giraffes, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses?

The hunting is always attended with danger, and is in some respects an excellent school. The rhinoceros, proof on almost all points against spear or ball, with his immense power, makes the hunt a most exciting one, mild as the animal is when undisturbed. Owing, indeed, to this, it retires from parts frequented by men to the dense and secluded portions yet left comparatively unvisited by those who wield the deadly rifle. The hunter has accordingly to secure the aid of a party of natives, and seek it in its chosen haunts, often in deeply excavated passages along the declivities of hills and mountains. Roused from these, and infuriated by clamor, it rushes on; the hunter, often at great peril, taking the shot he has so labored to get the opportunity of firing.

The rhinoceros is probably the leviathan of Job. In modern times, the first specimen seen in Europe was one sent from India to the King of Portugal, in 1573, and by him presented to the Pope; although his Holiness did not enjoy the pleasure of seeing it, the beast having, in a paroxysm of fury, stove in the side of the frail vessel that was bearing it over the Mediterranean, and gone to the bottom. In 1685, a live one reached England, of the one-horned kind, and many followed; but no specimen of the two-horned rhinoceros, Keitloa, has ever been seen there.

THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

Once upon a time there was a widow, a very worthy woman, who had two daughters, both of whom were very amiable; the eldest was named Blanche, the second Vermeille. They had been given these names because the first had the fairest complexion in the world; and the second, cheeks and lips as red as vermilion or the finest coral. One day the good widow, sitting at her door spinning, saw a poor old woman, who could with difficulty walk, even with the aid of a stick.

"You seem very tired," said the good widow to the old creature: "sit down a moment and rest," and immediately desired her daughters to place a chair for her. They both rose directly, but Vermeille ran quicker than her sister and brought the chair. "Will you take something to drink?" said the good woman to the old one.

"With all my heart," replied she; "I could even eat something, if you could give me a morsel to refresh me."

"I will give you all in my power," said the good widow; "but I am poor, and it will not be much."

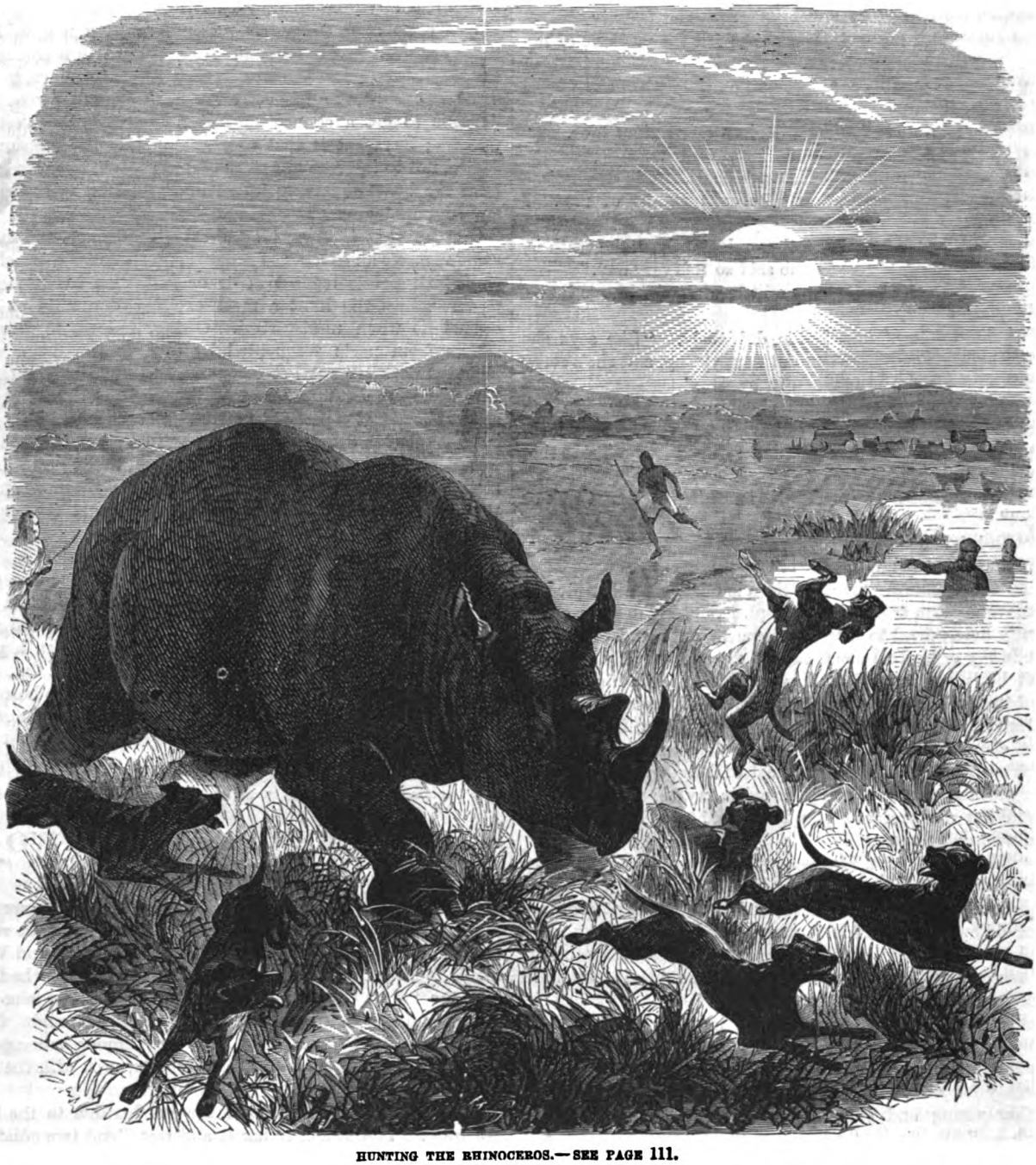
At the same time she told her daughters to attend on the old woman, who placed herself at the table; and the good

widow told her eldest daughter to go and gather some plums from a tree which the young girl had planted herself, and of which she was very fond.

Blanche, instead of obeying her mother cheerfully, murmured against this order, and said to herself, "It was not for this old, greedy creature that I have taken so much care of my plum-tree." She dared not refuse, however, to gather some of the plums; but she did so with an ill grace.

that she presented it to the stranger she disappeared, and they saw in her place a beautiful lady, who said to the mother:

"I am about to reward your two daughters according to their deserts. The eldest shall become a great queen, the second a farmer's wife." At the same time, striking the cottage with her stick, it disappeared, and they saw in its place a pretty farm. "There is your lot," she said to Vermeille.



HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.—SEE PAGE 111.

"And you, Vermeille," said the good woman to her second daughter, "you have no fruit to give this good lady, for your grapes are not yet ripe."

"True," said Vermeille; "but I hear my hen cluck; she has just laid an egg, and if madame will like to eat it warm, I will give it to her with all my heart."

At the same time, without awaiting the reply of the old woman, she ran to fetch the egg; but at the same moment

"I know that I have given to each that which she will like best."

The fairy departed as she uttered these words, and the mother, as well as her two daughters, remained struck with astonishment. They entered the farmhouse, and were charmed with the style of the furniture. The chairs were only of wood, but they were so polished that they could see themselves reflected in them as in a mirror. The bed-linen

was white as snow. In the farmyard there were twenty rams and as many sheep, four oxen, four cows, and in the poultry-yard all kinds of fowls, hens, ducks, pigeons, etc. There was also a pretty garden, filled with fruits and flowers.

Blanche saw without envy the present which had been made to her sister, and reveled in the delightful anticipations of being a queen. Suddenly she heard hunters passing, and going to the door to see them, she appeared so beautiful in the eyes of the king, who was returning from the chase, that he resolved immediately to marry her.

Blanche having become queen, said to her sister Vermeille: "I will not have you remain a farmer; come with me, sister, and I will give you in marriage to a great lord."

"I am much obliged, sister," replied Vermeille; "but I am accustomed to the country, and wish to remain there."

For the first few months Queen Blanche was so much occupied with balls, fine clothes and plays, that she thought of nothing else. But she soon became accustomed to such things, and they amused her no longer; on the contrary, she became very miserable. All the ladies of her court paid her great respect in her presence, but she knew that they did not like her, and that they said amongst themselves, "Look at this little peasant, how she assumes the fine lady; the king had a very low taste to choose such a wife."

This kind of conversation made the king reflect. He began to think that he had done wrong in marrying Blanche, and as his love for her declined he neglected her, and passed his time with the handsomest ladies of his court.

THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.—"'I AM ABOUT TO REWARD YOUR TWO DAUGHTERS ACCORDING TO THEIR DESERTS. THE ELDEST SHALL BECOME A GREAT QUEEN, THE SECOND A FARMER'S WIFE."—SEE PAGE 111.

When it was perceived that the king no longer loved his wife, the courtiers ceased to pay her any respect. She was very unhappy, for she had not a single real friend to whom she could relate her griefs. She saw that it was the fashion at court to betray friends for interested motives, to appear to love those whom they hated, and to tell falsehoods every moment. She was obliged to look serious, because they said that a queen ought to have a grave and majestic air.

She had several children, and during all this time she had a doctor continually attending her, who examined everything she ate, and took from her everything she liked. They put no salt in her soup; they forbade her to walk when she was inclined to do so; in a word, she was contradicted from morning till night. They gave governesses to her children, who brought them up very improperly, without her having the liberty to find fault. Poor Blanche was near dying of grief, and she became so thin that she excited the commiseration of everybody. She had not seen her sister during the years that she had been queen, because she thought that a person of her rank would be degraded by visiting a farmer; but, being overcome with melancholy, she resolved at length to go and pass some days in the country to amuse herself a little. She asked permission of the king, who willingly granted it, because he thought it would be a good riddance. On her road she came to the farm of Vermeille, and at a distance she saw before the door a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing and amusing themselves with all their hearts.

"Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "when shall I ever divert myself like these poor people, with no one to find fault with me?"

As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to her to embrace her. She had such a contented air, she was grown so stout, that the queen could not help crying at seeing her.

Vermeille had married a young peasant who had no fortune, but always remembered that he was indebted to his wife for all that he possessed, and he sought, by his indulgent manner, to mark his gratitude for her. Vermeille had not many servants, but they were as fond of her as if they had been her children, because she treated them as such. All her neighbors also loved her, and all sought to give her proof of it. She had not much money, but she had no need of it, for she obtained from her land corn, wine and oil in sufficiency. Her flocks furnished her with milk, with which she made butter and cheese. She spun the wool of her sheep to make clothes for herself, as well as for her husband, and for two children which she had. They were in wonderfully good health; and in the evenings, when their work was done, they amused themselves with all kind of games.

"Alas!" cried the queen, "the fairy has made me an unlucky present in bestowing on me a crown. Happiness is not to be found in magnificent palaces, but in the innocent occupations of the country."

Hardly had she uttered these words when the fairy appeared.

"I intended not to reward you, but to punish you, by

making you a queen," said the fairy, "because you begrudged giving me your plums. In order to be happy, you must, like your sister, only possess such things as are necessary, and wish for no more."

"Ah! madame," cried Blanche, "you are sufficiently revenged. Terminate my misery."

"It is ended," replied the fairy; "the king, who loves you no longer, has just repudiated you to marry another wife, and to-morrow his officers will come to order you, in his name, not to return to the palace."

This occurred as the fairy had predicted. Blanche passed the rest of her days with her sister Vermeille in peace and happiness, and never thought of the court but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to the village.

JACK KETCH AND HIS WAGES.

In connection with the unfavored task of public executioner and hangman, and in the history of his office, there are some items of information which may not be uninteresting, no less to the general reader than to the lover of the curious.

The popular title of "Jack Ketch," as applied to this officer, has been the subject of much dispute, and various conjectures have been adduced to account for its origin One is that it is the provincial pronunciation of the word *catch*, with an obvious signification. In Lloyd's MS. collection of English pedigrees, in the British Museum, it is stated that the manor of Tyburn, where executions were so long performed, was formerly held by one Richard Jacquett, from whence comes the name Jack Ketch by corruption. B. E. Gent, in his "Canting Dictionary," however, gives it as the name of a veritable hangman, remaining as the (we may say) official designation of his successors.

This true Jack Ketch was the executioner of Lord William Russell and the Duke of Monmouth, in 1685. Previous to his execution, the duke gave Ketch six guineas, that he should perform his work expeditiously, and not cause him the pain that he had Lord Russell. "Pray do your work well, and do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times," said the duke; and he asked to feel the ax, remarking, "I fear it is not sharp enough."

Despite his injunctions, however, the executioner was much perturbed, and he only wounded the duke so slightly with the first blow that the latter raised his head and looked reproachfully at him. He then received two more ineffectual strokes, after which Ketch threw the ax down, saying he "could not finish his work." The threats of the sheriffs, however, caused him to renew the attempt, and with two more blows he severed the duke's head.

What seems to favor the view that it was from this official that the name was derived is, that previously the executioners were known by their own names, as appears from various contemporary allusions to the office, whereas they were afterward known by this cognomen.

In Dekker's "Bellman of London" (1608) mention is twice made of the then hangman, Derrick. In the article on "Prigging Law," it says: "For he rides his circuit with the Devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tiburne the land at which he will light." And again, "At the gallows, where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if *Derrick's cables do but hold.*"

It is stated that Derrick held his post for nearly half a century. From him came the name of "derrick," as applied to the temporary crane used by sailors and others, and formed by lashing spars together, gibbet fashion.

It is a curious instance of the strange vicissitude of fortune that this man, who served in the expedition against Cadiz, commanded by the Earl of Essex, and whose life was saved by that nobleman, when he had forfeited it through the commission of some offense, should be the one who afterward executed the unfortunate earl.

According to the late Dr. Rimbault, the earliest hangman of whom we have any mention is one Bull, who is noticed in Harvey's tract, entitled "Pierce's Supererogation," published in 1593. In the year 1616, Gregory Brandon was public executioner.

On the death of Gregory Brandon, he was succeeded in the office by his son Richard, to whom some interest attaches from the fact of his being the executioner of the "royal martyr," Charles I. There has been some controversy as to who acted in this capacity on the occasion in question, but it seems to be proved beyond doubt that Richard Brandon was the one concerned. He lived in Rosemary Lane, and appended to the entry of his death in the register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, under date June 21st, 1649, is a note evidently of about the same time, stating, "this R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First."

In a rare tract also, dated the same year, entitled the "Confessions of Richard Brandon, the Hangman," it is stated, "he likewise confessed that he had £30 for his pains, all paid in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was given, and that he had an orange stuck with cloves and a handkerchief out of the king's pocket so soon as he was carried from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterward sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane."

It is said that every article which had been stained with the king's blood was immediately removed to the Tower and reduced to ashes. His watch, the shirt, stained at the wrist with blood, and the white silk drawers which he wore on the occasion, with the sheet that was thrown over his body, are still preserved at Ashburnham Place, the seat of the earls of that name, whose ancestor, John Ashburnham, was "page of the bedchamber" to Charles I., and also to Charles II.

The place of execution in London was removed from Tyburn to the front of Newgate in 1783, and about this time, it is stated, each execution was attended with an expense of about nine pounds.

In addition to the wages, there were also perquisites attaching to the hangman's office, he being entitled to the clothes worn by the condemned persons. In More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," it is related that, on the morning of his execution, the latter put on a silk camlet gown, which had been sent to him whilst he was in the Tower by a citizen of Lucca. The Lieutenant of the Tower, however, said that a worse garment would be good enough for him whose it would become, and persuaded Sir Thomas to change it for one made of frieze.

When the Rev. Mr. Hackman was hung for the murder of Miss Reay, the Earl of Sandwich's mistress, it is said that, on throwing down his handkerchief as the signal for the cart to move on, the hangman, instead of immediately whipping up the horse, first snatched up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights. Money presents also from those executed seem to have been frequent.

Apropos of the clothes of condemned persons, it may be noted that Mrs. Turner, who was hanged for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, suffered at Tyburn in the starched "Yellow Tinny Ruff and Cuff," of which she was the inventor, and the hangman's bands and cuffs were also yellow. Earl Ferrers, who was hanged, in 1760, for the murder of his steward, was attired in his wedding suit at his execution, and in consideration of his rank he was

permitted to be hung with a silken rope! The highwaymen and others seem to have had some pride in appearing gayly dressed upon that last scene which almost invariably terminated their career. Rann, who was called "Sixteen-string Jack," in allusion to a bunch of sixteen strings which he wore at the knees of his breeches, as recording the number of times that he had been tried and acquitted, and who was executed in 1774 for robbing Dr. Bell, the chaplain to the Princess Amelia, is stated to have worn a coat of bright pea-green color, while he bore in his hand a large nosegay, which he received from one of the dissolute women who used, in those days, to assemble on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and there present flowers and bid farewell to their quondam associates. Swift, in his "Tom Clinch Going to be Hanged," thus alludes to another custom prevailing on these occasions:

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopped at the "George" for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it—when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white,
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie 't;
And the maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And cried 'Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!'"

Stowe, in his "History of London," tells us that, formerly, convicts on their way to Tyburn were presented with a bowl of ale at St. Gile's Hospital, "thereof to drink at their pleasure, as their last refreshing in this life." There is a Yorkshire saying applied to a man who quits his friends too early at a convivial meeting, that "he will be hanged for leaving his liquor, like the saddler of Bawtry," which is thus explained: "Between the city of York and its place of execution was an inn, called for many years 'The Gallows House,' at which the procession with condemned persons was accustomed to stop, that they might regale themselves. The saddler in question, however, refused this refreshment, and hastened on to execution. Too late a reprieve arrived, which would have saved his life had he only waited, as was usual, at the inn." Hogarth, in his print of the idle apprentice going to be hanged, in the Industry and Idleness series, gives a spirited picture of the scene at Tyburn in those days. Here is the triangular gibbet, with the hangman reclining on the top, calmly smoking a pipe, the sheriff in his carriage, the cart containing a coffin, and Tom Idle, with agonized features, reading from a Bible, while the minister beside him points heavenward, and the ribald crowd shouting, fighting and drinking.

INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH.

Along the shores of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, are many settlements of Chippewa and French half-breed Indians, who have there congregated in consequence of the excellent facilities for fishing. The scene in the midst of the Rapids, where the water boils and dashes past the boulders that rise suddenly from the river's bed, is not only exciting to the tourist, but indicative of one opportunity the Indians enjoy of gaining a subsistence.

The Columbia, as well as other rivers flowing into icy water, swarms with white-fish, a member of the salmon family, peculiar to North America. In October, they enter the rivers to spawn, and after a visit of three or four weeks, they commence their migrations. The Indians pass the Rapids in their well-braced canoes, and, furnished with stout gill-nets, scoop the fish as they attempt to leave the locality. The labor and exposure of catching this dainty marine food by such means is very great, and on Lake Champlain the Indians calculate the time of retreat, and spread seines which collect large numbers. This fish, as its name implies, is of a whitish color, and forms the principal food of these Indians and of the fur traders of British America. It resembles the shad, and its flesh is of exquisite flavor.

A LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

There was once a German duke who disguised himself, and during the night placed a great stone in the middle of the road, near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant, named Hans, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart.

"Oh, these lazy people!" said he. "There is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way."

And so Hans went on his way, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. He had a bright plume waving from his helmet, and a sword dangling by his side, and went singing merrily on his way. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. This stopped his song, and he began to storm at the country people, and call them "boors and blockheads, for leaving a huge rock in the road for a gentleman to fall over." Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants, with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the village, near the duke's palace. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them, named Berthold, cried out:

"Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks, and nobody tried to remove it. Then the duke sent around word to all the people on his lands to meet at a deep cut in the road, called Dornthou, near where the stone lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered at the Dornthou. Each side of the cut was thronged with people overlooking the road. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so was Berthold, the merchant.

And now a winding horn was heard, and the people all strained their necks and eyes toward the castle, as a splendid cavalcade came galloping up to the Dornthou. The duke rode into the cut, got down from his horse, and, with a pleasant smile, began to speak to the people thus:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbors for not taking it out of the way."

When he had spoken these words, he stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, lined with white pebbles, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held it up, that all the people might see what was written on it. On a piece of paper, fastened to the bag, were these words, "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, bright golden coins.

Then everybody wished that he had moved the stone, instead of going around it, and only blaming his neighbors. They all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of helpfulness. And we shall lose many a price, as we go on in life, if we don't form this habit. The bag of money was the duke's promise of a reward for helpfulness. But that promise was hidden away under the stone so that no one could see it.

INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH.—SEE PAGE 115.

SALT.

Its Occurrence, Manufacture, and Uses.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy

Salt is the only mineral used directly as an article of food by all races of men It must have been known to the most ancient inhabitants of the globe, as we find tracings of workings side by side with cave dwellings; and later on, Greek inscriptions over the entrances to abandoned mines. As soon as mankind were able to produce fire artificially, they also learned how to cook food, and after that their instincts would have led them to salt as being necessary to the healthful performance of the animal functions. Many places where salt is now worked must have been visited by early Greek explorers, as the names applied to them are of Grecian origin — for example: Hall, Hallstadt, Hallein, Halle, are evidently derived from *als*, the Greek word for salt. At all three of these places salt has been manufactured for a great number of years.

Salt occurs in solid masses, in mineral springs, and in the brine of the ocean. From all three of these sources it is practically obtained for the uses of mankind. It is one of the most abundant mineral substances on the face of the earth, and, if all of it could be measured, it is estimated that there would be found to exist several million cubic miles of the solid material. Notwithstanding its exceeding abundance, the cost of production is such as to make it a comparatively expensive article, and in some parts of the world cakes of it are so valuable that they are used as a circulating medium, as a substitute for specie.

FIG. 1.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA.

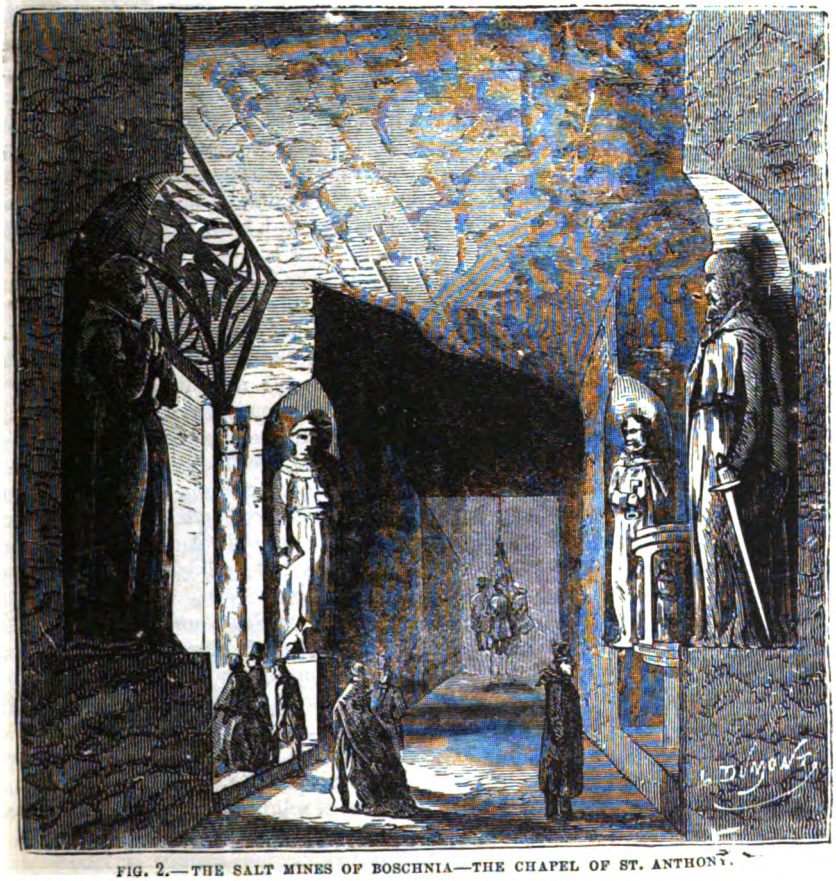


FIG. 2.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY.

The geological position of rock salt is very variable. Sometimes occurring in sedimentary formations, from the transition to the tertiary, and after interstratified with gypsum and associated with beds of clay called "saliferous." The great British deposits are found in new red sandstone, and in Germany they lie below the sandstone. At Goderich, in Canada, strata of dolomite and marl intervene between different layers of rock salt. In the Austrian Alps, salt is found in oolitic limestone; at Cardonna, in Spain, in the green sand; and the famous mines of Wieliczka occur in tertiary strata. The New

York springs are in the upper silurian, and most of those of Western Pennsylvania and Michigan in the lower coal measures; most of the Russian mines are in the permian; those of Sicily belong to the tertiary strata. The beds of rock salt are sometimes so thick that excavations carried on for centuries have failed to penetrate them; but in ordinary cases the thickness of the layers varies from an inch or two to thirty or forty feet.

Salt is also found as a volcanic product, which has led many persons to attribute its origin to fire—but the erupted specimens differ much from rock salt, since they contain large amounts of chloride of potassium; and in addition to this, the frequent occurrence of organic remains and of cavities containing liquids, in almost all varieties of rock salt, are held to furnish indisputable proof of the deposition of this substance from its aqueous solution. The principal mines of rock salt are those of Wieliczka; at Hall, in the Tyrol, and in several places in Upper Austria; Hallein, in Salzburg; in Hungary; in Transylvania; in Spain; at Cheshire, in England. Some of these deposits are almost pure salt, while others are only saliferous clay.

Brine springs of greater or less concentration are so numerous that it is not worth while to attempt to enumerate them. The purest and most saturated are found to be those which can be traced to rock-salt beds, while the weak springs are supposed to have no connection with beds of rock salt, but to obtain their chloride of sodium, in common with the other salts which they contain, from the strata which they permeate. The next source of chloride of sodium which demands notice is found in the inland seas, salt lakes, pools, and marshes, which have their several localities obviously independent of peculiar geological formations. The most conspicuous are the Lake Oroomiah, in Northwestern Persia, the brine pools of Southern Russia, and the Great Salt Lake of the United States. The Lake Oroomiah is 82 miles long by 24 wide, and elevated 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; it is surrounded by some of the most remarkable surface deposits of rock salt in the world, through which streams of brine are continually flowing into the lake. The Russian brine pools are situated in the steppe between the rivers Ural and Volga, and doubtless derive their saline constituents from thence.

When the water of the Great Salt Lake was at its maximum altitude, it carved and molded a beach which yet remains—a conspicuous monument to its former greatness. Within the circle of this beach-line are included also Utah and Sevier Lakes. The level of the ancient beach is 970 feet higher than Great Salt Lake, about 700 feet higher than Utah Lake, and about 500 feet higher than Sevier Lake. From the upper beach the water slowly subsided by desiccation, recording its lingerings in a series of fainter shore-lines. When it had fallen to the level of the divide between the Sevier and Salt Lake basins, it was separated into two unequal portions. In one of these the evaporation exceeded the inflow from rivers, and the subsidence continued; in the other the inflow exceeded the evaporation, and the surplus was discharged over the divide into the former portion, just as the surplus of Utah Lake is now discharged into Great Salt Lake. In the course of time, as the climate became dryer, the overflow ceased; but not until it had carved a channel of some magnitude. The Great Salt Lake is a saturated solution of almost pure chloride of sodium, but whence the salt is derived is still somewhat of a matter of conjecture.

The Dead Sea is another concentrated brine 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and, like the Salt Lake, appears to have lost a column of water of that height by evaporation.

Bischof was of the opinion that at the bottom of the Dead Sea an impure rock-salt deposit is constantly forming, similar to the saliferous clays so numerous on the continent of Europe. The water of the Dead Sea contains 6.5 per cent. chloride of sodium, Lake Oroomiah 19 per cent., the Putrid Sea of Crimea 14 per cent. The ocean waters are not nearly so concentrated, nor do they entirely agree in composition. The English Channel yields 2.5 per cent., the Pacific Ocean 2.5 per cent., the Atlantic Ocean 2.7 per cent., the Mediterranean 2.7 per cent. Notwithstanding the smallness of the contents, all of these waters can be employed as a source of common salt.

In recording the various sources of salt, I must not neglect to mention the wonderful discoveries along the Virgin River in Southeastern Nevada. I gather from the report of a recent traveler in that region the following interesting facts:

Along the Virgin River there are mountains of salt, hard rock salt, which is blasted and quarried out like masses of granite or marble. Commencing six miles up the river, these mountains of salt extend for thirty miles. At a point twenty miles up the river is a mountain of pure white crystallized salt, white as the driven snow, and transparent almost as glass. The blocks thrown out by the blasts resemble the masses of purest ice when cut for the ice-house. On placing a block six inches thick over a newspaper the fine print could be easily read. Since the deposits were made great upheavals and earthquakes have occurred, which have changed the whole appearance of the country for great distances around. The salt bluffs can be identified for a long distance by the peculiar color of the surface. According to explorations thus far made, there appears to be an inexhaustible supply of salt in this wonderful region.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SALT.

The principal methods are from Mines, Salt Brines, Ocean Brines, and Weak Springs. The most ancient and best known salt mine in the world is situated at Wieliczka, eight miles from the city of Cracow, Poland. It has been so frequently described that it would be impossible to elicit anything new on the subject, and I shall incorporate in my article the best account of it I can find. The principal entrance to the mine is in the pleasant village of Wieliczka, which lies on the slope of a wooded hill, and is very picturesque. The superintendents of the mines reside here, and their dwellings, together with the Government offices and large storehouses for salt, occupy a pretty eminence and are conspicuous from a distance. A great many people from various countries visit these remarkable excavations, and are rewarded for their trouble. Every year, for many centuries, having added to their depth and extent, these mines are now of immense and almost inconceivable magnitude. In order to visit them, the traveler must procure a permit from the Government, which is easily done, the proper officer being on the spot. The opening, or square shaft, through which the descent is made, is covered by a building, or office; and here the visitor is dressed in a long, coarse linen blouse, to protect his clothing while under ground. A door is opened and he goes down by stairs, preceded by boys who carry lamps only to make the darkness more visible. Or, if he is so disposed, he can descend by the windlass and ropes suspended in the centre of the shaft. More frequently visitors descend by the stairways, and come up by the ropes. No salt is seen for a depth of more than two hundred feet; then the veins begin to appear in a bed of clay and limestone. Fifty feet further down the stairs terminate, and the salt is everywhere (figure 1). Nothing but salt overhead, underfoot; on every side are dark gray masses of solid salt, whose points and surfaces sparkle in the lamplight. Galleries now branch off in all directions. Lights twinkle, and groups of laborers are

seen hacking the floors or removing in wheelbarrows blocks that have already been cut out.

Onward and downward goes the visitor through halls, chambers, tunnels innumerable. Stairs descend lower and lower, and similar apartments reappear, till he loses all sense of distance or direction, blindly following his conductors, who point out, from time to time, localities or objects of peculiar interest. Everything is solid salt, except where some insecure roof is supported by huge timbers, or a wooden bridge is thrown over some vast chasm from which thousands of tons of salt have been quarried and removed. The air grows dryer and purer the deeper you go, the points and faces of the rock more crystalline and brilliant.

One enormous hall, out of which has been cut a million hundredweight of salt, has the appearance of a theatre. It is over one hundred feet high, and the blocks, taken out in regular layers, represent the seats for the spectators. Massive chandeliers are pendent from the ceiling for lighting on grand occasions. Passing on through one of these galleries, a chapel is reached (fig. 2 and 3), which is one of the first and oldest of many apartments thus designated, differing only in size and decorations. It is called the Chapel of St. Anthony, and is supported by columns of salt left in quarrying the solid rock. It has an altar, crucifix, statues of saints large as life, all of pure salt.

The air in this part of the mines, near the surface, is much more moist than that of the deeper excavations, so that the process of dissolving goes on slowly, and in consequence some of these statues of salt are gradually losing their shape. The head of one is nearly gone, the limbs of another, while deep furrows are observable in many places on their bodies, making them present a very grotesque appearance when lighted up for exhibition. The smoke of the torches and lamps, added to the dampness of the air, blackens the surface of all objects not recently cut, so that these statues might be mistaken for black marble. In another spacious vault stand two obelisks of salt, which commemorate the visit of the Emperor Francis I. and his Empress. Further on you come to a lake more than twenty feet deep, intensely salt, which is crossed in a heavy square boat. In this you are paddled through a tunnel which connects two immense halls. While in the middle of the tunnel, the walls behind you and before you are brilliantly lighted up, and a gun is discharged which, with its echoes and reverberations, almost deafens you. Both air and water tremble visibly under the strange and frightful concussion, and you are only too thankful to reach the end of your voyage and stand once more on solid salt.

Francis Joseph's Ballroom (fig. 4) is another of the wonders of this subterranean world. It is an immense apartment both in height and extent, and on some festive occasions is used for dancing. It is lighted by six large chandeliers, which resemble cut-glass, but are in reality of crystalline rock salt. Statues of Vulcan and Neptune, sculptured from salt, also adorn this hall, which, when well illuminated, exhibits a marvelous splendor, the light being reflected from innumerable brilliant points and angles of the glittering rock.

Down, down, down, hundreds of feet further through labyrinths of shafts, galleries and chambers, crooked passages, vaulted archways and openings which have no name and seemingly no end. Groups of miners, naked to the hips, are everywhere busy with the implements of their darksome labors; pick, mallet and wedge are employed incessantly in blocking out and separating the solid mass. Their manner of work is the same simple process in use centuries ago, perhaps by the remotest ancestors of these very men, in these very mines; for they are immensely old. The blocks are marked out on the surface of the rock by grooves, one side deepened to the required thickness, and, wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then divided into pieces of one hundred pounds each, and in this shape is ready for sale. It is removed in carts or barrows to the shaft, where it is hoisted up, stage after stage, to the surface. Horses and mules are employed, and it is said that some of these animals are born and raised in the mines. The number of laborers constantly at work is from one to two thousand. They all live outside the excavations at the present day, although traditions exist of times when the families of some of the miners had their abodes in these fearful depths, and where children were born and reared to the occupation of their parents, seldom or never visiting the outside world. The thing is neither impossible nor incredible, as the air in the lowest part of the mines is considered more salubrious than in the upper regions. But the practice was long ago discontinued, if it ever existed to any extent, which is very doubtful.

The miners, who are fine, muscular and healthy-looking men, are divided into gangs for work, and relieve each other every six hours. A gang will quarry in that time about one thousand hundredweight. The temperature is very even all the year round, and the preservative power of the air is such, that wood never decays, but retains its qualities for centuries. People with pulmonary affections are said to have been much benefited by inhaling freely the atmosphere of the mines. When and how this wonderful deposit of salt was originally discovered is unknown. It was worked in the twelfth century, and how much earlier none can tell.

Some traditions are held, by the ignorant and superstitious peasants of the country, which ascribe the discovery to a miraculous or supernatural agency. Others say that Kunigund, wife of the King of Poland, having lost her ring in a fissure of the rock, some workmen, while searching for it, discovered the salt. The story is varied into a search for treasure by order of the princess, and in the finding of a crystal of salt which was set in a ring as a royal gem, and kept as a heirloom in the family.

The extent of the deposit at Wieliczka has not yet been fully ascertained. It commences, as we have before stated, about 200 feet below the surface, and has a solid depth of nearly 700 feet, and rests on a bed of compact limestone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains, which it seems to follow. It has already been explored to the continuous length of two miles and a half; and it is estimated that the aggregate length of all the innumerable excavations of these mines amounts to more than 400 miles.

The mines in Upper Austria, Salzburg and Bavaria are of a different character from the one we have described. They are generally in saliferous clays, which have to be thrown into water and thus lixiviated, and when the water is sufficiently concentrated, it is drawn off to be boiled down and purified.

Some years ago I visited the mine at Hallein, near Salzburg, one of the most interesting of the workings in this part of Europe. Just back of the village of Hallein, and three-quarters of an hour's walk to the top, is a mountain called Duwenberg, 1,200 feet in height, which is almost entirely composed of salt. Here are salt mines which have been worked at least 600 years, and, the miners would have us believe, were even known and worked by the Romans 2,000 years ago. Be that as it may, there are galleries and excavations to such an extent that it would take two weeks to explore them. This mine at Hallein is very much visited on account of the novelty and ease of descent, and because visitors are not obliged to toil up again, as the outlet is at the foot of the mountain in the valley. We first obtained a permit from the superintendent, and then climbed up to the miners' house in the summit. Here we were provided with a mining dress, a pair of overalls, a coat, a stout cap, and

FIG. 3.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY.

a buckskin glove for the right hand and a lamp for the left, including a thick leather apron fastened on behind.

All arrangements being completed, and provided with the necessary guide, we started upon the exploration. We walked at first 3,000 feet through a gallery, which was walled up the greater part of the distance; then came to our first inclined plane, which was about 130 feet long. Two smooth poles, inclining at an angle of 45 deg., are placed side by side about a foot apart. You sit down on your leather apron, with your legs across these poles, seize a rope at the side which serves as a balustrade, and by slackening your hold so as to allow it to slip through your gloved hand, away you go like a shot, or as slow as you choose, until you fetch up at the bottom. The sensation of finding yourself "coasting" down into a dark abyss, the bottom of which is invisible, and by such a novel mode of locomotion, is decidedly strange. We walked through a second gallery 900 feet, and then came another slide; and thus it alternated—a long walk, and then a slide. Far down into the bowels of the mountain is an artificial lake (fig. 5), which we crossed in a ferry-boat, and which was illuminated on all sides for our benefit.

These artificial lakes are filled with fresh water, and the saliferous earth of the mine is dissolved in them until the water contains a sufficient percentage of salt, when it is conducted off in logs to the valley and evaporated.

At the bottom of all the descents we were to make, we came to an alit level about a mile in length, and perfectly straight. Here a hand-car on a tramway, with two men fore and aft, stood ready for us to mount. We went at first a little slow, until we reached a point from which we could see the opening. The first appearance of light at this great distance is precisely like a brilliant star. And now the runners attached to our car, encouraged by the promise of a liberal *trink geld*, put on extra speed, and away we fairly flew through the narrow passage.

This fearful speed through a gallery barely large enough to admit of our passing without grazing the top or sides made our blood run cold; but, fortunately, it did not last long, as the mile was accomplished in a marvelously short period of time. We shot out of the gallery into the

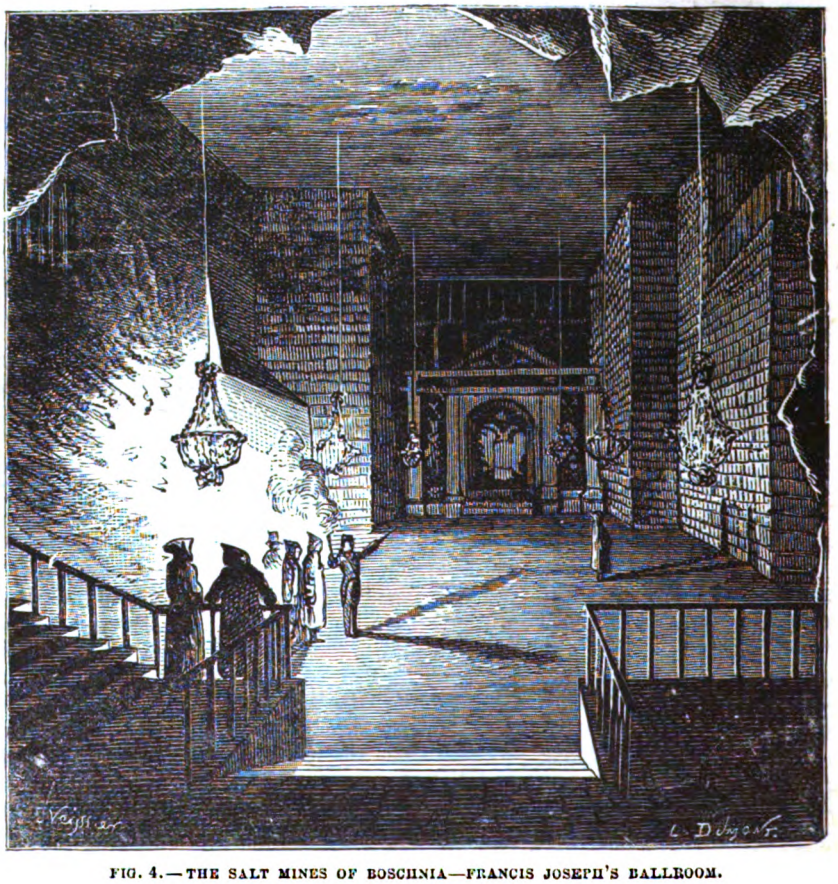


FIG. 4.—THE SALT MINES OF BOSCHNIA—FRANCIS JOSEPH'S BALLROOM.

dazzling light, opening and shutting our eyes like so many owls, but glad to see daylight once more.

The second method of obtaining salt for commercial purposes is from brines derived from springs. The works at Syracuse, N. Y afford the best illustration of how this is done.

The first white man who visited the Onondaga springs, undoubtedly long previously known to the Indians, was Jerome Lallemont, a French Jesuit, who, in his relations of 1645–46, makes mention of them. In the year 1653, another Jesuit, Father Le Moyne, relates that, "On the 16th of August we arrived at the entrance of a small lake (Onondaga). In a large basin, half dry, we tasted the water of a spring, which the Indians are afraid to drink, saying that it is inhabited by a demon, who renders it foul. I found it to be a fountain of salt water, from which we made a little salt, as natural as from the sea, some of which we shall carry to Quebec.'

In the year 1788, the Onondaga tribe sold to the State of New York the so-called Salt Reservation, comprising the lands for one mile round the lake, more than 15,000 acres, on condition "that it shall remain for ever for the common benefit of the people of the State of New York and the Onondagas, for the purpose of making salt."

In the same year Comfort Tyler, having been shown a spring by one of the Indians, procured a 15-gallon kettle, and at once commenced making salt. This was the humble beginning of an industry which was destined to become one of the most important in the country.

Owing to many quarrels among the early settlers, it soon became necessary for the Legislature to interfere, which it did in 1797, by passing laws regulating the granting of rights and the appointment of a superintendent; and in this year the first salt lots were leased by the State to the settlers, and they produced 25,474 bushels, of 56 pounds each, for that year.

Since that time the product has gone on steadily increasing, until it reached the enormous amount of 9,000,000 bushels in 1862; for several years thereafter it amounted to 8,000,000 bushels; but in 1876 it decreased to 5,392,677 bushels of 56 lbs. each. The total royalty paid to the State of New York, by the manufacturers, for the use of the brine, since 1797, amounts to $5,000,000. To this could be very properly added $1,000,000 received by the State in the shape of canal tolls, on salt transported and on fuel required in its manufacture. This has not all been a clear revenue, as the State is at considerable expense in sinking wells, building reservoirs, pumping water in order to furnish the brine to the consumers. The brine from the wells is forced up into large reservoirs by powerful pumps (fig. 6), where it is allowed to remain until some of its impurities are deposited (fig. 7). This operation is sometimes hastened by the addition of various chemicals. About ⅛ of the whole salt product is separated by solar evaporation, and ⅞ by boiling. The reservoirs of the solar-salt grounds cover about 700 acres of land. They are divided into tanks of about 16 by 18 feet each and 6 inches depth, which are provided with movable roofs in case of rain. The annual product of one of these tanks is 50 bushels of coarse salt, a measured bushel of which weighs 70 pounds. The boiling is conducted in large iron kettles holding

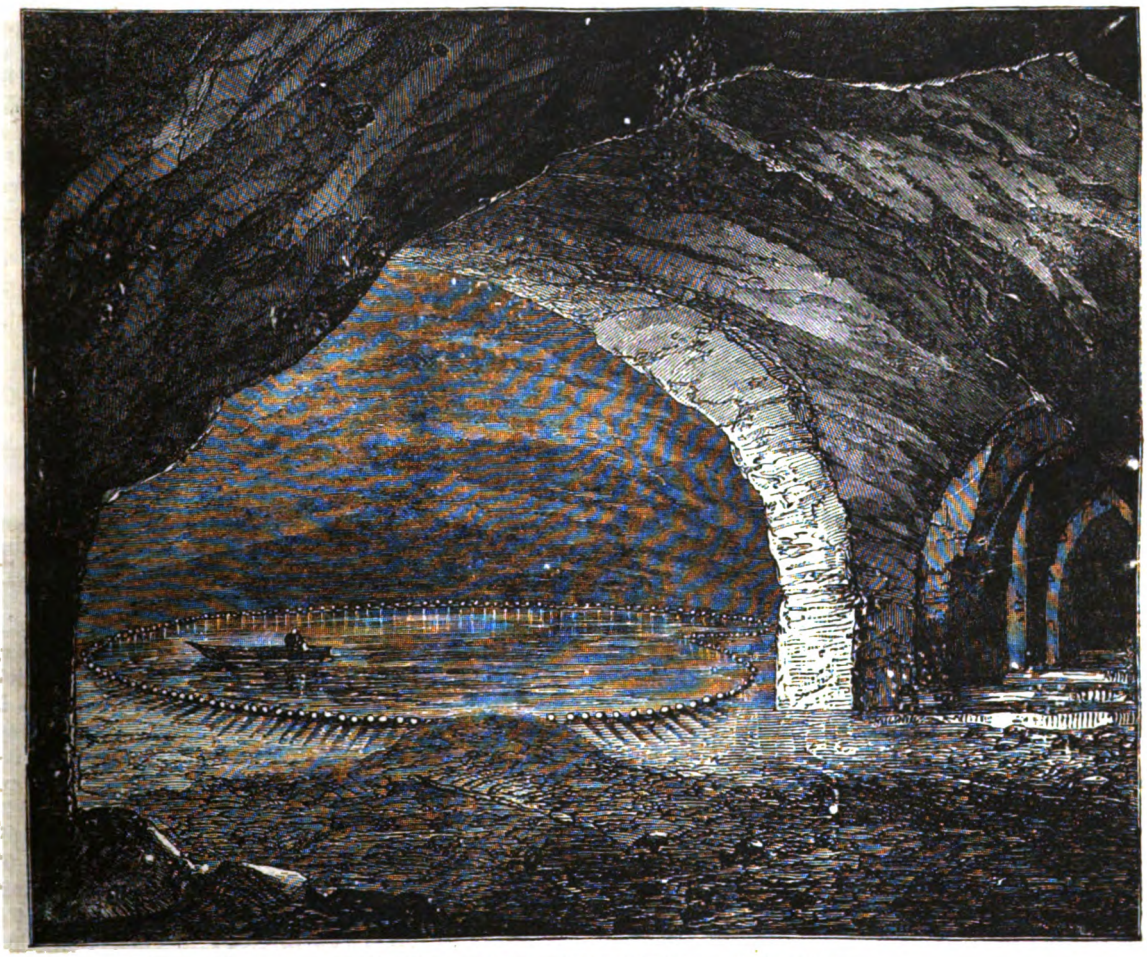


FIG. 5.—THE LAKE IN THE SALT MINE OF BERCHTESGADEN.

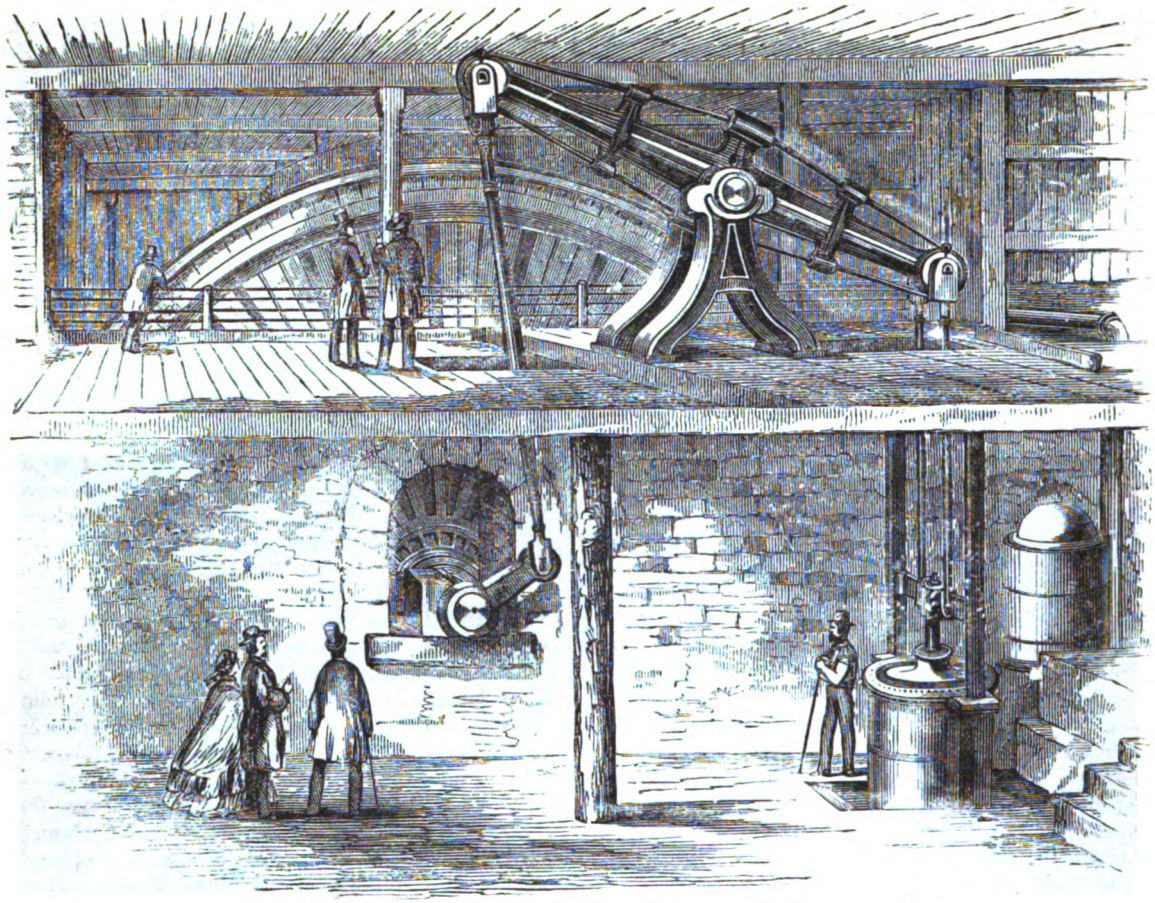


FIG. 6.—SYRACUSE SALT WORKS—PUMPING THE BRINE INTO THE RESERVOIRS.

about 100 gallons each, and set in "blocks" of brick-work (figs. 8 and 9), close together and in a single line, or in two parallel rows, the whole length of the building. In 1876 there were 316 blocks in existence on the reservation, capable of producing 15,000,000 bushels of salt annually; but only 106 were in operation in that year. The sulphate of lime is the first impurity to settle, and it is caught in a pan placed for the purpose in the bottom of each kettle. Methods have been introduced for separating the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which give a bad taste and keep the salt moist. In general, great improvement has been shown in the quality of the salt at Syracuse, through the exertions of the former chemist to the Company, Professor Charles A. Gössmann, now of Amherst Agricultural College, and of the present incumbent, Dr. F. E. Engelhardt. In the last Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs, Mr. A. C. Powell, Dr. Engelhardt gives a summary of the geological explorations of this interesting region, and calls attention to the probability that sufficient borings would reveal vast deposits of fossil salt, such as have been found at Goderich, in Canada, and at Stassfort, in Germany. His observations are well worthy of the attention of the Legislature, and help to confirm the opinion of scientific men generally, that there ought to be a thorough topographical survey of the State of New York, in order to determine the true horizon of the salt group.

The engraving on page 125 (fig. 10) will afford a comprehensive view of the entire salt basin at Syracuse. The Onondaga Salt Company sunk a well in 1867, 705 feet deep, which, according to Professor Gössmann, passed through 82 feet of alluvion, 279 feet of red and green shales, 32 feet of calcareous shales, 106 feet of limestone formation, and finally 215 feet of various veins of shales.

There seems to be very little doubt that deep borings will bring to our knowledge beds of pure rock salt of inestimable value to the whole country, and it is to be hoped that they will be undertaken before many years.

The manufacture of salt from weak brine is accomplished in Europe by a system of graduation. A water-wheel raises the brine to the top of long evaporating houses, which are filled with stacks of thorn fagots from 57 to 77 feet high, where it is distributed along a trough furnished with spouts alternately on the one side or the other, to discharge it over the thorn stacks, which is seven feet wide at the top and seven feet at the bottom. It takes half an hour to trickle to the bottom, and, according to the dryness of the atmosphere, is raised from five to twenty per cent. in saltness. These graduation works are very common in Germany, as mineral water is concentrated by them to a strong brine at a trifling expense, and at a great saving of fuel. Sometimes the railroad passes under one of these stacks of fagots as under a great viaduct.

The manufacture of salt from sea-water is extensively carried on in Europe, and, to some extent, in this country. Portugal produces more than 10,000,000 bushels annually in this way. In preparing salt from sea-water, a system of shallow ponds is dug, in some well-selected spot on the coast. The bottoms and sides of these ponds are well-clayed several inches thick, so as to prevent the water from percolating into the ground. They are called "salt-gardens." The basins are made shallow, in order to expose as great surface as possible to the evaporating influence of the sun and air. The first reservoir into which the water flows is usually very large, frequently covering a surface of two acres, and from two to four feet deep. It is connected with the ocean by means of sluices, which are opened at high-water to allow

the basins to fill. In this first reservoir all the mud and mechanical impurities are deposited, and, when perfectly clear, the water passes gradually through a pipe into a second, smaller and shallower, pool, which is divided by partitions in such a manner that it must flow from one into the other. When it arrives at the last basin, it enters a narrow and shallow channel, sometimes over 16,000 feet in length, by which it is conducted into a third partitioned pond—the flow of the water being regulated during its entire passage by the attending workman, in accordance with the weather.

The average specific gravity of sea-water is 1.029 to 1.030. When it is so far concentrated in the basins as to have acquired a specific gravity of 1.116, the sulphate of lime begins to separate, and when it has attained a density of 1.21 this impurity is all removed. The water is now conducted into two rows of shallow basins, when the actual crystallization commences. As soon as it reaches a specific gravity of 1.263, it flows to the crystallizing tables, which are never more than three inches in depth. Here it remains until the salts of magnesia begin to crystallize, when it is emptied either into the sea or into another reservoir, where it is used for the manufacture of such salts as sulphate of magnesia, bromides, and iodides. The rough crystals obtained from sea-water furnish the bay-salt of commerce.

At the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, the industries of France suffered greatly for want of soda-ash, which could not be procured on account of the English blockade. A large reward was offered to any one who would invent a method of making soda-ash directly from sea salt; for, however efficient the English navy proved to be in closing the avenues of trade, they could not, at any rate, stem the tides of the ocean and prevent the manufacture of salt. The celebrated chemist, Le Blanc, succeeded in inventing a practical method, and thus a great industry, closely associated with the manufacture of salt, was established.

PROPERTIES OF SALT.

Salt is a solid mineral substance, nearly as hard as gypsum, and having the specific gravity of 2.1 to 2.5. It is transparent to translucent, and its color varies according to minute portions of metallic oxides contained in it. It is a substance through which heat passes more freely than it does through any other solid, and on this account is often used in experiments in physics.

Clear rock salt transmits 92 parts of heat out of 100, while plate-glass transmits only 24 parts. Salt is fusible at a red heat, and volatile at a still higher temperature. When heated suddenly, the crystals decrepitate with violence; at a bright red heat they fuse, and by a stronger heat are converted into vapor. This volatility is a property which renders it available for glazing stoneware. Salt has great antiseptic properties, and, as it is not poisonous, it can be employed for curing meat and preserving other articles of food.

We have previously seen that the timber in salt mines resists decay for a great length of time. Chloride of sodium is insoluble in pure alcohol, but is taken up in considerable quantity by dilute spirit. It not only precipitates silver, but dissolves it in excess, and hence must be used with care in recovering photographers' waste. Salt crystallizes in the cubic system, and has a very perfect cubic cleavage, which generally displays itself even in the great masses of rock salt, parts of which, however, are frequently massive and granular, and rarely fibrous or columnar. The most characteristic peculiarity of the crystallization of salt, however, is the formation of hopper-shaped crystals on the surface of a saline solution during evaporation. A single cube appears at first, which partially sinks in the liquid, and new cubes then form and attach themselves to its upper edge, till, by a repetition of this process, a hollow rectangular pyramid, sometimes of considerable dimensions, and with the apex downward, is finally produced. Crystals of this form occur in some salt mines, and casts of them in clay are found in the New York salt region and some other places. In the mines of Wieliczka the crystals of rock salt present very curious properties, first pointed out by Dumas. They not only decrepitate on being heated, but also on being thrown into water, and in the latter instance they give out numerous bubbles of gas. It is evident that the gas is imprisoned in microscopic cavities under a heavy state of condensation.

The principal uses of salt are in the curing of meat, the flavoring of butter, the preparation of food, the glazing of pottery, the manufacture of salts of soda, and of hydrochloric acid, in agriculture for sheep and cattle. In medicine, salt is employed as a remedy for dyspepsia, as an emetic, and as a styptic. Salt-water baths, natural or artificial, are considered stimulating and tonic in their effects.

Salt has been employed by iron founders in metallic cements and in rendering bar-iron very malleable. It is used by whitesmiths and cutlers in case-hardening, in tempering files, and some other edge tools; mixed with other substances, for reducing metallic ores, assaying minerals, and

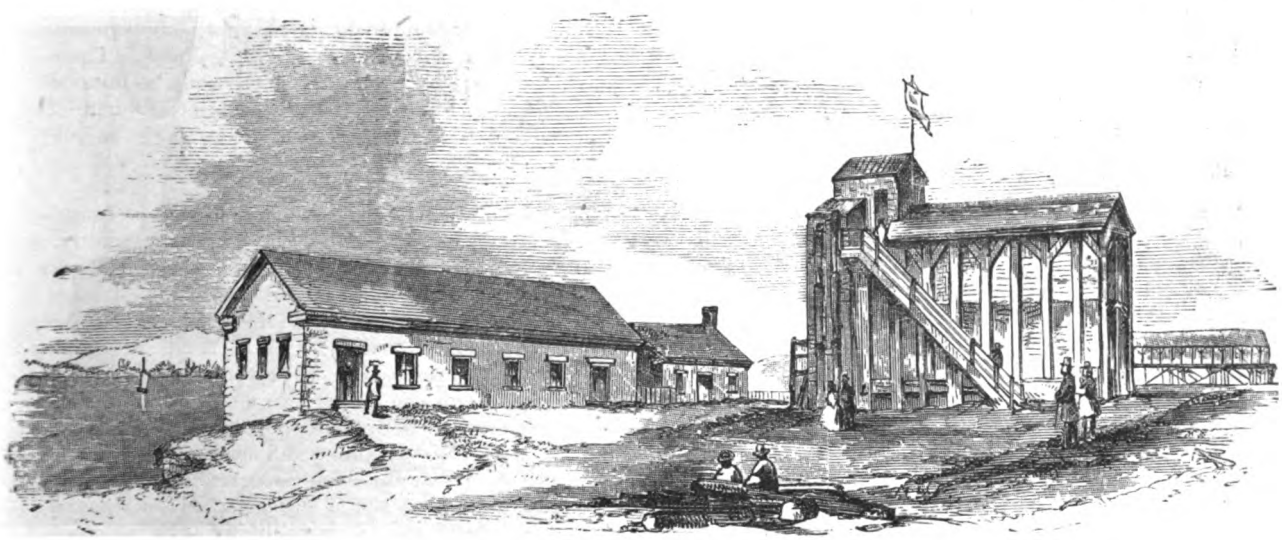


FIG. 7.—SETTLING RESERVOIR.

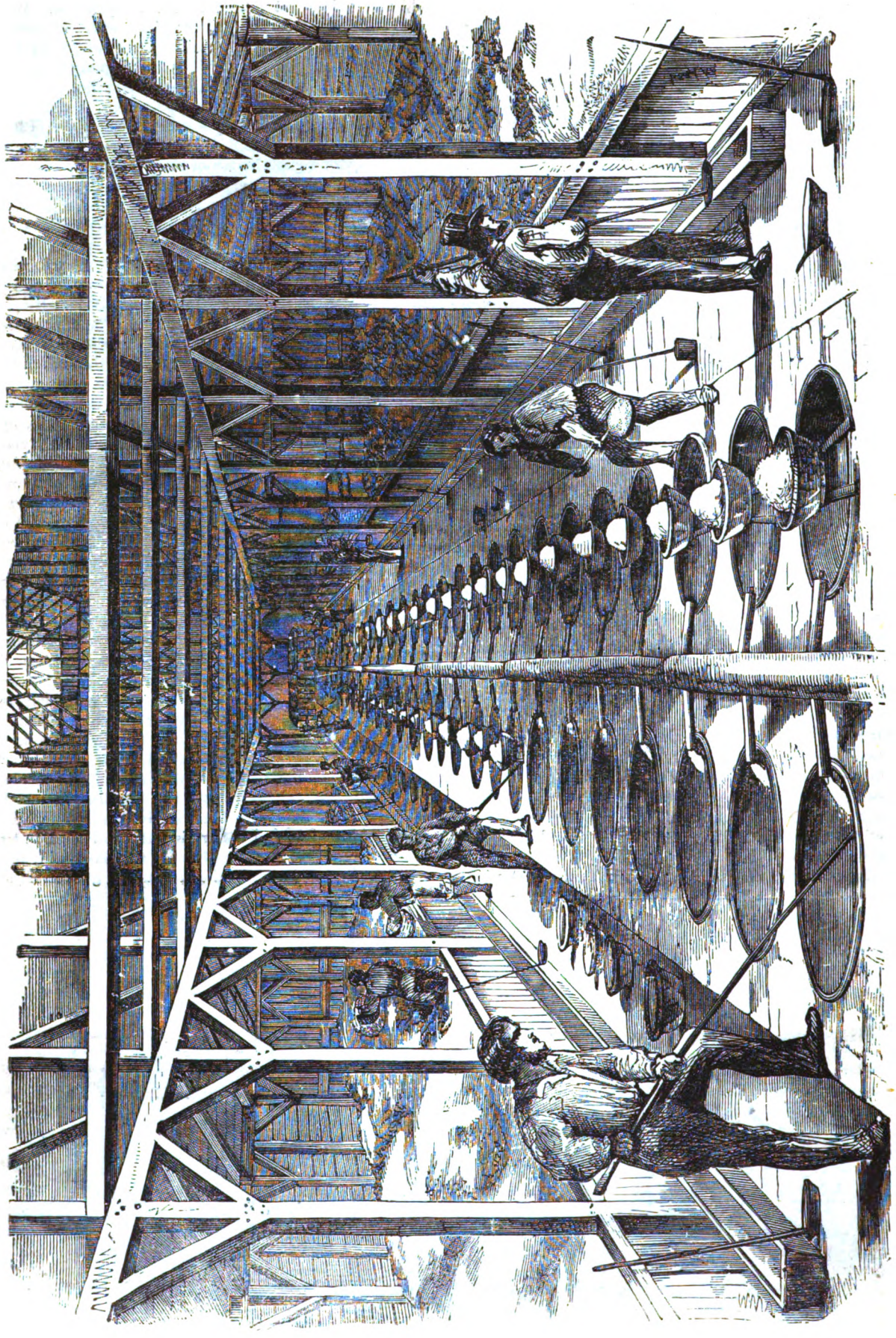


FIG. 8.—MAKING SALT.—THE "BLOCKS" FOR BOILING DOWN THE BRINE

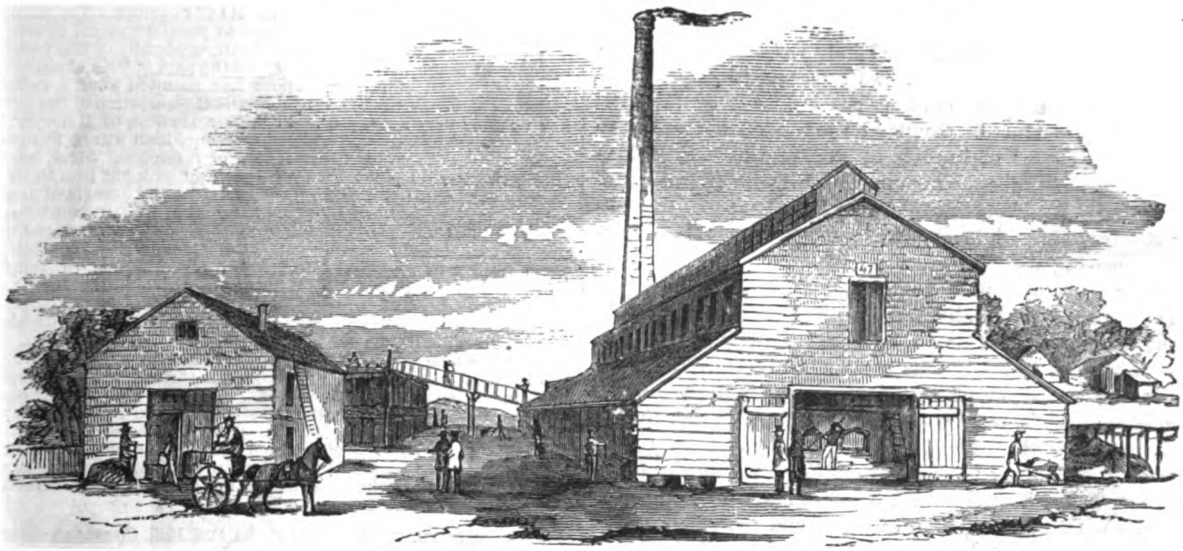


FIG. 9.—THE 'BLOCK" FOR CONCENTRATING THE BRINE.

rendering metals fusible; and by the refiners of silver, to prevent the oxidation of some metals. It is used to moderate the flame of combustible bodies, and is extensively employed by the philosophical and manufacturing chemist, and by the druggist for a variety of pharmaceutical purposes.

Whether common salt is of any value to plants, is still a mooted question, and one that finds advocates on both sides. The luxuriant growth of marsh-meadow grass is taken as a proof that salt-water must be favorable, and farmers attempt to imitate this state of things by putting salt on the grass, without reflecting that all other conditions are omitted in the experiments. They are generally astonished to find that the grass is killed instead of being promoted in its growth. It is a remarkable fact that this same salt-marsh grass, on analysis, is found to contain very little soda, but to have its full complement of potash. This would seem to indicate that it had grown in spite of the salt, rather than in consequence of it.

According to some recent researches made in France, potash is a hundred times more valuable to plants than soda. It is true that small quantities of soda have been found in plants, but, generally, under circumstances that seem to point to its accidental, rather than essential, presence. Direct experiments have shown that salt is injurious to tobacco and to the sugar-beet. An examination of the plants growing near salt springs and salt marshes shows that the vegetation is of a limited and peculiar character. All of these observations point to the conclusion that the direct use of salt, as an artificial fertilizer, is only applicable to such plants as grow on the seashore or near salt springs, and not at all to the usual grass and cereals of our farms. The whole system of manuring farms is based upon the principle to restore to the soil the constituents that have been removed by the crops. As the crops carry away no soda, it follows that none is necessary to their growth. There is another objection to the use of common salt, and that is the chlorine contained in it. This element is decidedly injurious, as has been shown by the experiments of Wolf and others. Public opinion in Germany has set so strongly against the use of salt, that, in the famous mines of Stassfort, where both qualities of artificial fertilizers are manufactured, the exclusion of chloride of sodium, or common salt, is now considered necessary, and the value of a manure is made to depend upon its percentage of potash. Salt for dairy use must be very pure, and should be especially free from the chlorides of lime and magnesium, as these substances not only impart a bitter taste, but absorb water and deliquesce. The most celebrated brand for this purpose is the Ashton Liverpool

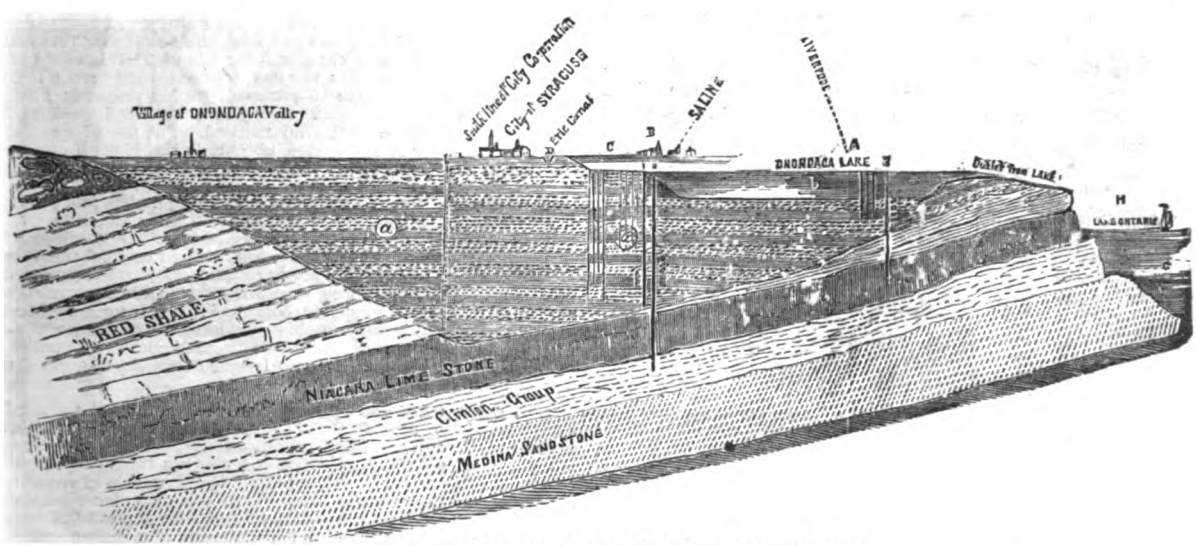


FIG. 10.—GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE NEW YORK SALT BASIN.

salt; but the best quality of Syracuse and Saginaw salt is fast gaining favor, and bids fair before long to drive the foreign article from the market. In reference to the statistics of salt, only an approximation can be made of the total amount manufactured. England produces from thirty to thirty-two millions of bushels of salt, of which seventeen millions are used for the manufacture of soda-ash, sal-soda, caustic-soda, bicarbonate of soda, hydrochloric acid, bleaching-powders, etc.; while about two-thirds of the rest is exported, leaving scarcely one-fifth of its whole production for domestic consumption.

The production of salt in the United States amounts to about twenty millions of bushels, and the consumption to from thirty-two to thirty-four millions of bushels; in other words, one bushel, or 56 pounds, for every individual of its population. This large consumption of salt in the United States is due to the extensive meat-packing and dairy business of the country; the consumption for manufacturing purposes being scarcely worth mentioning. The importation of such a large quantity of salt would scarcely seem to be necessary in a country where the supply is unlimited.

New York	can supply	annually,	if required,	bushels	15,000,000
Ohio	"	"	"	"	25,000,000
Virginia	"	"	"	"	50,000,000
Michigan	"	"	"	"	100,000,000

And the supply is said to be illimitable in Louisiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Idaho, Texas and Nevada. It would be possible to furnish ten times the present population of the country from our own resources, and geological research is every day strengthening the proof that scarcely any mineral substance is more widely distributed over the country than salt. For salting butter and cheese, and for table use, the purest salt is required, and to obtain it, the consumer will be justified in incurring any reasonable expense; for, if salt used in butter has any acrid chlorides in it, the butter will soon become rancid and bad, especially in warm weather; hence the dairy trade prefers to pay a large price for the imported article rather than run any risks.

At the Centennial Exhibition, the United States was well represented in the matter of salt, and some of the companies received special commendation from the jury of award. From Michigan there was a very creditable show of common, fine and coarse salt, and also samples of the brines. Ohio had samples of common, fine, coarse and dairy salt; and the Syracuse companies were well represented. Other countries sent representations of their products. Mexico had salt from some of the inland lakes; Brazil exhibited sea salt from Cape Frio. Portugal had no less than thirteen samples of sea salt, while Spain had four samples of sea salt and eleven other varieties. There were only two exhibitors from England, the Stock Prior Salt Works, with common, fine, coarse and dairy; and Higgins, with factory-filled salt. The German Empire had a magnificent exhibition of the products of the Stassfort Mines; while France, with her enormous production of sea salt, was conspicuously absent.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Electric Illumination.—The light now used in several of the Paris railway stations is economically obtained by means of the Gramme apparatus. A single light is used, placed at considerable height, and its blinding intensity is relieved by glass shades. But much inconvenience is occasioned by the deep shadows cast by the single light. This last difficulty has been partially overcome by a new arrangement of the carbon-burners, admitting of their distribution at different points, and of their being run by a single battery power. Formerly a regulator and battery was indispensable for each lamp; now the carbons are placed horizontally, and as they are kept at a constant distance by insulating material, they burn uniformly at their lower extremity, and no regulator is necessary. Under the improved arrangements, the use of the electric light appears to be both feasible and economical.

Different Methods of Steel Manufacture.—The manufacture of steel, by a process as simple as possible, at the lowest cost and of the best quality, has called forth, especially of late years, the exercise of much inventive ability on the part of both chemists and engineers in all countries. There has resulted such a variety of different methods, that some systematic classification of the process has become very necessary. Professor Heeren, of Hanover, Germany, has perfected such a classification, which will be found both instructive and of value for purposes of reference. Steel occupies nearly the middle place between cast and wrought iron in its proportion of carbon; it may be prepared either by decarbonizing pig-iron, or, on the contrary, by causing wrought iron to absorb carbon. The processes to accomplish these ends may be arranged under five principal heads: 1, fabrication of steel by decarbonization of pig iron; 2, by carbonization of wrought-iron; 3, by mixing a wrought-iron poor in carbon with pig-iron rich in the same; 4, by mixing pig-iron with ore; 5, directly by means of ore. No. 1 is made by the Bessemer process: a current of air finely divided is passed through the liquid crude iron. The carbon, silicon, and a part of the iron, burn, and the temperature is so highly elevated that the iron, decarbonized in part or transformed into steel, remains molten. It is then run into molds. No. 2 is generally known as case-hardening. No. 3 is crucible steel and also reverberatory furnace steel, according to Martin-Siemen's invention. No. 4 is Uchalius steel. No. 5 is Siemen's direct process: the ore is melted alone, without addition of reducing material, at a very elevated temperature; then the iron is reduced and transformed into wrought-iron or into steel by adding coal.

Cognac Brandy.—A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an interesting account of the production of brandy in France. There is a small district in the south of France, known as the Deux Charentes, which has a commercial centre called Cognac. From the grapes of this district there comes a wine, and from this wine there is distilled a celebrated liquor, which is named after the place, and called Cognac brandy. The word brandy, formerly written brandy-wine, is of German origin, and means burnt or distilled wine. In the Cognac district, a grape is used, known as "*the white fool*," on account of the inferior wine which can be made from it. The fruit is gathered, for the most part, by women, who use a hook-shaped knife to sever the stems. They throw it into small wooden boxes, with sloping sides, which, when full, they empty into the baskets of the men, who carry the grapes to the cart at the edge of the vineyard. The grapes are conveyed to the mill, where they are crushed, and the juice is led into a tank whence it is emptied into casks, and then left to ferment. After fermentation, the juice is distilled in stills holding about fifty-five gallons. In a vintage of good quality, the yield is one gallon of brandy to six or eight of wine. The quantity of alcohol varies from forty-eight to fifty-five per cent., the latter being the standard strength called "proof." Nearly all Cognac brandy goes to England, where it is sold to consumers from 11 to 12 under proof. Hennessy & Co., and Otard & Co., are the two principal houses for the sale of Cognac.

Glass Silk in the Laboratory.—Glass silk, which was exhibited in Vienna in 1873, is now extensively used for filtering purposes in laboratories. It is made by winding fine threads of melted glass on rapidly rotating and heated cylinders. Under the microscope the threads appear as fine as the ultimate fibres of silk and cotton, and to the naked eye they bear the closest resemblance to raw silk. From the inalterability of the substance, it is very well suited for filtering acid or alkaline solutions, also for nitrate of silver, albumen, collodion and Fehling's liquor. It is preferable to asbestos, which, from the arrangement of its parallel fibres, cannot be formed into a flexible ball, and lets floating fragments pass through. The glass silk may serve an indefinite time if only after each operation it be abundantly washed with acid and water and dried in air.

Lime Burnt by Petroleum Gas.—The Cedar Hollow Lime Company is burning lime successfully with petroleum gas at their works in East Whiteland, Pa. They use Baird's and English's patent vaporizer to produce the gas, and one small machine affords enough gas to run six kilns, making about 2,000 bushels of the whitest and purest quality per day, without wood or coal. Their lime commands from 20 to 25 per cent. higher prices in Philadelphia in consequence of its uniformity in quality and freedom from over-burning incident to the old method. The use of gas for fuel in a large number of industries, notably in the glass-house and in the manufacture of steel, is one of the characteristics of the age.

Chemists in North America.—A list of chemists and physicists in North America has just been published in Salem, Mass., by Mr. Samuel E. Cassino. The list comprises 562 names, among which we recognize a few whose reputations extend beyond the Western Hemisphere, and many who are hard workers for the advancement of science. A few years ago, it was indispensable for a chemist or physicist to go to Europe to complete his education. We now observe an encouraging number who have depended upon native schools, and are yet deservedly distinguished for originality and extent of acquirements. It is no longer necessary to go to Europe to obtain a scientific education.

Salicylic Acid.—Salicylic acid possesses, in all outward respects, a close resemblance to quinine. It combats malarial poisoning, though not so effectually as quinine, and stops fermentation in nearly all cases. Even the ringing in the ears and the slight deafness characteristic of the administration of quinine are not wanting with salicylic acid. In acute articular rheumatism, quinine has no effect, while salicylic acid is a powerful remedy. Salicylic acid is fast assuming the first rank as a therapeutic agent in numerous diseases. It is now made in large quantities from benzole, and the price is much below that of quinine.

NEST-BUILDING FISH.—One of these, the Gourami, has lately been studied by M. Carbonnier, in his private aquarium. The male animal constructs a nest of froth, of considerable size, 15 to 18 centimetres horizontal diameter, and 10 to 12 centimetres height. He prepares the bubbles in the air (which he sucks in and then expels), strengthening them with mucous matter from his mouth, and brings them into the nest. Sometimes the bucal secretion will fail him, whereupon he goes to the bottom in search of some confervæ, which he sucks and bites for a little, in order to stimulate the act of secretion. The nest being ready, the female is induced to enter. Not less curious is the way in which the male brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. He seems unable to bring them up in his mouth; instead of this, he first takes in an abundant supply of air, then descending, he places himself under the eggs, and all at once, by a violent contraction of the muscles in the interior of the mouth and pharynx, he forces out the air he has accumulated, by his gills. This air, finely divided or pulverized, in some sort, by the lamellæ and fringes of the gills, escapes in the form of two jets of veritable gaseous powder, which envelopes the eggs and raises them to the surface. In this manœuvre, M. Carbonnier says, the Gourami quite disappeared in a kind of air-mist, and when this had dissipated, he reappeared with a multitude of air-bubbles, like little pearls, clinging all over his body.

EXPLORATION OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.—Mr. Frederick A. Ober has recently sailed from Boston for Martinique, to commence an exploration of the West India Islands, under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Ober proposes to begin at Martinique, and to collect the vertebrates on all the Leeward Islands, visiting each one in succession, and proceeding east and south by the Windward Islands, to the Spanish Main. The work will probably occupy several years, and with it will be combined the taking of photographic views of the scenery and inhabitants. It is believed that, should Mr. Ober be as successful as he anticipates, a critical investigation of his collections by specialists will not only bring to light species long ago described and not met with for many years, but will include some new to science, and at the same time elucidate many interesting problems in physical and zoological geography.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ELEMENT.—Professor George A. Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania, announces the discovery of a new element. From a mineral resembling schorlamite, occurring at Magnet Cove, Ark., he obtained, in the place of titanic acid, a white oxide, which differs from the former very materially, and he regards the existence in it of a new metal as highly probable. The Russian chemist, Mendelijef, predicted the discovery of ek-aluminium, which was afterward found under the name of gallium, and, at the same time, he stated his conviction that another metal, similar to titanium and silicium, for which he proposed the name of ek-silicium, ought some day to be found. It would look as though Professor Koenig was on track of the missing link of Mendelijef's series, and that we were to have the honor in this country of contributing to the list of elements.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

HARMLESS REVOLVERS.—Planets.

A BRANCH CONCERN.—The limb of a tree.

AT a spiritualist *séance* in Paris recently, the ghost of a long since dead Atheist put in an appearance and was interrogated. At last inquired one: "How about the other world?" "There is no other world," replied the spirit.

"LARRY, my wife and I have both noticed that the townpeople stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?" "Me tell 'em, sor? Is it likely I'd go agin my express orders? Why, whiniver anybody thried to pump me, sor, I tould 'em ye wasn't married at all!"

"HANDSOME is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand: "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife." The moralizer was cornered, and this is why the wife appeared in a new bonnet the next day.

"I UNDERSTAND you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, you go pring a mugful." Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to the astonished visitor, said, "Dere, now, if you dosh not tink dat is goot citer, yoost schmell of te mug."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—An Irishman was indicted at the assizes at Tralee for felony. His innocence was clearly proved, but, notwithstanding that, the jury found him guilty. The judge was astonished, and said: "Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proved." "Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now brought against him; but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A MAN being annoyed by the habitual sleeping in church of one of his neighbors, whose pew adjoined his own, determined to rebuke him. Meeting him one day, he removed his cigar, puffed out a mouthful of smoke, and said, "Neighbor ——, there's no sleeping carriage on the road to Heaven." "Eh!" exclaimed the neighbor, thoroughly wide awake; "no sleeping carriage? Nor any *smoking carriage* either, I reckon!"

THEODORE HOOK was a clever man. "A friend of mine," says an author, "has a letter from him addressed to a well-known lady, since dead. In this letter Theodore says, 'Will your ladyship be so kind as to ask me to-day at dinner whether I will venture on an orange?' The question was duly asked, on which Theodore promptly replied, 'No, my lady, I should be afraid of falling off.' Everybody laughed at the readiness of the impromptu."

WRITING of lady-helps, "Sylvanus Urban," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says that in America they have "help" who are by no means "ladies." The difficulty of procuring good servants in that country is vastly greater than in England. "I was talking to a New York friend upon this subject lately, who told me that it was the rarest thing to retain the services of a help beyond a year. 'My wife had one, however, who lived with us eighteen months—and it would have taken much to part us; but at last she had to go.' 'Why, what did she do?' inquired I. 'Well, she did this—she boxed my wife's ears.'"

THE MOVEMENT OF THE SEA.—One day, being at Etretat, Monnier, the French actor, perceived on the beach a worthy couple from the Faubourg St. Denis, an elderly shopkeeper and his wife, who were taking their first look at the ocean. "What bothers me," remarked the lady, "is the perpetual movement of the sea—the waves, the tide." Here Monnier came forward and volunteered an explanation. "Madame," he said, solemnly, "that motion is produced by the fish, which wriggle about a great deal and wag their tails violently, thus causing the waves. When they get weary of swimming near the shore, they all retire simultaneously, and the sea follows them—hence the tide."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Advertiser* tells the following story: A—— P——, forty-five or fifty years ago, a farmer of Westford, Massachusetts, was noted by all who knew him for the slow, deliberate manner of his speech, the more than Chesterfieldian courtesy of his address to all persons on the most ordinary business occasions, and his excessive care of the pennies. He often visited Lowell, and was well known by the traders there. On one occasion, calling at the grocer's: "Say, Mr. Jones," he said, in his usual extremely polite style; "Mr. Jones, have you any very nice Maccaboy snuff?" "Yes, first-rate." "And have you any very nice rappee snuff?" "Yes, the best." "What do you ask per pound for them?" Mr. Jones named his prices. "Well, I will take a cent's worth, half of each kind, put up in separate papers, for sample, for my aunt."

A PROMINENT pisciculturist lately sent a very valuable present of trout spawn to a San Francisco magnate, who is more remarkable for wealth than refinement. The donor's idea was that the trout might be hatched, and would thrive in a small artificial lake which was a feature of the millionnaire's grounds. He was much surprised at receiving the following note some days afterward: "My dear friend—Them water-peas as you sent was way up, and was excellent fried. I had considerable railway people and one or two bankers to dinner the night as they came. We never would have knew what the concerns were only for Maria, who has just graduated at a phemale school, and knows a sight. She told us as them peas were quite common, and that they grew under water same as you sent 'em. We all sends kind regards, and would be pleased to have some more water-vegetables when you are sending to the city."

JUDGE PITMAN came down-stairs in response to a call from his servant-girl, and found standing at the front door a man with a carpet-bag. The man said, "Is your piano out of tune?" "No, I don't think it is," said the judge. "Ain't you sure about it?" "No; I never tried it to see." "How long since it has been tuned?" "It has never been." "Then of course it ought to be tuned at once. You'll ruin it if you don't have it attended to." "I don't believe I will." "Oh, yes, you will, though. Nothing's worse for a piano than standing untuned." "Do you think you can tune it?" "Certainly I can." "I don't believe you can," said the judge. "I'd like to know why not. I never saw a piano yet that I couldn't tackle." "There is one mighty good reason why you can't in this case." "I'd like to know what it is." "You want me to tell you, do you?" "Yes." "Well, it's because I haven't got any piano." Then the man lifted his carpet-bag, rubbed his nose thoughtfully, and left.

AN amusing story has reached this country from Russia. A noble lady, at the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, gave birth to a son, for whom it was impossible to find a suitable wet-nurse. The mother was reduced to despair, when a young nobleman, her neighbor, offered her one of his peasant-women. Thereby the child's life was saved. Then the young lord said to the mother, "Madam, you owe me the existence of your son, and I hope that in return you will grant me a favor." It is not known what the nobleman asked for, but at all events the mother refused to grant his request. He threatened, in consequence, to deprive her of the wet-nurse, who was the wife of one of his serfs, and the mother had no other resource left than to appeal to the justice of her country. Time went on. The Czar Nicholas died, and Alexander II. mounted the throne. The other day, while the latter was holding a brilliant review, all eyes were fixed upon a colonel of his staff, a very handsome officer. Suddenly a messenger rode up. "Colonel," said he, handing up a large envelope, "here is the judgment of the Senate." "The judgment! What judgment?" asked the colonel. He broke the seal, and read with stupefaction, "The Senate, in its high wisdom, decides, after ripe deliberation, that the wet-nurse of Lord X. shall nurse the son of the noble Lady Z. for the space of twelve months and six weeks." The baby mentioned in the judgment was the handsome colonel! He was then thirty-four years of age!

ROSY YOUTH IN RURAL ENGLAND—BIRD-NESTS AND FLOWERS.

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"BLARNEY."

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.—No. 2. AUGUST, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

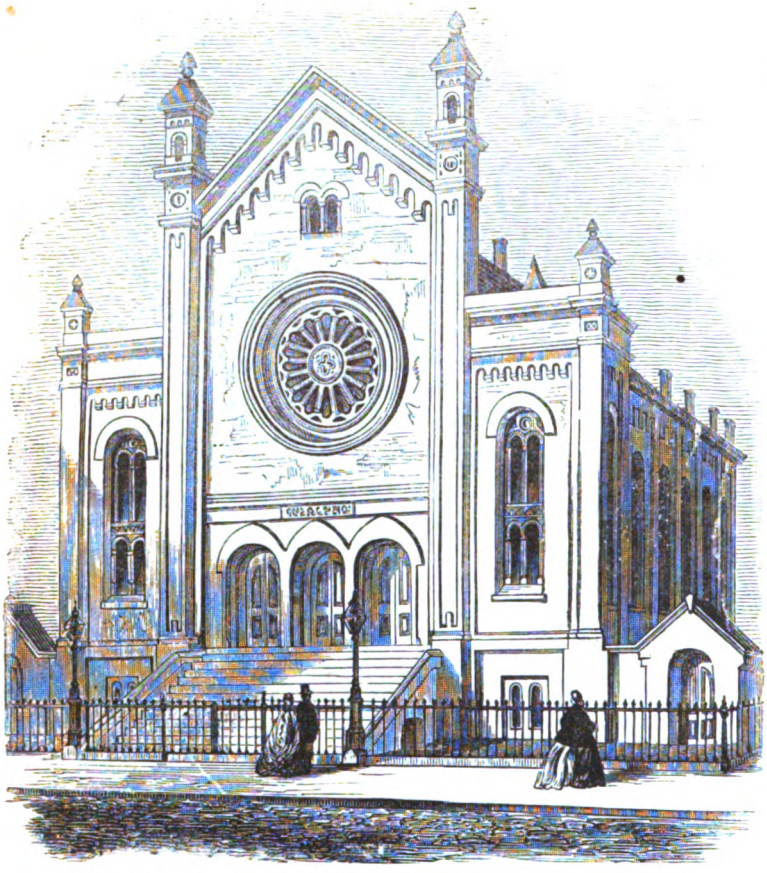
THE JEWS IN AMERICA.

By Alfred Trumble.

THE history of the Hebrew in America is part and parcel of the romantic story that his race sends down to us from the earliest stages of the world. The early chronicle is a dark one, branded on human hearts in letters of fire, written on the gloomy pages of the past in characters of blood. It is the history of a people, weary from long wandering, seeking rest through centuries of pain and finding none, but clinging to their faith through all, as the drowning man, hearing in his ears the watery thunder of his doom, clutches the drifting straw. The Wandering Jew is a type of his race. From the time their temples fell before the Roman sword and firebrand they have been nomads—Pariahs of a Christian world.

A BAR MITVA SERVICE—A YOUNG ISRAELITE'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.

Time was—at a time, too, when all the Christian world was engaged in a holy war for the recovery of the very city where their desecrated temples stood in ruins—when in all Europe the Jew's only refuge was in especial quarters of some German and Italian cities, marked by degrading symbols of their caste, and even then so little secure that any man's hand might be raised against their property or lives without



THE BNAI JESHURUN SYNAGOGUE, THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

impediment. At the height of the Crusades, bands of the very men who so bravely carried the sacred symbol of Christianity into the deserts of Palestine sacked the Jewish quarters of the "cities of refuge," hounding such of the miserables as escaped their swords to self-destruction. The Rhine ran blood; the plains of Hungary and Austria lay thick with dead; the black smoke of countless ruined homes vailed the sky with a sombre pall, under which the creators of the devastation swept on to combat and victory over the infidel, and ultimate planting of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem. Even there, at the very base of the Holy Sepulchre, the earth was stained with the blood of Jewry. Every Israelite found in Jerusalem was butchered without pause or pity, and the clash of bleeding swords echoed hollowly about the tombs of the dead fathers of the race.

In the year 1290 no Jew was allowed a refuge in England, France or Spain. When, gradually, he came to be admitted into France, it was to suffering quite as great as that which he endured elsewhere. He was forbidden bathing in the Seine, and herded with his followers in close, noisome quarters, bred pestilence in a natural course, and was massacred for the involuntary act. It frequently was deemed necessary to hang him, and that operation was performed by suspending him from a gallows between two dogs.

The reigns of Richard I., King John, Henry III. and Edward I. were dark days for the Jews in England. Since the Saxon settlements they had been located there and had thriven; were rich and prosperous. Many, too, had accompanied the invasion under William the Conqueror, and Henry II. had given them the support of his royal protection. At York and Oxford [illegible] massive and [illegible] In the [illegible] strongrooms and public places of worship. Such, in brief, was their condition at the coronation of Richard the Lion-hearted. All Jews had been prohibited entering Westminster Hall at the time of the ceremony, but several evaded the edict, and made their way into the tabooed precinct. They were recognized, and beaten to death in the very temple, and the mob, blood-hungry from the act, swept through the Hebrew quarter of the city, killing and plundering and destroying everything before them. The King did his best to suppress the disorder, and a few of the unfortunates were saved by his troops and by taking refuge in the Tower and other strongholds. Hundreds, however, perished, and the light of their burning houses flashed upon the newly donned crown. The rising spread to York and Oxford, and the butcheries there surpassed in atrocity those of London. Yet, such was the feeling of the time that the King, powerful and popular as he was, dared make no movement toward the punishment of the rioters.

From that time until 1290 the Jews in England enjoyed something like peace, varied by heavy assessments of money for the support of the Throne and the prosecution of the oriental campaigns, but otherwise comparatively unmolested. In 1290, however, under Edward I., an edict was issued, banishing every Jew from England. Their property was confiscated, and they were driven, at the point of the sword, to a banishment of nearly four centuries.

They found apologies for homes in France, the German Empire and Italy; but in 1395 Charles VI. drove them from the former place of refuge. Thenceforth, for several centuries, their persecutions were an almost indescribable horror.

In Germany their condition was the worst. Every visitation of a natural misfortune, a plague, a drought, a famine, was laid to their doors. It was asserted, in 1348, that they had poisoned the public wells, and the people rose in arms, and, penning the Jews in their synagogues with their families, fired the buildings and burned them by thousands. In 1350 this was repeated. In Switzerland the same scenes occurred. In Italy they languished in the *ghettos*, marked from the rest of humanity by badges, and oppressed by every conceivable harsh law. A considerable colony had found refuge in Sicily. In 1493, 20,000 families were banished from that island. A century before, a drought in Spain had been made the excuse for an indiscriminate massacre.

The Spanish Jews had arrived at a point of intellectual and financial elevation of the highest grade. They were opulent as princes, and learned as statesmen. Their counsels, like their money, were of weight in affairs of State. With the founding of the Inquisition their extirpation was apparently determined on, and in 1492, by royal permission, the stake began its frightful work. Seventy thousand families passed over into Portugal, and many more went to Africa, Italy and Turkey. Fully four-fifths, however, were destroyed. In 1492, those settled in Portugal were banished, and all of their children under fourteen were taken from them and sent to Catholic schools for education in that faith. These culminating persecutions fairly broke the virile spirit of the race. Their condition became one of semi-barbarism again, the culture for which they had been famous faded, and their language languished, neglected, and nearly dead.

With the tenacity which had characterized them all through their previous trials, however, they rejected every advance made to them for the abandonment of their religion, although they knew that at that price they could purchase a liberty to which they were total strangers. Wherever a congregation could be got together they met for worship, privately. Their enemies lost no opportunity of ferreting out and dispersing these meetings, and the scenes of cruelty their assaults gave rise to in Prague, Vienna, Frankfort and other places in the German Empire, beggar description. Even the ferocious treatment of the Scotch covenanters, in the seventeenth century, was merciful compared to that which the unfortunate remnants of the ten tribes suffered almost hourly, the length and breadth of Europe. The outrages were committed, too, under *quasi* sanction of the law, in so much, at least, as there is scarcely a case on record in which any attempt was made to punish the persecutors of the despised victims.

It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, a blight fell upon the people. The only wonder is that they survived the time, and were not exterminated, as a race, for good and all.

The times were changing, however. The tide of persecution had reached its flood, and was shortly to ebb again. By the action of a commission, assembled at Whitehall at the command of Oliver Cromwell, ground was broken for a return of the Jews to England. They offered £200,000 for the privilege of being allowed to trade in London on the same footing as they did in Holland and Poland, in both of which States they enjoyed a comparative freedom at the expense of a yearly indemnity. Their proposition was at first rejected, and although they, from time to time, found their way into England, they effected no actual settlement, and began no actually extensive trade until the death of the Protector and the action of General Monk resulted in the Restoration of the Stuarts. Then the fortunes and the spirit of the race revived. The legal disabilities under which they lay were gradually removed, and, little by little, they built up the power which is theirs in the three kingdoms and their colonies to-day.

Against much opposition, the English Jews obtained the rights of citizenship in 1753. It was not until over a century later that the last of their disabilities were removed by Parliament, an act in a great measure due to Macaulay's eloquent appeal in his essay on "The Disabilities of the Jews."

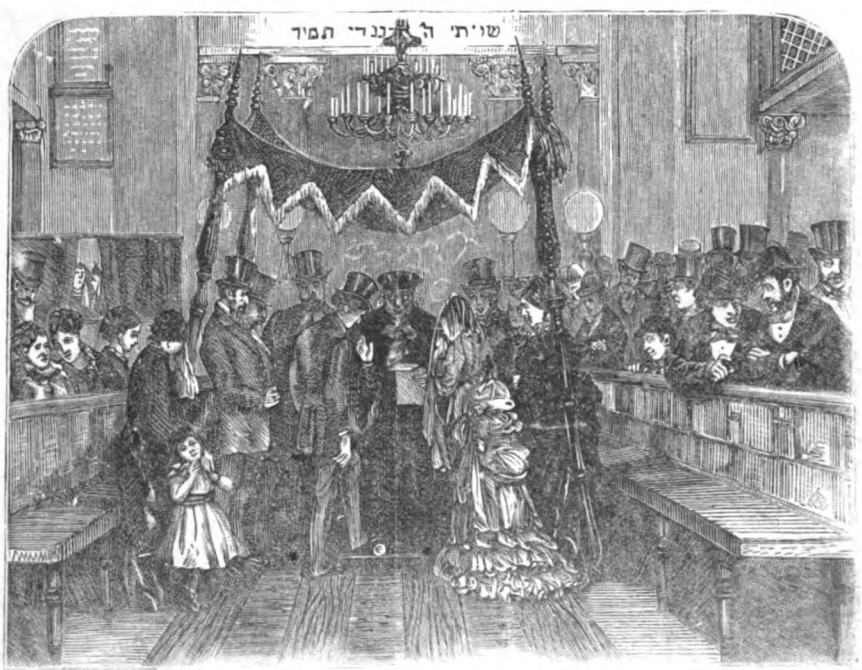
In 1847 the first Jew ever admitted to Parliament was elected, in the person of Baron Rothschild. This event was the occasion of considerable popular tumult. The most bigoted of its opponents, however, would have been probably petrified with horror could they have forecast the time when a Jewish Premier would direct the counsels of the Government.

The Jews were less fortunate in France than in England in the matter of obtaining the concession of residence, and it was not until the fierce hand of the great Revolution had swept the last rotten remnant of a corrupt past into a bloody grave that they actually secured a footing on Gallic soil. Once there, however, their progress was rapid, and long before their brethren in England ceased being the objects of aversion, from contact with whom Christians shrank in public places, and against whom Christian doors were barred, the French Jew walked with head erect, bold in the possession of equal privileges with his fellow-men.

While the Bishop of Oxford was calling for support to prevent the entry of Rothschild into Parliament, sustained in his bigotry by such men as Lord Derby and Sir Robert Inglis, three Jews—Cremieux, Goudschaux and Fould—had successively held the reins of government in France as Ministers, and continued, high in honor with the nation, in similar employments.

In Germany some faint and halting advances toward reform were made during the last century, and at a time when the Jews there were plunged into a misery so profound that any escape from it seemed impossible. Their language was extinct, and they spoke no tongue but a wretched *patois*, called, even to this day, Jewish German. All records, etc., necessary, they kept in this barbarous dialect, written in Hebrew characters. They lived in dens, held distinct from the rest of the cities in which they were, and barred with gates which were locked at night to prevent their taking advantage of the darkness to break bounds and forget, if they could, for a few brief minutes, the frightful sights and sounds they left behind them. It was from one of these dens, the Juden-gasse, in Frankfort, that the father of what is now the house of Rothschilds emerged to found a fortune which was to rule the peace of half the world.

Upon this scene of gloom appeared Moses Mendelssohn, the head of the Jewish reform movement in Germany, and the friend of the most famous philosophers and *littérateurs* of the day. His first work was to translate the Jewish Bible into German. The ultra-rabbinists took umbrage at this, and went so far, even, in their opposition, as to collect all of the books they could and burn them. Their movement failed of its desired effect, however. The idea had found supporters. The hitherto spiritless denizens of the gloomy "ghettos" began to study, and led by such savans as Bull, Gaus, Moser, and Ben David, the German language became the common tongue of Jew as well as Gentile. The first barrier



THE HEBREW WEDDING CEREMONY—THE CRUSHING OF THE GLASS.

of separation was broken away. A Jew was no longer distinguishable from a Christian by his speech.

The death of Mendelssohn, in 1786, did not clog the wheels of reform, and the gradual improvement in the condition of the Jews in France and England had its effect upon the German contingent. The first reformed synagogue in Germany was opened in Berlin in 1814. In 1819, another was founded in Hamburg. Then came the revolution of 1848 and its attendant changes, and the hard-fought fight was in a measure won. The Jew had taken his place in the world, and was following his advantage to its natural and just end.

Nevertheless, the condition of the lower order of Jews in the German Empire, and the border countries, is still a most deplorable one. Bigotry and ignorance past all belief rule in the Jewish quarters today, for the lower order of Hebrews herd together yet after the old fashion. They are the toy of the extremist Rabbis, and have nothing in common with the enlightened German and Portuguese Jews, much less the adherents of the reformed tenets, other than a common basis of faith. When they emigrate, it is only to repeat in other countries the life they led in their own, and in such districts as they colonize in New York and other large cities of the Occident, the grimed experiences of the squalid homes they have left behind them are repeated after the fashion which has rendered such districts as Baxter and Bayard Streets what they are.

THE FEAST OF THE ATONEMENT IN A SYNAGOGUE.

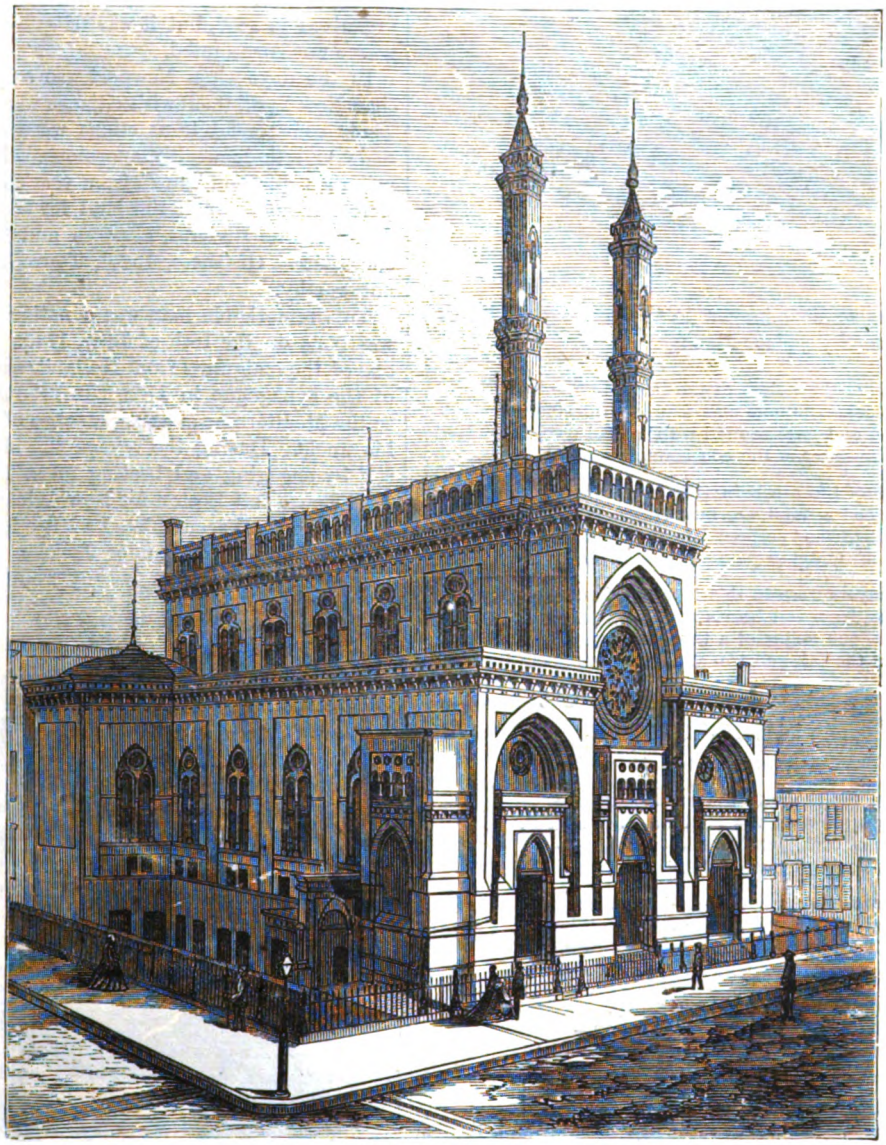
According to the latest and most reliable census of the race, there are now not less than 7,868,447 Jews in the world, and the actual number is estimated to exceed 8,000,000. There are 5,500,000 of them in Europe, three-fifths of the number in Russia-Poland and Austria-Hungary alone. The child of Israel has not reached the end of his long journey yet. We find twenty-five of his kind among the ice-fields and tempest-splintered peaks of wintry Norway, and a quarter of a million followers of the covenant are scattered in the sun-smitten, fever-cursed fastnesses of Abyssinia. They people the hot sands of Arabia, and exist among the red plains and oven-like cities of the North African coast. Seven thousand of them have found rest under the Oceanican palms. In America, there are 514,000, half a million of whom are residents of the United States.

Such is a rapid *résumé* of the gradual progress and present condition of Judaism in Europe. The average Jew today, the Jew of the middle and higher classes, enjoys the freedom due to all men, thanks to the reforms so briefly noted. And it is to America, or, rather, to the United States, that the existence of these reforms is mainly due, since it was in the American Colonies that the doctrine of equal rights for Jew and Gentile was first propounded and made the basis of a public policy. It was the example of America which led, by slow degrees, but surely, to the amelioration and improvement in the condition of the European branch of the Hebrew race.

The first settlement of Jews in the City of New York, and within the limits of the present United States, was, it is supposed, made during the year 5410 of the Hebrew calendar, or 1650 of ours. The earliest known records of the event are copies of a petition of Salvador d'Andrade, under date of December the 17th, 1655, to the director-general and council of the New Netherlands, and of a remonstrance signed by Abraham de Lucena and others, dated March 10th, 1656. In volume I. of the "Documentary History of the State of New York," Governor Andros has a letter replying to certain inquiries about New York, made in 1678, in which he includes Jews among the inhabitants, and in volume III. of the same work, mention is made of the Rev. Abraham de Lucena applying, as a Jewish minister, to Governor Hunter in 1710, for exemption from military and civil duties,

stating that these privileges had been allowed to his predecessors.

The congregation over which De Lucena presided, was the Portuguese *minhag* "Shearith Israel," whose present synagogue, at Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, is one of the architectural landmarks of modern New York. The first minutes of Congregational affairs now in possession of the congregation, are written in English and Spanish, and dated "Tishree 20th, 5489"—1728. They have reference to certain rules and regulations adopted in 1706, twenty-three years before. A year after the date of these minutes, in 1729, the first building specially for purposes of Jewish worship in this country, was erected on Mill Street. Previous to that time, prayers had been read in a frame building, about one hundred feet from the site of the first synagogue. The new synagogue was consecrated in 1730, taken down and rebuilt on the same site in 1817, and consecrated in 1818, the congregation in the meantime worshiping in a room over an engine-house in Beaver Street, near Broad. During the prevalence of the yellow fever, in 1822, service was performed in a school-house at Henry and Oliver Streets. In 1833, the site of the old synagogue was sold, and the materials of the building used in the erection of a new edifice in Crosby Street, which was consecrated in 1834.



THE KAAL OR KADESH BNAI JESHURUN SYNAGOGUE, CINCINNATI, O.

The New York Dispensary, at White and Centre Streets, afforded a meeting-room for the congregation while the new building was being erected. For a long time after, the Dispensary building served as a meeting-house for various temporarily churchless congregations. When the Shearith Israel moved again, it was to assume occupation of its present noble building on Nineteenth Street.

The origin of the congregation is supposed to have been the assembling in private houses of a number of Portuguese refugees for worship. As soon as the requisite number of people for a congregation—which is ten persons over thirteen years of age each—had come together, one of the number was probably called upon to officiate, and so the modest, private prayer grew into the wealthiest and most noteworthy Hebrew congregation in the country.

In close connection with the Shearith Israel was the community of the Newport Synagogue. The Jews played an important part in the history of Newport, and evidences of their presence meet the observer on every side in and about the now famous watering-place. The name of one Jew, at least, is as familiar to the Newporter as a household word—that of Judah Touro, the philanthropist. The synagogue and burial-ground, the former entirely disused for the reason that there is no congregation to worship in it, are situated on a street named after the liberal benefactor of the city, and are kept in repair by the bequest of Judah Touro and his brother Abraham, whose father, the Rev. Isaac Touro, was at one time minister to the now vanished congregation. Rabbi Touro did not confine his labors to the Newport community. He frequently conducted services at New York and Philadelphia, in the former place officiating at the Synagogue of the Shearith Israel congregation. One of the lions of Newport—that famous bone of antiquarian contention, the stone mills—is situated in Touro Park, which was presented to the city by Judah Touro.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport furnished Longfellow with the theme for one of his best-known and most artistic poems. Another American singer, a lady, and a member of the race which forms the subject of this article, found subject, too, for her tuneful pen in a relic of the old Hebraic settlements of Aquidneck.

Emma Lazarus's lines on the Jewish synagogue at Newport are only less charming than her delicious "Blade of

MRS. GRACE NATHAN.

Grass," and are so little known to the reading public that they are well worthy a place here:

"Here, where the noises of the busy town,
The ocean's plunge and roar can enter not;
We stand and gaze around with tearful awe,
And muse upon the consecrated spot.

"No signs of life are here; the very prayers,
Inscribed around, are in a language dead,
The light of the 'perpetual lamp' is spent,
That an undying radiance was to shed.

"What prayers were in this temple offered up,
Wrung from sad hearts that knew no joy on earth,
By those one exiles of a thousand years,
From the fair sunrise and that gave them birth?

"Now, as we gaze, in this new world of light,
Upon this relic of the days of old,
The present vanishes, and the tropic blooms,
And Eastern towns and temples we behold.

"Again we see the patriarch with his flocks,
The purple seas, the hot blue sky o'erhead,
The slaves of Egypt—omens—mysteries—
Dark-fleeing hosts by flaming angels led.

"A wondrous light upon a sky-kissed mound,
A man, who reads Jehovah's written law,
'Midst blinding glory and effulgence rare,
Unto a people prone with reverent awe.

"The pride of luxury, barbaric pomp,
In the rich court of royal Solomon—
Alas! we wake; one scene alone remains—
The exiles by the streams of Babylon.

"Our softened voices send us back again
But mournful echoes through the empty hall.
Our footsteps have a strange, unnatural sound,
And with unwonted gentleness they fall.

"The weary ones, the sad, the suffering,
All found their comfort in the holy place;
And children's gladness and men's gratitude
Took voice and mingled in the chant of praise.

"The funeral and the marriage now, alas!
We know not which is sadder to recall;
For youth and happiness have followed age,
And green grass lieth gently over all.

"Nathless the sacred shrine is holy yet,
With its lone floors where reverent feet once trod;
Take off your shoes, as by the burning bush,
Before the mystery of Death and God!"

If the effect of the deserted synagogue is a melancholy one, that of the mossy cemetery, with its crumbling monuments, embowered in long grass and luxuriant verdure, is by no means so dismal. There are few prettier spots about Newport than that garden of neglected foliage, with its milestones to fate scored by the fingers of Time, and mantled with soft, brown moss, where birds sing and bees hum and sunlight flecks the earth with stencil-work of gold.

The first Jewish settlement of Newport occurred during the early part of the seventeenth century. The settlers who at that time joined the Rhode Island colony were Dutch Jews, to whom, from time to time, were added refugees of the same faith from Portugal and Spain. Worship was first organized in 1658, but it was not until 1763 that the synagogue was consecrated.

In the days when Newport was a greater shipping port than New York, its Jewish citizens were a power in the land. Their commercial transactions were on the most colossal scale and their wealth enormous. They entertained like princes, kept open houses from year's end to year's end, and were famous through the land for their hospitality and fair dealing. The Rivieras, Lopezes and Touros are historical characters. Of these, Judah Touro is certainly the most noteworthy.

This remarkable man was a native of Newport where he was born on the 16th of June, 1775. His father had been one of the emigrants from Holland, and had become pastor of the synagogue in 1762. In 1798 Judah made a voyage to the Mediterranean as supercargo of a vessel belonging to his uncle. During the voyage the ship distinguished herself by engaging and beating off a French privateer. In 1802 Touro left Boston for New Orleans, where he engaged in business, and accumulated a large fortune. The year 1815 found him a soldier under Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans, where he was severely wounded in the hip. He

MAJOR MORDECAI M. NOAH.

REV. S. M. ISAACS, OF THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET SYNAGOGUE.

died on January 18th, 1854, in New Orleans, leaving the greater part of his large fortune to various Christian and Hebrew charities, and to his native city. Among his bequests was $10,000 toward founding a Protestant church, and a liberal subscription to the Bunker Hill Monument.

The business failure of Newport, and her gradual decadence into a mere third-rate port and Summer watering-place, were followed by the departure or death of the great Newport Jews. The families gradually fell away, until finally the synagogue was closed. It remained for sixty years unused; was then reconsecrated in 1850, and continued for a short time in use, when its doors were closed again for what has, as yet, been the last time.

Many of the old members of the Newport congregation, and of the families whose names are identified with the history of the synagogue, are now members of the Shearith Israel. Among his flock the Rev. Dr. Lyons counts such well-known names as those of Seixas, Gomez, Lopez, Tobias, Nathan, Hendricks, Abecassis, Brandon, Lazarus (among them his niece, the poetess), Hart, Cardozo, Henriques, Peixotto (late Consul to Roumania), and many others. The synagogue, in addition to being the oldest, is the most distinctively American, of any in the country. More than one good officer left the congregation to engage in the late civil war, and the patriotic efforts of the ladies were well appreciated by the Union soldiers who received articles of comfort and use from them while in the field.

The Rev. J. J. Lyons is a native of Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, where he was educated. He officiated as head of the congregation Névé Schalom, in Surinam, for five years, and came to the United States in 1837. After serving as minister of the congregation Beth Schalom, in Richmond, Va., for nearly two years, he was invited to New York, upon the death of the Rev. Isaac D. Seixas, in 1839, and assumed his present charge. Dr. Lyons is a devoted student of Hebrew history, and the author of several books bearing on the subject. It is to his courtesy that many important details of this article are due.

At the time when the Newport and New York congregations were beginning to grow in importance, the position of the Jews in the American colonies was a most favorable one. As a class, the representatives of the race here were men of culture, and brought with them, from the scenes of their late persecutions, many of the elegances and refinements of their earlier lives, and which were being deadened in their brethren abroad. As a consequence, they soon formed a prominent feature of colonial society, and amid the somewhat barbarous civilization of that early date, they loom up in an oriental opulence of refinement, strongly suggestive of the bright days when they feasted princes in Flanders, and extended favors to kings under Iberian skies. For the first time, however, they really enjoyed the true sweets of liberty. Even when their position in Europe had been at its best and brightest, it had only been a freedom of sufferance; the contemptuous liberty one grants a favorite dog; the familiarity of a confidential valet, whom one "thous" as one does a friend, but for a very different reason.

In 1733, there were enough Jews in Savannah to form a congregation. In 1787, there was a synagogue at the corner of Whitaker and Liberty Streets, in that city, several of whose members took an active part in the early government of the colony.

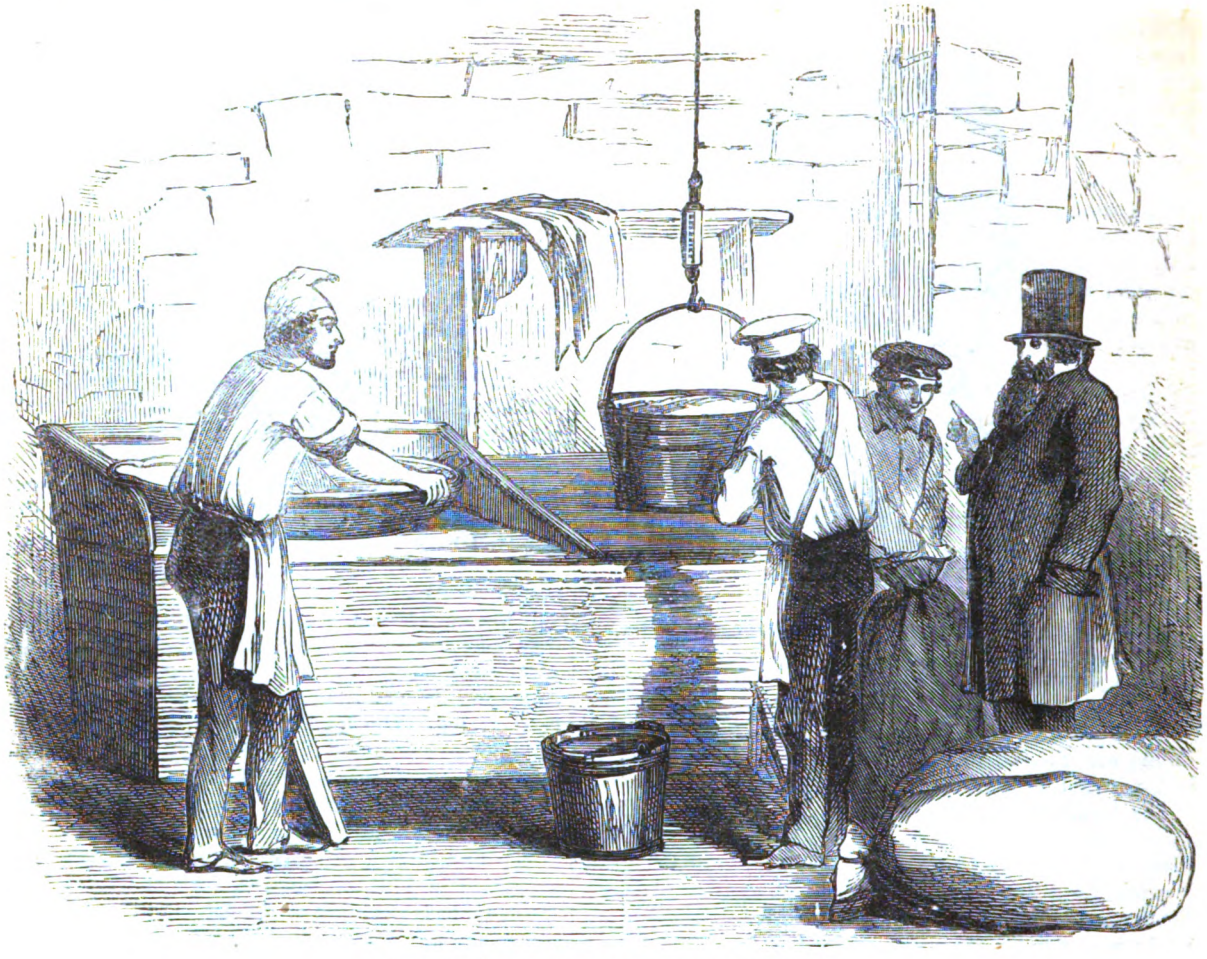
The next, in chronological order, was the congregation Micveh Israel, established in Philadelphia, in 1782. The members were Spaniards and Portuguese, and their first synagogue, in Cherry Street, above Third, is their place of worship to-day.

In 1802, a German *minhag* was organized in the Quaker City, and in 1847, another, and also a Dutch congregatio A Polish congregation built a synagogue, which was consecrated in 1849, and from time to time since then others have been created. The Jews in Philadelphia form an extensive and opulent community. In the early period of their existence, their worship was conducted by various pastors, those of Newport and New York frequently alternating their pulpits with the Philadelphia professors.

The first Jewish congregation in Charleston, S. C., was assembled in 1791, although as early as 1757 the resident Hebrews had possessed a special cemetery. The second synagogue was founded in 1843. The names of several the Charleston Jews appear in the records of the Revolution. Several of them fought in the Pulaski Legion, and their money and blood were freely spent in the struggle for liberty of the nation which they had found the first to extend the hand of friendship to themselves.

There is one notable figure of those Revolutionary days among the American Jews, which claims especial mention. It is that of Mrs. Grace Nathan, the daughter of the famous Rabbi, Isaac Mendez Seixas, and wife of Simon Nathan, a

THE LATE REV. M. J. RAPHALL, FORMERLY RABBI OF THE BNAI JESHURUN.



WEIGHING AND KNEADING IN PRESENCE OF THE RABBI.

leading merchant of New York. Mrs. Nathan was a famous beauty, a toast in her day, and a woman esteemed for every quality which claims admiration and respect. In the early days of the Colonial struggle for freedom, when the prospect was darkest, and the life of the young republic hung by a thread, a number of communications were received by Congress from sections and communities, which pledged themselves to support the almost fainting cause. Some of these were publicly read to Congress, among them a letter from Mrs. Nathan, in behalf of her family and race. This historical paper is still preserved among the Congressional archives.

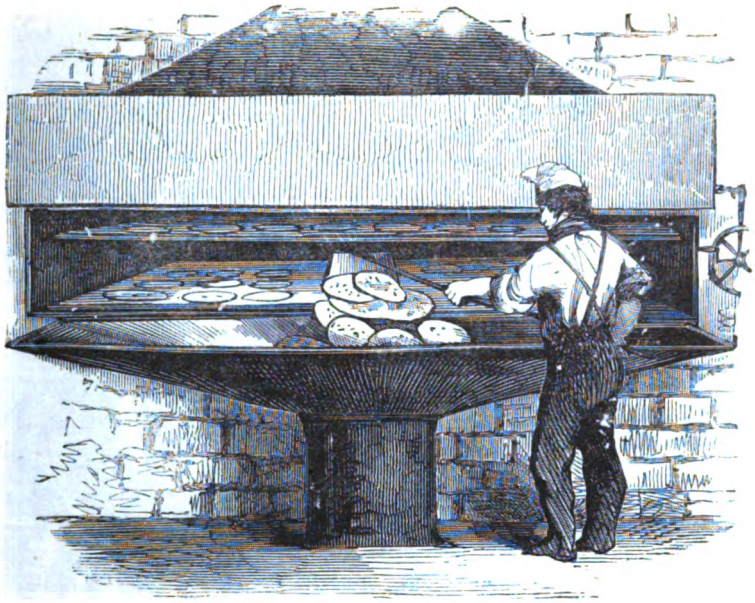
The papers of the day, and the collections of local Jewish *bibliophiles*, are rich in relics of Mrs. Nathan. Letters and verses of remarkable brilliancy and literary value are treasured up among the precious contents of many a Hebrew museum. Mrs. Nathan was the great-grandmother of Benjamin Nathan, Esq., whose tragic and mysterious death forms one of the romances of metropolitan crime, and the poetess Emma Lazarus is another of her descendants.

Jewish society in Charleston, even in its infancy, rivaled the glories of the communities in the North. As early as 1750, the first beneficial society of resident Israelites was formed. The "Hebrew Benevolent Institution of Charleston" was organized in 1791; another followed in 1795, and a Jewish society for the relief of orphans and indigent children *of all sects* was created in 1801. The first Hebrew Sunday-school in Charleston was opened in 1839.

KNEADING PASSOVER BREAD.

In 1791 a Portuguese congregation came together in Richmond, Va., and in 1841 another was established. In 1819 there was a Polish community, worshiping in Cincinnati, followed in 1840, 1848, 1850, by other

congregations of German and Polish Israelites. A school was started for instruction in Hebrew, German, and English, in 1849. The splendid structure which accompanies this article, in illustration, is the present place of worship of the original Cincinnati congregation, and was consecrated in 1868.



TAKING THE MATZES FROM THE OVEN.

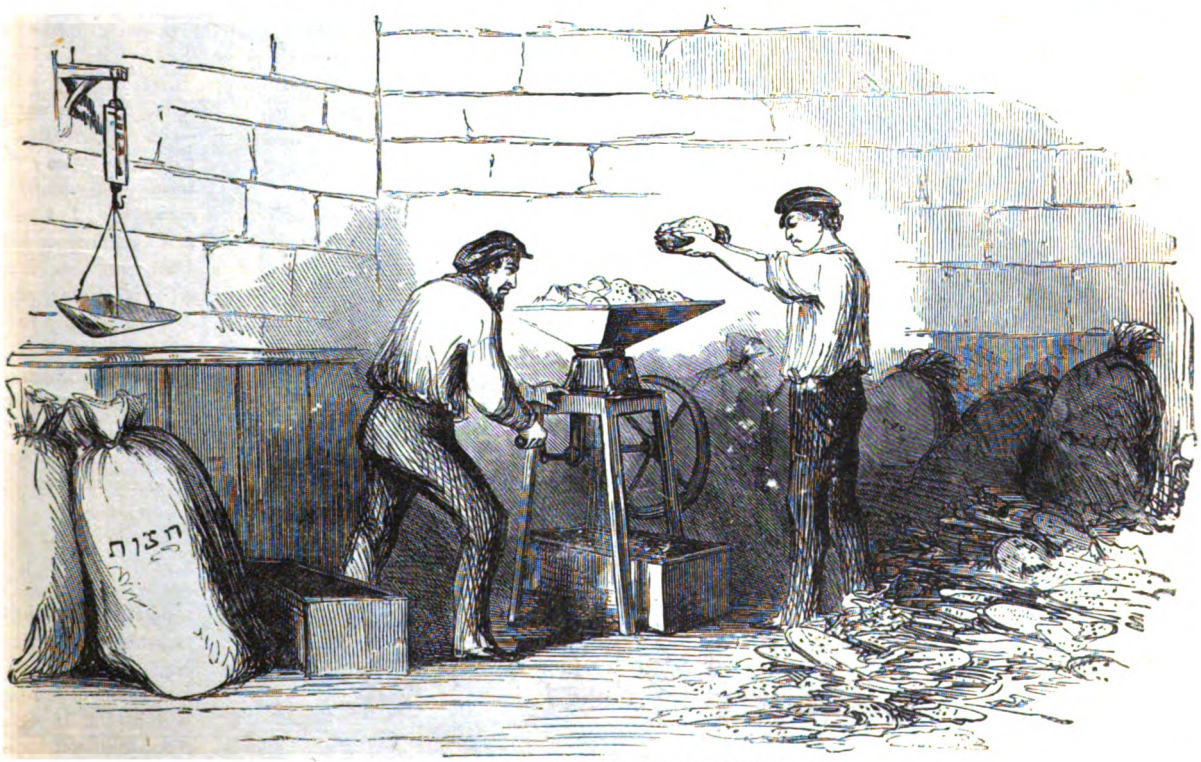
Baltimore built its first synagogue in 1823; New Orleans in 1828. There was a Jewish place of worship on Herkimer Street, Albany, in 1838, and in 1842, the first edifice for the same purpose was built by the German Jews of Boston. Cleveland, Ohio, had a Hebrew church in 1841. Louisville, Ky., had a Jewish community as early as 1836, and Mobile one in 1844, while that in St. Louis dates from 1842.

In 1845 there was a congregation in Wilkesbarre, Pa.; 1846 found similar establishments in Augusta, Ga.; Columbia, S. C.: Norfolk, Va.; and Syracuse, N. Y. In 1847 came the congregations in Buffalo, Chicago, Hartford, Lancaster, Montgomery, Ala., and Rochester; 1848 produced those of Fort Wayne, Newark and Pittsburg, and in 1849 the Wheeling, San Francisco and Danville places. From that time forth the growth of the communities was rapid, and to-day the synagogues rise in almost every city of the land.

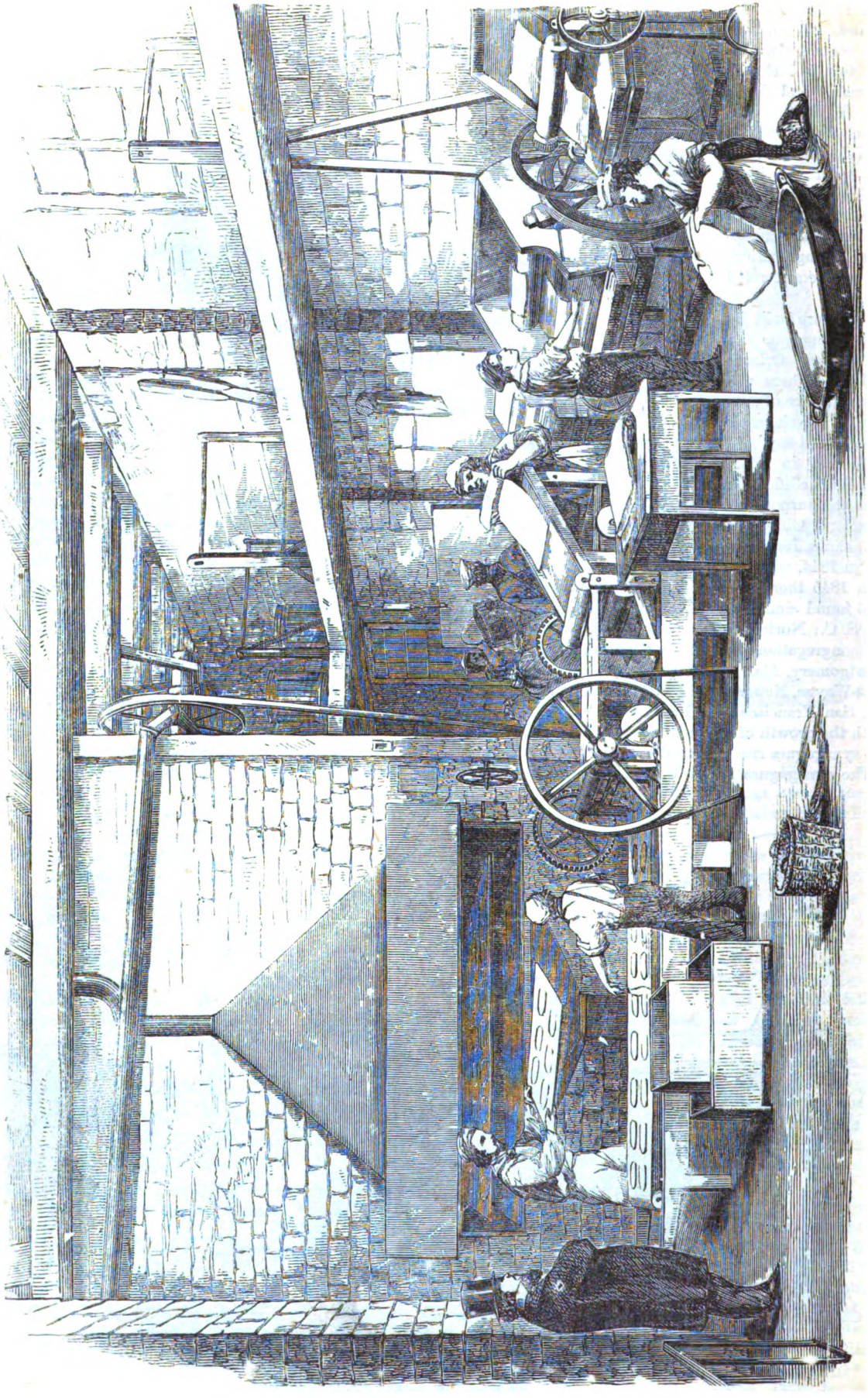
The synagogues in the United States were not, however, the pioneer establishments of the sort in the Western Hemisphere. The Jews of Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, were a body, in 1664, worshiping in a synagogue in the "Jew Savannah," a day's journey above Paramaribo by the river of that name, as journeying in those days went. They sought this place of worship in bodies twice a year. In the intervals between these pilgrimages their services were held privately in the city.

Jamaica is a notable place for Hebrews. The first synagogue was erected there in 1750, in Kingston. There is a Portuguese synagogue on the island of Curaçao nearly two centuries old. In Barbadoes, however, occur the earliest records of all. The first settlement of Jews in the island is claimed to date from 1628. A tombstone is in existence in the Hebrew Cemetery there, bearing date 1658.

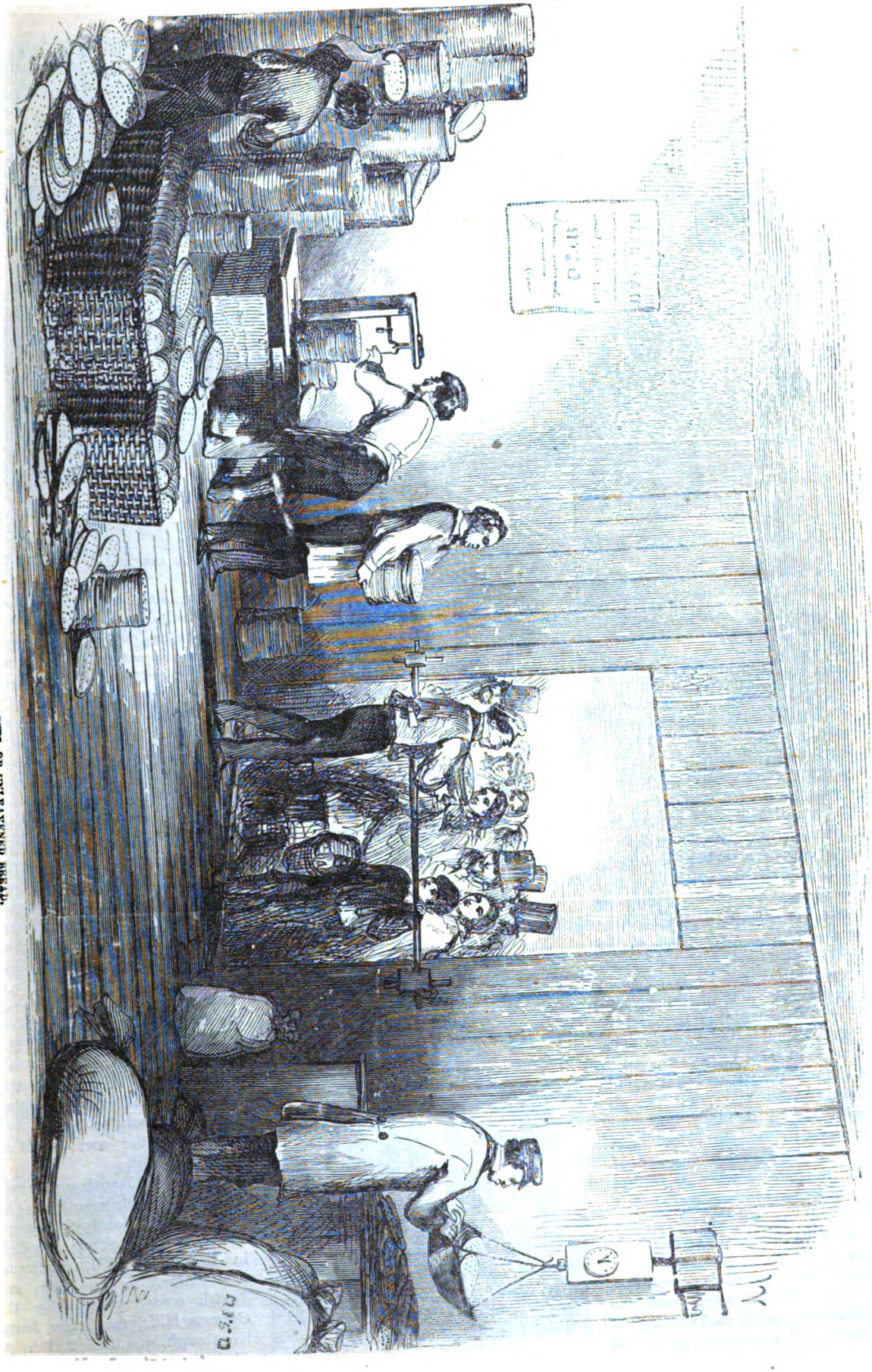
There are no attainable records of the early settlement of Jews in Canada prior to the conquest of the province by England. Samuel Jacobs, Simon Levy and Aaron Hart arrived in Canada in 1760, accompanying detachments of infantry under the command of General Haldimand, immediately after the conquest. Aaron Hart remained at Three Rivers, and was employed as a commissary to supply the troops with forage, provisions, and other military stores.



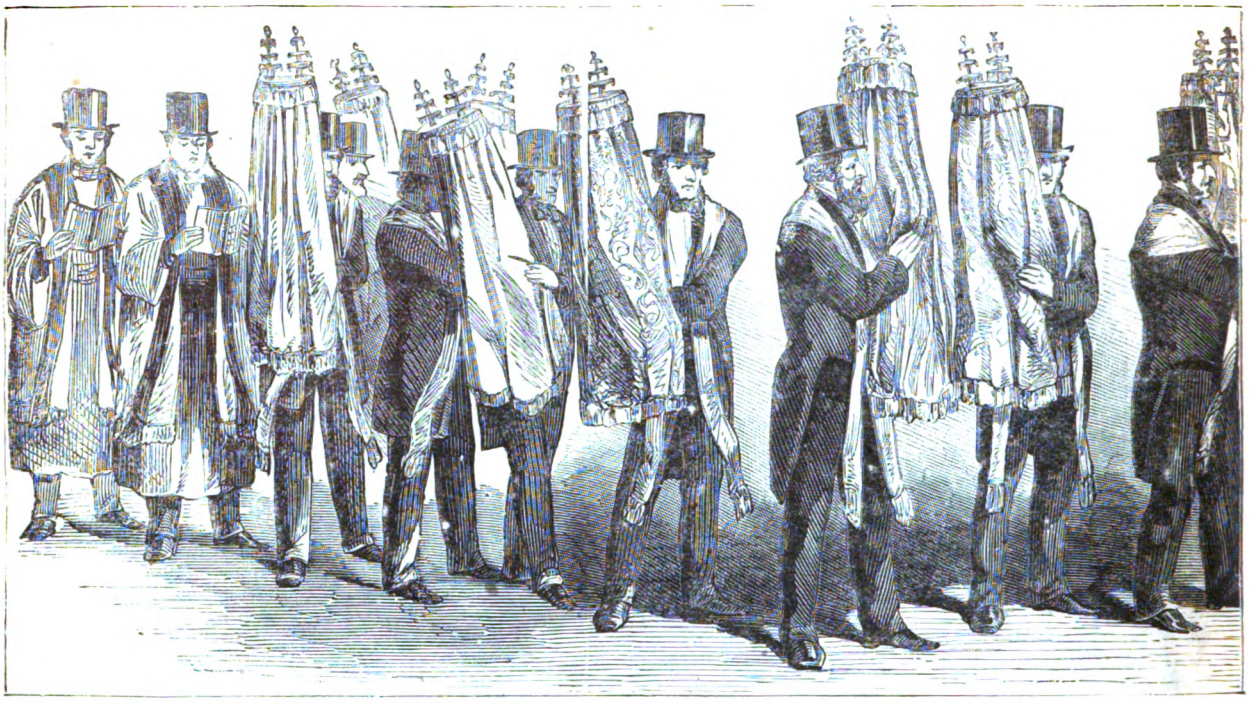
GRINDING THE BROKEN PIECES INTO MEAL.



PREPARING AND BAKING MATZES OR UNLEAVENED BREAD.



WEIGHING AND DELIVERING THE MATZOS OR UNLEAVENED BREAD.



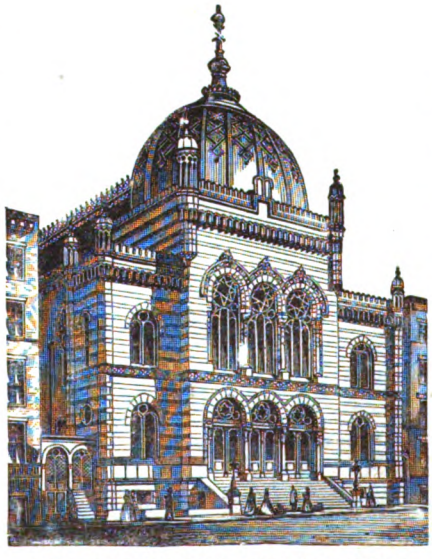
DEDICATION CEREMONIES—A RABBI, WITH THE CHIEF MEMBERS, BEARING THE LAW SEVEN TIMES AROUND THE SYNAGOGUE.

From this period to the year 1774 there came to reside in Canada David Salesby, Ezekiel Solomons, Andrew Hayes, Jacob Mauris, Isaac Judah, Lazarus David and Levy Solomon. In 1775 a piece of ground was purchased in the St. Antoine suburb of Montreal for a *beth haim*, or cemetery, and this was enlarged in 1809 by a gift of land from David David, upon whose property in Notre Dame Street, adjoining the Court House, was erected the first synagogue of the Jews in Canada. The first person interred in the *beth haim* of Montreal was Lazarus David, 22d of October, 1776, while the oldest gravestone now standing is that of Moses Nathan, who was buried in March, 1804. A *beth haim* was set apart in the town of Three Rivers, the land being a gift from the Hart family. In the city of Toronto the Israelites established a *beth haim* in 1852, and the Israelites of Quebec followed their example in 1853.

The details of Jewish history on this side the Atlantic are remarkably meagre. With the exception of the historical collections of Rabbi Lyons, and the insufficient notes of some other professors of the faith, the material at the disposal of the chronicler is really no material at all. The collections of Dr. Lyons are of a most valuable nature, and as thorough as circumstances allow, but the absence of record of many important occurrences in the history of cis-Atlantic Jewry is painfully apparent. Among the most interesting features of the Hebrew *savant's* collection is a record of a contribution by Jewish merchants to the fund for the completion of Trinity Church in 1711.

Trinity, now one of the wealthiest church corporations in the world, was at that time so poor, that although it had completed its church proper, it was unable to pinnacle its roof-tree with the appropriate spire, and, in 1711, the then rector, Dr. Vesey, appealed for subscriptions for that purpose. The result was, among many others, the contributions alluded to, and which are entered in the minutes of the vestry under the head of "The Jews' Contributions." Their sum was, in all, £5 12s. 3d., and the subscribers were Lewis Gomez, Abraham de Lucena, Rodrigo Pacheco, Moses Levy, Mordecai Nathan, Jacob Franks and Moses Michael, all well known members of the local Jewish congregation.

The Jews of New York are the most extensive community of that faith on the Western Continent. They worship in twenty-four synagogues, and are the sponsors of over fifty institutions for charitable and educational purposes. The original Jewish cemetery in this city is still in partial existence. It was purchased in 1681, and covered a plot of ground on a hill extending from Madison and Oliver Streets to Chatham. Interment there having been forbidden by the Common Council, a portion of the ground that had not been used was sold. The desolate spot, grown with scant grass, and shadowed by towering warehouses and squalid tenements, faces the New Bowery, from the top of a rough stone wall. The dust of the busy street lies thickly on the tombs. The cemetery is said to be the oldest inclosure of the sort on Manhattan Island.



THE SHAARAI TEPHILA SYNAGOGUE, FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

The second Jewish cemetery was in Eleventh Street, near Sixth Avenue. The third, on Twenty-first Street, near the same thoroughfare, was dedicated in 1829. In 1851, interment was discontinued in this city, and the Jewish cemetery opposite that of Cypress Hills, five miles from Williamsburgh, was dedicated in August of that year, and chartered by the Legislature in 1853.

THE FEIGEN BALL. ONE OF THE GREAT HEBREW HOLIDAYS IN COMMEMORATION OF ESTHER'S DELIVERANCE OF THE JEWS FROM HAMAN.

New York presents almost every variety and class of adherents of the Jewish faith. From the ultra rabbinists of the East side, who cling to every tenet and observance of their faith in its primitive entirety, to the extreme of reform represented by the Temple Emmanuel, they are all here. The representative congregations are that of Shaarai Tephila, in Forty-fourth Street, composed of Polish and German Jews; the Shearith Israel, already described; the Bnai Jeshurun, in West Thirty-fourth Street, and the Temple Emmanuel. Each of these temples shelters believers in various phases of that great reform movement which has created a partial schism in the Jewish Church, and whose most daring and progressive prophet is Professor Adler.

Great as the diversity of opinion upon many points of the faith is, the unity of the Godhead and the binding force of the moral laws of Moses are common beliefs to every Jew, whether one of the orthodox sort, who listens, in a rigid conformance to every rule, to a Hebrew sermon, or the reformer in whose synagogue the services are only partially in that mystic tongue.

The first temple in which the reform movement found followers was in Charleston, S. C., where an organ was introduced, the second-day festivals abolished, and English instead of Hebrew hymns sung. In 1847, two years after its establishment, the Temple Emmanuel, in this city, followed in the wake of the Charleston innovators. In 1854, the separation of the sexes in the synagogue was abolished by them. Since then the marriage and funeral ceremonies have been modified, the practice of covering the head while at prayer abolished, and the orthodox references, in prayer, to the return to Jerusalem expunged. Since 1868 the congregation has occupied a handsome temple on Fifth Avenue, and is the head of the reform movement as a body.

Whatever the differences of belief may be, however, the Jews are united upon one point—charity. There is probably no faith whose adherents extend to their unfortunate fellows so liberal and ready a hand. The Hebrew charities for the outdoor poor in New York are consolidated under one association, supported by the various congregations and presided over by a board of managers selected from them. The office of the "United Hebrew Charities" is at No. 13 St. Mark's Place. The indigent Israelite who applies to his charitable fellows for relief is sent by them to this centre of dispensation, and never goes away empty-handed. Up to May, 1876, $42,485 had been received by the institution, and $39,075 disbursed. The synagogues do their best to prevent indiscriminate alms-giving by their liberality in this direction; but thousands of dollars go annually, from private hands, without record and without parade.

The chronicle of the Jew in America exhibits no lack of members of the race who have deserved well of their fellowmen, in what creed or faith soever they may journey. Our humanity is a universal one, and has its common traits in Jew and Gentile, Pagan and True Believer, from pole to pole.

All New Yorkers, and most Americans, are familiar with the history of Major Mordecai M. Noah, an American Jew, whose name will live through all time, not only among the leading ones of his own, but of all, faiths. Journalist, politician, philanthropist, there are few men who have ever faced life more earnestly, honestly, and with such deep convictions and pure purposes.

Major Noah was born in Philadelphia, on July 14th, 1785. After studying law, and spending some time in Charleston, S. C., he was sent as American Consul to Riga, in 1811. During the war of 1812, he was Consul-General of the United States at Tunis, and was removed on the ground that his religious creed prejudiced the diplomatic relations of this country on the North Coast. The United States was at that time paying an annual tribute to the pirate government of Morocco for the security of our merchant marine, and it was asserted by Major Noah's friends that his outspoken protest against this act was the cause of his removal. The chief work he performed during his brief consulate among the barbarians was the rescuing of a number of American prisoners from their slavery among the Algerines.

Upon his return to New York, Major Noah became identified with journalism. Up to 1834, he had successively founded the *National Advertiser*, New York *Courier and Enquirer*, and *Evening Star*. Then the *Sunday Times* found birth under his hand. He held at various times the posts of surveyor of the port, judge and sheriff. It was on his election to the latter position that the outcry was raised against a Jew's hanging a Christian, which provoked his famous epigram, "Pretty Christians, forsooth, to deserve hanging."

A noble act of philanthropy marks this period of Major Noah's life. During the prevalence of the yellow fever on Manhattan Island, the debtor law was in full force, attended by much the same miseries as are so graphically described by Dickens in his various attacks upon the infamous system of incarceration for debt in England. The poor debtors in the New York prison were dying like rotten sheep of the plague, when the sheriff assumed the responsibility of their obligations and released them. He bankrupted himself by the operation.

The great scheme of Major Noah's life was a settlement of Jews in a close community, upon Grand Island, in the Niagara River. The idea was the haunting vision of his life, and although, like the later scheme of Sir Moses Montefiore for the Jewish colonization of Jerusalem, it was a failure, the major never lost faith in its practicability until his death, which occurred on May 22d, 1851. The paper which he last founded flourishes to-day, under the editorship of his son.

A contemporary of Major Noah, and, like him, a Jew who rose high in official employ, was Post Captain Uriah P. Levy. Captain Levy was a native of Philadelphia, who entered the navy on March 29th, 1812, and served as an officer on the brig *Argus*, which ran the blockade to France, with Mr. Crawford, United States Minister to that country, on board. The *Argus*, after accomplishing her mission, ravaged the English Channel, destroying twenty-one British merchantmen, one of which alone was worth $625,000. The *Argus* was finally captured, and Levy, with his shipmates, enjoyed the pleasures of British prison fare for two years. On March 5th, 1817, he was created a lieutenant, became a commodore on February 9th, 1837, and a post captain on March 29th, 1844. He made his last cruise in 1858, as flag officer of the Mediterranean Squadron, and died in New York on March 22d, 1862. He was the first officer in our navy to move the abolition of the practice of flogging seamen. A notable trait of his character was his admiration of Thomas Jefferson. He became the purchaser of the great Virginia statesman's family seat, Monticello, which was confiscated by the Confederate Government during the civil war.

Any article on the Jews in America would be incomplete without mention of Rabbi Raphall, the most distinguished of Jewish teachers who ever trod American soil. Morris Jacob Raphall was a native of Stockholm, where he was born in September, 1798. After a preliminary education at the Jewish college in Copenhagen, he went to England in 1812. From 1821 to 1824 he was a student of the University of Giessen, whence he returned to England again. In 1834, he began the publication of the *Hebrew Review*, the first Jewish paper in England, and in 1842 was appointed secretary to the chief rabbi there. In 1844, he was rabbi of the synagogue at Birmingham; 1849 found him in the United States, in charge of the Bnai Jeshurun congregation, that he still

in Greene Street, between Houston and Bleecker. He died, full of honors, on the 23d of June, 1868.

It was Rabbi Raphall who proposed the petition to the government that the Jewish soldiers engaged in the Federal army during the rebellion should be allowed to return home to celebrate the Feast of the Atonement. The idea was not supported by the other leading rabbis, and the petition was never presented. A son of Dr. Raphall served as captain on General Sickles's staff, losing an arm at Gettysburg. He was subsequently connected with General Sickles's Embassy to Spain.

Numbers of Jews served in the Federal ranks during the civil war. One entire regiment of that faith, with a special Jewish chaplain, was organized by Colonel Max Friedman in Philadelphia. No Jew, however, appears to have acquired a higher rank than colonel. In this connection, every one will recollect General Grant's famous order No. 11, issued at Memphis, prohibiting any Jew being admitted within the lines of the army. The order was directed at the horde of sutlers and traders, who had been taking advantage of their positions to perpetrate the most outrageous breaches of camp law, trading with belligerents for cotton, selling them drugs and other contraband commodities, and otherwise turning the "nimble sixpence" after a lawless fashion. The order provoked a violent outcry, on the part of the Jews, who claimed to see in it a blow aimed at an entire race, and was eventually revoked by President Lincoln.

On the Confederate side, one Jew, at least, attained to notoriety, if not fame, Judah P. Benjamin—at times Attorney-General of the Provisional Government of the Confederacy, Acting Secretary of War, and Secretary of State—was of Hebrew parentage. He was born in Santo Domingo, in 1812, and is now practising law in London.

The dietary observances imposed upon the orthodox Jew are of so curious a nature as to well deserve a brief description. No orthodox Jew will eat meat killed by a Christian. All animal food must be provided by an orthodox Jewish butcher, who only sanctions the distribution of flesh after convincing himself by a careful examination that the animal has been in a healthy condition. The Talmud forbids the eating the hind legs of animals unless the sinews be cut out. In any case, if the least blemish is discerned in a slaughtered animal, the "shochet," or butcher, discards it and slaughters another in its stead, whose meat is "cocher," or clean. The word "cocher" must be inscribed over the door of every Hebrew butcher shop.

No fish may be eaten which is not cooked in its fins and scales. Shell-fish, lobsters, eels, and, in fact, all products of the water, not provided with fins nor endowed with scales, are tabooed. No game which has been shot, and no animal which does not divide the hoof, may be eaten by the faithful. If compelled by necessity to partake of Gentile food, the orthodox Jew will confine himself to tea, coffee, eggs, bread, vegetables, and fruit. Even cheese is objectionable, on account of the rennet used in its manufacture.

The Passover bread, or "matzes," whose manufacture is illustrated, is prepared of unleavened dough by special bakers, and under personal supervision of the rabbis. Foreign wines are forbidden, on account of the custom prevalent, in European wine countries, of the priests sprinkling the vines with holy water. The poor manufacture a wine themselves, out of raisins and boiling water. The devout Jew utters an ejaculatory prayer, whenever he takes wine. He must even bathe in a bath presided over by an orthodox Jew, as otherwise the water might be allowed to become "terafa," or unclean.

The oriental character of the Hebrew faith is in nothing better illustrated than in the ceremonies attendant upon a Jewish marriage. Under a canopy, symbolical of the protecting shelter of Heaven, the bride and groom take their places. The groom places the ring upon her finger. They drink from separate goblets of wine: the one the emblem of the joy; the other of the grief which they must experience together. The *finale* of the ceremony is the crushing under foot, by the husband, of an empty glass, the action being symbolical of the irresistible power of the Almighty.

Upon the death of a Jew, the body is taken charge of by a special religious body, upon whom devolves the care of those who die in the faith. The body is washed, the nails are pared, and it is then wrapped in a shroud, and put into a rude coffin. Seven days are spent by the family in fasting and mourning. The body must be buried within twenty-four hours after death, but, on account of the number of premature interments, caused by this rule, the refined Jews do not conform to it.

To the devout, the Jewish Sabbath is a day of absolute rest, from sun to sun. All meals are cooked the day before; no fires may be lighted, and even smoking is forbidden. All labor necessary of performance, on the holy day, is done by Christian servants. Such servants are hired by the well-to-do for people who are too poor to pay for them themselves. The Jewish Sabbath is so absolutely a day of repose that even traveling is forbidden.

It has been remarked that the Jews, as a class, rarely enter the professions, or engage in mechanical trades, or manufactures. They are born traders, and are found most numerously engaged in purely mercantile business. In the manufacture and sale of clothing, jewelry, and what are termed "fancy goods," the Jews are very largely interested. They have been bankers and money lenders for centuries, and in by-gone times their ever-increasing wealth found abundant employment in aiding impecunious monarchs and spendthrift nobles. To-day, the great Jewish bankers, such as the Rothschilds, may almost be said to hold in their hands the peace of Europe. They are creditors of most of the Governments of the world, and there are few nations willing to risk the dangers and losses of war unless they have assurance from these potent capitalists of such monetary aid as may be necessary for carrying on a campaign. In the present European war, one of the combatants, having nothing to lose is reckless of the consequences to her already bankrupt treasury, and the other, while yet the conflict has scarcely begun, has been compelled to seek the aid of Jewish bankers to secure means for its prosecution.

REV. J. J. LYONS, RABBI OF THE "SHAARITH (GATES OF ...)"

In many American cities, the Jews dominate the banking and brokerage business and in the successive "syndicates" formed for the funding and redemption of our national debt, they have borne a prominent and honorable part.

The Jew of the past was an agriculturist. Driven from his early home, he became, of necessity, a trader; compelled to the strictest economy by his position, he naturally grew close or cautious in all his dealings. To him the most trivial coin figured in its full value. This generic trait of the race, the storms of centuries have failed to eradicate.

In their early dealings with the Christians, the Jews found themselves everywhere regarded with suspicion, and, in self-defense, perhaps at first insensibly, acquired the habit of overcharging, which is now considered by the unthinking a characteristic of the entire race. The Christian began his bargaining with the Jew with the conviction, that by skillful dickering, or "beating down," he could certainly obtain the wares offered at a price much less than that originally demanded. The Jew, easily penetrating the other's design, advanced his price to afford range for this contest of wits, and both parties became, in time, so habituated to this mode of dealing, that they rarely employed any other method. To this day there are many persons who can never deal with a Jewish trader without resorting to this time-dishonored custom of underbidding the stated price, just as there are many Jews who invariably adjust their demands to a sliding scale dependent on the purchaser's offer. The responsibility for this unsatisfactory system of trading rests, probably, quite as much with the professors of the one faith as with the other.

Apropos of the popular idea of Hebrew avarice, is the epigram of Mlle. Maxime, when accused of being of the same race as her sister actress and rival, Rachel: "No. *I* am a *Jewess*. *She* is a *Jew*."

In proportion to their numbers, the Jews exert a marked influence on the communities in which they live. As a race, they are now generally recognized, in this country at least, as an industrious, honest and law-abiding people. The precepts of respect for and obedience to the civil law are inculcated both by the Bible and the Talmud, hence it is not surprising that the Jews are usually good citizens under whatever form of government their lot may be cast.

Such, in the year of grace 1877, and of the Hebrew calendar 5637, is the Jew in America. With a revolutionized ritual and a progress politically and socially which has kept pace with the times, the race among us is still almost as distinctive a one as it was fifty centuries ago. In proportion as the heavy heel of his ancient persecutors has been taken from his neck, the Jew has liberalized and lost that unbending exclusiveness which made him a marked man even before *Ghettos* were built, and badges of servitude invented for him. The Jew will be a Jew as long as creeds endure, but the vision of the return to the earthly Jerusalem and the rebuilding of the Temple are fading more and more from him every year. He has learned from contact with mankind to see through the vista of a living present the dead past as a dream.

THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM, SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

WHY should we be angry with a man who tumbles on us blindfold? In effect, most of our quarrels are of our own making, either by mistake or by aggravation.

LAST JUNE.—"CARL, WHAT WAS IT YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME?"

LAST JUNE.

By Anna Laura Fish.

Last June I met my fate. Perhaps every one meets their fate at some period of their lives; but of one thing I am positive, last June marks that remarkable episode in *my* life.

You see it happened in this wise: having just graduated at a fashionable boarding-school, and being tired of my own gorgeous home (for you must know I was an heiress and an orphan) and desperately plagued by a swarm of fortune-hunting suitors, I finally came to the conclusion that I would visit my dear cousin, Kate Hunstead, at her charming residence in Berlie.

Mrs. Kate was a married lady, and a charming little wife she made, too, with her smooth brown hair and sunny smiles; and taking into consideration the fact of her having no "little ones" to worry and love me to distraction, I concluded to answer her letter of two weeks' standing, and accept the kind invitation therein expressed to visit her the coming month of June—and to prolong my stay to an unlimited length of time. So calling my maid, Louise, with her assistance I soon had the satisfaction of finding myself and wardrobe *en route* for Berlie—dear, quiet Berlie. I traveled alone—having for once overstepped the rules and regulations of my guardian—forbidding Louise and every one else to accompany me.

I was very happy that day, rushing along through green fields and pleasant woodlands; and, among other things, was just congratulating myself upon reaching the mature age of nineteen without meeting one specimen of the *genus homo* whose presence could bring a flush to my cheek or a—Just then I raised my eyes suddenly, and gracious! my visual organs encountered a pair of the softest, darkest gray eyes they had ever looked into. For an instant my heart stood still, then began throbbing and beating against my gypsy waist, until I was fain to turn my head and hide my blushes by looking out at the car-window. I was ashamed of myself. The dignified Florence Audley to be thus startled out of her habitual self-possession by simply meeting the gray eyes of a gentleman in a railroad car; it was too humiliating.

"Florence," I said to myself, "you are a great goose. You have been and gone and fallen in love with a man at first sight. What would your respected grandmother, aunts, uncles and cousins say to such unseemly conduct? You must do penance by looking out of the window the rest of the afternoon."

Looking out of the window soon became irksome, and before I was quite aware of it I was gazing intently at the owner of the aforesaid eyes. I could find fault with nothing. The unknown was a model of manly beauty and elegance. A beautiful little black straw hat, soft brown hair, just inclined to curl at the ends, smooth forehead, fine gray eyes, a sizable nose, neither too large nor too small, sweet grave mouth, shaded by just the nicest brown mustache you ever saw; a square white chin, underneath a charming little cravat, English walking-coat, fashionable inexpressibles, little shiny boots with Washington buckles and black over-gaiters; brown kids and an ivory-topped cane. There! you have the *tout ensemble* of my traveling companion complete. Although fashionably dressed, one could see plainly he was no fop. There was about his whole person that grave, *distingué* air which compelled me to acknowledge him a gentleman. The rest of the afternoon I passed in a day dream, the unknown and myself figuring largely in my thoughts.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills I was aroused by the conductor's calling out "Berlie!" at the entrance, and was surprised to see my fellow-traveler moving toward the door as I was about to cast a farewell glance toward the seat he occupied; but my consternation knew no bounds when, after hugging Cousin Kate and shaking hands with her husband, Jack Hunstead, I espied the veritable stranger making his way toward us, and in five minutes

afterward he was formally presented to me as Jack's cousin, Mr. Whitiker.

Was ever a young lady so blessed? I could scarcely believe that I was to have for a *vis-à-vis*, during the drive home, the fascinating young stranger who had so taken my fancy in the cars, but such was the fact. After arriving at cousin's, Mr. Whitiker assisted me to alight, and rushing up-stairs into my pleasant front chamber, I threw myself into the first chair I came to, and was—the happiest little girl in the universe. Then came the trying ordeal of choosing something to wear down to tea. My trunks had been brought into the room, and after tumbling them upside down to find something light and cool that suited me, I finally decided upon an India muslin, pure and white, which lay at the very bottom, of course; then putting some scarlet verbenas (which I found on my table) in my hair, my toilet was complete.

I will just tell you here that I was very pretty indeed (excuse me), had crimson cheeks, black eyes, dark hair that fell in a "waterfall" of curls (not false ones) at my neck, of medium height, form well rounded, small feet and hands, and possessed of a grace which can only be acquired at a French boarding-school. I tell you this simply to give you an inkling of the effect which my brunette face, white robe and scarlet verbenas, in connection with my high spirits, must have had upon Mr. W. That evening was a triumph; and eleven o'clock found us still on the piazza enjoying the Summer moonlight. As our little party disbanded for our respective sleeping apartments, Cousin Jack whispered in my ear:

"If I am not very much mistaken, a certain young gentleman, Carl Whitiker by name, is suffering from a severe case of *smite*."

"For shame, Jack! how can you use such slang phrases, and how can you entertain such absurd ideas!" ejaculated I, as I ran up-stairs to bed.

The next morning found me wide awake at a very early hour, listening to the birds, and thinking of—Mr. Whitiker. Even then, I knew I loved him; my strong, passionate nature was for once fully aroused. The sound of his voice, and the touch of his hand at parting the evening before, gave me a delicious thrill I had never known before. I lay, then, for a long, long time, it seemed to me, but glancing at the little clock on the mantel, I saw that 'twas only seven o'clock; so, jumping out of bed, I hastily dressed myself, went down-stairs and out through the garden to a little summer-house at the further end, where I had spent many pleasant hours during my former visits to Cousin Kate's. Upon entering I was considerably surprised to find the subject of my thoughts stretched out on one of the settees, quietly smoking. The moment he saw me he arose and gracefully offered me a chair. I had a great mind to run away, but, thinking better of it, I finally accepted his earnest request to "come in," and for a whole hour had the exquisite pleasure of listening to the tones of his glorious voice.

But everything must have an end. Three weeks had passed away. The precious moments had dragged themselves into hours, the hours into days, and the days into weeks, and Carl Whitiker and myself were still visitors at Cousin Kate's, when one afternoon, as I was returning from the woods laden with flowers and mosses, Carl met me at the gate with:

"Where have you been, Flora? Your name is no misnomer, for you look a very queen of flowers just now."

"Thank you, Carl, I have been out in the woods with the fairies; and now allow me to ask where have you been spending your precious time this glorious afternoon?"

"Me? Oh, I have been out on the lake. By-the-way, will you give me the pleasure of your company this evening? I would have you see the effect of the moonlight on the waves, and besides I have something to tell you."

"But supposing it should rain? and why can't you tell me now?"

"I had rather reserve it until then. Will you come?"

"Certainly," said I, and we walked toward the house.

That evening, as we were rowing about among the pond-lilies, it suddenly came to my mind what he had said about telling me something, so I broke a long, dreamy silence (for somehow we were both unusually grave) by saying abruptly: "Carl, what was it you promised to tell me?"

He dropped the oars and began smoothing my hair (he had a strange way of smoothing my hair when talking to me earnestly): "I wanted to tell you, little one, that I *loved* you, and wanted you for my little wife."

To think that glorious man loved me! I was so happy I could scarcely speak. But what do you think I did? Why, I refused him point-blank. I was afraid he would think of me as lightly won, so I dashed aside my cup of happiness to gratify a miserably foolish pride. But oh! the wretched days and sleepless nights I passed after that. Carl treated me politely and kindly, although he was the aggrieved party, and suffered even more than myself. I can never forget the sad, grieved look that came into his eyes as he said, "Flora, you have made my life wretched; may God forgive you."

The day before my return home came, and with it, in the afternoon, a terrible thunder-shower. When the storm was at its height I started out to make a farewell visit to the lake, the scene of so much joy and misery to me. The rain splashed in my face, nearly blinding me, but I did not care, the thunder and lightning pleased me. By-and-by the storm abated, and the sun came out in splendor. I sat leaning against the trunk of an old elm, sobbing bitterly, when some one touched my shoulder, and I looked into the frightened eyes of Carl.

"Great heavens! Miss Audley, where have you been, and what are you doing here in the wet grass, half drowned?"

I sprang up fiercely, saying, "Why do you torment me with your presence? Can't you leave me alone the last day of my stay?"

"Do you, then, hate me so much?" and he turned and walked sadly toward the house.

I gave way then; I could hold out no longer. How I did love him! "Carl! Carl!" I cried out, "come back to me!" The next moment I was clasped between two loving arms. But I will leave the rest to the imagination of the reader; simply saying, if you wish to see two of the happiest mortals living, you have only to visit "Whitiker Place," when my husband and myself will only be too glad to welcome you this glorious June.

THE LAW OF HORSE HIRE.

It has been decided that when a horse or carriage is let out for hire, for the purpose of performing a particular journey, the party letting warrants the carriage fit and competent for such a journey. If the hirer treats the horse or carriage as any prudent man would do, he is not answerable for any damage that either may receive, but he must use the horse for the purpose for which he hired him. For instance, a horse hired for saddle must not be used in harness. If the hirer violates this express condition of the contract, he is liable for any damage that may occur. If the horse is stolen through the hirer's negligence, such as leaving the stable-door open all night, he must answer for it; but if he is robbed of it by highwaymen, when traveling the usual road at usual hours, he cannot be held for damages. As these questions are frequently in dispute, these decisions may be interesting.

A RUN ALONG THE SYRIAN COAST.

By Leonard Scott.

We have left the African shores behind us, and are steaming along the coast of Syria, and looking for the first time upon one of the four great quarters of the globe we have not yet visited. My stateroom companion is a Syrian gentleman, a native of Sidon, and an Armenian, dressed in the Turkish costume. He speaks French, Turkish and Arabic, but no English; so we are not very sociable, although he is disposed to be friendly, and we get along very pleasantly together. My daughter converses with him in French, and finds him very agreeable and intelligent. We are somewhat amused by a habit he has, every evening after tea, of taking off his dark trowsers and putting on a pair of white night-drawers, a white night-shirt and a pair of slippers, just as if he were going to his berth for the night, but still remaining in the saloon and conversing with the ladies as if no such change had been made. We notice that he carries a string of beads which he is continually fingering, and at first we supposed him to be performing some act of devotion; but he tells us he is only doing it for his amusement, "to give occupation to his hands." We have since often seen beads used in this way, the practice being a very common one in the East.

Our Quaker friends are making themselves at home among the passengers, and one of the party, an old gentleman from Maine, is reading from a religious book, in a nasal sing-song tone, at once so loud and, to our ears, so inharmonious, that we are not a little annoyed by it. But, on the whole, we are getting along very pleasantly with our fellow-passengers, many of whom, however, we shall lose in the morning, as they go on shore at Jaffa, to visit Jerusalem and other places in Palestine.

Morning comes, and with it a sea so rough that it looks dangerous to go on shore. And here let me remark, that wharves or docks, such as we have at all our seaport towns in America, are things we have rarely met with in the Old World. We found none at Madeira, Lisbon, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Alexandria, nor at any port on the Mediterranean except at Marseilles. I verily believe that their absence is in no small degree due to the fear of taking away business from the boatmen who prey upon the unlucky passengers compelled to land in their midst.

We remained on board at Jaffa, fearing that if we ventured on shore the wind might increase so as to prevent our return to the ship. But all the passengers bound to Palestine departed, and we watched them with some anxiety as they "tossed upon the billows," on their perilous trip to the shore.

Our Quaker friends have all left us. What shall we do for a reader of spiritual rhymes? Alas! they are gone, and world's people returning from the Holy Land are filling their places; jolly travelers full of their adventures in going from Jerusalem to Jericho, some of whom had fallen among thieves and lost their money.

Jaffa, the modern name for Joppa—the same we read about in the Bible, is but thirty-six miles from Jerusalem, and I assure you it was hard to be so near that renowned city and not be able to visit it. But the journey is a very fatiguing one; the road is bad, the conveyances poor, and the accommodations, when you get there, miserable. Our fellow-passengers describe Jerusalem as the filthiest city in the world, and the thousands and tens of thousands of dirty pilgrims, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, who make it their annual visit, add untold horrors to the place, creating fevers and other diseases, the seeds of which are often carried away by travelers, and not unfrequently prove fatal.

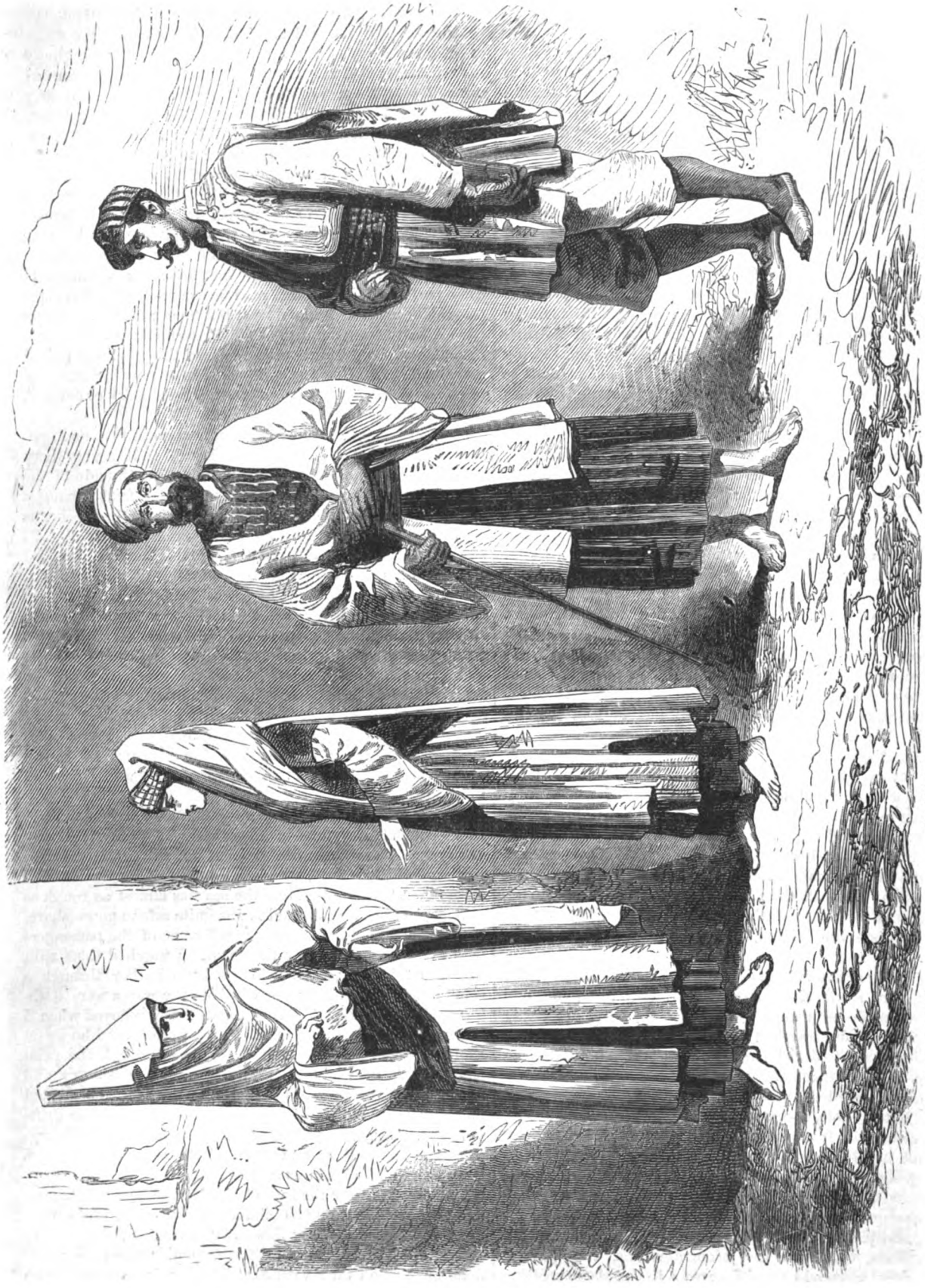
It was at Jaffa, or in its neighborhood, that a settlement by people from the State of Maine was attempted, a few years ago, under the superintendence of a speculative Yankee by the name of Adams. Their purpose was to cultivate the fruitful soil of Syria, and with its products supply the wants of the great army of pilgrims that made this their highway to Jerusalem; and they hoped, at the same time, to convert not a few of them to the true Christian faith. But they miserably failed in both enterprises. They were very inhospitably, not to say cruelly, treated by the Mohammedans, and their leader, it was said, proved to be unfit for the enterprise he had set on foot. The settlers were reduced to a state of great destitution, and the United States Government finally forwarded them the means to return to America; which, save in one case only, they gladly accepted. One shrewd fellow decided to remain, and start a stage between Jaffa and Jerusalem. Such an *institution* was unknown in those parts, and, in fact, the road was so rough that his stage frequently upset or broke down; but he persevered, and succeeded in making money. The French Government, or a French company, has recently repaired this road and placed several stages on the line, and our hero is now in their employ, and doing much better than as a missionary or colonist under the direction of his late chief.

Jaffa lies on a hill facing the Mediterranean Sea, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. It is said to be a very dirty town, and does not contain one good hotel. Outside of the town are some beautiful orange groves, the fruit having a high reputation—which, however, judging from the specimens we saw at Alexandria, they do not deserve. It was at Jaffa (Joppa) that Noah is believed to have built the Ark, and that Peter had his vision from the house-top.

Our steamer is crowded by the arrival of new passengers at Jaffa, many of whom are bound to the next stopping-place, Beyrout, which is the port of Damascus. An excellent turnpike road, built by the French, connects these two cities, and many travelers, instead of going through the interior from Jerusalem to Damascus, and encountering all the perils and discomforts of a tiresome journey on horseback, prefer the more circuitous route I have indicated to reach the latter city, although they thereby lose the pleasure of seeing Baalbeck and its famous temples, which they would pass on the inland route.

On our third morning from Alexandria we arrived at Beyrout—ancient Berytus—in Phœnicia. It presents a very showy appearance from our steamer, but will not bear examination—which is true, I have no doubt, of all the Turkish towns the world over. Here the sea was almost as rough as at Jaffa, but our captain said it was quite safe to go on shore. My wife and daughter accompanied some of the passengers who were anxious to visit the town. I watched them with my glass till they passed into the little harbor through a small gateway, on either side of which the waves were dashing furiously against the rocks, and I felt relieved when I knew they were out of danger. They were several hours on shore, during which they not only drove through the principal streets of the town, but also into the country and along beautiful groves of pine-trees, which had been planted many years ago to prevent the encroachments of the drifting sand. They also passed extensive orchards of mulberry-trees, the silk culture and trade of Beyrout constituting a large share of its business and its wealth.

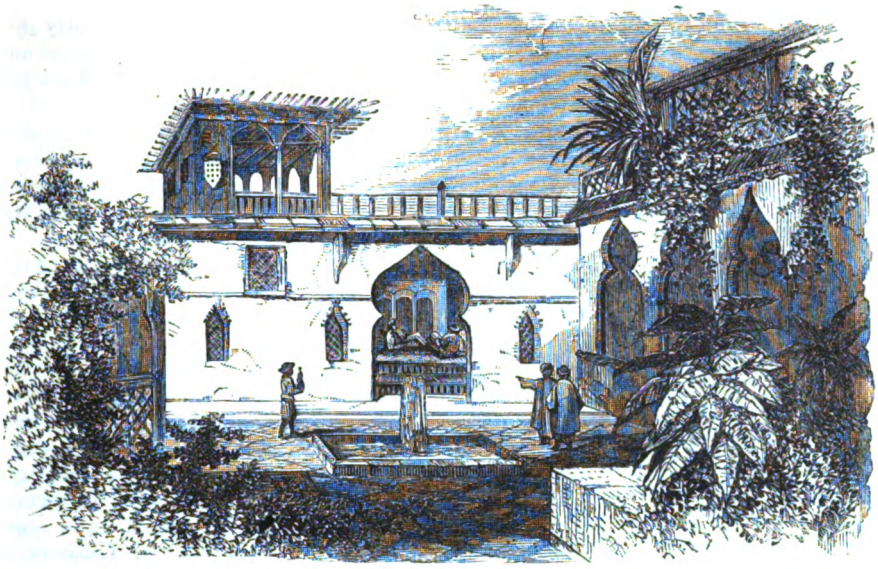
The city lies near the foot of the Mountains of Lebanon, and contains about 60,000 inhabitants, one-third Mohammedans, and the remainder Jews and Christians. It is here that the Rev. Dr. Thompson, the Armenian missionary, has done such good work with American mission schools. The old fortifications of the town, as seen from our steamer, have a very dilapidated appearance, having been riddled, and in



Druse woman. Turkish woman. SYRIAN COSTUMES. Turkish man. Christian peasant.

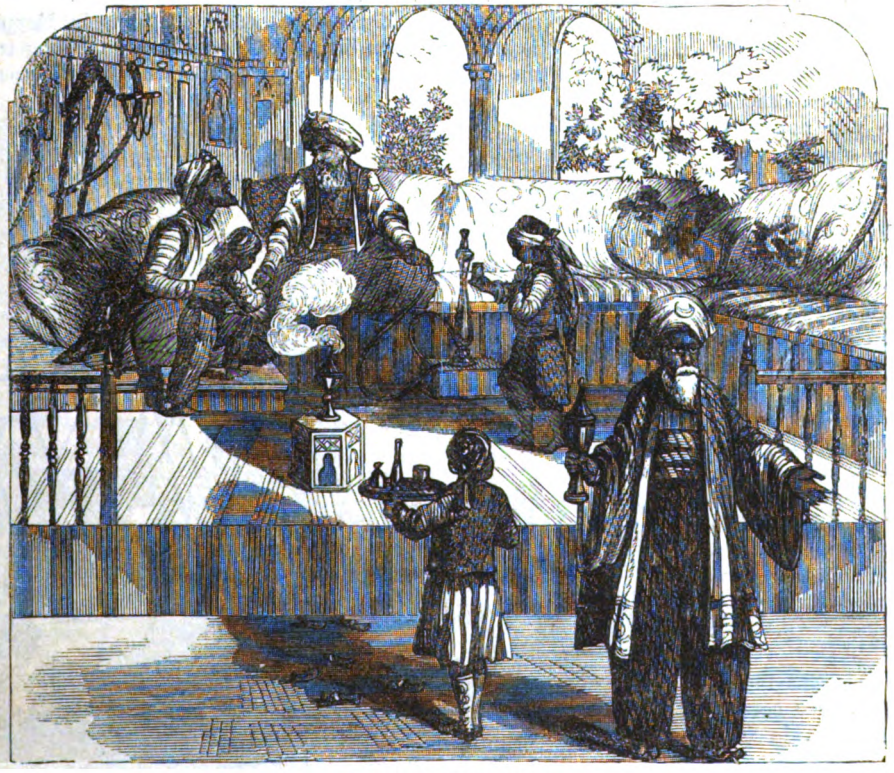
many places battered down, by the guns of the British fleet during the siege of Beyrout.

Another exchange of passengers took place on our steamer, many going up to Damascus, and more returning from their trip to Palestine, and now bound to Constantinople and up the Danube, or to Greece, Rome, etc., on their way to Summer quarters in the north of Europe. A goodly portion are Americans, from various parts of the United States, jolly and genial fellow-travelers as we generally find them. I met more from New York than any other American city; next from Chicago, next from Boston, and next California. Philadelphia is pretty well represented, but very few Baltimorians seem to be abroad, and it is rare indeed to meet travelers from the Southern States. At Beyrout, however, we had one gentleman from New Orleans that might answer for several, his proportions were so immense. Born originally in the "Emerald Isle" from a stock that must have belonged to that race which gave name to the celebrated causeway along the Irish coast, the climate of the Lower Mississippi must have agreed marvelously well with his constitution, for he continued to grow and expand till his height was several inches above six feet, his breadth and thickness of corresponding proportions, and his weight a little under three hundred pounds avoirdupois. He succeeded my Syrian roommate, and was my companion all the way to Smyrna. You may be sure I did not allow him to occupy a berth over my own. It was quite enough to *squeeze by him* whenever we entered our stateroom together. But this great giant was as gentle as a lamb. I never roomed with a more amiable, good-tempered man in my life, and we got along together delightfully. He was a bachelor of some fifty years or more, but a good deal of a ladies' man, and the ladies all seemed to like him. The most amusing picture he presented was when he would go on shore and ride through a town on a diminutive donkey, his feet stirrupless and not unfrequently touching the ground, so that, looking at him, one could scarcely decide whether he was a pedestrian or an equestrian, or whether it would not have been quite proper, since he was the larger of the two, that he should have carried the donkey, instead of the donkey carrying him.



COURTYARD OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

On the 11th we reached Tripoli, so named from its having been originally settled by colonists from the three towns of Tyre, Sidon, and Arcidus. The present population consists of 10,000 Mohammedans and 3,000 Greek Christians. I decided not to go on shore, having learned that the water was so shallow that the passengers would have to be carried on the shoulders of the boatmen some distance before a landing could be effected. Most of my fellow-travelers, however, went, and among them my Hibernian-Louisianian roommate, and my wife and daughter. It was laughable to witness the process of landing the passengers. I watched the boats till all were emptied but that in which my bulky friend was sitting. At last it came his turn. The



A SYRIAN TURK'S DIVAN.

IN A SYRIAN BATH.

boatmen demurred, but finally two of the stoutest of them united their forces and staggered through the water with their burden amidst the shouts of his companions, and landed him safely on terra firma.

There is a citadel or fort at Tripoli, built by the Crusaders, and now used as a place of confinement for political offenders. It is situated on a hill overlooking the town, or rather the two towns, for there are two—and when our party reached the ramparts they were rewarded by a view of snow-capped mountains, verdant valleys, blue sea, white minarets, and swelling domes that amply satisfied them for their troubles. They represent the inhabitants, and especially the young women, as very beautiful. Light skin, fresh, rosy complexion, and dark eyes, and, judging from a few of the men who came on board, I should say this picture was not overdrawn. Their cicerone, who seemed superior to his class, turned out to be a son of the Governor, but he was, nevertheless, not above taking "backsheesh" for his services, which he valued rather higher than the *market rate*, and charged for accordingly.

Our party came back decorated with lemon and orange flowers, and bringing in their hands branches of the orange-tree, bearing some of the finest fruit I had yet tasted in the Old World. They also brought me a thin cake, covered with the grains of the sesame, about which we read in the story of "Ali Baba; Or, The Forty Thieves." It was crisp and palatable, having a taste not unlike parched corn.

Within ten hours' ride from Tripoli, and at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, are what now remains of the famous "Cedars of Lebanon," about forty in number. The oldest of them are gnarled and twisted, and some are fifteen feet in diameter. They are difficult of access, the only road to them being a narrow mule-path. They appear to be fast going to decay, and my informant said that in a few years there would probably be none standing. They occupy a barren region, with no other verdure near them.

Latakeah was our next stopping-place. It is famous for the excellence of its tobacco, of which it exports large quantities. Connoisseurs in the weed, whom we met in Egypt and elsewhere, never tired of singing its praises, and it is, I believe, considered by all the first quality of Turkish tobacco. We did not go on shore at Latakeah, as we were told there was little to attract us. The artists on board amused themselves by sketching an old ruined castle near the shore, and the mountains of Lebanon in the background.

April 13th.—This morning we find ourselves at Alexandretta, the port of Aleppo, the third largest city in the Turkish Empire, whence come caravans of camels laden with cotton, silks, wheat and other products of the interior from far beyond Aleppo, which is 80 miles distant, and even from Bagdad, a journey of 40 days. Alexandretta is a dirty town, and has pools of stagnant water in all its streets and squares, that make it very unhealthy. We were told that we ran no small risk in remaining on shore even for the few hours we were there, so poisonous is the atmosphere. Yet people live here and do a good deal of business; but what will not some people endure for the sake of money? Besides, Turks and Arabs, I fancy, have been so many centuries inured to hardships and exposure in every shape, that they are not so easily affected as our more effeminate race.

Here we witnessed again, as in Egypt, the loading and unloading of the camels; saw the long trains arriving from their forty days' journey in the wilderness, and others just

MOSLEM HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS AT SYMENA.

setting out. It is a scene full of interest to a stranger, and one I never tired of looking at.

The mountains around Alexandretta come down nearer the sea than those we have lately been passing, and are exceedingly picturesque, being full of gorges and ravines, and partially covered with trees. There is a pretty green valley near the town, and, as seen from our steamer, its bright colors contrast well with the more sombre tints of the mountains, whose tops are still covered with snow.

In the course of the day we were honored with a visit from the Governor's Harem, consisting of about twenty vailed women of various ages, sizes and complexions. They were under the charge of some official from the Governor's Palace, probably a Eunuch, and were courteously received at the gangway by our polite captain, who ordered them to be shown through the ship. Their curiosity knew no bounds, for it was probably their first visit to a steamship, and they peered into every part of the vessel—saloons, staterooms, pantries, closets, engineer's quarters, etc., showing not the slightest timidity or diffidence, but making themselves very much at home. The machinery seemed to attract a good deal of their attention, although it was not in motion; but what interested them most was the *piano*, which a gentleman played for their amusement. They all gathered around the instrument and the performer, and seemed interested in nothing else while he continued to play. They were not so careful to conceal their faces as to prevent us from seeing all we wished to of them, for there was not a single pretty woman in the party. Some were mere children, eleven or twelve years old, some were women of fifty, and two of them were *black*. We gentlemen did not at all envy the Governor in the possession of a harem composed of such specimens of the fair sex, and we were not sorry when at length they took their departure.

The next morning we arrived at Mersina, which is another mean Turkish town, not unlike Alexandretta. We went on shore, but found little worth seeing. There were some broken columns and capitals lying along the beach, which once belonged to an ancient city some two hours' ride from Mersina, called Pompeopolis, where there are still some interesting ruins, which, however, we did not go to see.

A little incident occurred while we were on shore, so unusual, that I cannot omit to mention it. My daughter commenced a sketch of our steamer, as it lay broadside to the town, and she took her stand near a dwelling-house, at the entrance to which stood a bright, intelligent-looking little boy. After watching us a few minutes, he went into the house and brought out chairs and motioned us to be seated. Then he went into the garden, and presently returned with a bouquet of roses and orange blossoms, which he presented to my wife. Judging him to be actuated by the same selfish motives that had always prompted similar attentions during our travels in the East, we offered the little fellow some coins, but he refused them and ran off, evidently to avoid being pressed to accept the money. He made his appearance again just as we were about to leave, and again we tendered him the coins, but he smiled and immediately ran away as before. The recollection of such unlooked-for kindness from a total stranger, in a strange land, trifling though it was, we shall cherish long as one of the pleasant incidents of travel. I presume the boy had acted upon the instructions of his parents, who, unseen by us, had probably witnessed our occupation, and desired to show us an act of politeness.

Among our fellow-passengers, we have made the acquaintance of an elderly French gentleman, an archæologist, a great traveler, and an enthusiast in his profession, not at all *puffed up* by his learning, but as ready to converse with plain, unlettered people as with savants of his own class. He had spent so much of his life in England that he spoke English perfectly, and in fact he looked and talked more like an Englishman than a Frenchman. He was now returning from a long voyage, in the pursuit of his special study, and he made it a point to visit every old ruin that came within his reach to examine it critically, to determine as far as possible its age and history by the style of its architecture, the inscriptions upon its walls, the material of which it was built, and by numerous other marks known only to the archæological student.

While we lay at Mersina this gentleman determined to visit the old city I have already mentioned, and in company with a young gentleman friend of his, he went on shore for that purpose.

Knowing the want of a comfortable saddle to ride on, in those Mohammedan countries, he carried his own with him in the boat, but on landing his saddle was seized by a Turkish custom-house officer, and no explanation would satisfy him that it was not a contraband article. Our friend and his companion remonstrated, but the Turk was not to be moved; moreover, he was impudent, and this so excited the ire of the Frenchman that he became furious. The result was a scuffle, during which the saddle got roughly handled, and our friend thrown down on the beach and held there by main force until the Turks' superior officer came to his relief. As soon as he was released he called on the French consul, made his complaint, and was assured that the affair should receive his immediate attention. Meantime, he obtained possession of his saddle, and the two gentlemen accomplished their visit to the ruins of Pompeopolis without further molestation.

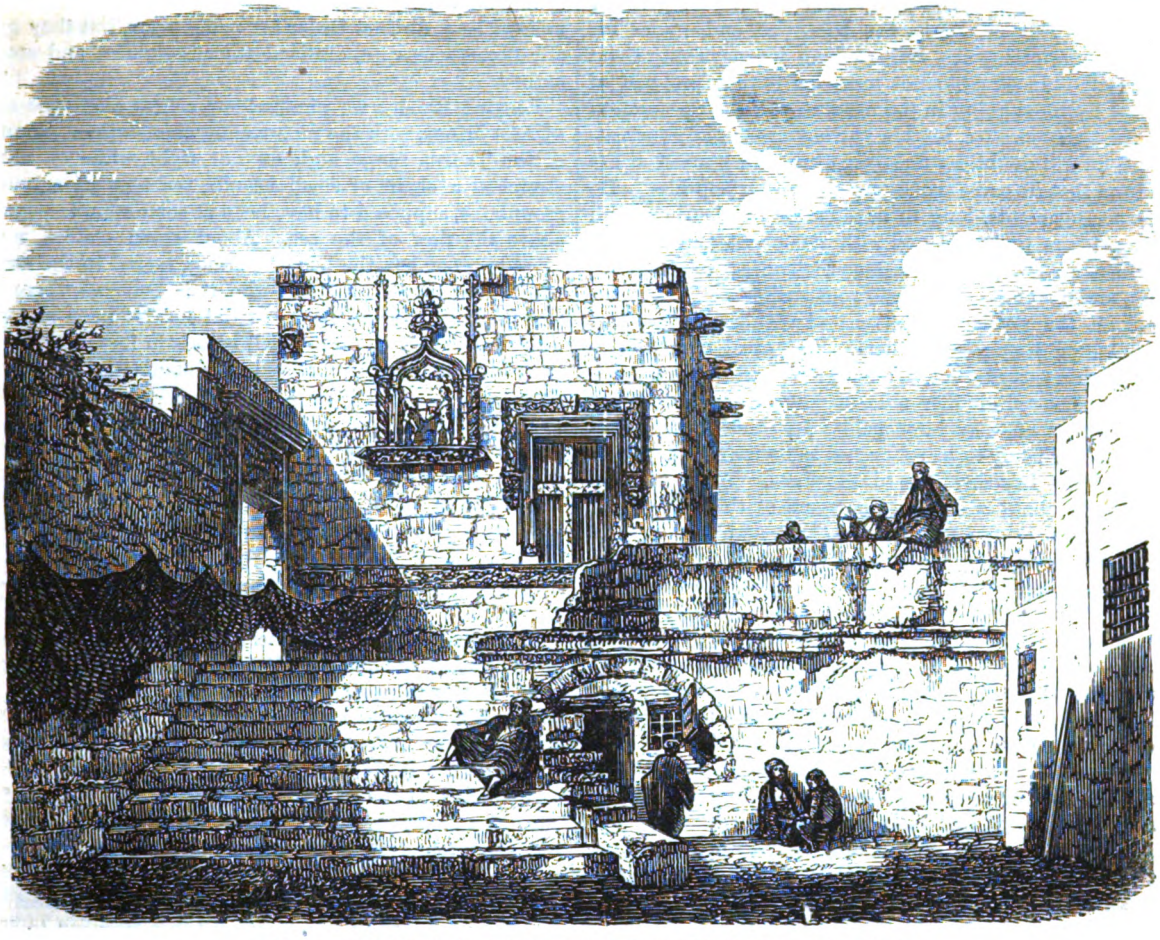
When they returned to Mersina, the French consul informed them that the officer who had seized the saddle was arrested and sent to prison, and those who had assisted him in the fight had been discharged from their employ by the Government.

MOUNTED COURIER.

The Turks have a wholesome dread of offending the powerful nations of the West, such as France and England, to whom, in fact, they owe their present status, and without whose protection they would soon be swallowed up by their colossal neighbor of the North. Turkey is still regarded as the "sick man," and as such must be careful not to give offense to his Christian friends. Hence the prompt and summary punishment of these surly, stupid officers. The consul assured our friends their presence would not be necessary to prosecute the case against the man who was in prison, as he would be duly punished without the aid of courts or juries. The affair created some excitement on board the *Tanaïs* before our friends got back, as the news had been brought on board soon after it occurred. Their appearance, however, later in the day, with unbroken limbs and unscratched faces, reassured us, and we all offered them our congratulations on their safe return.

The next morning, Mr. D——, for that was the name of

THE CITY OF RHODES.



ANCIENT RESIDENCE OF THE GRAND MASTERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

the principal actor in this scene, found under his plate at table the following poetical description of his late *squabble*, which he kindly allowed me to copy:

THE SAVANT AND HIS SADDLE.

Upon the ocean's heaving breast,
  A gallant steamer lay,
And on the deck there stood a man
  With scanty locks and gray;
Yet on his face, and in his eye,
  The fire of youth he bore,
And wistfully he cast his glance
  Upon the Syrian shore.
For there a ruined temple stood
  Of some forgotten age,
And much he wished to scan its walls
  And read their mystic page.
So with a friend he took a boat
  And knowing he should need
A saddle, brought his own along
  To ride upon a steed;
But sad to say, the surly Turks
  Refused to let it land,
But rudely forced it from his grasp
  And threw it on the sand.
Then there ensued, 'twixt Frank and Turk,
  A fierce and dubious fight,
From which our hero came unscathed—
  But then to make things right
The consul of the French he sought,
  And told the whole affair;
Who promised it should have at once
  His prompt and earnest care.
Meantime, the saddle was released,
  And then with quickened speed
Our hero took his onward course
  Upon a Syrian steed.
To make his promise more than words
  The consul did not fail,
For when our hero came again
  He found the Turks in jail,
But here the matter may not rest.
  For though itself a trifle,
Much smaller things 'twixt State and State
  Are settled by the rifle.
Once more the question may arise
  To vex the statesman's plan,
Of how the nations shall dispose
  Of Turkey, *the sick man.*
If hostile fleets with shot and shell
  His towns and forts shall batter,
The predisposing cause may still
  Be traced to this small matter.

The author's name was not attached to the poem, but, singularly enough, he was among the first to whom Mr. D. showed it, and he coolly remarked that he (the speaker) could write a better one himself. As he was an old, gray-headed gentleman, with a very serious cast of countenance, and until now had been noted for the quietness of his manners, amounting almost to diffidence, his remark seemed so extraordinary, that Mr. D. at once suspected him as the author. After a little pressing, he was induced to confess it, and thenceforth his status among the passengers became sensibly improved.

On the 16th we arrived at the city and island of Rhodes. We entered the harbor at the same time with a large Austrian steamer, which had left Beyrout six days later than we, but which had come direct, instead of following our track along the Syrian shore. This was the steamer that carried a party of travelers, sixty in number, known as "Cook's Party." Cook is an enterprising Englishman, and has been

for several years engaged in getting up large parties of travelers for Europe, Syria, the Nile, etc., and, under his personal superintendence, making long journeys with them at a greatly reduced cost—not much more than one-half of that paid by those going in the usual way. His speculation seems to be successful, for his patrons are rapidly increasing, and he will doubtless make a fortune for himself at the same time that he saves money for those who join him. He makes arrangements, long in advance of his journey, with the proprietors of hotels, and with steamboat and railroad companies, etc., who readily reduce their prices to secure his custom, and who have places and rooms reserved for his passengers on the particular routes and within the specified days in which they require them. The great objection to joining such a party is that, in case of sickness, one must continue his journey, whether able or not, or else forfeit the passage-money he may have paid. In other words, must surrender his liberty to travel or rest as he may be disposed, for the sake of this saving in his expenses. We had on our own steamer about a dozen passengers of this sort, under the care of an Englishman named Gaga, and among them was one American lady from New York, so ill as to be confined to her berth most of the time. Yet she had been obliged to travel through Palestine on horseback, and to suffer the privations that well people found it hard to endure, and she had still to go to Greece, Constantinople, up the Danube, and through Germany to England, before her trip would be ended. I doubt if she would adopt this mode of journeying a second time. It is unfortunate for the ordinary traveler to follow in the immediate track of "Cook's Party," for he will be pretty sure to find all the hotels so crowded that rooms and beds, and even sofas and chairs, will be at a premium. Fortunately for us, we parted company with the steamer on which Cook was traveling before going anywhere on shore, Cook taking the route eastward from Smyrna to Constantinople, while we went westward to Syra and the coast of Greece.

Passengers going on shore at Rhodes had to do so at six o'clock in the morning, which was too early for me, and consequently I did not accompany my wife and daughter, but intrusted them to the care of Mr. D. They were gone an hour or two, and came back much pleased with their visit. Close to the water's edge stood two castles, built upon points of land which, tradition has it, once formed resting-places for the feet of the famous *Colossal Statue* (reckoned among the seven wonders of the world), whose legs, it is said, spanned the entire harbor.

After passing these castles, they landed at the head of the harbor, and proceeded to the celebrated street of the Knights of St. John, where they saw the "coats of arms" of those valiant soldiers carved in white marble and set into the fronts of the houses which lined the street on either side.

As Rhodes is now owned and occupied by Mohammedans, it is not a little surprising that these monuments of their deadly foes should be suffered to remain.

The old "Church of St. John" was unfortunately blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine not many years ago, and nothing of it now remains but a heap of stones. Out of another old church the Moslems have made a mosque, upon the portico of which there still remain sculptures of suits of armor, drums, battle-axes, etc., used by the Chevaliers, and also one or two figures which the Moslems had defaced.

The walled city has a good many arches and gates, over most of which escutcheons are still remaining. The Knights of St. John, those brave champions of the Cross who bore so conspicuous a part in the days of chivalry and the Crusades, long had their headquarters on this island; but after many a hard-fought battle, they were at last driven away, and found an asylum in the Island of Malta. Here they remained as a distinct Order for many years, but they gradually became corrupt, outlived their usefulness and are now extinct.

Leaving Rhodes, we pursued our course along the shores of Asia Minor, with the picturesque snow-capped mountains of the Taurus range high on our right, while on our left stretched a chain of small islands, the tops of submerged mountains, supposed to have been at some remote period far above the flow of the sea. About seven o'clock P.M. we passed on our left the Isle of Patmos, sacred to the memory of St. John the Evangelist, who, it is believed, there wrote the Book of Revelations. We did not go near enough to distinguish it from other small islands in its vicinity, nor to ascertain whether it contained inhabitants; but I believe it does.

April 17th.—Punctual to its time (ten days from Alexandria), our gallant steamer this morning dropped its anchor before the city of Smyrna, lying at the foot of a chain of high mountains.

THE SEA SWALLOW AND ITS EDIBLE NEST.

THE sea swallow and its nest have been known for centuries. Among the ancients, Hierax of Cappadocia, Andromachus, Nero's physician, and Asclepiades, mention the nests among their *materia medica.*

Bontius, the first modern who describes them, says that the nests are made of the scum which floats on the waves and adheres to the rocks—in a word, of the spawn of fish. This idea is supported by many observers; but Mr. Staunton, who found them on the highest mountains of Java, avers that the nests are made of insects.

Others again pretend that the matter of the nest is secreted by the bird in membranous tubes peculiar to it, and that, like the spider, it forms its abode from itself; while others say that it is made of a fucus of the genus *Gelidium*, a mucilaginous plant which, masticated by the bird and mingled with its saliva, forms the concentric layers which compose the nests.

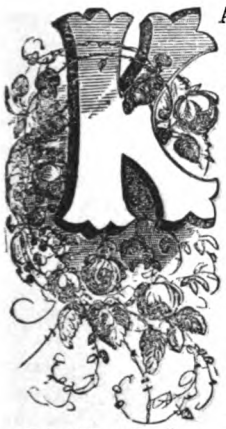
The sea swallow of the Malay Archipelago, Lawit of Java, Salangane of the Philipine Islands (*Hirundo esculenta*), comprises evidently several varieties. It is uniformly dark colored, inclining to green on the back and blue on the breast, with a short, strong bill, blue at the base. They are very small, some not exceeding three inches in length. It is a native of Java and the neighboring islands, building its nest in almost inaccessible caves. The nests, being highly prized by the Chinese as a delicacy, are gathered regularly, and form an important branch of commerce. The best nests are those found in deep, humid caverns. The white or male nests, as they are called, are preferred to those which are blackened by use and soiled by feathers and dung. Although it takes a bird two months to build a nest, they are gathered, without any apparent diminution of the number in the caverns, in April, August, and December.

The best are found on the south shore of Java, and are gathered by men trained to the dangerous work from childhood; but they never attempt it without sacrifices and religious rites, called Bembang, at which games in masks are performed, and buffaloes and goats killed. A girl personates Nyal Ratu Kidul, the Queen Lady of the South, a mythical personage. They reach the mouth of the caves on the perpendicular side of the rock by means of ropes, and enter with torches. The danger within, from the depth of the cavity, adds new dangers, and a false step is certain death.

According to Mr. Crawford, they are put up in boxes of about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and are divide

into three classes. In a hundred nests there will be fifty-three of the first quality, thirty-five of the second, and twelve of the third. The ordinary prices of these classes at Canton are twenty-nine, twenty-three, and thirteen dollars a pound, while choice ones run higher. In 1850 the produce of Dutch India was 35,734 pounds, worth $250,000.

THE ESCAPE.



KATHLEEN, alanna, it's time ye was stirrin'. The boys'll be wantin' their breakfast afther the hard night's work."

"It's early yet, mother," replied the young girl, raising herself in bed, and glancing drowsily toward the small window through which the daylight faintly struggled.

"An' sure, dear, that's because o' the weather. There's no sun the mornin'; an' the mist an' fog's lyin' down low in the valley, an' up on the hillsides, like it used to be in the Kilmenally hills, when I mind I was a girl like you. Faix! I've seen nothin' like it afore, sence I left the dear ould country."

And Nancy Mullighan drew aside the scanty blue-checked curtain, and gazed out thoughtfully upon the scene before her—a beautiful view when the weather was clear, but now almost obscured by the heavy fog, which lay thick and white in the valley below, and hovered in broken masses about the hilltops.

"Faix, ye'll scarcely be able to see yer hand afore ye, acushla," she resumed, as her daughter, having robed and taken a light breakfast, stood tying on her cloak and hood; "an' I'm a'most afeared to thrust ye alone on the mountain-paths, an' ye not been used to it long."

"Oh, never fear, mother; I know the path well enough, and it's only two miles to the furnaces. I'm ready now. Where is the basket?"

"It's here, dear. But ye'll put on yer sun-bonnet over yer hood, or the mist'll wet it through and through, an' ye'll be laid up wid the chills, an' the pain in yer face agin. An' be careful o' the rocks, as ye go down the hill-path."

"Why, mother, a body would think I was a child, from the way you talk to me," said Kathleen, laughing. "Sure, I'm eighteen, and old enough to take care o' myself. Never be uneasy about me, mother. I'll be home safe, and in good time."

"An' ye'll carry these few duds down to Mary Kelly, acushla. I forgot 'em intirely yisterday, an' the crather'll be wantin' 'em. An' tell her it's washin'-day, Tuesday, an' I'll remember better next time."

Kathleen tripped lightly along the level pathway for a short distance, and then began more slowly to descend the steep hillside, rough with rocky ledges, and rendered dangerous by the thin ice with which they were incrusted. The fog, too, bewildered her; and more than once she paused, and looked carefully around at the trees and the rocks, to be sure that she had not wandered from the narrow, and now almost invisible, pathway, which led from her mother's cabin down into the valley, and thence up again on the opposite side to the iron furnace, whose lurid fires could be seen day and night, except when vailed, as now, by the mist. At those furnaces worked her two brothers, Kit and Lawrence; and, as it often happened that they would be kept for a day or two at a time in attendance, it was Kathleen's custom to take to them their meals. She never objected to the walk, long as it was. In Summer it was lovely, and even now, in the early Winter, the girl found pleasure in the keen, bracing air, the fragrant smell of the pines, and in the sight of the objects of nature about her—from the towering Peaks of Otter, in the distance, down to the least clump of green moss or gray lichen which beautified the rocks and trees. Yet to-day, with everything hidden in the fog, it was certainly less pleasant than usual; and Kathleen drew her cloak more closely about her, and shivered as she walked onward.

Suddenly, on the dense, damp air, came the muffled tones of a bell, from the direction of the "town," a few miles below the furnaces.

"I wonder what that's for?" soliloquized Kathleen, after listening for an instant. "It isn't the church-bell, and there's but one other in Coverley—the old bell in the Court-house steeple. It can't be fire, I reckon——"

She started back with a faint cry. Directly in the pathway before her lay a huge boulder, which had evidently been precipitated from the heights above, and from behind this, as she spoke, appeared a shadowy figure, of apparently supernatural size, which glided swiftly and noiselessly across the path. At the sound of the girl's shriek it paused, and then came more slowly a few paces forward.

Kathleen's heart beat thick and fast. She was not a timid girl, yet, when she saw close to her the figure of a man, bareheaded and half-clad, with pale face, and eager, restless eyes, and having attached to one wrist an iron ring, her heart failed, and she drew a quick, gasping breath, as she crossed herself, and murmured:

"Holy Mary, protect us!"

"Don't be afraid," said the man, hastily, and glancing behind him as he spoke. "You are a woman, and women are always ready to help those who need it. You are Kathleen Mullighan," he added, "Kit Mullighan's sister?"

"Yes."

"And I am Maurice Connor."

The girl became pale, and clasped her hands silently. She recognized him now, wan and worn, and half-clad as he was—recognized him as the active and handsome young man whom she had more than once seen at work near her brothers at the furnace. This was two months ago, and since then she had heard his name—the name of Maurice Connor—in every one's mouth, as that of the murderer of Mr. Parker, one of the "agents" at the furnace, tried last week, and condemned to imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary. It was a shame, many people had said, for the young man was an universal favorite, while Parker had been equally disliked; and yet, to the last, the prisoner had pleaded "Not guilty," and with a calmness and earnestness which had sent conviction to most of the persons present at the trial, though failing to influence the jury.

"Kathleen," said Connor, hurriedly, "can you, or will you, help an innocent man—a man hunted to death for a deed he never did? I broke out of jail some hours ago. You hear the alarm-bell ringing for me now. The whole country will turn out in search of me. Is there any place up this way where I can hide for a few days till the search be over?"

The girl clasped her hands in despair.

"Not a place that I know of—not a hole nor a hollow; besides that, they'll be sure to search every rock and tree and bush."

"I know that," said Connor, looking round, with something like the calmness of despair. "They know I've had too short a time to get far off, and they'll leave no stone unturned in that distance. Kathleen," he added, suddenly turning toward her with a new light in his eye, "which is the way from here to Eagle's Nest?"

THE SEA SWALLOW AND ITS EDIBLE NEST.--SEE PAGE 154.

"That's no place for you—in full sight o' the furnace," the girl replied.

"It makes no difference. They can all see me die," he answered, calmly. "Better to die boldly, like a man, under God's free heaven, than to drag out one's life shut up in prison-walls. Show me the way, Kathleen," he added, softly and pleadingly. "It's only a leap from a rock, a plunge into the water, and my soul will be free, thank God!"

"Oh, Maurice!" exclaimed the girl, lifting her blue eyes to his, full of tears, while her voice trembled—"oh, Maurice! I wish—*I wish* I could help you!"

He took her hands in his own, hesitatingly.

"Kathleen, if I was guilty, as they say, I would not dare to touch you thus—God knows I wouldn't; but——" he paused, only looking down into her eyes with a gaze which sent a strange thrill to her heart, and a flush to her cheek, even in that moment of suspense and terror.

The young man's cheek flushed. He bent his head, and touched his lips passionately, yet reverentially, to the hand which he held.

"You'll forgive me, Kathleen," he murmured; "it is the kiss of a dying man, though, God knows, I did hope——"

"Hush!" whispered the girl.

On the chill, foggy air came an indistinct sound of voices, and horses' hoofs, from the valley below.

"It's them," said Connor, hastily. "They're in pursuit. For God's sake, Kathleen, show me the way to the Eagle's Nest!"

Instinctively she put her hand on his arm to detain him. It was pitiful to see her agitation—her pale face and trembling lip, as she gazed helplessly around.

"Oh, what shall I do?—what *can* I do?" she cried.

Her eye fell on the bundle of newly washed and ironed clothes, which she was taking to Mary Kelly, the sick wife of one of the furnace-men, and for whom Mrs. Mullighan sometimes performed this kind office. The bundle had burst open, and the clothes now lay scattered on the ground.

"Here!" exclaimed she, "put on these—quick! It is all you can do; and I hear them coming up the mountain. Oh, for God's sake, be quick!"

In scarcely more than a moment, the transformation was made. One of Mary Kelly's gowns, hastily thrown over the young man's head by Kathleen, was pulled down to a length to hide his feet—too large for a woman. The girl's full, wadded brown cloak, thrown around him, concealed his figure, and then Kathleen, hastily parting the long, dark hair in the centre of the forehead, pulled over it her sunbonnet, within whose depths the face of the wearer was obscurely visible.

"It's a good thing I was shaved last night," remarked Connor, with a gleam of humor even amid the anxiety of the moment.

"Hush—hush! Tie this red handkerchief around your face. Now take the bundle of clothes. You're Kitty Murphy, a cousin of mother's, come up a week ago from Romney to see us, and to look for work. You've washed the clothes, and are taking them to Mary Kelly."

"I understand," said Connor; and at that moment the voices again made themselves heard—very near now, and evidently coming up the winding pathway. A few moments more, and Kathleen and her companion, walking leisurely onward, came in sight of a party of four men, armed with muskets, who were breathlessly ascending the hillside

"Hullo!" cried one of these, as he caught sight of the two "Who have we here?"

"Only two women," said another.

Then, without a pause:

"I say, have you seen any one pass this way?"

"No one has passed me since I left home, half an hour ago," replied Kathleen, with a calmness more the effect of fear than of self-possession.

"There's a prisoner escaped from jail last night—Maurice Connor, who murdered Parker," said another of the party. "He was safe at one o'clock, the jailer says, and hasn't had time to get many miles away. There's more than a hundred men out looking for him below; but Hans Schaffer, here, swears he saw him, or some one just like him, glide

THE ESCAPE.—"KATHLEEN BEGAN SLOWLY TO DESCEND THE HILLSIDE WHICH LED FROM HER MOTHER'S COTTAGE. SUDDENLY CAME THE TONES OF A BELL. 'I WONDER WHAT THAT'S FOR?' SOLILOQUIZED KATHLEEN."

past him in the fog, as he was looking after his pigs at daybreak."

"I did dat," said the Dutchman, stoutly; "him or his ghos', ant him pe comin' dis vays."

"You haven't seen anything of him?" inquired the first speaker, addressing Kathleen's companion, under whose bonnet he was sharply peering.

"*I* haven't seen him, I'm sure," replied Connor, in a feigned voice, and with marvelous self-possession. "A murderer—good gracious! I *should* have been frightened, I reckon, if I had met him here in these woods, by ourselves."

"If *I* had been with you, you need not have been afraid to meet him, Miss Katie," observed a third of the party, a burly, red-faced, red-haired individual, well-dressed, and evidently superior to his companions. It was Captain Anderson—so called because of his being a kind of overseer at the furnace. He was a coarse, brutal man, who had more than once rendered himself obnoxious to Kathleen by his open admiration. His character being known to her from report, the girl had always shrank from him in disgust; and even now, she instinctively drew a little nearer Connor, as the captain approached and addressed her in a lower tone:

"You mustn't take these lonely walks any more, Miss Kathleen. Connor's no doubt lurking somewhere about these woods, and you're too pretty a girl to run the risk of meeting a reckless chap like that. I think I must escort you, after this."

And he leered in her face, with a look from which she turned in loathing.

"By-the-by, who's this with you?" he asked, turning curiously to the figure in the brown cloak. "Another young woman, it seems; but, I'll bet a dollar, not as pretty as her companion;" and, with another grin, he attempted to peep under the deep sunbonnet.

"Come along, captain, and let the girls alone. We've got no time to waste in such foolery at present." And the men moved on, but Anderson lingered.

"Look here, pretty one," said he, confidentially, to Kathleen, "I know something of your secrets—I haven't eyes for nothing."

The girl's heart beat fast; but she restrained herself. He continued:

"When a good-looking young fellow like Maurice Connor looks at a handsome girl like you, who blushes and casts down her eyes, people generally know what it means—at least *I* do. Now, if I find Connor up here in these woods—where I've no doubt he is—what'll you give me to let him escape?"

What between anxiety and fright, she was too agitated to reply.

"If you'll give me something now," resumed her persecutor, "say a kiss, I'll promise to be easy on him, maybe, though he deserves worse than he's got, for the crime he's committed."

"He has committed no crime!" said Kathleen, her spirit rousing, for an instant, with a woman's instinctive generosity.

"Didn't he kill Parker?"

"No; no more than you did!" she answered, firmly.

A peculiar expression came over Anderson's face.

"What makes you talk like that?" he asked, sharply.

"Because I know it."

"Know what? Do you mean to say that—that I——"

The girl shrank back, wondering at the strange glare of his eyes. Connor, on the contrary, turned, facing him, and their eyes met in a mutual, steady, inquiring gaze.

"Yes!" said Connor, slowly. "Yes—she means that *you* murdered Hiram Parker!"

"You lie!" returned Anderson, fiercely.

"Come!" said Kathleen, anxiously; "for God's sake, come! Let us pass, Mr. Anderson; I did not mean it. I should not dream of such a thing as accusing you of murder!"

"Then what did *she* say it for?"

"Only—only in jest; only to tease you, I am sure. Please let us pass."

"Give me a kiss first, to pay me for your rudeness. What! you won't? Then I must take it and be off, for I hear them calling me."

He seized her arm, and attempted to lift her face, despite her resistance. The next instant a blow from a strong hand sent him reeling against a tree. Recovering himself, he turned furiously to his assailant.

Connor, roused out of his prudence, forgetful of all but his manly instincts, had thrown off the bonnet which had concealed his face, and now stood confronting him. A single look was enough.

"Scoundrel—murderer!" yelled Anderson. "What—ho, there!" And with a prolonged shout—intended to summon his companions—he sprang upon Connor, and attempted to pinion his arms to his sides. But the latter, younger and more active than his assailant, twisted out of his grasp, and, with another well-directed blow, laid him senseless on the ground.

"Oh, Maurice! what have you done? You've killed him!" cried Kathleen.

He stooped down and examined the fallen man, whose head had struck upon a rock as he fell.

"He's not dead; but this tight necktie must be removed, and this cut on the temple bound up. Have you a handkerchief, Kathleen? Stay—better use his own."

Thrusting his hand in Anderson's pocket, Connor drew out a red silk handkerchief, and with it a knife. He looked curiously at the latter as he was about returning it, and finally placed it in his own vest-pocket.

"There—he'll do well enough now, till he comes to himself," he said. "But will you remember and bear witness, Kathleen, how I found this knife?"

She assented, wondering; and the young man, resuming his disguise, they continued on their perilous journey, fortunately without meeting any one, except an old woman who stopped to wish Kathleen good-day, and a negro boy driving his master's cattle to pasture. It was not long ere they reached the furnace, where Kathleen, calling her brothers aside to partake of their meal, confided to them her story, in which they at once entered, heart and soul.

"We'll do what we can for you, Maurice, lad, niver fear," said Kit, heartily. "And now, as there's not a minute's time to lose, afore that beast of an overseer comes to life, and informs on us, we must try to get you out o' the way—across country to the railroad, which'll carry ye like a streak through, beyant the Mississippi belike: An' as for the money, we'll see if we can raise it amongst us, and your own folks, who, av coorse, are to be trusted."

But Maurice Connor, rising from his seat on a fallen tree, looked calmly into Kit Mullighan's face.

"I'm more grateful and obleeged than I can tell you, Kit," he said; "but I've another plan."

"Let's hear it, then, Maurice."

"It's this: Kit, as sure as I now live, it was Anderson murdered Parker."

"Connor!"

"He was murdered—that every one knows; and not by me, as *I* know. Now, who was it?"

"You know there was no one besides you suspected—the circumstantial evidence, as they called it, was so strong agin you; though God knows, Maurice, I'll take yer word agin the verdick, any day. And I did believe, all along, that

Anderson was swearin' false, when he came out so strong wid his testimony."

"Yea, that's it!" said Connor; "he hated me; for, you know, I had had words with him, and Parker, both. As to the circumstantial evidence, that was strong enough, I grant. I *did* threaten to kill Parker, when he insulted my sister. I did clean and load my gun the evening of the murder, and go up the gorge, where, it seems, Parker had gone before me, and where his body was found that night. And I did come back late, bruised, and with blood on my clothes, and go into my cabin without speaking to any one. But as I live, I never saw Parker that evening; and the blood and bruises were from slipping down the rocks, as I followed the hare I had shot. You know all this, Kit; and now, tell me, didn't John Martin and I hear Parker accuse Anderson of *cheating* his employers, and threaten to expose him if he didn't go fair with him? Wasn't Anderson, by his own confession, not far from the place of the murder, when he heard, as he says, a cry for help, and a shot? He was up that way to see old Wilson at his cabin, he says, but found he'd gone to bed, and wouldn't rouse him. And, most of all, look here! Kathleen can tell you how I found this knife, which I know to have belonged to Parker, because I once saw him carefully cutting his initials on it, though they've been scratched out since. Yet look close, and you'll see the P still. You know, Kit, there was a stab over the heart, done with a knife; and they said I'd done it, and flung the knife away. Yet the knife was never found, spite of all the search made for it."

"There's somethin' in what you say, Maurice," responded Kit, thoughtfully; "but I'd be a'most afeard to venture such a risk as exposing myself, in order to accuse Anderson."

"I'm not afeard, Kit," replied the young man, firmly. "Guilt must lie somewhere, and there's somethin' tells me that Anderson's the man. I felt sure of it from the look he gave Kathleen, when she so innocently accused him. It flashed upon me suddenly, all of a moment, though I'd never before suspected it. And now, the more I think over it all, the more I'm convinced that he is the real murderer. Come with me at once to Lawyer Gholson, Kit. I'll tell him all, and give myself up, and wait till the truth is brought to light."

When Anderson was that evening arrested on charge of being the murderer of Hiram Parker, there was not a person witnessing the scene who did not at once set him down in his own mind as guilty. His courage failed him utterly, and before the subsequent proceedings were half concluded, he had, by his own blunders and contradictions, rendered his guilt so palpably clear, that his subsequent confession of the deed was scarcely needed. He, of course, expiated his crime, and Maurice Connor stepped again a free man, with an unblemished name, which latter, Kathleen, his brave but tender-hearted rescuer, bore proudly as her own for many happy years after.

BABOO ENGLISH.

A FEW years ago, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there died in Calcutta a most respectable native judge, named Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee, a quiet, unostentatious man, of mediocre ability but indefatigable industry.

This estimable person had the misfortune to have a nephew, one Mohindro Nauth Mookerjee, who, fancying himself possessed of literary talents, was moved to write a memoir of his deceased relative. Fully to appreciate the following extracts, it should be borne in mind that the biographer was not only a teacher in the Calcutta Training Academy, but also the author of an essay on the "Effects of English Education upon the Native Mind." The memoir is dedicated to Sir Richard Couch, as "a Fidus Achates of letters," and begins after this manner: "Let me hold my *Penna* after a few months, to write the memoir of the individual above-named; but *quid agis?* if any one put me such a query I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say—a great fool of myself!" To write "in such a way as the literary public may fall in love with" is described as an extremely difficult task, seeing that the deceased was neither a poet nor a generalissimo, though "by dint of nude energy and perseverance" he "erected a vantage-ground above the common level of his countrymen, nay, stood with the rare, barring few on the same level with him."

By the advice of an English friend, Onoocool applied himself to the study of law and passed his examination with great distinction, and, after a successful career, was asked by the Chief Justice to become Advocate of the High Court; but, after consulting the other native pleaders, he "did nill the offer politely." After all, he was only human, and suffered much at one time from a "doloriferous boil."

In 1870 he was appointed a member of the Bengal Legislative Council, and took his seat "solely by the dint of his own legal weapon." "He was an *au fait*, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental lucre to the Council." Until then it had been customary to confer that honor on non-professional men who were "as if cocks of the roost . . . merely ciphers and ditto-saying members," but the selection of Onoocool Chunder was acknowledged to be "most judicious and tip-top." A little later he was promoted to the bench of the High Court. His elevation "created a catholic ravishment throughout the domain under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion."

As a boy "he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge." His dress was simple. He was never to be seen in garments "fine as a carrot fresh scraped, but *esto perpetuum* in Pantaloon and in satin or broadcloth *Chapkan*, with a Topee well quadrate to the dress."

He died in 1871, "of paralysis and *ruptum* of a blood-vessel, leaving four issues, two male and two female." His illness began with a slight headache, which made him feel "like a toad under a harrow." He rapidly grew worse, and at "last hermetically sealed his lips, not to open them again." Various doctors were called in, but their skill availed nothing. "It proved, after all, as if to milk the ram."

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS WISDOM.

COLERIDGE once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds: "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head." Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

"FRIENDSHIP" is of a large signification. By friendship we mean the greatest love and the greatest usefulness; and the most open communication and the noblest sufferings; and the most exemplary faithfulness and the severest truth.

RANGER.

A LITTLE boat in a cave,
And a child there fast asleep,
Floating out on a wave,
Out to the perilous deep—
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
And dash their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says, with great surprise,
"Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors' graves,
And he laughs out, "Isn't it nice,
Playing see-saw with the waves?"

Alas! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
And his sister wrings her hands,
Watching in speechless terror,
The boat and the flaxen head.
Is there no hope of succor?
Must they see him drown'd and dead?

They run to the edge of the shore,
They stretch their arms to him;
Knee-deep they wade, and more,
But, alas! they cannot swim.
Their pretty, pretty darling,
His little hat floats by;
They see his frightened face;
They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
Dashes before them then,
Hairy and curly and long,
And brave as a dozen men;
Bounding—panting—gasping,
Rushing straight as a dart;
Ready to die in the cause,
A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
He grandly wins his prize;
Mother! he brings it thee
With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, oh, mother!
His burden, pretty and pale;
He lays it down at thy feet,
And wags his honest old tail.

O dog, so faithful and bold!
O dog, so tender and true!
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.
O Ranger! do just what you choose;
Old friend, so gallant and dear;
What churl would dare refuse
To drink your health with a cheer?

THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.

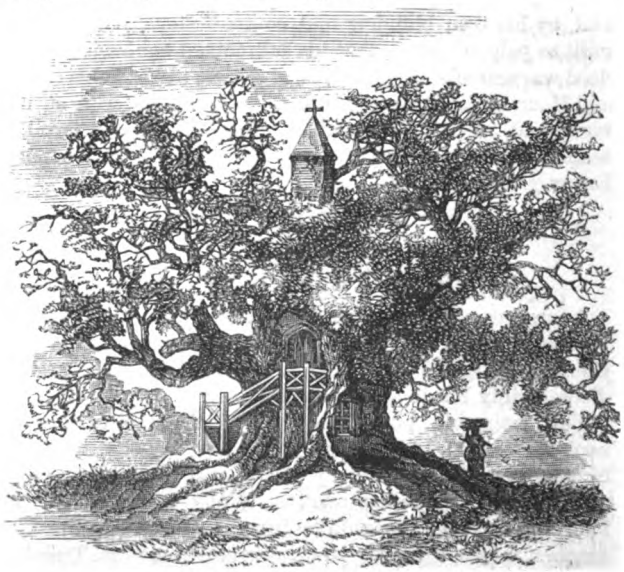
OAK trees were an object of worship among the early inhabitants of France and the British isles, and much of the Druidical worship is connected with the oak. When Christianity was introduced, the early heralds of truth turned these oaks into temples, and statues of Mary and Jesus showed their consecration to a new religion.

Mary Oaks became often famous places of pilgrimage, and their renown remained attached to the stately gothic churches reared on the spot. At Alouville, in Normandy, stands the last survivor of these chapel trees, which is sufficiently curious to merit description. It is thirty-five feet round the trunk. For hundreds of years have the snows of Winter covered its mighty branches, and successive Springs robed it with leaves and acorns.

Years and years ago, time hollowed it out; but the reverence felt for it as a shrine of Mary, led the people to line its hollow trunk with white marble, and erect within this crypt an altar, surmounted by a beautiful marble madonna; and in this tree-shrine, service is actually performed. A flight of steps lead up to it, and above, amid its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross, surmounting a little hermitage to which a winding stair encircling the tree leads up.

This chapel, even in this shape, is so old as to be ancient; and the people cling to it so devotedly that when, during the French Revolution, the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it, the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance, that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, the only spot where the old faith was openly practised in the *Pays de Caux*, bearing on its portal, even amid those times of war, its title, "*Notre Dame de la Paix*"— Our Lady of Peace.

So there it stands, a tree beneath whose shade William the Conqueror's troops are said to have been encamped when on their way to meet Harold, of Hastings; and tradition tells how knights, returning from the first Crusade, here sang their exploits in the Holy Land.



THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.

BOUND IN MOROCCO.—"THE STRANGER FLOORED THE DISCONTENTED POTTER WITH SO UNDENIABLE A 'FACER' THAT THERE WAS NOT THE REMOTEST PROBABILITY OF HIS RIGHT EYE RENDERING HIM ANY SERVICE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."

"BOUND IN MOROCCO."

NATHAN BEN-AMMI was well known in the Alcaiceria, as the richest Jew in the Hebrew quarter of Fez-el-Djedid; and despite his shabby blue gabardine and bare feet—for the intolerance and fanaticism of the Moorish Government permitted no other attire to a Jew when he trespassed beyond the precincts allotted to the Hebrew population—the appearance of the wealthy goldsmith in the vine-trellised avenues of the grand bazar was hailed by the dealers with interest and some cordiality, because, though Nathan's calling was primarily that of a trafficker in the precious metals, an eligible bargain in any other valuable commodity did not come amiss to him. A more than ordinarily rich specimen from the looms of Mequinez would unclose his purse as readily as would a barbarously massive set of armlets or anklets. In fact, Nathan Ben-Ammi's dealings had a very wide range, and his markets were many.

It was midday; the Alcaiceria, as the bazar is designated in the Mogreb dialect, was comparatively still; the wrangling and haggling, plentiful as a general thing, were intermitted; for the wranglers and hagglers had their mouths full of "couscoosoo," squatted, more or less comfortably, on their carpets in the rear of the stalls. Here and there was noise enough, especially in the avenue sacred to the guild of the potters, where the Riffian musicians most do congregate and dispense dolorous harmony (?) from cymbals and tom-toms. There also assemble the beggars, halt, maimed, and blind, everything but dumb; and the "torture performers," a Moroccan luxury seldom indulged elsewhere, who perforate their noses, cheeks and tongues with skewers for the edification of the Spartan-minded, and a few copper coins. Upon the day of which this sketch deals, the Jew Nathan was shuffling through the Potters' Avenue under the shade of his large black umbrella, vouchsafing little heed to the various groups that incumbered it, none at all to the beggars who importuned for alms—he hated beggars almost as intensely as he loathed the torturers.

The goldsmith was not what would be called prepossessing in his exterior; he was uncleanly in person and dress, with long, grisly hair parted into two straggling ringlets on either side of his gaunt, yellow-skinned face, in which his unpleasantly hued eyes asserted a claim to notice by reason of their continually shifting movement. His beard was the only respectable thing about the man. Nobody greeted him; he was a Jew, and had no dealings with the potters; what had Nathan Ben-Ammi to do with them or their guild. Better that Nazarene yonder in his Frankish garb, who parted with his sequins as readily for a terra-cotta "gugloot" (water-jar) gorgeous with the brilliant hues their art taught them to impart to it, as he would for a Mequinez saddle-cloth or a scarlet fez cap with its blue tassel.

The Jew progressed rather laboriously to nearly the end of the avenue, when a sight caught his eye that had an irresistible fascination to him. A stranger was counting out money to a dealer in earthenware who was vehemently demanding

additional payment for certain articles purchased by the former, without succeeding in rendering his demand intelligible to the customer. Nathan spoke the Mogreb dialect—indeed, it is the chief medium of intercourse in Fez, amongst the Hebrews, contrary to the custom of that people in Tangier, where Spanish is in general use. He paused, and, while affecting to be examining the wares of the dealer, concentrated his attention upon the money transaction in dispute.

One astute glance at the stranger sufficed to satisfy Nathan as to the language he should choose to reach his comprehension. That ruddy, though sunburned complexion; those frankly open blue eyes; that half-smile that had something of self-esteem and disparagement of others in it, belonged to a type rarely, but yet occasionally, witnessed in the Moroccan capital. Nathan Ben-Ammi had once crossed over from Ceuta to that wonderful "*imperium in imperio*"—the frowning rock with its cestus of orange-groves, "*Gibel-Tarick*," the mountain of Tarick, where now the great Moor's name is all that remains to commemorate the time when Africa made Europe tremble; and there the goldsmith knew the type before him had its habitat.

"Thou payest twofold the value of those water-jars, O Englishman!" said he. "If thou wilt, I can furnish thee better goods for less money."

The stranger, upon hearing himself addressed in English, looked curiously at the speaker.

"Well, my good friend, if you can, my custom is very heartily at your service; and, at all events, our dealing has this to recommend it: we shall be able to understand each other. Where is your stall?"

"I am Nathan Ben-Ammi. I live in the Jews' quarter in Fez-el-Djedid."

Nathan spoke rather hurriedly, and looked furtively, with a doubtful expression of countenance, at the Moorish dealer in earthenware, who, on his side, was looking somewhat loweringly at the Jew.

"Thou shouldst not betray what I have told thee to the Moor, or ill will befall me. I will speak to him for thee."

Nathan forthwith addressed the potter in Mogreb, declaring that the Frankish customer absolutely refused to pay more than two piastres for the "gugloots."

"Why, what filth do you pour into my ears, cursed of the Prophet? Has not the Nazarene offered me already four piastres? and now, with thy tongue of Shitan, thou seekest to rob me of my honest profit. Your beard shall be plucked. Are not the Jews ever the robbers of the Faithful?"

Much more the incensed potter delivered himself of, wandering, in his displeasure, from the second person singular to the plural pronoun, and spitting vehemently between his periods.

"Take up thy money, O Englishman,' muttered Nathan; "I will meet thee again in the Avenue of the Jewelers;" saying which, the goldsmith shuffled off, throwing a meaning glance at the Englishman from behind the shelter of his umbrella. But when the latter, acting upon his suggestion, actually gathered up the coins he had previously deposited on the stall-boards, the dealer made a very decided outcry. It was wasted upon the Christian, who calmly nodded and moved after Nathan Ben-Ammi, but had the effect of raising a confusion of tongues in the stalls contiguous to that of the disappointed potter. The last-named sprang over his show of pottery and nimbly overtook the Jew, whose gabardine he seized with one hand, while with the other he beat aside the umbrella behind which Nathan sought to enshroud himself.

"Pig of a Jew!" screamed the man of pots, "thou shalt pay me the loss thou hast caused to fall upon my house."

Nathan extended his hands humbly, as if deprecating the speaker's wrath.

"May the sun of prosperity never depart from the roof of thy house, O Hussein Ismail," said he; "I have worked thee no loss. I did but interpret what thou saidst to the stranger."

But the potter's wrath was too hot to be turned away by a mild answer. With an opulence of invective positively exhausting in such a temperature, he poured out his "vials," working himself into a fury that was shared in by the momentarily increasing throng of dealers, who appeared to think their collective interests imperiled by the action attributed to the Jew; so, from words they speedily passed to deeds, twisting poor Nathan Ben-Ammi hither and thither, and bestowing buffets beneath which the old man staggered helplessly. An abrupt change to the state of affairs was effected by the vigorous interposition of the stranger, who, not content with verbal remonstrance, floored the discontented potter with so undeniable a "facer" that there was not the remotest probability of his right eye rendering him any service for the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The Englishman's audacity was not without its effect upon the mob. The Moors in Fez are so habituated to blows and ill-treatment on the part of their social superiors, that, perhaps, an impression grew up amongst the potters of some protecting power overshadowing the Nazarene who made so little ado about knocking down a true believer in the presence of so many of his countrymen. A few on the outskirts of the throng retired to their stalls, and the stranger and the Jew might possibly have been able to retire unmolested had not a vailed and draped figure rushed from the floored potter's stall and begun a voluble address to the hesitating dealers. It was Hussein Ismail's better-half, and she passionately inquired if they, the potters of the Alcaiceria, were going to allow Hussein to be first robbed by a Jew and a Nazarene, and then assaulted in defiance of the law which made it an offense for an infidel to strike a true believer. A fierce hubbub ensued. Hussein himself, rising from the dust, exhibited his ensanguined frontispiece, and, as if encouraged by the support of his wife, vehemently called upon his fellow-potters to seize the offenders against their privileges and laws.

Nathan Ben-Ammi clung closely to his champion, alternately mumbling English and vociferating Mogreb. The stranger began elbowing his way with muscular energy through the crowd, and was tolerably successful in doing so, until one Moor broke the ice by clutching the collar of his white linen coat.

Emboldened by the example, a dozen hands were outstretched to seize the presumptuous Nazarene; but before one of them had touched the prey, the Moor who held his coat-collar was compelled to relinquish it by a blow from the Nazarite fist in the stomach.

The odds were altogether too heavily against our stranger for his single prowess to avail for any length of time. He did, indeed, present a bold front, with his back to the trellis of the avenue, but the potters were seriously infuriated at the discomfiture of another of their number, and precipitated themselves in overwhelming force upon the Englishman, whom, despite his blows and indignant threats, they speedily dragged to the ground.

It is highly probable they would not have stopped at that but for the sudden appearance of four individuals in red cotton jackets, lavishly embroidered in green worsted, who carried long staves in their hands and short, curved swords at their girdles. The staves were promptly exercised with impartial indiscrimination upon whoever was nearest.

"Who is this that makes a riot while his excellency the

Cadi is sleeping ?"—whack, whack, whack ! "What children of the Evil One are ye ?"—whack, whack, whack !

Such as could removed themselves out of reach, and, released from his foes, the Englishman rose to his feet, panting. and with his attire in considerable disarray.

"Oh, most worthy Ibrahim !" cried one potter, rubbing his arm shrinkingly, "know that this Nazarene has robbed us, and beaten us into the bargain. We but sought to bring him and his accomplice the Jew, Nathan Ben-Ammi—may his grave be defiled—before his excellency the Cadi. They are the authors of the riot, not we. Look, O Ibrahim, at the face of Hussein Ismail ! May a Nazarene ill-use a true believer, and go unpunished ? Judge thou between us."

Ibrahim, who was the Cadi's chief of police, or sharoofdar, gazed gloomily at the stranger, and from him glanced at the Jew. He began to sniff purses in the shape of fines.

"What say ye about robbery, ye turbulent potters ?" he grumbled.

Every mouth opened at once to pour out a purely fictitious account of wrongs wrought by the stranger, culminating in a charge of broken pottery and stolen money.

Nathan Ben-Ammi timidly expostulated, which earned him a whack with a staff, after which the sharoofdar addressed the Englishman in Mogreb, demanding his account of the transaction. Naturally the latter, not understanding a word of Arabic, stated as much in his native tongue, and concluded by shaking his fist menacingly at the mob of potters ; whereupon the police official threatened him with his stick.

"Speak to them gently, O Englishman," said the Jew, imploringly.

The upshot was that, after a conference of some minutes with the accusers, Ibrahim unceremoniously arrested the stranger and Nathan, marching them off ignominiously to the Cadi's divan at El Arba, the public market-place.

The crowd kept increasing by the way until, by the time the *cortége* reached El Arba, what with vagabond Berbers, itinerant Arabs, "gaila" players, beggars and town's folk, the following was quite imposing.

The Cadi's "karia" was a dismal-looking white stone building, without windows, but with a low door admitting to a small courtyard, into which gave the unglazed slits which do duty for casements in Fez, admitting a modicum of light and air to the dwelling-rooms. The prisoners were thrust rudely through the door, which was then slammed in the faces of the crowd, not even excepting the witnesses in attendance. As a preliminary, the prisoners were sedulously searched. Nathan's pockets yielded an astonishingly scanty return to the operation. He had not lived for thirty years in Fez for nothing. The Englishman's, however, made up for it ; a well-filled purse, watch, chain, bundle of papers, cigar-case, gold pencil-case, to say nothing of finger-rings, sleeve-links, and so forth, which latter were left in his possession, as Ibrahim promised himself, only so long as he remained unconvicted by the Cadi.

"Tell them I will complain of this to the Emperor, and have their confounded backs well scored," said the angry Briton to the Jew, who was far too wise to expose himself to a beating by interpreting the speech.

The Cadi Ben-Aouda was sitting on a small square of carpet when the delinquents were introduced to his presence, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. He was a little, square-framed man, wearing a doubtfully clean, white "jameh," or cotton robe, and muslin turban, but with undoubtedly dirty hands and face. At his right hand stood Hussein Ismail and three of his fellow-traders ; on the left sat, cross-legged, the Cadi's son, a boy of about ten.

Nathan Ben-Ammi bowed himself profoundly before the magistrate ; our Englishman, on the contrary, pushed his attendant policeman to one side, and strode up to within a yard of the Cadi's carpet.

"I am an English officer," he rapped out, imperiously ; "and I will trouble you to protect me from the impertinence of these rascals, and punish them well into the bargain."

"Wallah !" ejaculated the Cadi, with a bewildered look at the incomprehensible speaker.

"Shall we beat the Nazarene's mouth with a slipper, O Cadi ?" inquired the indignant sharoofdar.

The Cadi sucked his pipe, and looked hard at the prisoner, without answering his functionary.

"What has the Nazarene done ?" he slobbered out.

Hussein Ismail burst into speech forthwith :

"Live for ever, O Cadi ! The infidel dog pretended to buy my wares, and because I would not suffer him to take away two magnificent 'gugloots' without paying me, he assaulted and beat me as you see. Justice, O Cadi, in the name of the Holy Prophet."

"Wallah !" ejaculated Ben-Aouda.

The remaining potters chorused confirmation of Hussein's story. According to them, the prisoner endeavored to rob them every one.

"What speech does the child of Shitan make with his tongue ?" inquired the Cadi, fretfully.

The Moors gazed in each other's faces, as if to see who could answer the question, but remained silent.

"Why, dogs," cried the Cadi, angrily, "what speech did the Nazarene use when he robbed ye ?"

Hussein stammered incoherently ; but Ibrahim, the sharoofdar, spoke up :

"Know, O Cadi, that I have here papers found upon the Nazarene. Your wisdom will teach you how to understand them."

So saying, he raised the packet of papers taken from the prisoner to his forehead, and handed them to Ben-Aouda.

"Am I a priest or a teacher, to read writings ?" observed the Cadi, grumblingly, but accepting the packet, and turning the documents over and over until he reached one that attracted his attention, not by the writing upon it—Ben-Aouda was guiltless of all pretensions to literary attainments—but on account of a seal in green wax that ornamented it.

"Wallah !" he whispered, huskily, to himself, inspecting the impression with visible agitation. "Wallah !" he repeated, more loudly, and then gazed with widely opened eyes at the prisoner.

"Who are you, O stranger ?" he inquired, and his tone had something in it that caused a disagreeable thrill to pass through Ibrahim and the potters. On the other hand, it fell comforting on the ears of Nathan Ben-Ammi, who shrewdly argued a favorable augury from it.

"May your days be long, O Cadi, and your end Paradise !" he whined. "The stranger is an Englishman. I can interpret his speech, if it so please you."

The Cadi stared at the Jew.

"An English Nazarene ?" he repeated, absently, and then suddenly beckoned Nathan nearer, holding out the document with the green seal upon it. "Can you read this to me, O Jew ?"

The goldsmith, upon receiving the paper, read a few words to himself, and immediately carried it reverently to his forehead.

"I can read it, O Cadi !"

The words were accompanied by a rather malevolently expressioned glance at the potters.

"Wallah ! read, then."

The Cadi dropped his pipe in his eagerness, and stared hard at Nathan.

Again the Jew raised the document to his brow, and then, with sonorous utterance, whence every trace of timidity had vanished, began :

"Muley Mohammed Ben-Abderrahman, Sultan of Morocco—To our Caids, Governors, and Cadis throughout our dominions: Take notice, the bearer, a servitor of our faithful ally, Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, is our much-esteemed friend. Protect, aid, and entertain him—upon your heads be it. From our palace of Dar D'Biba, at Menshuwar, the seventh of the Fifth month, year of the Hejira. . . .

"Signed,
"Countersigned, (Green Seal). ABESSI."

Ben-Aouda's complexion passed rapidly through all the gradations of color a Moroccan's skin is capable of, finally settling into a sickly olive green. His eyes rolled in their orbits idiotically, and he trembled so excessively that in attempting to rise from the carpet he fell upon his knees.

"Oh, friend of the Magnanimous Muley Mohammed, your slave's house, and all that he has, are yours. Let the displeasure of my imperial master's friend pass away from your slave." The Cadi turned his face toward Nathan, and added : "O worthy Nathan Ben-Ammi, tell my lord what I say. Assure him that I will visit upon these sacrilegious dogs who have dared to molest him a wrath as terrible as a furnace seven times heated."

Nathan interpreted this to the Englishman with extreme gusto.

"Oh, tell the Cadi I do not wish them punished," replied the mollified Briton ; "all I want is my property restored to me, and a safeguard from further annoyance."

"The illustrious Nazarene says, O Cadi, it is well. If you cause his property to be restored to him, and punish the evil men who have lied before you against him and your servant who speaks to you, he will not complain to his Imperial friend, the Sultan."

"Wallah ! it is well—upon your heads be it, O children of the Evil One !"

The Cadi waved his dirty hands toward the panic-stricken potters.

Ibrahim, the sharoofdar, humbly brought all the articles he had taken from his prisoner, and, with repeated obeisances, tendered them to their owner ; then, at a word from Ben-Aouda, he marched off the potters, vigorously poking them with his staff when they endeavored to address the Englishman.

The Englishman was invited to partake of the Cadi's hospitality, and Nathan's services were retained as interpreter.

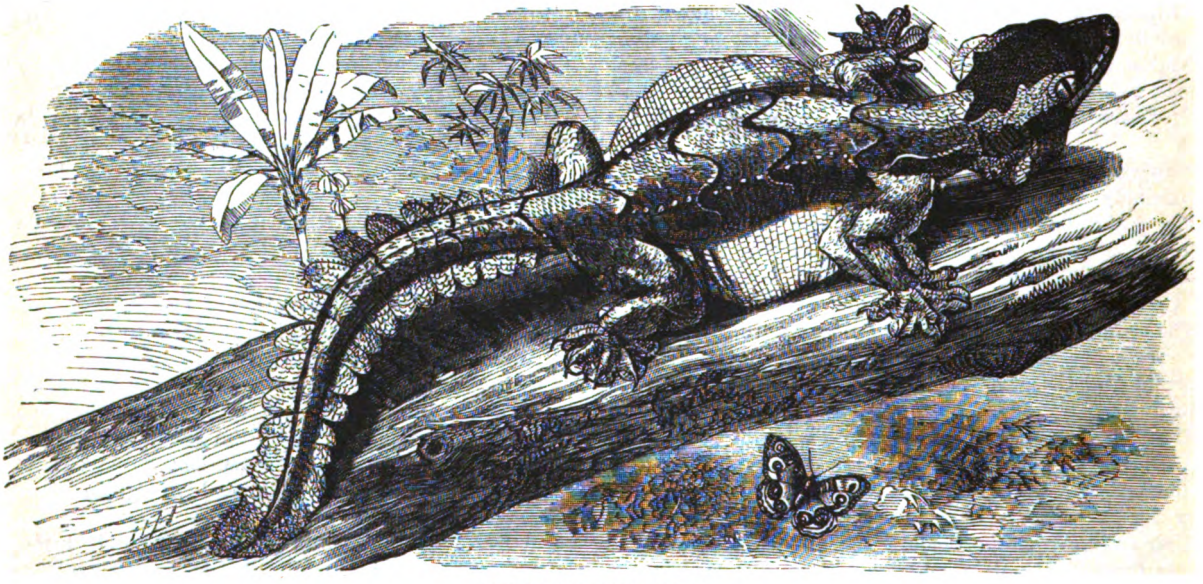
* * * * * * *

Later in the day, yielding to his host's importunities, our stranger went for a walk with the Cadi, who promised him a spectacle of great interest. Preceded by guards, who belabored every one who was unfortunate enough to be on the road they followed, the Cadi led his guest past the great mosque of Muley Idris, through the "casba," or citadel, to the "Bab-Maharoc," or great gate of the old city.

Pausing there, Ben-Aouda directed the stranger's gaze upward to the battlements. The setting sun was pouring a flood of amber light upon it, and the tamarisk-trees that rose above the masonry. Four ghastly heads decorated the hooks over the gateway, and the yet dripping blood splashed in great gouts to the dusty path beneath. The four potters had retired from business.

In response to the Englishman's horrified remonstrance, Ben Aouda complacently remarked :

"May the enemies of my Imperial master's friend be even as those dogs' heads. Amen !"



THE FRINGED TREE GECKO.

THE FRINGED TREE GECKO.

THE very remarkable reptile which is figured in the illustration, is a native of Java.

The fringed tree gecko, or smooth-headed gecko, is especially worthy of notice on account of the broad, membranous expansions which fringe the sides of the head, back, limbs and tail. On the body this membrane is covered with scales, and waved on its edges, but on the tail the waves become suddenly deepened, so as to form bold scollops. The toes are webbed to the tips, and, with the exception of the thumb-joint, are furnished with claws at the swollen extremity. The scales of the back are smooth and flat, and even the membranous fringes are covered with scales.

Formerly this creature was thought to be aquatic in its habits, but it is now known to live on trees, and to employ the membranous expansions in aiding it in its passage from branch to branch, much after the well-known fashion of the flying-squirrels. The generic title, *ptychozóön*, is composed of two Greek words, the former signifying a fold of a garment, and the latter a living being.

The general color of the fringed tree gecko is brown above,

with a slight yellowish tinge along the spine, and crossed with small, dark-brown lines, very narrow and deeply waved. A line of similar appearance, and of a bold, zigzag form, encircles the top of the head, looking as if a dark-brown string had been tied at the ends, formed into a rude circle, and then pinched at intervals so as to cause deep indentations. Below, it is of a whitish-gray color.

AUNT TABBY'S MISTAKE.

"CYNTHY, come right down, I say!"

As Aunt Tabby's shrill voice pierced my ears like a knife, I got up with a jerk from my bed, where I had been weeping a tempest of angry tears, and prepared to obey.

The plain truth was, Aunt Tabby and I did not agree; I was petulant, thoughtless, trying sometimes, but not the idle, frivolous girl she always called me. And she? There was no doubt in my mind, as I went grumbling down to the kitchen, that of all the odious, grasping, vinegar-faced, mean, shrewish women that ever tormented one's life out, Aunt Tabby was the worst.

If the reader will follow me into the kitchen, he may judge for himself of the goddess who reigned there; of the kitchen itself I can sing nothing but praises. Coming, as I had, a few months before, from the close, dingy rooms in the neighboring manufacturing town where my mother was wearing out her life trying to rear and support six other girls besides myself, the spacious, cheery kitchen at Calvola had won my heart completely.

The red-brick floor gleamed with cleanliness; the daily-scrubbed tables were snowy-white; burnished pewter, dear to the heart of every bustling New England housewife, garnished the walls; and four generous windows poured a flood of sunshine and sweet-scented air over everything.

Aunt Tabby herself would, by any other than myself, I suppose, have been called comely. Her face was ruddy, her eyes black, and her figure still youthful, for she was not more than five-and-thirty; she was bustling, active—"real smart," in fact; and, moreover, undisputed mistress of the substantial old farmhouse and twenty rich acres.

She was well aware of her many attractions, among which she did not omit to count the house and farm; and of her admirers, Stephen Boorman was especially favored.

He was leaning against one of the windows, talking to Aunt Tabby, when I blurted stormily into the room, my hair all tossed and tumbled, my cheeks scarlet, and my eyes still red in consequence of that previous indulgence in my angry passions.

Aunt Tabby looked not ill-pleased at my uncouth appearance; in fact, I have always believed that she called me down for no other purpose than to contrast my untidiness with her own neat looks; as for me, I felt like putting my finger into my mouth, and running away, as I caught sight of Stephen's bright eyes bent upon me with a queer, amused look; but I stood my ground, and said, though with an ill-grace:

"What do you want me for, Aunt Tabby?"

"La, child," she answered, "what a figure you are, to be sure! If I had attended to your bringing up, it would have been different——"

"Thank goodness, you didn't!" I muttered, impatiently.

"What's that you're saying? Oh, Cynthy, you have a temper and no mistake! but take that basket and go down cellar, and bring me up some of them best Fall pippins; no specked ones, mind; and, while you're about it, just look over them dozen barrels, and bring up what specked ones is on the top, for I am going to bake a batch of pies."

AUNT TABBY'S MISTAKE.—"STEPHEN INTERCEPTED ME—NAY, MORE, HE TRIED TO TAKE MY HAND. 'CYNTHIA, TELL ME WHY YOU DID NOT COME TO MY PICNIC?'"

I took up the basket, and plunged with it into the cellar, feeling more miserable than ever.

How unfair things were in life! Why should I be forced to rummage about an old cellar that lovely Autumn afternoon, and leave Aunt Tabby, vicious old thing, up in the sunshine, with nothing to do but listen to Stephen Boorman's jokes, and—ah! there he was saying good-by; what must he have thought of my touseled locks? And, filled

with mortification and anger at myself and every one else, I tossed the pippins pellmell into the basket, and was struggling to lift it, when a kind voice said at my elbow:

"Let me try; 'tis too heavy for you, Miss Cynthia."

"Oh, dear!" I burst out, breaking down at the sympathetic tone, and trying to hide my tears with my fingers.

"Too bad!" muttered my consoler, somewhat hoarsely. "See here, Miss Cynthia, don't take on so!" and he stood looking helplessly at me.

"I'm ashamed," I gasped, making herculean efforts at self-control, "that you should see me looking so, and see me crying; but if you knew what a——"

"Ah!" he said, in a queer tone which recalled me to myself.

Was I a fool, to abuse Aunt Tabby before her lover!

The burning blush at my own awkwardness dried the tears on my cheeks, and I made a motion to seize the basket and run away; but Stephen said, in a comical voice:

"You will have to put on spectacles, Miss Cynthia, if you can't see better. Scarce one of these pippins but is badly specked;" and with that he proceeded to pick and choose, keeping his back turned to me, and I dried my eyes, tried to smooth my disordered locks, and then joined him, and between us we soon had a fine basketful.

Then the dozen barrels had to be inspected; but this was quick work—only too quick, for Stephen was so quiet and so funny, never seeming to notice my flushed, tear-stained face, but treating me with a deference and courtesy that soothed my feelings, so that I felt nothing but regret on leaving the shady cellar for the sunshine without, which I had at first so longed for.

Aunt Tabby's amazement as her lover, instead of me, brought up the apples, was only equaled by her wrath.

"As sure as I'm alive, Cynthia, you are the most presuming gal as ever I see!"

When wrathy, Aunt Tabby occasionally tripped in her vernacular.

"Miss Cynthia is not to blame," interposed Stephen, quickly, while he gallantly stepped forward to relieve Aunt Tabby from the pie-board and rolling-pin she had nearly dropped in her agitation. "The truth is, I wanted to steal one of your fine pippins; and as I expect some of your pies at my picnic next week, I thought it but fair I should help bring up the apples for them."

Aunt Tabby was appeased; and regardless of a patch of flour on the end of her nose, which imparted a most comical effect to her face, she jested and laughed and smiled at Stephen, never heeding me, who sat in one corner by the open kitchen-window, idly playing with some of the drooping sprays of the vine that had already begun to decay.

I was outwardly calm, for I was proud, and felt humiliated to the dust for my foolish outburst in the cellar; but inwardly I was groaning in spirit. To watch Aunt Tabby's manœuvres was bad enough, but to sit tamely by and see how Stephen encouraged her advances!

Encouraged was too strong a word, I felt in my heart; and yet, when I remembered the thousand little nothings by which he had won my foolish fancy—remembered, too, how all those little attentions had gradually been transferred to Aunt Tabby—I felt bitter anger against them both, but especially against Stephen.

He was going now, with only a short good-by to me, but as he passed the window he turned and looked full in my face. What he saw there I don't know, but a curious, eager light flashed into his blue eyes. He bent toward me, and almost whispered:

"Miss Cynthia, *you* will come to my picnic?"

He waited an instant for an answer, but as I gave none, being occupied n trying to keep the angry tears from my eyes, he bowed, and passed out of my sight. Not out of my mind, however. Perhaps I thought of him the more during the next few days, because Aunt Tabby was so more than ordinarily hateful.

There seemed no end to the work to be done, and I never did it to please her.

Moreover, she said nothing to me about going on the picnic, though I had been looking forward to it for weeks.

Grown desperate at last, I ventured to broach the subject, as I took up my bedroom candle, the night before the appointed day.

"I hope it won't be too cool for me to wear my pink lawn to-morrow; it is the only decent dress I have," I stammered out, with a choking feeling in my throat.

"Cynthia Warren, you're never such a fool as to think you're going on that picnic!" exclaimed Aunt Tabby, turning redder than ever at the thought.

"Why shouldn't I go?" I answered, defiantly. "Stephen invited me, and I want to dance and enjoy myself as other girls do!"

"Stuff!" retorted she, sharply. "If Stephen did invite you, it was out of compliment to me. You don't think he cares a straw whether you go or not, do you? Leastwise, you're to stay at home and do your churning—that's flat! Do you understand?"

I waited to hear no more, but rushed away, more miserable than I had ever been in my life.

The wrath that filled my soul at Aunt Tabby's unkindness almost alarmed me. After I grew calmer, I resolved that she should, at least, not be able to laugh at my disappointment; so I wiped away my tears, bathed my eyes, and went to bed, where, contrary to my expectations, I slept soundly until morning.

A neighbor was to call for Aunt Tabby. Stephen, as the chief promoter and organizer of the affair, could not be spared from the grounds to call for her himself; and I watched her drive off with as much composure as I could assume. Then I returned to the kitchen, and churned vigorously for an hour, wishing all the time that I had Aunt Tabby's head in the churn.

The vigorous exercise did me good; and after I had gone through my various duties, and eaten my solitary dinner, I was calm enough to notice the beauty of the day, and to think, without bursting into tears, what a pleasant time they must be having at the picnic.

A queer fancy took possession of me. I would not spend that lovely Fall afternoon indoors, moping after pleasures I could not have. I would dress myself in my pink lawn, after all, and go down by the brook under the old nut-trees, and have a picnic by myself.

The day was deliciously soft and warm for October, so I did not find my dress too cool; I even twisted a ribbon in my hair, and put on my solitary lace ruffle; then, with hat and shawl in my hand, I strolled leisurely down to the brook. It was a favorite spot of mine, shady with old chestnuts, bright with patches of sunlight, with moss-covered stones in abundance, and charming little cozy nooks.

Stephen and I had often walked there together—perhaps that was why I chose it, because I wanted, once for all, to put an end to my folly by thinking of him as Aunt Tabby's lover.

Somehow, try as hard as I would, I could not think of him in that light. When I came to a little ford of stepping-stones he and I had made one afternoon, I began to picture to myself him and Aunt Tabby in our positions.

"Let me see, I was standing there——" said I, thinking aloud, after an old habit of mine.

"And I am standing here!" echoed a voice at my elbow.

There stood Stephen in the flesh, looking flushed, excited

and handsome, and once again there was no Aunt Tabby between us—only he and I.

I knew that must not be, however, so turned at once to run away; but Stephen intercepted me—nay, more, he tried to take my hand.

"Cynthia, tell me why you did not come to my picnic?"

"Aunt Tabby went. What did it matter about me?"

"What do you mean by that?" he retorted, quickly, trying to get a view of my face; but my broad hat, which I had put on, shielded it well.

As I did not answer, he went on with growing impetuosity:

"Why have you changed so to me? You know I love you!"

"I don't know anything of the sort!" I exclaimed, passionately, pulling away my hand, which he had taken. "I know you are Aunt Tabby's lover!"

"Aunt Tabby's fiddlestick!" he retorted, angrily. "I never could get a decent word or look from you, and my only chance of seeing you was to keep on the right side of the old lady."

"Then why did you act as if you hated and despised me?"

"I didn't. It was you behaved so."

"Now, Stephen——"

"Now, Cynthia, we understand each other at last. I thought you didn't care for me. You thought I hated you, and loved Aunt Tabby, and so we went on from bad to worse; but it was all a mistake, wasn't it? You do love me, don't you?"

He paused until I gave my answer; then, as we walked home together, he told me how, when he found I was not at the picnic, he had secretly left it, determined to settle matters one way or the other; he had ridden to the house, and finding it deserted, had followed on to the brook, with an instinctive feeling he should find me there.

"Who made the greatest mistake?" said I, as we reached home.

"Aunt Tabby," he answered, quietly.

AMONG THE TURTLERS.

By One of Them.

Spencer's Inlet, Pearl Cay Lagoon, *May*, 1877.

The midday sun filters through the feathery crests of a double row of cocoanut-trees before the door, and flecks the rank, long, bright green, lizard-haunted grass with gold. The sky is cloudless, and the hot air hangs before it in a shimmering vail; while such slight puffs of wind as come from time to time across the water, and set the palm fronds clashing, are surcharged with heat, like the breath of a furnace.

The Jamaican trading schooner, three miles out at sea, has lain with idly flapping sails for hours, slowly drifting off-shore with the receding tide, and the couple of fishermen who went out this morning to jump turtle are asleep in the bottom of their canoe, swinging softly on the sluggish swell. There is so little motion to the sea that it comes in on the white beach with a scarcely audible plunge. In the wash of the lazy surf half a dozen pelicans are dozing, and a sleepy cicada or two among the guava-trees behind the hut now and then breaks the torpid silence with a feeble chirp, vastly different from its usual ear-piercing note. The chatter of the parroquets among the mangroves is hushed, and no drowsy echo repeats the macaw's grating cry. Even the big iguana, on the bottom of the upturned canoe yonder, suns his emerald ugliness with closed eyes and a placid contempt for the fact that a gun will kill, and that "guana" meat is esteemed a delicacy on the Mosquito shore.

Spencer's Inlet is a turtling station on the seaward side of the long, low, sandy island which separates the 200 square miles of shallow, islet-dotted back water of Pearl Cay Lagoon from the Caribbean.

On its landward side the island is a mere dense forest of mangroves, impenetrable and miasma-breeding, but along the beach a few little clearings similar to the one at which I write mark the occasional visits of the turtle-hunters, who, in the off-season, vegetate in their houses on the mainland. A hut, framed of palm-boards, planted vertically in the sand, and strapped by a few horizontal strips of the same wood, with its front open to the sea, and a thatch of palm branches to breed scorpions in and let the rain through, constitutes this "settlement," and a princely one, compared to the miserable lean-to of thatch with which the turtler ordinarily contents himself in his brief working season. A hammock or two, some matting for a bed on the dirt floor, an iron pot for boiling soup, a tin one for coffee, and a miscellaneous collection of gourd-bowls and cocoanut-shell cups complete the sum of furniture and visible housekeeping utensils. His knife each man carries in his pocket, or at his side; the luxury of a fork can be procured by whittling a stick. A plantain-leaf serves for a plate. Any one too dainty to sup his soup as he does his coffee must make shift with a bit of cocoanut-shell.

Guns, turtle-lances, and fish-spears, bows, arrows, paddles, axes, machetes, and the like tools and weapons, lumber the corners of the hut and are swung in loops from the thatch-poles overhead in company with bunches of plantains and bananas, and nets of bread-fruit, sweet potatoes, and yucca.

The vegetables come from the mainland, nothing being grown on the island but wild guavas and limes, and the cocoanuts which line the beach wherever they find room. Water we get from that barrel sunk in the beach, a trifle brackish even after its percolation through the sand, but still passable when tempered with a dash of rum, without a liberal supply of which no Mosquito man ever ventures half a mile from his own door.

Such, in short, are the quarters and accommodations to which Abraham Spencer, of Blewfields, invited me three weeks ago, when I expressed a desire to witness the great annual turtle battue.

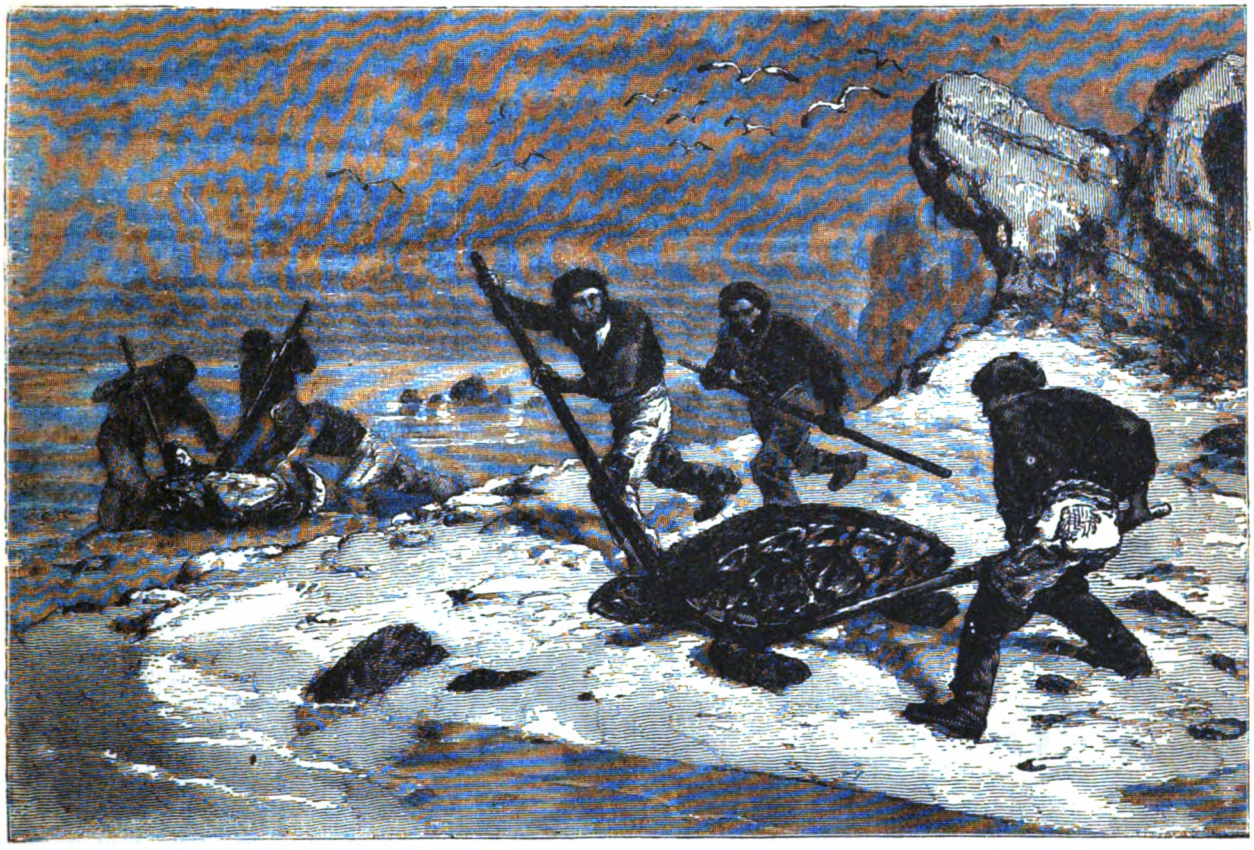
The Mosquito shore proper extends for nearly 200 miles from Blewfields, in lat. 12 deg. north, to Cape Gracias-a-Dios in lat. 15 deg., and covers nearly the entire Caribbean sea-line of the State of Nicaragua. The population of the coast, of the distinctive race called the Mosquitoes, is about 12,000, a large increase since 1757, when it was estimated at 1,124 souls. The people are of the mixed blood known as Samboes—stalwart fellows, ranging through all colors, from light coffee to almost black, and with kinky but by no means woolly hair. The race is historically said to have taken its start from the wreck of a slaver on the coast near Cape Gracias, whose ebony freight intermixed with the Indians who at that time populated the coast, and bred the present Mosquito. The ranks of the new tribe were from time to time augmented by fugitive slaves from Jamaica and Cuba, and *cimarones* or refugees from the plantations of the interior; and the Mosquitoes of to-day are so powerful a body that they keep the Indians, the first holders of the soil, confined to their villages inland, even compelling them to pay a toll of half their spoils when they venture on the coast to fish or hunt turtle. The consequence of this has been numerous and bloody broils between the parent and descended races, whose result, however, has only established the half-breed rule more permanently.

The language of the Mosquito is a bastard English, with a strong dash of Spanish, and a liberal lacing of Indian gutturals. In the coast settlements, however, a very fair Gumbo English is spoken.

The chief characteristics of the true Mosquito are an unconquerable aversion to work, a constitutional objection to sobriety, a plurality of wives, and a supreme contempt for the principle of *meum* and *tuum*. Of late years, the Moravian missionaries, who located on the coast a half-century or so ago, have spurred him to efforts in his own behalf to which he had before been a stranger, but the improvement is only one by comparison. Even in his present advanced condition, his only real ambition is the capture of sufficient turtle to insure him the "big drunk," which is about the same important feature of his life as a municipal election is to a ward-striker at home.

A FANDANGO AMONG THE TURTLE-HUNTERS AT SPENCER'S INLET.

The centre of the turtle trade on the Mosquito shore is Blewfields, a Moravian missionary settlement, thirty-five miles south of here, and ninety north of Georgetown. The village boasts at present a population of about 1,000, of whom some fifty are white missionaries and traders. Nine miles from the sea, at the back of the extensive lagoon whose still waters are protected from the Caribbean by a narrow belt of sand and mangroves, lies the town founded over two centuries ago by the old Dutch pirate Blauvelt. It was from Blewfields lagoon that he sallied forth to prey on the shipping of the Spanish viceroyalties, and in its shallow and obstructed waters that he found refuge when hard pressed. Long after the old freebooter and his followers had made their last voyage, and their settlement had fallen into decay, it was given a fresh start by a number of Jamaican

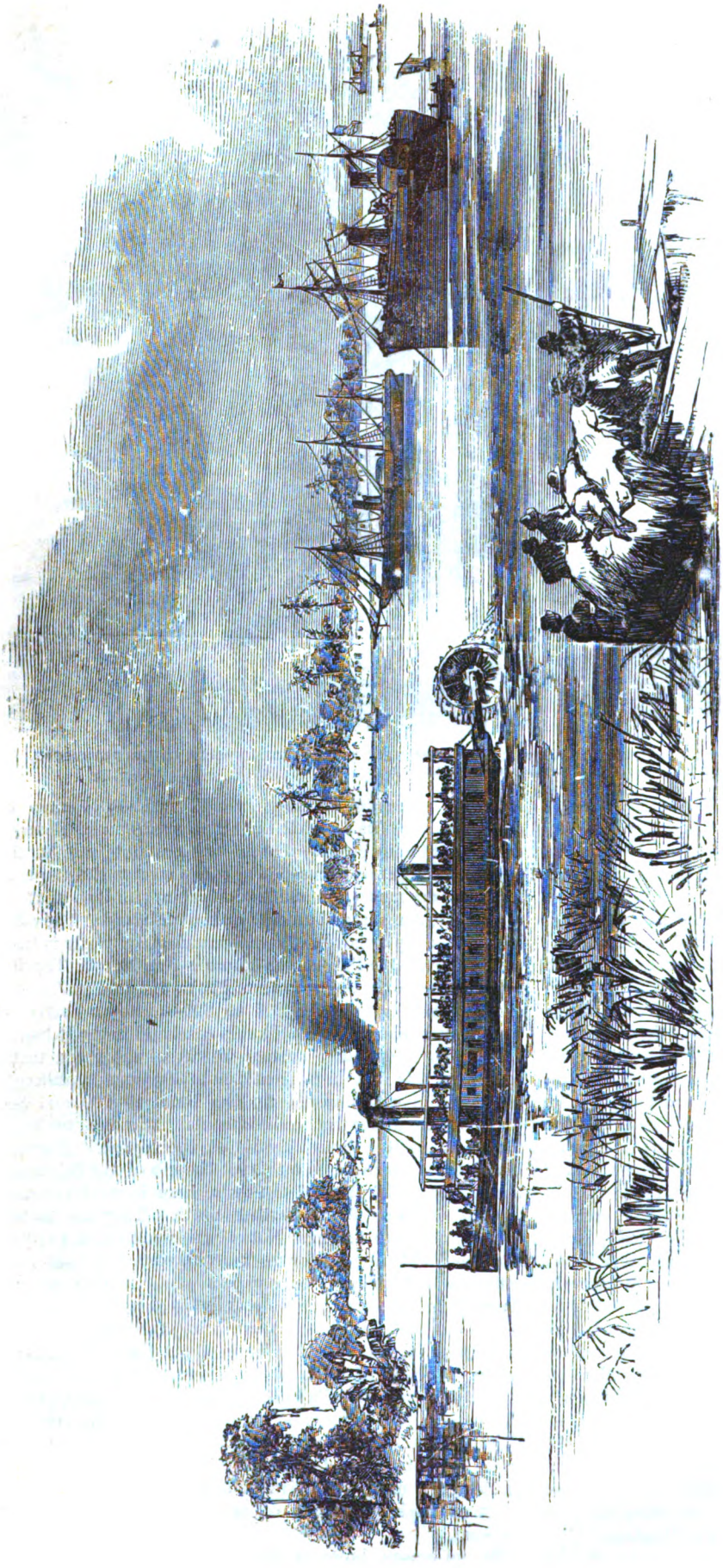


"BEFORE THE POOR TURTLE HEARS THE SOUND OF THEIR APPROACH, HER ENEMIES HAVE PUSHED THEIR WOODEN LEVERS UNDER HER, AND BY MAIN FORCE HAVE TUMBLED HER UPON HER BACK."

planters who made an attempt to establish a colony there in 1740. They held their own until 1786, when the unprofitable attempt was abandoned, after great loss. In 1823 the Nicaraguan domination, which had been established after the overthrow of the Spanish rule, was interfered with by the protectorate which the English Government established over the coast. King George I. was crowned at Belize, and sent to rule over his hybrid people, and the protectorate was kept up until the death of George William Clarence, the last King of the Mosquitoes, in 1864, when the race of the Mosquito sovereigns came to an end. Since then the Mosquito shore has been nominally under Nicaraguan rule, although it flies its distinctive blue checkerboard flag still. Insignificant as it geographically is, the shore has played a by no means unimportant part in the political history of the great nations. It was on the strength of her protectorate over it that England seized and held the important port of San Juan, or Greytown, in 1848, when it first became likely that an interoceanic canal would bring the harbor into prominence. It was upon that ground, too, that she subsequently assumed the right to judge, condemn and execute Walker, the filibuster. The one fact, however, is worth remark. If the great connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is ever created by way of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, the miserable, torpid race which now populates the Mosquito shore will disappear before a newer and a better class, and this at present politically valueless section will bloom into a garden of profit for the advanced race. Even as it is, the commercial connection of the coast is by far the most extensive of any on the Atlantic sea-line of Central America; and of all its tropical and natural riches, the one with which I propose to treat is the most extensive and prolific of profit—the trade in the turtle and turtle-shell.

The turtle sought, and found most abundantly, on the Mosquito shore are of three species. The appearance of the green turtle is too well known to need special description. It literally swarms the waters hereabouts, and in the season is caught by thousands. Turtle meat is the staple of food in every negro hut and Indian cabin, and tons of it are exported to Jamaica and other West Indian Islands. The value here, in money or goods, of a 300-pound green turtle is from $2 to $2.50, according to the number caught. In Truxillo they sell for $6, in Belize at from $10 to $13, and in Jamaica and St. Thomas for from $15 to $25—quite as dearly, in fact, as those caught on the Florida coast and in the Bahamas do in New York. The average weight of the green turtle caught in this section is from 250 to 300 pounds, although many giants which would tip the beam at 700 and 800 pounds come under the hunter's hands. These are too large for export, as they invariably die on the voyage. They are killed and converted into *tasajo* for the use of the fishermen themselves. The flesh of the turtle here is much superior to that of those found further north. They are fatter, juicier and more tender. Not all the wealth of the city of London could procure for its Lord Mayor's Day feast such callipash and callipee, or compass such luxuriance and flavor of green fat as the poorest drone along the Mosquito beaches enjoys. In the off season many turtle are caught in the lagoons and the shallow water about the outlying reefs and cays. Such of these as the fisherman does not require for his own use he sells to the traders at Blewfields, Sandy Bay and English Bluff, who turn them into their crawls—inclosures staked off with stout timbers on the shallow water in-shore, where they can slide about and gather bulk undisturbed until the arrival of a casual trader or a vessel short of fresh provisions offers an opportunity for their disposal.

In the season, however, from early in March until the



A VIEW OF GREYTOWN, HEADQUARTERS OF THE TURTLE TRADE.

middle of June, the condition of affairs is vastly changed. Then the denizen of the shore deserts his plantain patch and his idle hammock, swinging on the mainland, and seeks the beaches and the cays of the Mosquito Bank. He begins early, for his nine months of idleness have brought him deep into the trader's books, and it takes half a season of hard work before he can hope to handle the profits of the fishery himself. So the poor turtle suffers. The large crawls are crammed with paddling prisoners, and every hut along shore has its especial and well-filled temporary pen; while hundreds of the captive chelonians, turned on their backs in the shade ashore, await the coming of the traders, who sail up the coast, picking up their cargoes as they go until their lading is completed. The transactions between trader and fisherman are chiefly by barter. Firearms and ammunition, cotton and linen goods, shirts, knives, axes, machetes, and simple carpenters' tools are the staples. Canned provisions and fruits form an important item in the trader's cargo, which also never lacks an invoice of rum. Fresh turtle is eagerly exchanged for that luxury of luxuries to the Mosquito, salted codfish. The resident traders either have their own vessels or make arrangements with business houses in Jamaica, under which periodical cargoes of goods are sent to them, and the accumulations of their barters taken away. The turtles are simply laid on their backs on the decks and in the holds of the vessels, and transported alive to their destinations, with no other care than the dashing of fresh water on their heads twice a day. Once arrived, they are turned loose in crawls to swim in comparative liberty until their meat is required.

Extensive and lucrative as the trade in green turtle is, however, it fades into insignificance before that in the hawksbill or shell turtle, from which the valuable tortoiseshell of commerce is procured. This turtle, which derives its name from the peculiar bird-like shape of its head and beak, to whose vicious powers many a scarred arm and mangled leg among the fishermen bear witness, is much smaller than the green species, and comparatively

valueless for food. It rarely exceeds 300 pounds in weight, and averages from 175 to 200. Even at the least size, it is a dozen times more valuable than its larger brother. The shell is obtained from the shield or back-plate, and consists of 13 scales, the largest of which is from 6 inches to a foot long, and from 3½ to 7 inches wide. Eight of the scales, the outer ones, are flat; five, those in the centre of the shield, slightly curved. They vary from a sixth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. None are taken from turtle weighing less than 170 pounds, as under that weight the scales are too thin and undeveloped.

A hawksbill turtle of 300 pound weight will yield 8 pounds of shell, worth here from $6 to $10 a pound. The shell, even in its natural unpolished state, exhibits almost the same beautiful color and marking as it does after undergoing preparation for the show-window and the toilet-table.

Although the hawksbill, like the green turtle, lands all along shore, the real harvest of the turtler in this respect is drawn from the outlying sand bores of the Mosquito Bank. The Pearl Cays, from which the lagoon of the same name derives its title, and which lie in a cluster some three leagues off shore, and the dangerous reef known as El Roucador, or "The Snorer," are famous turtling grounds. On the latter are still visible the rotting timbers of the Pacific Mail steamer *Golden Rule*, wrecked there with nearly $2,000,000 in money on board, over a decade ago, as it was alleged, for purposes of plunder.

The loggerhead is the third species of chelonian common to these waters. It is valueless for food, but is caught in the dull season for the oil which is obtained from its fat and eggs, and which is universally used here for lighting and other purposes. Considerable quantities of it, too, are exported for use by American and European manufacturers of fancy soaps and hair oils. The commerce in it and in the shell of the hawksbill is entirely distinct from that in green turtle. The greater part of it is in the hands of American traders, who pay annual visits to the coast for the purpose, and exchange money and goods for tortoise shell, turtle oil, rubber, sarsaparilla and the rest of the manifold productions of the section. Such shell and oil as the lesser traders buy is resold to heavier dealers at Greytown, Aspinwall, Port Limon, Belize and the other coast towns.

Of late years, one or two enterprising Americans have established trading-posts at various points on the Central American coast, from Aspinwall to Blewfields, and, as they pay a slight advance on the old prices, many fishermen make the long journeys to their stores to sell to them. The profitable nature of the trade may be imagined from the fact that last season one of these American traders, alone, bought over $40,000 worth of shell and rubber, on both of which staples the least profit made, above all expenses, is over 30 per cent.

Such, then, is the origin of the brief and spasmodic, but picturesque, life in which I now am taking part, and a description of some phases of which cannot, I think, fail to be interesting. The quiet sea before the hut is alive with tiny iridescent blubber-fish, whose shapes amply justify their Spanish name, *dedales*, or thimbles. Here and there float great patches and lesser tufts of brown weed—turtle grass—and wherever these are found turtle are certain to abound. The latter favorite of the chelonian palate roots itself to the bottom, and never sees the surface until its tender rootlets have been eaten away and the tougher portions of the plant allowed to rise. When the turtler sees it floating, he knows that his prey is close at hand.

It is the abundance or lack of these two edibles that determines the quality of the turtling ground. Turtle cannot feed in deep water, and a month before the opening of the season, members of the tribe will be seen prospecting the shallows for good feeding grounds.

"Turtle him come ashore to-night," predicted Abraham Spencer on the day following my arrival here, after an inspection of these signs; and, truly enough, I was that evening initiated into the sport, or business, of turtle-catching. The day was spent in drowsy idleness, but with nightfall the whole beach woke to life, not only human but animal. The moon was full, and marked a path of beaten silver on the dark water, while the edges of the sluggish breakers were defined by a line of gleaming frostwork. The campfires befor the huts had been extinguished, and in the shadows of trees and bushes the turtlers watched the broad white beach, and waited amid no other sounds than the plunge of the rollers and the faint whisper of the land-wind in the trees and grass. Their vigil was a short one. Almost simultaneously a dozen dark bodies appeared among the breakers, and in a moment more showed their black bulks plainly on the beach. They moved so slowly that one scarcely noted any advance at all until they had reached the high-water line. A little inside of this they stopped, and an instant later were almost hidden from view in a dense cloud of sand they began to throw out with their hinder flippers.

This was the hunters' opportunity. Once a turtle begins to deposit her eggs, only absolute force can cause her to leave the nest until her task is completed. With a shout the fishermen spring from their places of concealment. Each two single out their subject, and almost before the poor turtle really hears the sound of their approach, her enemies have pushed their wooden levers under her, and, by main force, have tumbled her upon her back beside her nest. If she is too heavy to be handled by two, they quietly sit down on her back and wait until assistance comes. If by chance the poor victim has finished laying her eggs, and covered the nest with a couple of deft sweeps of her flippers, the noise of approach will start her back toward the water again. Her progress is too slow, however, to offer much chance of escape, unless she has a good lead of her pursuers. If she has, however, and can reach the water, she is safe. The brute strength of a score of men could not overcome her there. Even in the event of her making good her retreat, though, she has by no means escaped all danger. The turtle lays her eggs in three relays, with intervals of from ten to fifteen days between each, and even if she escapes capture on her first landing, she is sure to return to the same spot at least twice again.

In some of the nests our men profaned that night were over 150 eggs. The average number, in 19 nests, was 130 each. The second and third deposits are less, decreasing with each relay. From 200 to 300 eggs are, in all, deposited in the two-foot deep holes which the curious creature scoops in the sand and fills with spawn for the sun to hatch.

The eggs of the green turtle are held in high esteem by the Mosquitoes, and no scruples *anent* the extinction of the race deter them from robbing the nests. Every morning they walk the beaches, probing the sand above high-water mark with ramrods or slender staves, and rarely missing a nest, although the turtle covers her deposits so cleverly that any evidence of their whereabouts would be invisible to an ordinary eye.

The eggs of the hawksbill turtle, however, are held sacred. The species is much too valuable to be abused, and it is an unwritten law, among even the besotted and greedy turtlers, never to disturb their nests. Their eggs are slightly smaller than those of the green turtle, and in number about the same. The period of incubation with both green and hawksbill turtle is about the same.

Our first night's work netted Spencer and his three fellows 19 green and 3 hawksbill turtle. The first were turned into the crawl, and the others stripped of their shells at once. It was a good night's work, for, apart from the value of the

food turtle, the others were all large ones, and yielded nearly 20 pounds of first-class shell. This is considered a remarkably fine catch, and one of a sort which only occurs early in the season, before the turtles have been rendered shy by the constant attacks to which they are exposed.

The day succeeding the first hunt was spent in shelling the hawksbill, and preparing the meat of two of the green turtle, who were too large for transportation. This first operation is certainly one of a sort to cause Mr. Bergh to weep bitter tears. The hawksbill turtle are never killed by the fishermen. They are laid on the beach on their bellies, and their flippers are pegged to the sand with sharp pegs. Then a few handfuls of dried grass and light twigs are strewn over their bucklers or backs, and fire is applied. This is kept burning, at a moderate heat, so as not to scorch the shell, until the plates warp and open at the overlapping joints, when a broad, flat knife is inserted underneath them, and they are carefully pryed off. This leaves the back of the miserable animal only with a thick, leathery shield, so sensitive that any touch upon it is answered by a convulsive movement of the victim. There are no scales on the plastron or belly plate. When those on the back have been removed, the tortured chelonian is turned loose again, and, if it escapes the sharks, will, by next season or so, have grown another shell.

A TURTLER'S HUT ON THE COAST.

One of those caught by Spencer had undergone this treatment, and was now submitted to the ordeal of fire for the second time. Unlike that of its fellows, who had not experienced the tender mercies of the turtler before, its shell, instead of being in three plates, was all one piece, and, from its large size, much more valuable.

The preparation of the green turtle meat for preservation, was another and less cruelly interesting operation. It was performed after the manner from which the old buccaneers obtained their names. A light framework of palm-boards, split into strips an inch in width, was erected at an elevation of about two feet from the ground. Under this a slow fire of very dry wood was built. The meat, cut into strips and well rubbed with salt, was spread on the frame, and the fire fed with the entrails of the animal and with fresh wood until, what between heat and smoke, the operation of curing was done. The process, for nearly four hundred pounds of meat, occupied the better part of twenty-four hours. The meat was infinitely better than if it had been cured in the sun, and in a condition to last untainted for months. The entire operation is nothing more or less than the *boucan* of old piratical days, a legacy, no doubt, of the followers of old Blauvelt to their descendants. From 400 to 800 embryo eggs, shelless and strung together in long strips like rosaries of yellow beads,

"SPENCER'S HARPOON WAS RAISED AND POISED; AT THE SAME INSTANT THE TURTLE ROSE THREE YARDS AHEAD OF US."

ENGLISH BLUFF TRADERS CARRYING OFF THE CONTENTS OF THE CRAWLS, AND THE RESULTS OF THE FISHERY.

were also obtained from each of the turtles. These were simply suspended from the poles to dry in the sun; when they are to be eaten they are thrown into a pot and boiled. The nest eggs, which are rounded and covered with a pliable, thin, white shell, are roasted in the embers. Eaten with a sufficiency of pepper and salt, they are a greasy but by no means unpalatable morsel.

The second night's hunt was not equal to the first, only netting fourteen green turtles and two hawksbills, both of which latter were too small to be of value. Next day, a man was dispatched to the Pearl Cays to prospect, and returned with a report of numerous turtle signs on Water and Hobbes's Cays, the two largest of the islets.

An expedition to these new hunting-grounds was therefore determined on. Our party of five was joined by two others from the nearest stations, and so augmented to thirteen; and after a dinner of turtle stew, turtle liver, and steaks broiled on hot stones, and a barracuda wrapped in plantain leaf and baked in a fire-hole in the sand, we got under way in four canoes. With two men each at the paddles, we slipped swiftly over the clear water, rose-tinted from the reflection of the tropical sunset that smeared the western sky with bands of blood, and in a little over an hour landed on Water Cay, so called from a natural lagoon which occupies its centre.

The Pearl Cays are all of coral formation. Fourteen in number, six of them bear a sparse growth of tangled grass, low, dense brush, and storm-warped cocoanut palms. The others are mere barren bores of glistening white coral, ground on the surface by attrition into a sharp sand, which cuts the skin of any one but a case-hardened Mosquito or Indian like splintered glass. On Hobbes's and Water Cay are a couple of rude huts, erected by the turtlers who visit the islets annually, and in the one of these on Water Cay five of our party established themselves and prepared for the night's work. I went with the others to Hobbes's Cay, which is only separated from the other by a narrow channel through which the sea courses with the velocity of a mill-race. There, after disputing possession of the hut with half a dozen lean, savage pigs, descendants of a sow and farrow sent to the island five years ago, we drove the pugnacious porkers into the brush and proceeded to business. The preparations required were few and simple.

Two turtlers were to take each canoe, one to paddle and the other to use the lance. The rest of the party were assigned to the work of capturing such turtle as should come ashore.

At about eight o'clock the two canoes were softly launched, and I embarked in one of them with the hunters. The oarsman, wielding the broad, double-bladed paddle, sat in the stern. Poising himself on the bow, stood the hunter, bearing in one hand a lighted torch of copal wood, which burned with a strong aromatic scent and flared up in the breathless night in a broad flame, and lightly grasping in the other the lance. He held the torch high above his head.

As we pushed off, I noticed in the darkness, toward Water Cay, another dancing flame, and knew that the other party was already on the alert.

"Turn him dat a'way," said Spencer, with a motion of his hand to the right, and with a deft sweep of the paddle the direction of the canoe was changed.

"Steady, now. Tangle grass no grow on de sea."

With a slow, steady movement, we forged ahead. Dark as the night was, for the moon had not yet risen, the light of our single torch pierced the black water fathoms deep, and revealed on the dusky bottom the dim shapes of the moss-covered stones. Was it possible? I was certain one of them had moved. It had, or rather the turtle which I had taken for it had, and was sliding through the water quicker than our canoe, whose swift wake was now marked behind us in a swath of phosphorescent foam.

"Paddle, you black debble! Paddle!"

As he spoke, Spencer's harpoon was raised and poised. At the same instant, the turtle rose three yards ahead of us, breathing with a loud hissing sound, which was still in my ears when it was overborne by the whir-r-r of the lance, propelled by the strong arm of Spencer, who in the movement actually shot himself overboard with a fierce plash. He was over the side in a moment again, and relighted a fresh torch in place of the one which was slowly sputtering out in the water.

Black Dick had stopped paddling, but the canoe was still moving swiftly, dragged by the line which connected the harpoon's head in the turtle's shell with a rude cleat in the bow of the boat. Our progress under our involuntary tow was a short one, however. In a few minutes the turtle dived, but the barbed iron and the strong line held him, and he rose again. After a little more play he floated quietly, and was easily dragged aboard, protesting piteously by a feeble flap of his broad flippers. He was a 250-pound male hawksbill, whose single shell told us that he had already passed through the ordeal of fire. In his vicious jaws was still gripped a fragment of a huge conk on which he had been feeding, grinding the stout shell to splinters, when the reflection of our torch overhead had startled him from his feast.

A drink of rum from a mud-corked calabash, and then the barb was extracted and the harpoon re-arranged. The turtle-lance is a long reed, to one end of which is affixed a common triangle file, ground to a fine point and nicked into a barb. Through the hollow of the staff runs a strong cord of silk grass, fastened at one end to the lance-head, and kept from running more than a fathom from it by a wooden toggle. When the turtle is struck, the file barb is separated from its staff by the shock, and the line allows the reed to run up as far as the toggle. There it stops, and floats lightly, buoying the whereabouts of the stricken animal. Turtle rarely break the line. Powerful as they are, they cannot remain long under water, and if they have line enough, simply sink and rise again until, utterly exhausted, they are easily dragged into the boats and laid helplessly on their backs.

Nine times our first capture was repeated, and thrice it became necessary for us to land our spoils. Then the turtle became less common. We joined the other boats and paddled to the next island, Billbird Cay, but only captured two small green turtle. As we turned our faces to the large cays again, the blackness of the night faded swiftly, like the change of a diorama, to an ashen gray; far, far away through the dim shapes of the warped palms gleamed the first streak of dawn, and down the quiet, almost pulseless sea, swept a great flock of boobies and gulls, rending the morning silence with their shrill, harsh cries, as they dipped the sluggish rollers in search of early prey. A whole, long night had passed without a suggestion of time, and we drank the sweet, cool air, so little tired that we almost regretted that the night was past at all.

"Cuss!—yah!" said old Spencer, whose elation at the profitable hunt was, in a measure, dashed by his inability to continue it, "why for dey no make turtle time *all* night-time?"

He had small cause for complaint, though. Eight large hawksbill and eleven green turtle repaid the night's work. In all, the three parties had captured seven of both species. For six days this run of luck continued, and a bongo, a canoe of fifteen tons burden, made daily visits to the cays to remove the shell and live turtle. Other turtlers joined us, and at last every cay, even to the little barren sandspit called Skeleton Reef, from the circumstance of a skeleton having

once been found there, was colonized. Before this constant and deadly pursuit, the turtle soon thinned down, and the news, brought by the bongo, of the arrival of a trader at the lagoon, was scarcely needed to call the hunters to the mainland.

On our way back, old Spencer's greed cost him dearly. As we paddled over the shallows of the reef, he saw a hawksbill under water, and, motioning to the men at the paddles, proceeded to "jump" the unsuspecting chelonian. Diving from the bow of the canoe, he reappeared on the surface gripping a 200-pound turtle by the flippers. The animal was too strong for him, but he refused to let it go, and trod water, still retaining his hold, and yelling to the canoe men to come to his assistance. Before this could be done, he somehow slipped within reach of the turtle's jaws, and the beast fastened on his left arm and literally tore a strip of flesh and tendon an inch broad, from the shoulder to the elbow. In his agony the old man loosed his assailant and was dragged into the canoe, fainting from pain and loss of blood, while the turtle made off. It will be months, in this climate, before the wound heals. Frightful as it is, however, the hurt is no worse than those which nearly every hunter here bears from the same cause. I fancy, even, that Spencer does not regard it as a special affliction at all, since it extends to him the right to get drunk every day and have his share of the turtling done by some one else—a right which he has religiously asserted and maintained ever since.

The arrival of the traders at the inlet was the signal for instant and steady debauchery of the most reckless and indecent sort. Being the first man on the coast this season, the little spider-legged, pot-bellied speculator got the cream of the catch, and was consequently liberal. He anchored his 70-ton schooner in the inlet, brought his stock of goods ashore to a brush hut erected for the purpose, and opened store. Previous to proceeding to business a cask of rum was rolled out on the beach, the head knocked in, and the turtlers regaled, at his expense, with genuine Jamaica tangle-leg. From a draught of it I was deluded into taking, I can well understand the scenes which followed. In the intervals between trading and fighting, the hunt on the turtle was nightly kept up, and, drunk as the hunters were, with tolerable success.

A week sufficed to load the *Alcedo*—such was the name of the first trader—and having disposed of her stock, she sailed for Jamaica. The women who had come to the island went to their huts ashore again, carrying with them the proceeds of the barter, and their liege lords, now that the rum-cask was empty, went steadily to work.

Now and then the sloops, schooners and bongoes of the Blewfields, and English Bluff traders appeared, carrying off the contents of the crawls and shell-nets in payment of their year's credit account against the turtlers. Then another trader, from Cape Gracias, sailed down the coast, and the turtlers got drunk on Spanish rum, by way of a change, and riot ruled supreme for a week more. Varied by occasional and successful excursions to the Roncador and the Pearl Cays, this has been the programme for the present, as for every past season, from time immemorial, and as it is likely to be for many a one to come.

To this brief review of a personal experience among these semi-savage harvesters by sea and shore, may be added some few points of interest bearing on the subject in hand. The green turtle, as is well-known, derives its name from the peculiar livid tint of its rich fat. This fat is frequently melted down here, and used as a substitute, and a very good one, too, for butter.

The green turtle is the most harmless of all the sea-turtle. The formation of its head is unfavorable for the infliction of a wound, and its broad and powerful flippers are only endowed with a single, blunt nail to each. Its buckler is so flat that, once turned on its back, it is incapable of regaining its natural position, So, once in the hands of its enemies, it is absolutely helpless. With the hawksbill, on the contrary, the carapace is so much more rounded that the animal can, with a little exertion, almost invariably regain its equipoise. It is, therefore, usually pegged down to the beach as soon as caught. A similar proceeding, or the putting of a heavy stone on its belly, is for the same reason necessary with the loggerhead.

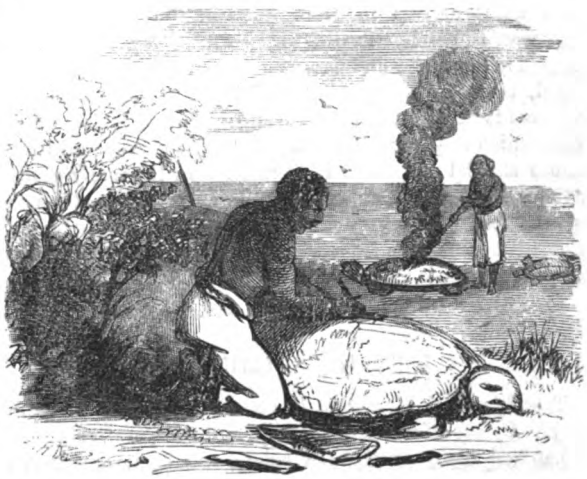
The unfitness for food of the flesh of the two latter species is probably due to the fact that they subsist off mollusks and blubber-fish almost exclusively, while the favorite food of the green turtle is the luxuriant turtle grass. During the breeding season, the males of the green species are little esteemed for food, being thin and tough in flesh. A few weeks in the turtle crawls, however, puts them in good condition again.

The end of the turtling season is heralded by the descent upon the beach of great flocks of gannets, boobies, gulls, pelicans, and other voracious sea-fowl, who come to prey upon the young of the turtle. So, such of the offspring of the much-persecuted chelonian as escape being destroyed in embryo by the nest-robbers, stand the fairest of all chances of being devoured as they crawl to the sea, which they instinctively do as soon as they are warmed into life by the sun, an operation usually accomplished in about three weeks. In fact, what between man and bird, and the animal kingdom as represented by the jaguar, black tiger, and cougar, the race would become extinct but for the remarkable fecundity of the species, and from the fact that the fastnesses of the reefs and cays far off shore are rarely disturbed by the indolent turtlers, and are out of the reach of beasts of prey. ALF. T——.

ADDENDA.

The first green turtle was taken to England by Admiral Anson in 1752. The shell of the hawksbill, however, was an old adjunct of the ancient toilet-table. According to Pliny, Carvilius Pollio was the first to apply it to practical use. In the times of Augustus, the patrician Romans ornamented the doorways, columns, and cornices of their dwellings with tortoiseshell, a practice imitated from another nation; for Julius Cæsar is said to have found such a vast store of it in Alexandria that he had it carried as an opulent trophy in his triumphal procession. A favorite use for the carapace, when it could be obtained entire, was to cradle the children of the wealthy class.

The best tortoiseshell is claimed to come from China and



SHELLING A HAWKSBILL TURTLE.

the Philippine Islands. Whatever its superior qualities may be, it commands little if any advance on the general price of that obtained from other sections of the tropics.

Some astonishing stories are told of the size of turtle. Dampier tells of a fisherman who made a boat of a single shell for his ten-year-old son, and Pliny delivers himself of descriptions of turtle found in the Indies, whose carapace completely roofed a house, and were, indeed, so large that the fishermen of the Red Sea made boats of them. Oviedo, not to be outdone, wrote, in the sixteenth century, of a green turtle seen in the Antilles, on whose back fourteen men could stand at once. It is certain, however, that in 1752, a turtle was stranded near Dieppe, over eight feet long. There is a record, also, of one cast up at the Isle de Ré, in 1754, quite as large. This monster is claimed to have bled twelve pints of blood when its head was cut off; to have rendered up one hundred pounds of green fat, and have provided a feast off its liver amply sufficient for a hundred people. In 1756, the coast of Cornwall witnessed the capture of one weighing eight hundred pounds; and in 1778, a seven-foot specimen visited the coast of Languedoc, at the cost of its life.

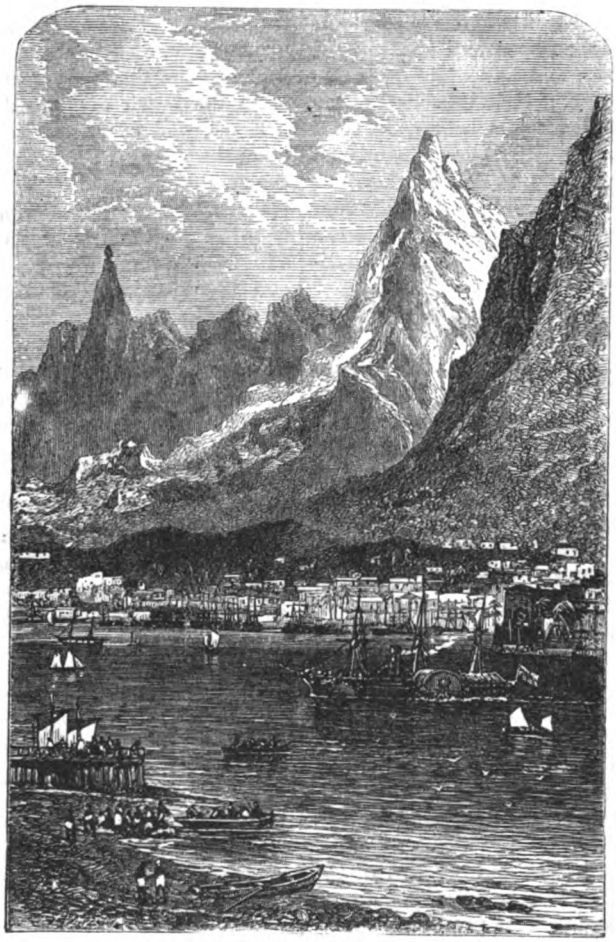
In interesting contrast to the reckless and unsparing pursuit of the West Indian turtle, is the careful supervision their capture is subjected to in the Island of Ascension. There the turtling season is limited, and the eggs protected, while every care is taken to secure the young from the enemies by sea and shore. Any transgression of the rules, or any encroachment on the breeding season, is punished with heavy fines and even imprisonment.

The preparation of the tortoiseshell for use in manufacture is briefly interesting. The shell, as soon as it arrives in the workman's hands, is immersed in hot water and flattened, between heavy weights, until it is quite cool, when it presents a smooth, even surface. The polishing follows, after which it goes into the hands of the carver and turner, whose skillful art sends it to market in the many graceful articles of ornament and use we know. No atom of the shell is ever lost. The very filings and powder are heated and molded into masses from which the cheaper species of tortoiseshell-work is made.

PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

The Island of Mauritius has many curious items of history. Lying off the African coast, and comparatively sterile, it has had many changes of rulers, and been rendered extremely rich by the cultivation of sugar. Discovered in 1507 by the Portuguese, it was taken possession of in the last years of the same century by the Dutch, who gave it its present name, in honor of their great hero, Prince Maurice of Nassau, whose name, too, they tried to impose on our Hudson. After the Dutch abandoned it in 1710, the French took possession, and held it till 1809, when the English reduced it. The island is still essentially French, who retain their own language, religion, customs, and laws.

Port Louis, the capital, shown in our illustration, was founded in 1735 by Labourdonnaie, a governor who introduced the cultivation of sugar, indigo and manioc. It contains a convent with an academy for young ladies, very well attended, a royal college, and many schools. It is the see of two bishops—a Catholic bishop, and one of the English Church. This island is associated with romance as the scene of the celebrated novel of St. Pierre, "Paul and Virginia." Like Defoe's famous story, this charming tale had a basis of fact, being founded on the wreck of the ship St. Geran, in which a young lady perished whose story gave St. Pierre the idea of his novel.



PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

A NEW SORT OF HEADWORK.

The following amusing story is told of a little negro boy in the West Indies: His master, finding him a child of good parts, often conversed familiarly with him; but whenever he committed a fault, gave him a note to carry to the overseer of the plantation, in which he directed that he should be whipped.

The boy perceiving the constant and unpleasant consequence of carrying a bit of paper to the overseer, took a favorable occasion to question his master about it, asking him why at such times, and such only, the overseer should beat him with so much severity? The master informed him that the paper *talked so and so* to the overseer, because he was idle, and neglected to work.

"Why, massa," said the boy, "I never see you work."

"Not with my hands, 'tis true," replied the master; "but I work with my head, which is much greater labor than yours."

The next time the boy was sent with a note to the overseer, he threw it away; and on his master inquiring of him what the other had said:

"Nothing at all," rejoined the boy; "I did not go to him, having this time worked with my head, too."

No man should be a judge in his own cause.

WON IN A DAY.—"'LOOK HERE, MISS ALICE,' SAID HE, DRAWING OUT A SUNNY CURL, 'THIS IS A TREASURE I FOUND TO-DAY. MAY I KEEP IT? FOR WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT IT COULD GIVE YOU NO PLEASURE.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE BROOK.

By Jennie K. Griffith.

A waif of the dews and the showers,
At the mountain's sweet breast nursed,
Looked over the ledges shyly,
A scared, wild thing at first.

Below the enamored valley
Beckoned and waiting stood,
Till the brook's feet, silver-sandaled,
Stole down to the maple wood.

Ah! little one of the mountain,
The beeches and sassafras,
And even the sad pines, nodded
As you merrily tinkled past.

Lilies and slender grasses
Hand in hand trooped with you,
While the slow-footed ferns and mosses
Rested, but followed you, too.

Cooled by the upland breezes,
Yet holding the slumberous glow
Of the South sun slopes in your bosom,
Child of the fire and the snow!

It was well, since the valley entreated,
An Eden, to crown you its Eve,
That, accepting its sweet adulation,
You love and Love's guerdon receive.

WON IN A DAY.

"NOW, girls," cried Colonel Roscoe, entering a cabin at the Rock Alum; "just clear up a place for me to sit down a few minutes, and I will make you a proposition."

"Good gracious, papa!" shrieked Bertha, "you will crush my panier. There is an overskirt already acting temporary footmat," said the young lady, proceeding to extricate the said garment from the feet of her papa.

"Better call it stumbling-block!" grumbled the parent. "But here! I'll just sit on a corner of that bed," and he strode over open trunks, piles of boxes and heaps of finery to the place in question. "Now, if you both will give *parole d'honneur* not to take any baggage except—let me see—that large satchel there, I will express the baggage to Richmond, and carry you two home the long way—through the mountains, by the Natural Bridge, Peaks of Otter, and, in short, give you a week longer in the country."

"Oh, you darling!" cries Alice, ecstatically kissing him; "I will pack my things in a nutshell, if you wish it."

"What!" cries Bertha; "not carry any clothes? How on earth could we manage?"

"Oh, papa, don't listen to her!" pleads Alice. "Or, if she won't part from her trunks, express her along with them."

"Well, I've made my offer, girls; now you can decide between you. But remember—no luggage. And now, let me get out of this mixture of rainbows and ribbons."

"Oh, Bertha, please," began Alice, "just say you'll go—that's a dear, darling sister!"

"Why, what pleasure in the world would it be to go anywhere with nothing fit to wear—a real wild-goose chase! Why, we couldn't get three dresses apiece into that satchel!"

"Oh, Bertha, dear, *I'll* be a victim—*I'll* make a martyr of myself if you'll just begin to get ready, and say you'll go. I won't carry a solitary thing except my gown and tooth-brush. You may have all the room in the satchel."

Bertha smiled serenely.

"Very well. That last inducement is so very irresistible, I will try to make out; but I don't know what Captain Oswald will think of it."

"Oh, gracious! Captain Oswald! How glad I am not to be engaged! You don't quite belong to Captain Oswald yet."

"Remember, Alice, if you are impudent, I can back out of this country scrape yet."

"Oh, my dear sister, that you do belong to him, I take back," laughed Alice, seizing the satchel and emptying it of its contents, preparatory for the "smashing jam," as that young person rather loosely remarked.

"I say, Bertha," she resumed, after a while, "can't you let this pink foulard go in? I've folded it up till it's next to nothing, and here's oceans of room."

"I thought so," was Bertha's comment. "Do you call the pink foulard a gown or a tooth-brush? Stop! you are putting in exactly the things I will not want, Alice!"

"Oh, well, Miss Wisdom, suppose we change places?" said Alice, gayly. "I know I can fold for the big trunks, and get through with the 'big box, little box, bandbox and bundle' in a twinkling."

Well, with their one satchel, they rode over the Natural Bridge, and then they walked over it, and then they went down and looked up at it, and Alice cut her initials, and they "did" the Peaks of Otter to perfection. They traveled the sixteen miles between the two places in an open buggy, with a hired "small boy" to drive when the colonel was tired, and take charge of the buggy horses.

Resting at the Peaks Hotel all night, with some assistance from the horses, they climbed the South Peak, scaled the Egg on the very crown—at least, Alice and the colonel did—and they considered themselves richly repaid for their trouble by the magnificent view spread before them. After the colonel had given a great shout, and Alice waved her handkerchief, and otherwise amused themselves thereon, why, they just came down again, joined Bertha where she had stopped to rest, and all went back to the hotel—not without pockets filled with curious rocks, pebbles, leaves and herbs, which Alice called her "mementoes."

Now behold them *en route* for —— Court House on the macadamized road, winding through magnificent mountain scenery, and the cars, just in sight, whizzing away as fast as steam can carry them.

"Whew! Hurrah for our side! How glad I am we are *us*, instead of those people in there!" cries the volatile Alice. "Only it makes me shiver to think of it's being our last day."

"Papa, do speak to Alice about using so much slang," says Bertha, looking annoyed.

"Young folks will be young, Bertha," says the colonel, much amused. "This child will get proper enough when she is back at Madame Fenelle's, singing in Italian and eating in French."

"Papa," you are a darling, and I am just supremely happy," says Alice, giving the colonel a little hug.

"Alice! Alice!" whispers Bertha, somewhat troubled, "do consider appearances. There is a gentleman riding up now, and the driver——"

"Oh, Miss Propriety, we are out on a lark, and we'll be free and easy still!" sang the perverse Alice. "And as for the little solemn old driver, I know he's discreet," was her laughing rejoinder.

Here they are, right at the Court-house (court day, too),

with its long rows of whitewashed houses and running roses, and great pink oleanders in tubs and boxes; horses are tied to every post and available railing, carts of watermelons and peaches, and wagons fill the narrow streets, and the place is as "thick as three in a bed," as Alice whispered to Bertha, who frowned horribly:

"Never mind, miss; if I had known how you were going to behave, we would be in Richmond now."

"Oh, sisty, dear, how glad I am you didn't know; but here is the end of our pleasant buggy rides, Three Golden Pippins—that is, one apiece for you, papa and me." Cool, clean and airy was their room in the rambling old hotel.

"Not much furniture to intercept the wind," remarked Alice, glancing from the bed, which looked as if it were trying to "keep itself to itself," and thence to the dimity-covered table on stilts and two Windsor chairs.

The satchel was the only crowded-looking thing to be seen; that was swollen and stuffed out of all proportion with Alice's mementoes, in addition to the week's wardrobe of two young ladies.

"Well," said Bertha, preparing for a nap, "to-morrow will see us fairly out of all this. Think what I have endured for your sake, Alice, and be grateful."

"I will, sis," said Alice; "but do it gracefully, as you do everything else."

Bertha smiled at the neat little compliment.

"Now, sisty, I am going out on an exploring expedition while you take your nap. I will be back about dinner-time."

"Half-past eight," said Bertha, as she settled herself back on the pillows, and opened "Lothair." "What good time we made, to get here before the heat of the day."

"Well, I'm a kind of salamander, I believe," said Alice. "I don't mind the heat in these delicious mountains. *Au revoir, ma belle!*" and she tripped gayly down-stairs.

Very charming she looked, too, with her fresh, rosy cheeks and wavy golden hair, turned back with a ribbon, *flottant* over her shoulders, as she stood there in the dingy old porch, talking to the landlady's daughter. She wore a jaunty buff linen traveling-suit, with black trimmings, a black Tyrolean hat, and the little kid boots—don't mention them!

Hugh Massie, *en route* for his law office, with a bundle of red-taped papers, stopped to admire.

"That's the kind to knock a fellow into the middle of next week!" he ejaculated, and hurried on; then turned to look again.

The result of her "scraped acquaintance" and conference was, to find that the town was on the eve of a big fair for the benefit of the new church.

"This very night, mum, and the ladies and gent'men are fixing it up powerful, and they certainly have got heaps o' good things, mum, to eat, and everything's going to turn out to it, mum, and—and——"

Here the eloquent speaker paused for lack of words to describe the grandeur of the "coming event," and Alice put in a word.

"Tell me where the church is, and I'll go by and take a peep at all the fine things," she said.

"Oh, mum, you can't miss it," said the girl, pointing a very thick, red forefinger in a curvilinear direction, and looking, at the same time, up the long lane of horses and vehicles.

"I see," said Alice. "Thank you;" and off she started.

She passed up the cool, shady street, looking like a strange foreign bird among sparrows; with her bright hair glancing and gleaming among the sober-hued, dingy-looking people who infest villages on court-day.

As she drew nearer the church, and out of the noise and bustle of marketing, she stopped to admire a pretty girl, through an open window, bending over a sewing-machine.

It was a pretty little ornamented cottage, with roses climbing over the porch, roses and lilies in great beds, and showing beautifully through the window large hanging-baskets of crimson-starred cypress, ivy and geraniums.

With the flowers in front, and all this greenery at the back, sat the girl, too busy to look up.

A little colored girl opened the gate and called out:

"Miss Nannie, Mrs. Davis says will you have dem things ready, and what does you charge?"

"Tell her they are nearly ready, Kitty, and that I ask five dollars. Can you remember, now?" said Miss Nannie.

"Oh, yes, um," said the small darkey, and immediately began muttering, "Ax five dollars—five dollars—ax five dollars."

She passed by Alice, still repeating the words for fear of forgetting the message.

"You, there—that she called Kitty!" cried Alice.

She stopped as if hit by a cannon-ball, still repeating, "Ax five dollars—ax——"

"Does that lady take in work?"

"Yes, um," replied she of the rolling eyes. "Five dollars—ax——"

"Does she make dresses?"

"Yes, um—ax five——"

"You are sure?"

"Yes, um—ax five dollars."

"Ah!" said Alice to herself, "I know exactly what I'll do. I can get three yards of Swiss, and she will make me an overskirt, ruffled, and I will make papa take me to this fair. The pink will look beautiful with the muslin. What a head I have, to be sure, for managing and contriving!"

Passing through the little green gate, she knocked lightly at the door.

Such a stylish, elegant-looking girl opened it, that she drew back in some alarm.

"Ah—I was told—I believe you are a dressmaker?" she said, hesitatingly.

"A dressmaker?" repeated the lady; then, with a smile, "Oh, yes, I make dresses. Come in."

Alice drew a long breath, much relieved.

"I saw you working over your machine, and a little girl told me——"

"Ah, Kitty told you, did she?" said the lady, laughing merrily.

"And I thought I would see if you could make me a muslin overskirt to go to the fair."

They were seated by this time, and the young lady began sewing buttons on a gentleman's dressing-gown, with an amused smile.

"Certainly. I will make it for you with pleasure," she said; and Alice was so pleased with her sweet face and manners, that she soon became extremely sociable and confidential.

She introduced herself, and explained how they came to travel with one satchel, and how, as Bertha was engaged, and did not care for rambling about, she was in the habit of going alone; and then she praised the lovely flowers, and looked at some beautiful engravings, entirely forgetful that the morning was passing rapidly away.

"There, I have finished at last!" said Miss Massie (Nannie Massie, as she gave her name to Alice), "and you shall give me a tune;" and she threw open a splendid piano.

Alice, with inward misgiving as to what Bertha would think of such proceedings, could not help touching off "Champagne Charlie," "Brightest Eyes," and other reminiscences of "the band."

"Now, it is your turn, Miss Massie," said Alice, rising at

THE BROOK.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 178.

last. "I know I have tortured you with those rambling snatches, but I could not help it; this is the first *real* piano I've touched since I left Richmond. Of course I could not play before all those people at the Springs, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Massie; and then she played, first, a few sparkling waltzes, then she began to sing; and such a voice—tender and soft—it was like moonlight on the water.

Tears sprang into Alice's blue eyes as she listened to a wild Lorelei from the "Niebelungen Lied." Song followed song before Alice would allow her to rise; but when she did so at last, she saw a face covered with blushes of shame.

"Oh, Miss Massie," cried Alice, "I am afraid I have been very impertinent indeed. Oh, I don't know what you must think of me!"

"What is the matter?" said Miss Massie, smiling.

"Oh, I took you for—that is, the little girl told me——" said Alice, stuttering horribly.

"That I made dresses? Yes, certainly I do; and it is time you were getting the muslin."

"You have been so kind to me!" Alice said; "and can it be two o'clock? I never spent a more delightful morning in my life."

The blushes were still upon Alice's face as she passed through the rose-covered porch.

"I don't know what to believe," she said to herself. "She is a real lady, anyhow, and I hope I will see her again to-night. How shocked Bertha would be if she knew!" Just then a sudden thought seemed to strike the fair Alice, and she stood perfectly still. "Sewing things for the fair, of course," she uttered. "How stupid in me not to see in a moment how it was!"

A cry of terror startled her, and she turned to see a little child, pale with fright, standing in the middle of the street, and a runaway team, without a driver, tearing down upon it, with a broken vehicle dragging and whirling after.

In an instant she had the child in her arms, and had sprung upon the pavement, falling heavily as she did so, while a few drops of blood trickled over her temple.

"Gracious Heaven!" said a man's voice at her ear, "but that was nobly done! Poor darling! she has fainted!"

Some one seized the child and bore it off; but when Alice opened her eyes, she was back in the little parlor, clasped in a strong pair of arms, while the owner called loudly for "Nannie!"

"How handsome he is!" she thought, and shut her eyes in a moment.

He laid her on a sofa, and bent over, feeling her pulse, and seeming so agitated that Alice nearly laughed out. Feeling positively certain that she would giggle, unless she could put a stop to all this, she at last languidly opened her eyes and sat up.

Nannie was as busy as a bee, doctoring and petting her. A leather strap had struck her head, and cut a little gash with a screw or buckle connected with it, and Nannie had plastered that up.

"Wasn't it too bad to have to cut out a curl?" she said. "I had to do it to stick on the plaster—but where is it? I laid it on that chair?"

The young man she called "Hugh" looked eagerly for the missing curl, but it was not to be found.

Alice's keen eyes had recognized a bit of her own hair sticking out of a pearl-colored vest-pocket long before.

"Oh, it makes no difference!" she cried. "And I am a thousand times obliged to you both for your kindness—and I now must hurry home, or papa will not know what has become of me."

She had, indeed, only been badly frightened and a little hurt, and the color was now back in the fair face again.

"This is my brother, Hugh Massie, Miss Roscoe. Allow me to introduce him."

"Allow me to escort you to the hotel," said Hugh, "for you are weaker than you suppose."

They had a delightful long walk back to the hotel, and Alice was not weak at all, but very much entertained with her companion.

"So romantic!" she thought; "only Bertha would be ready to eat me for carrying on so."

Hugh praised her courage in saving the child, and made much of her; and then they began talking of the fair and the Springs and masquerades, like old acquaintances, and Hugh was in the midst of a long account of the Carnival at Rome when they reached the hotel.

"Thank you," said Alice, very shy now, all at once; "I can find my way perfectly. Will you ask your sister from me, please, to forgive my mistake this morning, and please not to forget me—for I liked her so?"

This she added with her sweet, innocent blue eyes looking straight through Hugh's heart.

"If you will promise not quite to forget the brother, too, Miss Roscoe, and allow me to call this evening."

Alice blushed and then smiled, finished the demolition of Hugh's peace of mind, and ran up the creaky old stairs, secretly delighted with her morning's work.

"I will not say one word about it, though, to Bertha," she concluded, as she opened the door.

Bertha was up and dressed for dinner, in the utmost glory that the satchel could afford, and looking a good deal pleased and interested.

"Well, Alice," she said, "you have been gone an age! What on earth have you been doing?"

Before Alice could reply, she continued:

"Who do you think has called? An old friend of papa's—Judge Massie — and oh! he is so nice—a widower, too—and he is to take me around to a fair that will come off to-night."

THE BONZE WHO NEVER SPOKE FOR THIRTY YEARS, OR HAD HIS HAIR CUT.— SEE PAGE 182.

"And papa can take me!" cried Alice. "But, oh, Bertha, what am I to wear?"

"Oh, you are a schoolgirl! It does not much matter what. Judge Massie is really one of the most elegant gentlemen I have met since I left Richmond."

"What would Captain Oswald say, sisty, to hear you talk so?"

"Pooh! Captain Oswald! I don't belong to him quite yet."

"Ah!" said Alice. "I didn't know."

As rouses the spirit of an ancient war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, so swells the heart of a modern belle at the prospect of a fresh "eligible"—a possible conquest.

"Not only possible, but a very probable conquest," was Miss Bertha Roscoe's reflection, as she pinned on the last bow and arranged the little curls a little more to the back, before the mahogany-framed looking-glass of the Three Golden Pippins.

Alice had shaken out the pink foulard, and with what was left of Bertha's finery, looked lovely as she entered the dining-room.

"And so this is our last day, Alice," said her father. "I am sure you and I have enjoyed our excursion."

KILLING OF THE LAST OF THE BRITISH WOLVES.—SEE PAGE 182.

"Yes, our last day, and then hateful old Richmond—to be stewed up until Christmas in French and Italian!"

As they rose from the table, cards were handed Bertha, announcing "Miss Massie and brother."

"That is '*le fils*,'" whispered Bertha, but she did not notice Alice's deep blush and pleased smile.

"How shockingly free-and-easy Alice has become!" she thought, as her sister shook hands with Miss Massie with great cordiality, and gave Hugh a beaming smile "on sight."

The judge soon dropped in, and added a great deal, Bertha thought, to the pleasure of the visit.

As for Hugh, he scarcely saw the queenly Bertha, in her flowing green dress, with all her style and wonderfully fascinating ways. The little pink vision of loveliness had completely captivated heart and eye, and, when they took their leave, Alice had promised to go, with him as her escort, to the fair.

"How about the Swiss overskirt, Miss Alice?" whispered Nannie Massie, mischievously. "But, seriously, will you not, as a favor to me, wear one of mine?"

"As willingly as you have offered it, Miss Nannie."

Well, this is a fast age, and we must be in a hurry to keep well up with it. You know that the Roscoes were to leave for Richmond in the morning, so who shall blame Hugh Massie for "making hay" that moonlight night?"

Colonel Roscoe escorted Miss Massie to the fair, the judge took Bertha, and, lagging far behind, came Alice and Hugh.

"Our fathers were such great friends, will you not allow me to say 'Miss Alice' now?" Hugh was saying. "I am sure you can call me Hugh, if you will—it would make me a very happy fellow," he added, with a little laugh.

"In consideration of our very remote introduction," said Alice, "yes."

"As I was saying, then, Miss Alice, my mind was so filled with your image this morning, that my partner stopped me in arguing the other side of the case. How the fellows all chaffed me, and vowed that the woman was at the bottom of it! So I hurried home to dinner, and found you again."

Alice laughed a silvery peal, which was caught up and echoed by the aspen leaves above, as a little breeze came rustling and whispering by. The stars winked merrily at each other, as much as to say, "Now for it! We'll see a nice game!" But the old moon, who views flirtations and love-making more seriously, frowned behind a little cloud at them for indulging in such frivolous conduct.

"So you do not believe in love which can spring into life at a moment's notice?" continued Hugh.

"How can I believe in it, Mr. Massie," replied blue-eyed Alice, "when Miss Fenelle positively forbids us schoolgirls even to think of such a thing as love."

"Oh, yes; of course, 'we schoolgirls' obey that rule to the letter," grumbled Hugh. "But, seriously, Miss Alice—don't smile, I beseech you—there has been before my mind's eye for many years such a vision of roses and lilies and bewitching blue eyes as blessed my path this morning. Can you wonder, then, that my heart should surrender at once?"

"Oh! you mean the lovely flower-beds in the cottage-yard that so entranced me; but the morning-glories, which I suppose you call blue-eyes, were shut up tight," said Alice, in the most innocent way imaginable.

"Ah, Miss Alice, how can you? You are going away to-morrow, and if I do not speak to-night, and relieve my—my——"

"Does your head ache, Mr. Massie?" asked blue eyes.

"No, not a particle; but my heart does, you little aggravator, and if you won't let me speak a serious word to you, I shall commit suicide in a week! To think of your going a hundred miles away from me—back to lovers who, I dare say, will swarm around you like—like——"

"Bees round a sugar-barrel, Mr. Massie? No, you are mistaken. Though I am sixteen, I have never had a lover yet—except schoolboys," with a little toss of her head; "and they don't count, you know. And, oh! I should so like to! Bertha has, and it's so nice!"

"You won't have to wait long, then, that's all," said Hugh, feeling terribly annoyed with "those fellows" who were only waiting to declare themselves *en masse*.

"Look here, Miss Alice," he said, as they reached a particularly bright patch of moonlight, and drawing out a sunny little curl. "This is a treasure I found to-day. May I keep it? For without your consent it could give me no pleasure."

"Well, I declare," cried the innocent, "if it isn't that little wisp of hair your sister was looking for! Certainly you may have it. I have plenty more. But, as you don't wear curls or frizzes, I don't see what you want with it."

"Nevertheless, I do want it; and I entreat you to wear this badge, just to make you think of me when you see it," said Hugh, taking from his vest the beautiful shield of the Epsilon Alpha Society.

"Why don't you say,

> 'Remember me when this you see,
> Though many miles apart we be'?"

laughed Alice, as she fastened it in a rose-colored bow.

"Miss Alice, Miss Alice, you are determined to laugh at me, I see; but——"

"Hugh! Hugh!" called his father. "Where are you going?"

He had indeed passed the churchyard-gate, and was marching on straight ahead.

"Miss Alice," he said, "you have bewitched me. I don't know what I am doing."

But why follow them? They said a great deal more nonsense of that kind, but, as it would not be fair to give the words without the glances which made them eloquent, I will only tell you what was said very late that night, or, rather, early in the morning, as Hugh conducted her home.

"You have promised to think of me sometimes, dearest; but, oh! darling, won't you try to love me a little, too?"

And Alice didn't laugh a particle this time—at least, so that Hugh could see her; but, covering her face in a nice hem-stitched pocket-handkerchief for a moment, pressed her lips into solemnity, and murmured out something so low that not even Hugh could hear. The sound, however, must have been satisfactory, for he passed up the rickety stairs with the little beauty, in a most ecstatic frame of mind, and as he bade her "*Au revoir*," there was a loving clasp of the little white hand, and the brown mustache was pressed fervently upon it. But just then Bertha opened the door to light the way for Alice, saying that "she had been back fully half an hour."

"Bertha couldn't have done it better!" said Alice to herself, as she tried to go to sleep—but had two or three irrepressible little giggles over it all before she fairly succeeded.

Well, you know the rest. Of course Hugh followed her home, and finally persuaded the colonel that Alice knew French and Italian enough for half a dozen, not to speak of persecuting the little thing with overtures and exercises; and as Bertha was to marry Captain Oswald at Christmas, they concluded to make a double wedding of it. And the next Summer's roses at the little cottage had a pink and white mistress, who was as happy as the days are long.

N. B.—Bertha never could succeed in bringing the "widower" to the point—he only went "so far, and no further"; but the reports are very lively indeed as regards Colonel Roscoe and Miss Nannie Massie.

THE BONZE WHO NEVER SPOKE FOR THIRTY YEARS, OR HAD HIS HAIR CUT.

At a Buddhist temple, called the Chick-tai-zu-mee-ou, on the Western mountains, not far from Pekin, a recent English traveler found so strange a specimen of fanaticism that he sketched it, and we here engrave it. It was a Buddhist priest, who had neither spoken nor had his hair cut for thirty years, having made a vow against both. He eats, also, only once a day—namely, at noon. He was dirty in his person, and his hair hung down beyond his heels in a tangled mass, that looked like a quantity of matted black tow. When he walked he rolled it round his neck in two large coils. He appeared to be in full possession of his faculties, and alive to all that was being said, which was proved by his every now and then writing replies to queries. He put no written questions himself, but examined the clothing, spurs, riding-whips, etc., of visitors. He was asked if he would allow his portrait to be taken. He immediately went and got a mat, on which he sat down cross-legged. He kept his eyes closed while the sketch was being made, but his ears were sharply open, because, on the question being asked if there were any musquitoes there, he jumped up and wrote the character for musquito (*one-za*) on the table with his finger, implying that there were. These singular vows he had taken when he was quite a youth. He was attentive to the wants of others, and did the honors of the temple admirably, bringing the visitors chairs and tea.

KILLING OF THE LAST OF THE BRITISH WOLVES.

The last British wolf, with her cubs, was not killed until about the year 1700. This event took place on the east coast of Sutherland, and was attended with some remarkable circumstances. In consequence of some ravages among the flocks, the inhabitants turned out in a body for the purpose of discovering the depredator. Having failed in the attempt, a man, of the name of Polson, accompanied by his son and an active herdboy, resolved to search the wild recesses in the neighborhood of Glen Loth.

Polson was an old hunter, and had much experience in

tracing and destroying wolves and other predatory animals. Forming his own conjectures, he proceeded to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain gully which forms the channel of the Burn of Sledale.

Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of fragmentary rocks, which, upon examination, he found reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure, that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside.

The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern, which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers and egg-shells; and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf-cubs.

Somewhat alarmed at such a discovery, the poor boys informed Polson of what they found. He at once told them to destroy the cubs the best way they could. Soon after he heard the feeble howling of the whelps, as they were attacked below, and saw, almost at the same instant, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the mother, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved among the rocky irregularities of the place.

She attempted to leap down at one bound from the spot where she was first seen. In this emergency Polson threw himself forward on the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of her long and bushy tail, just as the fore part of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had unluckily placed his gun against a rock when assisting the boys to descend, and he could not now reach it, nor make use of it if he could.

Without apprising the lads of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept a firm grip of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm; and although the maddened brute scrambled and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of all his strength, to keep her from going down.

In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in perfect silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, both from the engrossing nature of his exertions and from an unwillingness to alarm the boys, spoke not a word at the commencement of his conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone:

"Father, what is darkening the hole?"

To which the perplexed Polson replied, in a tone quite as abrupt:

"If the root of the tail break, thy head will soon know what is darkening the hole."

After a desperate struggle, Polson contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital part he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe; but the hole was too narrow to allow of this; and when Polson saw his danger he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in, whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished.

THE GREAT CITY.

LONDON is the greatest city the world ever saw. Babylon, Thebes, Rome were never so populous; while the largest city in India at the present time contains less than a million inhabitants. Within the borders of the metropolitan and police districts, a circle of fifteen miles, it is computed that there are at the present time upward of four million persons. London is three times more populous than New York, four times more populous than St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople, with two-thirds more people in it than Paris, and one-fourth more than even the hiving multitudes of Pekin. All Scotland but equals it in the number of its people, and half as many Yorkshiremen again as are numbered in their own county could find accommodation within its circle.

Every eight minutes of every day of every year a soul goes out of London, and in every five minutes of every day of every year a new immortal enters upon this scene of its probation. It is at once the court, the seat of government, the centre of fashion, the home of all the charities, and the general rendezvous of all the criminal and desperate characters of the Kingdom. One hundred thousand Winter tramps, forty thousand "costers," an almost equal number of paupers in "unions," or workhouses, more Jews than are to be found in all Palestine, as many Roman Catholics as are to be found in Rome itself, with a criminal class that would people several Parliamentary boroughs, form the sum total of the computed four million inhabitants of London.

AN AFRICAN BELLE.

IN one tribe through which he passed after leaving Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron found the women much more regarded than is usual among Africans, and consequently they were far more fashionable than the rest of their sex in that happy section. One of the belles of the country is thus described in Cameron's journal:

"She is a merry sort of person, this Mrs. Pakwanywa, and really ladylike in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass. She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and ashamed to show she was afraid. She is a very dressy body; double rows of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear a tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells was around her neck, and round her waist a string of red-colored singomazzi, and a robe made of strings of red-colored beads, Her front apron was of leopard-skin, and the rear one of colored grass cloth, with its fringe strung with beads and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings were round her ankles, and copper and ivory bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines, each about a quarter of an inch wide, were painted below. The one nearest to the hair was red, the next black, and the next white; and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with oil, and looked sleek and shiny. Her upper lip was perforated, and a piece of stone inserted, until the lip protruded a couple of inches, giving a hideous expression to the face, and making her attraction quite indistinct."

"POLTROON" is derived from two Latin words meaning "to cut" and "thumb." It means "a coward, a dastard." Not that he who cuts his thumb is rendered thereby a coward or a dastard. The word calls up before the student of history the mean-spirited Norman of long ago, who, to avoid going on the battlefield in defense of his country, disabled himself by cutting off his thumb. He could no longer draw his bow. His companions in contempt called him "poltroon" (cut-thumb). The infamy of the ignoble Norman lives through the ages, in a single word.

LUCY AND HER FRIENDS.

LITTLE Lucy lived in a pleasant country-house with her grandmamma. There was a garden with a smooth, green lawn and a great many pretty flowers. There was also a field, with a summer-house in one corner.

Lucy had no papa and mamma, nor brothers and sisters, but still she was very happy, because her grandmamma was so very kind. She had nice playthings, and her nurse had taught her to read, and she had a number of story-books with pictures in them; but neither grandmamma nor nurse liked noise, so Lucy was a very quiet, gentle little girl.

She had learned to play all alone and very quietly. Of all her playthings, the one she was most fond of was her doll, whose name was Sophy. Indeed, Sophy was seldom out of her arms, and went out walking with her, and slept in a little bed close to her own.

The evenings were very nice, because then grandmamma was seated in her arm-chair in the drawing-room, and took Lucy on her knee and told her stories till bed-time.

One time her three cousins came to see her, Harry and Ned and Polly. She found them rather rough and boisterous. They made sad work with her toys. Still she clung to her india-rubber doll Sophy, and a beautiful doll it was, worth a shopful of toys.

After dinner the three visitors were taken to see grandmamma, but Lucy staid in the drawing-room talking to Sophy. Presently the door opened, and Ned came in. He flung down a top he had in his hand, and walked up to Lucy.

"What an ugly doll!" he said. "Her nose is far too short."

"She is very pretty," said Lucy; "and her nose is not too short."

"It is. I will make it longer;" and he pinched Sophy's nose between his finger and thumb.

"I don't want you to make it longer!" cried Lucy. "Please do not. Do let go."

Now, Sophy was made of india-rubber. It is a very good thing to make dolls of, because it does not break, but then, when it is made warm, it grows soft; and it was a very warm day, and Ned's finger and thumb were very warm, so now Sophy's nose was quite soft, and Ned went on pulling it longer and longer.

"Let go! Go away, naughty boy!" cried Lucy.

Lucy tried to pull Sophy away from him, but this only made the nose grow longer, and at last it was longer than the whole face; then Lucy began to scream as loud as she could.

"What are you doing to her, Ned, you naughty boy?" cried Polly, bursting in. "Go out to Harry, and let me comfort her."

Ned went away. Lucy had sunk down on the floor with Sophy in her arms, and was crying bitterly.

"I am sure I can make the nose right again," Polly said, "and then we will put her away. The boys always do that, so I never have india-rubber dolls. If we can take her to a fire anywhere, I can make her prettier than ever; so don't cry."

LUCY AND HER FRIENDS.—NED MAKING SOPHY'S NOSE LONGER.

Lucy got up and dried her eyes, and then took hold of Polly's hand, and went with her. They went first to the laundry, and the stove was hot.

"This is lucky!" said Polly; and she laid Sophy upon the stove, on her face. But when she tried to take her up again her face stuck to the iron.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Lucy, "now she is quite spoilt."

"Well, it is bad!" said Polly, pulling Sophy up. "Oh, it was only the long point of the nose that has stuck, and that has come off."

They sat down side by side on the laundry-floor, working away at Sophy's nose.

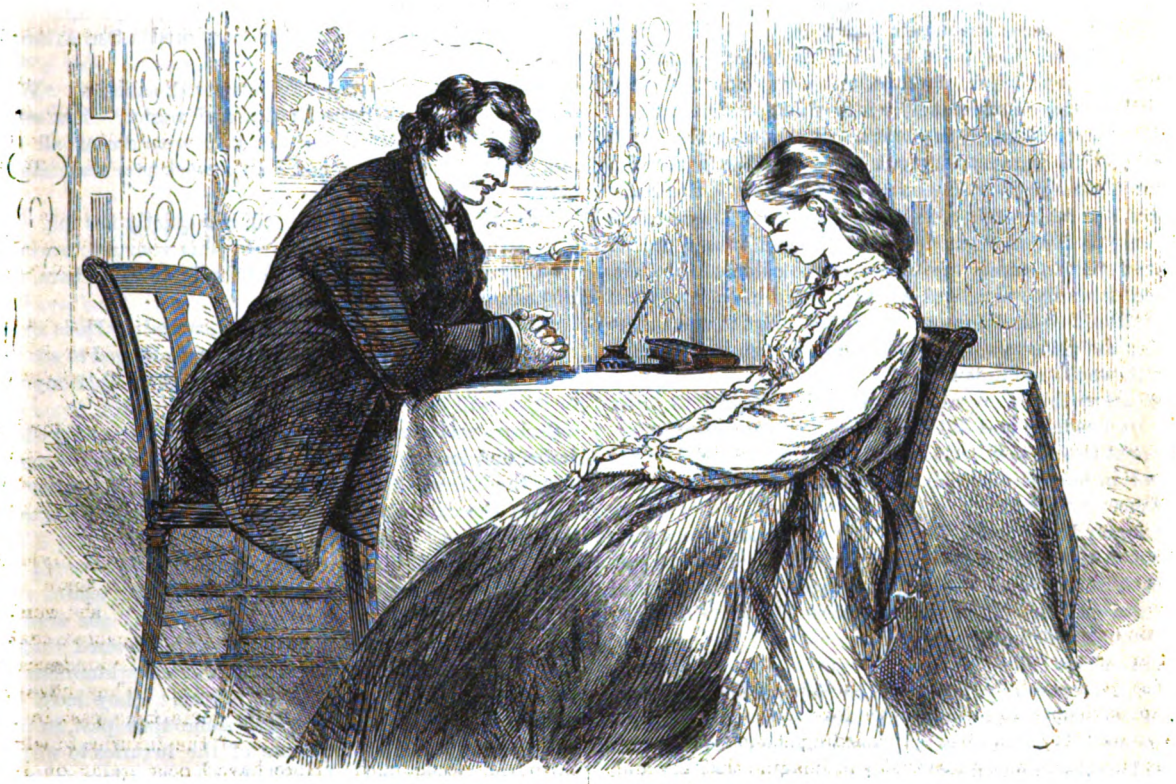
"I think it is still too long," said Lucy, after Polly had gone on some time. "Oh! but how it turns up!"

"So it does; but now it is better. No, here is still a bump at the end."

"I like it now," said Lucy, when the bump was gone. "Please let it be as it is now."

"It must be painted next," said Polly. "She must be sent to a shop to have it done."

"I think I shall not mind the color soon," said Lucy, who saw well enough that her doll was spoiled, but was too well bred to cry or storm about it. Her little cousins at last got so troublesome that her grandmother sent them home, and when her birthday came a few days after, Lucy had a doll finer than she ever dreamed of.



BLIND BARBARA.—"'YOU FORGET, SIR, I AM BLIND.'"

BLIND BARBARA.

MY OWN PART OF THE STORY.

I HAVE heard thousands of stories. Even my own life, when I review it in solitude, appears a grand, thrilling romance. Anecdotes I have heard which realize to the utmost the truth of the assertion that fortune is the most fickle goddess in the world; love-stories have been poured into my ears by the dozen, and only go far to prove the falsehood of sentiment; I have lived among the spirits, and actually trembled at the recital of some terrible legend of haunted mansions and dark midnight deeds; then I have laughed at my folly when the sun burst into the room which had appeared so lonely as the candles were just expiring and the fire burnt uncertainly. But when I think of a certain story which I heard partly from the lips of a young girl who interested me singularly years and years ago, I feel that levity would be entirely out of place, and am foolish enough to appear very sad—well, perhaps not exactly that, for the moral of the anecdote ought certainly to have quite a contrary effect. Still, I do not mind confessing that I reflect seriously when my thoughts wander away to those very pleasant evenings I passed in the society of Blind Barbara.

When I was a very young man I was articled to a solicitor in the pleasant little town of W——, in Whitshire. I lived by myself, and in lodgings. Need I say that I was terribly dull? It is misery enough to pass your existence in a quiet country town, but to be shut up alone every evening is absolute torture.

I had frequently heard of the beauty of Barbara Hunt, who lived in a very quiet manner, with her parents, about a mile out of the town of W——. Eventually I was introduced to Mr. Hunt, and he took a great fancy to me. He was a well-educated man, and a most delightful companion, but, unfortunately, a great invalid, and unable to go about and indulge in the harmless gossip which is so essential to people circumstanced as he was. His daughter, Barbara, was perfectly blind.

Here, then, was a chance for me to kill two birds with one stone. I could free myself from the thralldom of solitary evenings, and make myself agreeable into the bargain. Accordingly, I took worthy Mr. Hunt at his word, and continually dropped in to have a chat with him in the long Winter evenings. I used to read aloud to this delightful family the most interesting scraps, judiciously selected from the daily papers; pretty little magazine stories; humorous tales, which I routed out of the lending library; and in a very short time became so useful that I really do not know what they could have done without me.

Barbara Hunt proved no exception to the general rule that people grievously afflicted are terribly sensitive. At first I was almost afraid to talk to her, for fear of being careless enough to let fall some expressions which might accidentally hurt her feelings; but, as time wore on, we began to understand one another better, and she used to insist upon my coming to her side to talk to her, when the reading was over, and the old people had settled down to cribbage.

"You want to cheer us up a bit," she said to me one evening, "and that is the reason that you kindly waste your evenings here. I often wonder that the sight of my poor melancholy face does not frighten you away."

I assured her that the fireside readings afforded me as much amusement as they did to any of them, but did not attempt to deny that most of my humble efforts to be entertaining originated in the idea of throwing some ray of light over the darkness of her life.

After this she became quite confidential, and poured into my ears all her thoughts, in which I never failed to trace the workings of a very noble mind.

"Ah, you may well talk of happiness," she used to say to me; "you, who can see, and are able to revel in the brilliancy of nature, which glitters with color and life. I have just an indistinct remembrance of all the glories which meet your eyes every day of your life; but, you know, I was only eight years old when my sight vanished. Now I am twenty-five. Think of those seventeen years, during which everything around me has been as dark as night. You will consider me very foolish, perhaps, but every now and then some little trivial circumstance occurs which sends a thrill of excitement even through my veins. It was only the other day that, on feeling my way out of my mother's room, I placed my hand accidentally on a looking-glass. I actually sat down before it, and pulling down my hair, I braided it up in fancy before the glass. How I longed to see myself then, and tried to satisfy myself as to the color of my hair, and even dreamily speculated whether my face is really the same kind of face that I imagine it to be. But it was no use wishing; the glass was inexorable, and, though it is hard to believe it, would not flatter me."

Soon after this conversation, I had occasion to leave W—— on business, and did not return for some months.

The next time I saw Barbara she called me as usual to her side, and intimated that she had something of the utmost importance to tell me.

"I scarcely know how to begin," she said, "and I feel quite sure that you will laugh heartily at my folly. Perhaps you will think that when I lost my sight, some little amount of reason fled with it. With that, however, I have nothing to do. Be charitable and listen.

"I am in love!

"Yes, it is perfectly true. I, the poor, blind, wretched girl, am as deeply and as madly in love as the most susceptible young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I feel that you are laughing, and guess that you imagine that any affection that I can feel must be tame and sisterly. But it is nothing of the kind. It is a very sudden attack, but none the less real, for all that."

"But how did it all happen?" said I.

"Upon my word, I scarcely know," replied Barbara. "All I can tell you is that a certain person—who at present shall be nameless—sat next me at dinner the other day, and as far as I could guess, paid me the most particular attention.

"'You will excuse me for asking,' I said to him, 'but I fancy this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you?'

"'You are quite right, Miss Hunt,' he replied; and then I fancied his voice trembled as he added, 'but I implore it may not be the last. Why should we not meet very frequently? Your parents are evidently disposed to treat me with the greatest civility. Still, I must ask permission of some one else before I can venture to accept any further invitation.'

"'Is it possible that there is any third person who can have such great influence over your actions?'

"'Most assuredly; and some one in whose hands I am absolutely powerless.'

"'Oh, I can guess—you are in love. Well, never mind; you may confide in me. I will help you to the best of my ability.'

"'Do not torture me, Miss Hunt,' he answered; you can surely guess who I mean. It is your permission that I ask. May I come again?'

"At these words," Barbara continued, "I could feel I blushed very deeply; but I answered as gently as I could: 'You forgot, sir, I am blind.'"

"'What matters your blindness,' he answered, 'who carry light with you wherever you go? For years and years past my sole happiness has been the thought of one day being in a position to live for you and you alone. This has been my day dream. I have been abroad to test the worth of my affection. I returned unchanged, my fate is in your hands.'

"Long after he finished speaking, I heard his sweet voice echoing in my ears.

"'Will you be my wife?' he implored, after a long silence.

"'Are you not dreaming?' I answered, smiling. 'Would you make a union between day and night? You cannot have seriously reflected on the consequences of all this; and, at any rate, I have not. In a week you shall have an answer.'

"He did not say another word, but quietly left me.

"And now that you have heard this romantic anecdote, what is your advice, my dear old friend?" said Barbara, turning to me.

"I can have but one opinion," I answered. "He is a noble fellow. You told me, some time ago, you longed to see your face. He has already shown you its beauty. Take my word for it, he will be a truthful mirror."

Barbara was wonderfully struck with the force of my lucky simile, and having made the promise that I would come and learn the fate of the unknown one, after her interview with him on the expiration of the week, I left her to make her decision.

"Wonders will never cease!" were the first words with which I was greeted by Barbara on my calling again.

"You will be more surprised than ever," she went on, "when I tell you that I have only just discovered that my dear parents are all but ruined. Out of sheer kindness they have hidden from me all their misery. They have been stinting themselves hideously for some time past, in order that they might deny me none of the luxuries to which I have been accustomed. Here have I been going on in the most selfish and contented manner possible, while absolute misery has been staring us in the face. By the merest chance in the world I have found all this out, and now I'll have my revenge. I have not told a soul in the world but yourself that I have discovered the true state of the case. It would break my mother's heart to think that all her little manœuvres to hide the truth from me have proved of no avail. I shall still pretend to believe that all is going on the same as ever, and I am resolved that I will be the one to stem the tide. Mr. O'Neill—I don't mind telling you his name now—kept his promise, and came back to hear my answer. I confess that at first my levity must have contrasted strangely with his seriousness.

"'Is it true that you have ever entertained this sincere admiration for me that you talk of?' I said to him.

"'Most certainly,' he answered. 'I have loved you for your beauty as much as for your worth.'

"'Why, you are like a flattering glass,' I said, smiling. 'When you speak, I almost begin to see myself in your words.'

"'I would, indeed, it could be always so.'

"'You would like, then——'

"'To be your faithful mirror, to reflect all your good qualities, all your virtues. Consent to be my wife. I have some little fortune. You shall want nothing; and I will do my very best to make you happy.'

"At these words I thought of my parents and their poverty. My marriage would save them!

"'And if I were to consent to marry you,' I answered, 'perhaps you would very soon regret the step you have taken. Perhaps you would be throwing yourself away. You may be generally admired. There is no danger of my flattering you. I cannot see your face.'

"He sighed very deeply.

"'Ah! that reminds me,' he added, 'I have no right to withhold anything from you. There is one thing I must tell you.'

"'And what is that?'

"'I am not handsome, Barbara. Nature has not dealt kindly with me. You will think me selfish, perhaps; but, ugly as I am, I love you with all my heart.'

"We have arranged the marriage," Barbara continued, "for the beginning of next month; so you see I have taken your advice. I may have done well, and I may have done badly. One thing is quite certain—my father and mother will always have a home!"

* * * * *

TWO EXTRACTS FROM BARBARA'S DIARY.

Extract the First, dated October 6, 18—.

I have been married to my very dearest Edmund a year to-day. It has certainly been a year of unalloyed happiness, for which I ought to be indeed grateful. My greatest joy of all is to think that I am a mother. They say she is a little angel child; but her poor mother cannot see her. I can hear her darling voice and kiss her soft little lips as she whispers "Mother" in my ears; but I may not see her face. Oh! how painfully strong is a mother's love. I am perfectly resigned now when I think that I shall never see the blue sky, never look at my darling husband, never behold my dear parents, or any one that loves me; but the thought of never seeing my pretty babe's face almost breaks my heart! Day and night I offer up my prayers to the ever merciful God, who has given me so many blessings, that He will for one minute—just one tiny instant—give me my sight. Oh, that I could see my child! One lightning flash of sight is all I ask. This granted, I could die in peace!

Extract the Second, dated November 18, 18—.

Every day I live I am more thankful for having been blessed with such a noble husband! The day-dream in which he ever indulges is connected with a wild fancy that he will some day be the means of restoring to me my sight. Poor dear boy! He says that he can never thank me sufficiently for having taken compassion on such a plain fellow as he is. What care I? My blindness matters little now, as I tell him every day, All seems bright with him. Still I notice that he is extraordinarily engrossed with this magnificent doctoring theory of his. It was only yesterday that he said to me:

"Barbara dearest, my wildest hopes are centred in the next few days."

"What a silly boy you are," I answered.

"Listen, Barbara," he continued. "I was deceiving you when I persuaded you to use the various lotions you now employ to soften your fair skin. They were essential before attempting a well-known operation for cataract. I think you can trust me. This has been the study of a lifetime—a study for one great object."

"You can ask me nothing, Edmund," I said firmly, "that I would refuse."

"My darling wife," he murmured, sighing, "I know you would consent. Meanwhile, let us hope for the best."

"Can there possibly be a chance of the operation succeeding?" I asked.

"Every chance," he answered; "but then ——"

"Well!"

"Then you will see me! I wonder what you'll think of me?"

"Edmund," I answered, without a moment's hesitation, "this operation shall take place. You cannot understand my love. You imagine the affection that you fairly won is vain and empty. You do not know me yet. I must see or die!"

* * * *

BARBARA'S LETTER.

In the corner of a very old desk of mine lies a letter which I shall keep for ever. I read it over the other day, and thought of old times. It is impossible to give you the whole of it, for it is very long, but the following extract will speak for itself:

There is no one, I am quite certain, my very dearest friend, who will be more rejoiced than yourself to hear of Edmund's triumph. The operation has really taken place. Thank God, it was successful. I must not excite myself, or I would worry you with all the details of that dreadful day. Meanwhile, let me be contented with acquainting you of a terrible piece of willfulness on my part, the consequences of which, Edmund says, in his gravest manner, might have been awful. Directly after the operation—at least, when I had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the chloroform which Edmund make me take, notwithstanding all the heroic plans I had formed—I discovered that my poor eyes were tightly bandaged. Strict orders were given me not to move the handkerchief for fifteen days. It is impossible to describe the agonizing sensation of not knowing whether you are blind or not. For more than ten days I was as good as gold; but then, you know, woman's curiosity is proverbial. But there really was some excuse, for the hard-hearted creatures were cruel enough to torture me so far as to put my pet child Ethel in my lap. This I could not stand. I was all alone. I just lifted one corner of the bandage, and then the nurse came into the room. Oh! what a scolding I got, and I pretended to be very penitent. But when old nurse's back was turned, I burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

I had seen my child!

Still I kept it all to myself, for I did not wish to spoil Edmund's excitement. At last the fifteen days came to an end. They decked me out in my best attire, and, as I was told afterward, made me a perfect blaze of color. This was, of course, for scientific purposes, for I sincerely trust that, for the last twenty years, I have not been condemned to appear as I afterward found myself—the veriest harlequina in the world. When the time for the great *dénouement* arrived, I was conducted gravely to a seat before a cheval glass. How I trembled! My mother was by my side.

"Now, then, the bandages may come off," said she.

They were removed. A bright, dazzling haze, and then I saw distinctly. There was my mother and the nurse; my darling child was kicking in its cradle; the glorious sunlight and a vase of flowers made me quite a child again, and there, strange to say, was my own face, which I had never seen, crying with laughter at itself in the glass!

"But why, mother dearest," said I, "does the glass seem to tremble so?"

"Can't you guess?" she replied.

"My husband!" said I, starting to my feet. "Let him come—let him come!"

"He dares not," continued my mother, sadly.

"Dares not!" I repeated, indignantly tearing myself from my mother's arms; "as if I would not adore him if he were as ugly as Quasimodo! Come to me, my love!"

A young man about eight-and-twenty, with great, dark, lustrous eyes, and the figure of a Hercules, came from his hiding-place and stood before me.

"Darling one!" he murmured.

"My heart's delight!"

"God bless you both!" whispered my mother; and then she fairly burst out crying for very joy, as we rushed into one another's arms.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

It is a pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that to many the charming feathered denizens of our woods and meadows are less familiar than those of Europe. These have been pictured and described without end—our own are sadly neglected. We here introduce a bird that has many claims to favor, and begin with an anecdote.

A lady once lost a very valuable piece of lace. She had cleaned it with great care, and hung it on the honeysuckle just outside her window; but when she came to look for it again, it had disappeared. At first she thought a chance breeze might have carried it into the garden below, though it was a remarkably still day in the middle of May, and but little breeze was stirring. The garden, in consequence, was thoroughly searched, but without success. Very reluctantly the lady began to suspect a new maid whom she had recently engaged, and who had been the only occupant of the chamber during the lady's absence. The maid was young, giddy, and very fond of dress; but she indignantly protested her innocence with many tears. Although unable to fasten the crime upon her by any direct proof, there were too many suspicious circumstances connected with the affair to allow it to be passed over unnoticed, and the lady determined to discharge her maid.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

On the very day, however, on which she was to leave the house in disgrace, while the poor girl was in her room packing her clothes into her chest to take them with her, she heard a cry of distress from the roof of the house, just beneath which was the attic she occupied, and glancing out of the little dormer-window which looked from the apartment upon the roof, she saw the little son of her mistress in a very dangerous predicament.

Attracted by a curiously shaped bird's nest hanging from the extremity of a limb of an old button-ball tree overhanging the house, he had climbed out upon the roof, which was very steep, and slid from the ridge-pole to the eaves-trough, where, clutching at a branch providentially within reach, he arrested his progress on the very verge of destruction. In one hand he held the branch, and in the other the nest, which, terrified as he was, he had no idea of parting with.

No one except the girl was within sound of his cries, and his situation, momentarily becoming more precarious, demanded immediate aid. Without a thought of her own safety, the brave girl, calling upon the child to stand steady and hold fast, clambered out at the window. Steadying herself as best she might, where the slightest misstep or slip was instant death, she at last reached the child, and led him back, bird's nest and all, safely to his mother's arms, whose feelings, when the occurrence was related to her, may better be imagined than described.

The strangest part of the story remains, however, to be related. When the nest that so nearly caused all concerned such terrible affliction came to be examined, it was found to be a hanging nest of the Baltimore oriole, and woven in its meshes, amid fibrous plants and dried grasses, was to be seen the identical piece of lace which had so mysteriously disappeared a few days before.

This nest is a pouch suspended from five small twigs, and the ingenuity displayed in its construction is very remarkable. It is seven inches in depth, and lined with cow's hair, and when first obtained contained four flesh-covered eggs, marked with obscure purplish lines, over which were irregular scribblings of blackish brown. It is strengthened with tough wiry grass, which is carried all the way from the supporting twigs underneath the pouch, and around to another twig, upon which it is fastened.

The oriole rivals the scarlet tanager for beauty, and shares with it, though, perhaps, somewhat less appropriately, the name of "fire-bird."

Our hero wears orange, however, instead of scarlet, a

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

uniform calculated to give great offense to all citizens of Hibernian descent, but the proper livery of Lord Baltimore, to which it owes its name.

It makes its appearance amongst us about the 1st of May, and begins building its nest about the 20th. The food of the oriole is exclusively of an insectivorous kind, and the bird is a very valuable friend to farmers, worthy of much more consideration and protection than they generally get from them. Its song is pleasing. It is a very sociable and genial little bird, and altogether I know of few more interesting individuals among our Summer visitors.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

OPIUM is the inspissated juice of the poppy, obtained by wounding the unripe seed-capsules of the *Papaver somniferum*, collecting the milky juice which exudes and dries in the sun, and kneading it into cakes. The best variety comes from Smyrna; it should be of a rich brown color, tough consistency, and smooth, uniform texture; its peculiar narcotic smell should be strong and fresh; its taste bitter, warm, and somewhat acrid.

It is an extremely complicated substance, and quite variable in composition. Eight important alkalies have been found in it, and in addition to these, five other inert substances, and one acid.

The chief countries in which opium is prepared are India, Egypt, Turkey, and other parts of Asia; it is even cultivated in Italy, France, England, and the United States, but the climate of this country has not always proved particularly favorable to its growth. The antiquity of its production is shown from the fact that Homer mentions it. The Greeks saw in it the symbol of fruitfulness, and consecrated it therefore to Hera. The god of sleep, according to their mythology, dwelt in a cave before which grew the poppy, and is always represented as a youth who holds in his hand heads of poppy, or as a figure holding an inverted torch by his side and a horn filled with poppy.

Pliny mentions several kinds of opium, and says that a small quantity in wine will produce sleep, while an excess causes death.

In Asia Minor, the plant is raised from small blue seeds, which are sown in the Fall and repeated in the Spring, if the frost has injured the Spring crop. In early Spring, the plant grows rapidly, and in June, a few days after the fall of the flower-leaf, horizontal incisions are made in the head with a knife pointed with four parallel blades, care being taken not to make the wound too deep. Leaves are spread on the ground under the poppy, to catch any juice that may happen to drop down. In rainy weather, the cutting is made in the morning, but in fair weather, in the evening. There is a prevalent belief that the night air promotes a more copious flowing of the juice. The tapping of the poppy has no ill effect on the seed, and this is either used to raise a new crop or for the manufacture of oil.

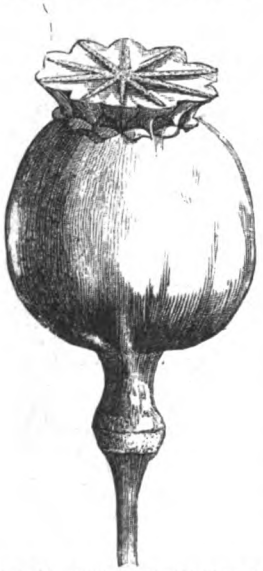


FIG. 1.—SEED CAPSULE OF THE OPIUM POPPY.

The dried milky juice is scraped off with flat knives and rubbed on flat tablets. The mass is then transferred to metallic or earthen vessels, when it is warmed and then kneaded into cakes, which are usually inclosed in poppy leaves and covered with seeds to prevent their adhering together.

Opium is a brown mass, soft at the beginning, and which subsequently becomes hard, and in thin leaves assumes a clear color. It has a waxy fracture, a disagreeable, stupefying smell, and a disagreeable, bitter, sharp taste. It becomes soft when warmed; burns with a bright flame, and leaves 6 per cent. ash—more ash than this would be suspicious of adulteration. In water it is half soluble, and in alcohol four-fifths soluble.

FIG. 2.—MODE OF SCARIFYING THE CAPSULE TO OBTAIN OPIUM.

Pure opium is employed in medicine, in a weak alcoholic tincture, and in a tincture mixed with saffron under the name of laudanum. The well-known Dover's powder is opium combined with ipecacuanha. The name laudanum was introduced by Paracelsus to avoid the use of the word opium, against which there was some prejudice in his day—as, for that matter, there is at the present time.

The chief consumption of opium is in Asiatic countries, Turkey, Persia, India, China, chiefly by Mohammedans, to whom the use of wine is prohibited. For the purpose of smoking, a small piece of opium, mixed with a little tobacco, is put into the pipe and the smoke drawn into the lungs, retained for a few moments, and blown out through the nose. A spirit-lamp serves for lighting the pipe, and it requires only a few respirations to produce a sleepy unconsciousness. The victim of the habit feels himself floating in a sea of beautiful dreams, and soon forgets all earthly sorrows, and fancies himself in paradise. The Turks eat the opium directly; and when once the habit is fixed, it cannot be abandoned without a collapse of all the vital functions. The nausea attending the use of opium can only be stilled by a repetition of the dose, and the opium-eaters are compelled to new indulgence, until the body wastes away like a mummy and the nervous system is hopelessly ruined.

The Chinese consume enormous quantities, which was formerly smuggled into the country, as the Government punished with death any one caught engaging in the traffic. But the people, once having acquired the dangerous habit, offered tempting prices to English merchants, who sought in every way to carry on a trade in the contraband article, until the opium war of 1842 broke out, and English cannon forced the obnoxious trade upon the country. In the same way the English endeavored to secure a monopoly of the tea trade, so that, while one served as an export article, the other answered for import, and large gains were to be expected.

It is a curiously suggestive fact that very few of the weekly journals, especially of a literary nature, which go directly into families, can now-a-days be examined but that, somewhere in their advertising columns, are found announcements offering radical cures for the opium habit. We have

found these advertisements abundant in fashion magazines, and so widely spread are they, and so persistently are they kept before the public, that a stranger might seriously ask himself whether the mania for the drug be not as strong in this civilized country as in China.

Many cases of those who have become addicted to the use of opium through its employment as a medicine during acute illness have lately been brought to the attention of the medical faculty. It appears that, while alcoholic intoxication is decreasing throughout the United States, opium drunkenness is increasing, and the dealers in crude opium and the manufacturers of its alkaloids assert that the importation of the one and the production of the other are rising rapidly year by year.

Legislative enactment prohibiting the refilling of an opiate prescription, or the dispensing of opium in any form, unless in pursuance of a prescription from the attending physician, it is thought, would accomplish much good. It is not probable that it would wholly check the vice, but it would greatly mitigate it.

We subjoin a few particulars of the opium-smoking dens in China, one of which our artist has so faithfully rendered —having with admirable skill depicted the "idiot smile" on the countenances of the two debauchees, who are evidently fast merging into a state of insensibility.

The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke opium are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of incense, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs, as from the hookah in India. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours.

At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be applied to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipes, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot-skeleton. In the hours devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen, at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking under the effect of the pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, while an idiot smile upon their countenances proves them too completely under the influence of the drug to regard passing events, and fast merging into the wished-for consummation.

The last scene of this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of morgue, or dead-house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

PINE-CONE GATHERERS.

It is so long since we were a wood-burning people, that we can no longer form to ourselves a picture of an old-fashioned Winter, when the great business of the household was the collection of fuel in the wood-yard, and great fagots, chumps and billets were brought in daily, to insure the family against being frozen during the time that the snow lay on the ground.

In various places in Europe, however, this is still the principal care of the prudent housekeeper, and the wood-cutter and fagot-seller is a person of importance, especially in those remote districts of the German Alps where wild forest land and rugged mountain and glade alternate with populous towns and villages. In the Thuringer Wald, for instance, the occupation of the woodman is constant, and his aid and that of his followers is required to keep the domestic soup-kettle boiling.

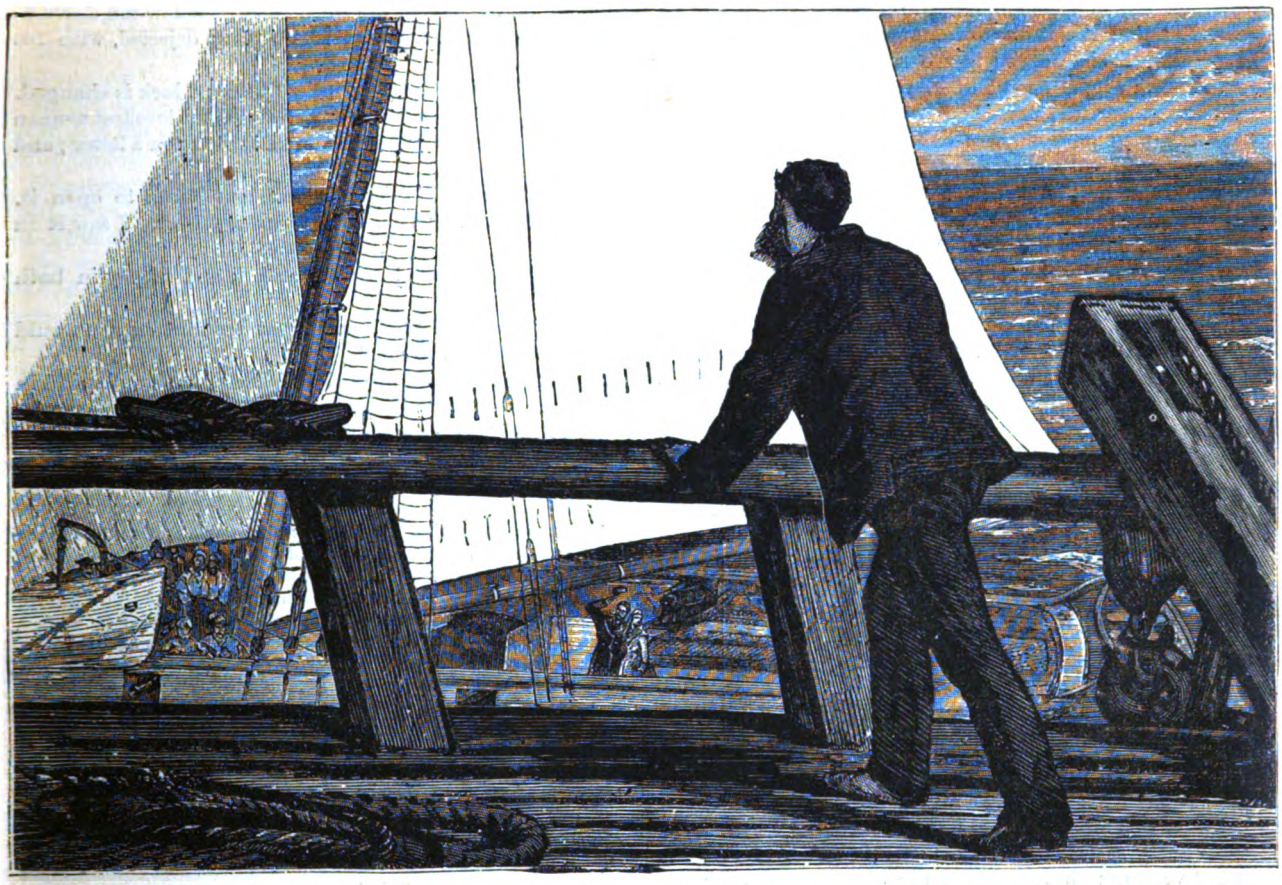
There is one dangerous part of the craft which is practiced by amateurs—namely, the gathering of these beautiful pine-cones, which blaze so brightly that they may be used for those torchlight processions of which the Germans are so fond, or equally serve to give a vivid impetus to a dull fire and set the porcelain stove in a glow of ruddy heat. A stout arm, a steady head, muscular legs, and a light alpenstock are required for the business of pine-cone gathering in those Thuringian forests. But it is dangerous work in that great upper world of dark, pinnated leaves and hoary branches, with a dim sea of waving thickets below, where one may imagine a man might hang till the ravens picked him to a white skeleton; or fall, stunned and breathless, to crawl amidst the tangled paths, and vainly seek the well-known outlet. On the whole, we would rather put up with a sea-coal fire at Christmas-tide than have to secure our fuel at such a risk as that of the gatherers of pine-cones, though they may regard it less as an occupation than a sport.

TRACES OF THE GIANTS.

In a memoir before the Academy of Science at Rouen, M. Le Cat gives the following account of giants:

"Profane historians have given seven feet in height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1834, measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximinus was of that size. Shenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorepius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet high; and the bones of Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain the head of a gaunche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high. In Rouen, in 1500, they found a tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, engraved, 'In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones.'"

PINE-CONE GATHERERS.— SEE PAGE 191.



THE JILT.—"HIS EYES WERE BLASTED, AND HIS SOUL SICKENED, WITH THE ACTUAL PICTURE OF HIS OLD SWEETHEART EMBRACED BY HER LORD AND MASTER BEFORE ALL THE WORLD."

THE JILT.

By Charles Reade.

PART III.

The boat proceeded on her way. Ellen pointed to windward, and said, "See, Edward, the dark line is ever so much nearer us."

Laxton turned his head to windward directly, and some remarks passed between him and Castor.

Ellen had counted on this; she availed herself of it to whip a letter out of her pocket and write in pencil an address upon the envelope. This she did under a shawl upon her lap. Then she kept quiet, and waited an opportunity to do something more dangerous.

But none came. Laxton sat square with her; and could see every open movement of her hand.

They were within ten yards of the schooner, and the side manned to receive them.

Just then Laxton stood up and cried out, "Forward, there; stand by to loose the jib!"

The moment he stood up, Mrs. Laxton whipped the letter out from under her shawl, and held it by her left side, but a little behind her, where nobody could see it, except Castor. She shook it in her fingers very eloquently, to make that officer observe it. Then she leaned a little back, and held it toward him, but, with female adroitness, turned it outward in her hand so that not one of the many eyes in the boat could see it.

A moment of agony, and then she felt fingers much larger and harder than hers take it quietly, and convey it stealthily away. Her panting bosom relieved itself of a sigh.

"What is the matter?" said the watchful Laxton.

"The matter? Nothing," said she.

"I hope," said he, "you are not sorry to return to our humble craft?"

"I have seen none to compare with her," said she, fencing boldly, but trembling to herself.

The next moment she was on board the schooner, and waited to see the boat off, and also to learn, if possible, whether Castor had her letter all safe, and would take it to its address.

To her consternation she heard Laxton invite Castor to come on board a moment.

She tried to catch Castor's eye, and warn him to do nothing of the kind. But the light-hearted officer assented at once, and was on the quarter-deck next moment.

Laxton waved the others to fall back; but Ellen would not leave them together; she was too apprehensive, knowing what she had just done.

"I have not the honor of knowing your name, sir; mine is Edward Laxton."

"Mine is Dick Castor, sir, at your service, and yours, ma'am?" And he took this fair opportunity, and gave Ellen a look that made her cheeks burn, for it said plainly, "Your letter is in safe hands."

"Well, Mr. Castor," said Laxton, "you are the sort I want on board this schooner; you are a man of nerve. Now, I have never had a sailing-master yet, because I don't need one—I am an enthusiast in navigation, have studied it for years, theoretically and practically—but I want a first lieutenant, a man with nerve. What do you say, now? Five hundred a year, and a swell uniform."

"Well, sir, the duds don't tempt me; but the pay is very handsome, and the craft is a beauty."

Laxton bowed ceremoniously. "Let me add," said he, gravely, "that she is the forerunner of many such vessels. At present, I believe she is the only armed yacht afloat; but, looking at the aspect of Europe, we may reasonably hope some nice little war or other will spring up; then the *Rover* can play an honorable and, indeed, a lucrative part. My first lieutenant's prize money will not be less, I should imagine, than twenty thousand a year; an agreeable addition to his pay, sir."

"Delightful!" said Castor. "But they sometimes hang a privateer at the yard-arm; so I should be quite contented with my quiet little five hundred, and peaceful times."

"Well, then, tell 'em to sheer off, and fetch your traps."

"Yes, do, Mr. Castor," said Ellen. "You can send a line to explain." That was to get her own letter delivered, the sly thing.

Castor shook his head. "Sorry to disoblige you, ma'am, and to refuse you, sir; but things can't be done that way. A seaman must not desert his ship on her voyage. Catch me in port, and make the same offer, I'll jump mast-high at it."

"Well," said Laxton, "what port are you to be caught in?"

"Why, it must be London, or Hong-Kong. I shall be three months at Hong-Kong."

Laxton said he had not intended to cruise so far west as that; but he would take a note of it. "You are worth going a little out of the way for," said he.

Whilst he was making his note, "Bang!" went a gun from the *Phœbe*, and she was seen hoisting sail with great rapidity, her rigging swarming with men.

"There, that's for us,' said Castor.

"No hurry, sir," said Laxton; "he is going to tack instead of veering; she'll hang in the wind for half an hour. Forward, there! hoist the flying-jib and the fore-topsel. Helm a-weather! Veer the ship. Mr. Castor, bid your men hold on. We must not part without a friendly glass."

"Oh, no!" said Ellen. "I will order it."

Some of the prime Madeira was immediately brought on deck, and, whilst they were all three drinking to each other, the impatient *Phœbe* fired another gun. But Castor took it coolly; he knew Laxton was right, and that the ship could not come round on the port tack in a hurry. He drank his second glass, shook hands with Laxton, and then with Mrs. Laxton, received once more an eloquent pressure of her soft hand, and, this time, returned it, to give her confidence, and looked courage into her eyes, that met his anxiously. Then he put off; and, though the *Phœbe* was now nearly a mile off, he easily ran alongside her before she paid off and got her head before the wind.

His mind was in a troubled state. He was dying to know what this lovely woman, who had fallen in love with him so suddenly, had written to him. But he would not open it right in sight of the schooner, and so many eyes. He was a very loyal fellow.

At a good distance, he took it carefully out, and his countenance fell; for the letter was sealed, and addressed;

"*Lieut. Greaves, R.N.*"

Here was a disappointment, and a blow to the little amorous romance which Mr. Castor, who, amongst his other good qualities, was inflammable as tinder, had been constructing ever since the Corsair's bride first drank to him and pressed his hand.

He made a terribly wry face, looking at the letter; but he said to himself, with a little grunt, "Well, there's nothing lost that a friend gets."

As soon as he had boarded the *Phœbe*, and seen the boat replaced on the davits, the good-natured fellow ran down to Greaves's cabin, and found him sitting dejected, with his head down.

"Cheer up, Mr. Greaves," cries Castor; "luck is changed. Here is a fair wind, and every rag set, and the loveliest woman I ever clapped eyes on has been and written you a letter; and there it is."

"It is from *her!*" cried Greaves, and began to open it, all in a tremble. "She is in trouble, Castor. I saw it in her face."

"Trouble! not she! Schooner A 1, and money in both pockets."

"Trouble, I tell you! and great trouble, or she would never have written to me."

By this time he had opened the letter, and was busied in the contents. "It wasn't to me she wrote," he sighed. "How could it be?" He read it through; and then handed it to Castor.

The letter ran thus:

"I have written this, in hopes I may be able to give it to some lady on board the *Phœbe*, or to one of the officers, that something may be done to rescue me, and prevent some terrible misfortune.

"My husband is a madman. It is his mania to pass for a pirate, and frighten unarmed vessels. Only last week we fell in with a Dutch brig; and he hoisted a black flag with a white death's-head and cross-bones, and fired a shot across the Dutchman's bows. The Dutchman hove to directly, but took to his boats. Then Mr. Laxton thought he had done enough, so he fired a gun to leeward, in token of amity; but the poor Dutchman did not understand; and the crew pulled their boats toward Java-head, full ten miles off, and abandoned their ship. I told him it was too cruel; but he spoke quite harshly to me, and said that lubbers who didn't know the meaning of a gun to leeward had no business afloat. All I could persuade him to was to sail quite away, and let the poor Dutchmen see they could come back to their ship. She could not fly from them, because she was hove to.

"He tried this experiment on the *Phœbe*, and got the men to join him in it. He told me every word I was to say to the officer. The three who were put in irons had a guinea apiece for it, and double grog. He only left off because the officer who came on board was such a brave man, and won his respect directly; for he is as brave as a lion himself. And that is the worst of it; if a frigate caught him playing the pirate, and fired at him, he would be sure to fire back, and court destruction.

"His very crew are so attached to him, and so highly paid—for he is extremely rich—and sailors are so reckless, that I am afraid they would fight almost anybody, at a distance. But I think if they saw an officer on board in his uniform, and he spoke to them, they would come to their senses; because they are, many of them, men-of-war's-men. But, indeed, I fear he bribed some of them out of the Queen's ships; and I don't know what those men might not do, because they are deserters.

"It is my hope and prayer that the captain and officers of the *Phœbe* will, all of them, tell a great many other captains, especially of armed vessels, not to take the *Rover* for a real pirate, and fire on him; but to come on board, and put him under reasonable restraint, for his own sake, and that of others at sea.

"As for myself, I believe my own life is scarcely safe. He has fits of violence which he cannot help, poor fellow, and is very sorry for afterward; but they are becoming more frequent, and he is getting worse in every way.

"But it is not for myself I write these lines, so much as to prevent wholesale mischief. I behaved ill in marrying him, and must take my chance, and, perhaps, pay my penalty.

"ELLEN LAXTON."

"Well, Castor," said Greaves, eagerly, "what shall we do? Will the captain let you take volunteers and board her?"

"Certainly not! Why, here's a fair wind, and stunsels set to catch every puff."

"For heaven's sake, take him her letter, and try him."

"I'll do that; but it is no use."

He took the letter, and soon came back with a reply that Captain Curtis sympathized with the lady, and would make the case known to every master in his service.

"And that is all he is game for!" said Greaves, contemptuously. "Castor, lend me your arm. I can hobble on deck well enough."

He got on deck; and the schooner was three miles to leeward, and full a mile astern, with nothing set but her topsails and flying-jib.

Greaves groaned aloud. "He means to part company. We shall never see her again." He groaned, and went down to his cabin again.

He was mistaken. Laxton was only giving the ship a start, in order to try rates of sailing. He set his magnificent mainsail, and foresail, and main-jib, and came up with the ship hand over head, the moderate breeze giving him an advantage.

Castor did not tell Greaves; for he thought it would only put him in a passion, and do no good.

So the first intimation Greaves got was at about 4 P.M. He was seated, in deep sorrow, copying his lost sweetheart's letter, in order to carry out her wishes, when the shadow of an enormous jib-sail fell on his paper. He looked up, and saw the schooner gliding majestically alongside, within pistol-shot.

He flew on deck, in spite of his lame foot, and made the wildest propositions. He wanted a broadside fired at the schooner's masts, to disable her—wanted Captain Curtis to take the wind out of her sails, and run on to her, grapple her, and board her.

To all this, as might be supposed, Captain Curtis turned a deaf ear.

"Interfere, with violence, between man and wife, sir! Do you think I am as mad as he is? Attack a commander, who has just breakfasted with me, merely because he has got a tile loose? Pray compose yourself, Mr. Greaves, and don't talk nonsense. I shall keep my course, and take no notice of his capers. And, Mr. Greaves, I am sorry for you. You are out of luck. But every dog has his day. Be patient, man, for God's sake, and remember you serve Her Majesty, and should be the last to defy the law. You should set an example, sir."

This brought that excellent officer to his bearings, and he sat down all of a heap and was silent, but tears of agony came out of his eyes; and presently something occurred that made him start up in fury again.

For Laxton's quick eye had noticed him and his wild appeals, and he sent down for Mrs. Laxton. When she came up, he said, "My dear, there's a gentleman on deck who did not breakfast with us. There he sits, abaft the mainmast, looking daggers at us; do you know him?"

Ellen started.

"Ah, you do know him! Tell me his name."

"His name is Arthur Greaves."

"What, the same that was spoony on you when I sailed into Tenby Harbor?"

"Yes, yes. Pray, spare me the sight of the man I wronged so wickedly."

"Spare you the sight, you lying devil! Why, you raised your vail to see him the better." With these words he caught her hastily round the waist with his powerful arm, and held her in that affectionate position whilst he made his ironical adieu to the ship he was out-sailing.

During the above dialogue, the schooner being directly under the ship's lee, the wind was taken out of the swifter craft's sails, and the two vessels hung together a minute; but soon the schooner forged ahead, and glided gradually away, steering a more southerly course; and still those two figures were seen interlaced upon her deck, in spite of the lady's letter in Greaves's possession.

"The hell of impotence," says an old writer. Poor Greaves suffered that hell, all the time that the schooner ran alongside the ship, and nobody would help him board her, or grapple her, or sink her. Then was added the hell of jealousy; his eyes were blasted, and his soul sickened, with the actual picture of his old sweetheart embraced by her lord and master before all the world. He had her letter, addressed, though not written, to him; but Laxton had *her*, and the picture of possession was public. Greaves shook his fist at him with impotent fury, howled impotent curses at him, that everybody heard, even the ladies, who had come on deck well pleased, seeing only the surface of things, and were all aghast when Greaves came up all of a sudden, and stormed, and raged, at what to them was that pretty ship, and justly affectionate commander; still more aghast when all this torrent came to a climax, and the strong man fell down in a fit, and was carried, gnashing, and foaming, and insensible, to his cabin.

On board the schooner all was not so rosy as it looked. Mrs. Laxton, quietly imprisoned by an iron hand, and forced into a pictorial attitude of affection, quite out of character with her real sentiments—which, at that moment, were fear, repugnance, remorse, and shame—quivered and writhed in that velvet-iron embrace; her cheeks were red, at first, with burning blushes; but by degrees they became very pale; her lips quivered, and lost all color; and, soon after Greaves was carried below, her body began to collapse, and, at last, she was evidently about to faint; but her changeable husband looked in her face, uttered a cry of dismay, and supported her, with a world of tenderness, into the cabin, and, laying her on a sofa, recovered her with all the usual expedients, and then soothed her with the tenderest expressions of solicitude and devotion.

It was not the first time his tyranny had ended in adoration and tenderness. The couple had shed many tears of reconciliation; but the finest fabric wears out in time; and the blest shade of Lord Byron must forgive me if I declare that even "Pique her and soothe by turns" may lose its charm by what Shakspeare calls "damnable iteration." The reader, indeed, might gather as much from Mrs. Laxton's reply to her husband's gushing tenderness. "There—there—I know you love me, in your way; and, if you do, please leave me in peace, for I am quite worn out."

"Queen of my soul! your lightest word is a command," said the now chivalrous spouse, who impressed a delicate kiss upon her brow, and retired backward, with a gaze of veneration, as from the presence of his sovereign.

This sentiment of excessive veneration did not, however, last twenty-four hours. He thought the matter over, and, early next morning, he brought a paint-pot into the cabin, and, having stirred some of his wife's millefleur into it, proceeded to draw, and then paint, a certain word over a small cupboard, or locker, in the state cabin.

Mrs. Laxton came in, and found him so employed. "What a horrid smell!" said she, pettishly. "Paint!"

"What, do you smell it?" said he, in an humble, apologetic tone. "I thought I had succeeded in disguising it with something more agreeable to the nostrils of beauty—the essence of a thousand flowers."

"You have not, then; and what *are* you doing?"

"Painting a word on this locker. A salutary word. Behold, queen of the ship and your husband's heart!" And he showed her the word "Discipline," beautifully written in large letters, and in an arch.

She began to quake a little; but, being high-spirited, she said:

"Yes, it is a salutary word, and, if it had been applied to you when a boy, it would be all the better for you now—and for me, too."

"It would," said he, gravely. "But *I* had no true friend to correct the little faults of youth. You have. You have

a husband, who knows how to sail a woman; '*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*'; that's the rule, when one is blessed, and honored, and tormented with the charge of capricious beauty."

Then Mrs. Laxton took fright, and said, cajolingly, she really believed he was the wisest man upon the seas.

As he was, at all events, one of the vainest, this so gratified him that no further allusion to her faults was made that day.

The next morning, two sailors had a fight for the affections of Susan Tucker, Mrs. Laxton's Welsh maid, whom he had made her color and rig out as Zulema, in that little comedy with Castor.

Thereupon Laxton complained to her, and said, "I cannot have the peace of the vessel disturbed by that hussy. I shall discharge her."

"What, into the sea, dear?" said Mrs. Laxton, rather pertly.

"No, love. Though I don't see why I shouldn't launch her in an open boat, with a compass, and a loaf, and a barrel of water, and a bottle of hair oil—she uses that, the nasty little pig. That sort of thing has been done, on less provocation, to Captain Blyth, and many others. No, I shall fire across the bows of the first homeward bound——"

Mrs. Laxton uttered a loud sigh of dismay.

"And send that little apple of discord back to its own orchard in South Wales; he, he, he!"

This was no laughing matter to poor Mrs. Laxton. She clasped her hands. "Oh, Edward, show me some mercy! I have never been without a woman about me. Oh, pray, don't let me be alone in a ship, surrounded by men, and not one woman!"

"For shame, Ellen!" said he, severely. "You are a pirate's bride, and must rise above your sex. I devote myself to your service as lady's maid. It would be odd, indeed, if a man who can pass a weather earing, couldn't humble-cum-stumble a woman's stays."

"That is not it. If she goes, my life will no longer be safe."

"Not safe! with me to look after it!"

"No, you villain!—you hypocrite!—If she goes, my life will not be safe from *you!*"

She was wild with anger and fear.

"These are hard words," said he, sorrowfully. Then, firmly, "I see the time has come for discipline;" and, though his words were wondrous calm, he seized her suddenly by the nape of the neck. She uttered one scream; the next he stopped with his other hand, and she bit it to the bone; but he never winced. "Come," said he, "I'll use no unnecessary violence. '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*' is the sailing order;" and in a few moments she was bundled, struggling violently, into the locker, and the key turned on her.

Though his hand bled freely, he kept his word, and used no unnecessary violence, provided you grant him, by way of postulate, that it was *necessary* to put her into that locker at all. Only as she fought, and bit, and scratched, and kicked, and wriggled her very best, the necessary violence was considerable.

That was her fault, not his, he conceived. He used no unnecessary violence. He now got a napkin, and tied up his hand. Then he took a centre-bit, and bored holes in the paneled door.

This, he informed his prisoner, was necessary. "Without a constant supply of fresh air, you would be uncomfortable; and your comfort is very dear to me."

He then remarked that she ought to have a sentinel. Respect, as well as safety, demanded that; and, as he was his own factotum, he would discharge that function. Accordingly, he marched past the locker, to and fro, without ceasing; till there was a knock at his cabin-door, and a sail reported to leeward.

"Homeward bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then close up with her. And get my gig ready to board her."

When he came near her, it proved to be one of Mr. Green's tea-ships; so he fired a gun to leeward, instead of sending a shot across her bows; and then he launched his gig, with Susan blubbering in the stern sheets, and her clothes in a hammock.

The ship, for a wonder, condescended to slack her main-sheet, and the boat, being very swift, ran up to her astern, and the officer in command of the boat offered forty pounds for a passage.

They happened to want a female servant, and so they took her, with a little grumbling; and she got her fare, or the greater portion of it, paid her for wages at Southampton. So I am told, however.

The pursuit and capture of the ship, and the hoisting on board of Susan, were all reported, during their actual progress, with great bonhommie, to Mrs. Laxton, through her air-holes, by her spouse and sentinel, and received with sobbing, and sullen tears.

When the boat came back, Laxton put on a bright and cheerful air.

"There," said he, to his prisoner, "the bone of contention is gone, and peace is restored — nautical peace, and domestic peace. Aren't you glad?"

No answer.

"Don't be sulky, dear. That shows a bad disposition, and calls for discipline. Open your mind to me. This is the cellular system, universally approved. How do you find it work? How do you feel, love? A little—subjugated—eh? Tell the truth, now."

"Yes; quite subjugated," said a faint voice. "Pray, let me out."

"With pleasure, dear. Why did you not ask me before?"

He opened the door, and there was the poor woman, crouched in a cupboard that only just held her, seated on the ground, with her knees half way to her chin.

She came out, with her eyes as wild as any beast of the forest, that had been caught in a trap, and tottered to a seat. She ran her white hands recklessly into her hair, and rocked herself.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Susan gone; and I am alone with a madman! I'm a lost woman!"

Laxton pitied her distress, and set himself to cool her fears.

"Don't talk like that, dearest," said he; "a little discipline is wholesome. What have you to fear from a man, whose sportive ensign, no doubt, is a Death's-head and cross-bones, but whose motto is '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*'? Look here; here is an ensanguined cloth. Mine is the only blood that has been shed in our little loving encounter; the only blood that ever shall be shed between us, sweet tigress of my soul."

"Forgive me," she said, trembling all over. "I was so frightened."

"Forgive you, dearest? Why, you know a bite from you is sweeter than a kiss from any other woman. It was rapturous. Bite me again, love; scratch me; beat me. Sweet, darling Nelly, teach a brute and a ruffian to dare to discipline his lovely queen."

"No, no. I won't touch you. You don't love me."

"Not love you? Ah, cruel Nelly! What man ever loved a woman as I love you?"

"Give me a proof; some better proof than locking me up in that horrid hole."

"Any proof you like."

"Take me on shore. I'm not a sailor; and I begin to pine for land."

"Of course you do," said Laxton, who was now all indulgence. "Choose your land at once. There's Australia to leeward."

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

"Yes; six thousand miles. Let us go to China, and drink tea together, dear, fresh gathered."

"The desire is natural," said Laxton, like a nurse making life sweet to a refractory child. "I'll go on deck, and alter her course directly. By-the-by, where did Castor say I should find him?"

Thus, even in her deplorable condition, and just let out of prison, did a terrified, but masterly woman manipulate her maniac.

But what she endured in the course of a very few days was enough to unhinge a lady for life. Laxton took to brooding, and often passed his hand over his brow, with a weird, terrified look. Then she watched him with terror. On deck, he went into furies about the most trifling things, and threatened his best seamen with the cat.

Ellen could hear his voice raging above, and sat trembling, as his step came down the ladder, after these explosions. But at the cabin-door he deposited violence, and his mania took another turn. He disciplined her every day, and it seemed to cool him. She made no resistance; and they

conversed amicably, on different sides of the prison, she admitting that discipline was good for her mind.

After a time, she would say :

"Edward, I'm sorry to say this contracted position pains my limbs."

"We must provide for that. I'll build another yacht, with more room in it—*for everything.*

"Do, dear; and, meantime, I am afraid I must ask you to let me out."

"Oh, by all means! Everything must give way to your comfort."

Unfortunately, Mr. Laxton, as his reason became weaker, set up a spy; and this fellow wormed out that one of the crew had seen Castor take a letter, on the sly, from Mrs. Laxton. This upset his mind altogether. He burst in upon her, looking fearful.

"So you write love-letters to strangers, do you?" he roared.

"No, no. Who dares say so?"

"Who dares deny it? You were seen to give one to that Castor, a man you had only spoken to once, you false-hearted, adulterous hussy!"

"It was only a letter to my father."

"Liar! it was a love-letter. And that Greaves couldn't show his face, but you must unvail to him. Damnation! There—you are driving me mad. But you shall not escape, nor your paramours-elect. I know where to find *them;* and *you* I've got."

The poor creature began to shiver. "I am full of faults," she whimpered. "Discipline me, dear. You will mend me, in time."

"No, Judas!" roared the madman. "I have disciplined you in vain. Discipline! it is wasted on such a character. I must try EXTINCTION."

"What, would you kill me, Arthur?"

"Dead as a herring."

"God have mercy on me!"

"That's *His* affair; *mine* is to see that you deceive and delude no more able navigators, and drive them mad. But don't you think I'm going to shed your blood. I'm too fond of you, traitress—viper—hussy—demon of deceit. And don't you think you shall die alone. No. You shall perish with your Castor, and your Greaves—cursed triumvirate! I know where to find them both. This very day I'll catch them, and lash them to the furniture, scuttle my beloved schooner, and set the water bubbling slowly up, till it sucks you all three down to the bottom. Sit down on that ottoman, if you please, loveliest, and wickedest of all God's creatures."

"I will not. I will scream, if you lay a hand on me."

"In that case," said he, "you will drive me to a thing I detest, and that is violence." And he drew out a revolver.

Then she put up her quivering hands, and, pale and quaking in every limb, submitted; she sat down on the ottoman, and he produced some gold cord and fine silk cord; with the silk he tied her hair most artistically to the table, and with the gold cord he bound her hands behind her back, and reduced her to utter helplessness. This done with great care and dexterity, he bade her observe, with a sneer, that his revolver was not loaded. He loaded it, and another, before her eyes; put them in his pocket; locked the cabin, and went on deck, leaving her more dead than alive.

PART IV.

ALL this time the schooner had been running thirteen knots an hour, before a S.W. breeze, and Laxton soon saw a port under his lee, with many ships at anchor; the sight fired his poor brain; he unfurled two black pennants with a white head and crossbones, one at each of his mastheads, and flew a similar ensign at his main-peak, and so stood in for the anchorage, like a black kite sweeping into a poultry-yard.

* * * * * *

Greaves soon came to from his fit: but he had a racking pain across the brow, and the doctor dreaded brain-fever; however, a violent bleeding relieved the sufferer, and Nature, relenting, sent this much-enduring man a long, heavy sleep, whence he awoke with an even pulse, but fell into a sullen, dogged state of mind, sustained only by some vague, and not very reasonable, nope of vengeance.

But now the ladies interfered; from one to another they had picked up some of his story. He was the one hero of romance in the ship, and his ill-luck, bodily and mental, before their eyes; their hearts melted with pity, and they came to the rescue. However timid a single lady may be, four can find courage, when acting in concert. They visited him in his cabin, in pairs; they made him, in one day, by division of labor, a fine cloth shoe for his bad foot; they petted him, and poured consolation on him; and one of them, Mrs. General Meredith, who had a mellow, sympathetic voice, after beating coyly about the bush a bit, wormed his whole story out of him, and instantly told it to the others, and they were quite happy the rest of the voyage, having a real, live love-story to talk over. Mrs. Meredith gave him her address at Hong-Kong, and made him promise to call on her.

At last they reached that port, and the passengers dispersed. Greaves went on board the *Centaur*, and was heartily welcomed.

He reported his arrival to the admiral, and fell at once into the routine of duty. He intended to confide in his good-natured friend the second mate, but was deterred by hearing that a new steam corvette was about to be dispatched to the island to look after pirates. She was to be ready in less than a month.

Nothing was more likely than that the admiral would give the command to his flag-lieutenant. Indeed, the chances were five to one. So Greaves said to himself: "I'll hold my tongue about that madman, and then if I have the good luck to fall in with him I can pretend to take him for a pirate, and board him, and rescue her."

So he held his tongue, and in due course it was notified to him that he was to command the corvette, as soon as her armament should be complete.

It did not escape Lieutenant Greaves that the mad cruiser might be cruising in Polynesia, while he was groping the Chinese islands with his corvette; still there was a chance; and, as it seemed the only one, his sad heart clung to it. In England, time, and a serious malady, had closed his wound; but the sight of Ellen's face, pale and unhappy, and the possession of her letter, which proved that she feared her husband more than she loved him, had opened his wound again, and renewed all his love, and all his pain.

But, whilst he was waiting, and sickening with impatience at the delays in fitting out his corvette for service, an incident occurred that struck all his plans aside in a moment, and taught him how impossible it is for man to foresee what a single day may bring forth.

Admiral Hervey was on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, and a group of his officers conversing to leeward of him, at a respectful distance, when suddenly a schooner, making for the port, hoisted a black flag, with Death's-head and crossbones at her mastheads and her main-peak, and came bowling in; she steered right for the *Centaur*, just shaved her stern, ran on about a cable's length, hove up in the wind, and anchored between the flag-ship and the port she was watching.

It really looked as if this comic pirate meant to pour his little broadside into the mighty *Centaur*, and get blown out of the water in a moment.

Then Greaves began to ask himself whether he was right not to tell the admiral all about this vessel. But while he hesitated, that worthy did not. He grinned at the absurdity of the thing, but he frowned at the impudence. "This won't do," he said. Then, turning toward his officers: "Lieutenant Greaves!"

"Sir!"

"Take an armed party, and bring the master of that schooner to me."

"Ay, sir."

In a very few minutes, Lieutenant Greaves, with two boats containing armed sailors and marines, and the union-jack flying, put off from the *Centaur*, and boarded the schooner.

At sight of his cocked hat, the schooner's men slunk forward, and abandoned their commander. He sat aft, on a barrel of gunpowder, a revolver in each hand, and vociferated.

Greaves stepped up, and fixed his eye on him. He was raving mad, and dangerous. Greaves ordered two stout fellows to go round him, whilst he advanced. Then, still fixing his eye on the maniac, he so mesmerised him that he did not notice the other assailants. At one moment they pinned him behind, and Greaves bounded on him like a cat. Bang! bang! went two shots, plowing the deck; and Laxton was secured and tied, and bundled, shrieking, cursing and foaming, on board one of the boats, and taken to the flag-ship.

Meantime, Greaves stepped forward, and said a few words to the men.

"Now then, Jack, do you want to get into trouble?"

The men's caps went off in a moment.

"No, your honor; it ain't our fault."

"Then strike those ridiculous colors, and fly your union-jack at the main-peak; this schooner is under royal command for the present."

"Ay, ay, sir."

This was done in a moment, and meantime Greaves ran down the companion-ladder, and knocked at the cabin-door.

No answer.

Knocked again, and listened.

He heard a faint moan.

He drew back as far as he could, ran furiously at the door, and gave it such a tremendous kick with his sound foot that the lock gave way, and the door burst open.

Then the scared Ellen saw a cocked hat in the doorway, and the next moment her old lover was by her side, untying her hair, and cutting the ligatures carefully, with tender ejaculations of pity.

"Oh, Arthur!" she sobbed. "Ah!—go away, he will kill us both."

"No, no; don't you be frightened, He is under arrest; and I command the schooner, by the admiral's orders; don't tremble so, darling. It is all over. Why, you are under the guns of the flag-ship, and you have got me. Oh, my poor Ellen, did ever I think to see you used like this?"

So then they had a cry together; and he said everything in the world to comfort her.

But it was not to be done in a moment. The bonds were gone; but the outrage remained.

"I want a woman!" she cried, and hid her face. "Arthur, bring me a woman!"

"That I will," said he; and, seeing paper and envelopes on a table, he dashed off a line to the Admiral:

"Lady on board the schooner in great distress. May I send her ashore to female friends?"

He sent the remaining boat off with this, and the answer came back directly—

"Act according to your discretion. You can go ashore."

As soon as he got this, he told Mrs. Laxton he would take her to Mrs. General Meredith, or invite that lady on board.

Mrs. Laxton said she felt unable to move; so then Greaves dispatched a midshipman in the boat, with a hasty line, and assisted Mrs. Laxton to the sofa, and, holding her hand, begged her to dismiss all her fears.

She was too shaken, however, to do that, and sat crying and quivering; she seemed ashamed, too, and humiliated. So this honest fellow, thinking she would perhaps be glad if he left her, placed two marines at her cabin-door, to give her confidence, and went on deck, and gave some orders, which were promptly obeyed.

But very soon he was sent for to the cabin. "Pray, don't desert me!" said Mrs. Laxton. "The sight of you gives me courage." After a while, she said, "Ah, you return good for evil."

"Don't talk like that," said he. "Why, I am the happiest fellow afloat, now. I got your letter. But I never thought I should be so happy as to rescue you."

"Happy!" said she. "I shall never be happy again. And I don't believe you will. Pray, don't forget that I am a married woman."

"I don't forget that."

"Married to a madman! I hope no harm will come to him."

"I will take care no harm comes to *you*."

Then Greaves, who had read no French novels, and respected the marriage tie, became more distant and respectful, and, to encourage her, said:

"Mrs. Laxton, the lady I have sent to, admired you on board the ship, and I am sure, if she gets my letter, she will do more for you than a poor fellow like me can, now you are out of danger. She is a general's wife, and was very kind to me."

"You are very good and thoughtful," said Mrs. Laxton.

Then there was an awkward silence; and it was broken by the arrival of the boat, with General Meredith and his wife.

Greaves put them on board the schooner, shook hands with the lady, and proposed to her to see Mrs. Laxton alone.

"You are right," said she.

Greaves showed her to the cabin; and I don't know all that passed, but in a very short time these ladies, who had never met but once, were kissing each other, with wet eyes.

Mrs. Meredith insisted on taking her new friend home with her. Mrs. Laxton acquiesced, joyfully; and, for once, a basket of lady's clothes was packed in five minutes.

The boat put off again, and Greaves looked sad. So Mrs. Meredith smiled at him, and said:

"You know where to find us. Don't be long."

Greaves watched the boat, till it was lost among the small shipping; then placed the midshipman in charge, and went at once on board the flag-ship.

Here he heard that the master of the schooner had been taken on the quarter-deck, and requested, civilly enough, to explain his extraordinary conduct; but had sworn at the admiral, and called him an old woman; whereupon, the admiral had not shown any anger, but had said, "Clap him in irons," concluding that he was what he expected and desired.

"Then this doughty sailor, Greaves, who had been going to kill his rival at sight, etc., was seized with compunction the moment that rival was powerless. He went boldly to the

admiral, and asked leave to give information. He handed him Mrs. Laxton's letter.

"Oh!" said the admiral; "then he is mad?"

"As a March hare, sir. And I'm afraid putting him in irons will make him worse. It is a case for a lunatic asylum."

"You won't find one here; but the marine hospital has a ward for lunatics. I know that, for we had to send a foretopman there last week. I'll give you an order, and you can take him ashore at once."

Then Greaves actually took the poor wretch, who had wrecked his happiness, and was now himself a wreck, on board a boat, and conveyed him to the hospital, and instructed the master not to show him any unnecessary severity, but to guard against self-destruction.

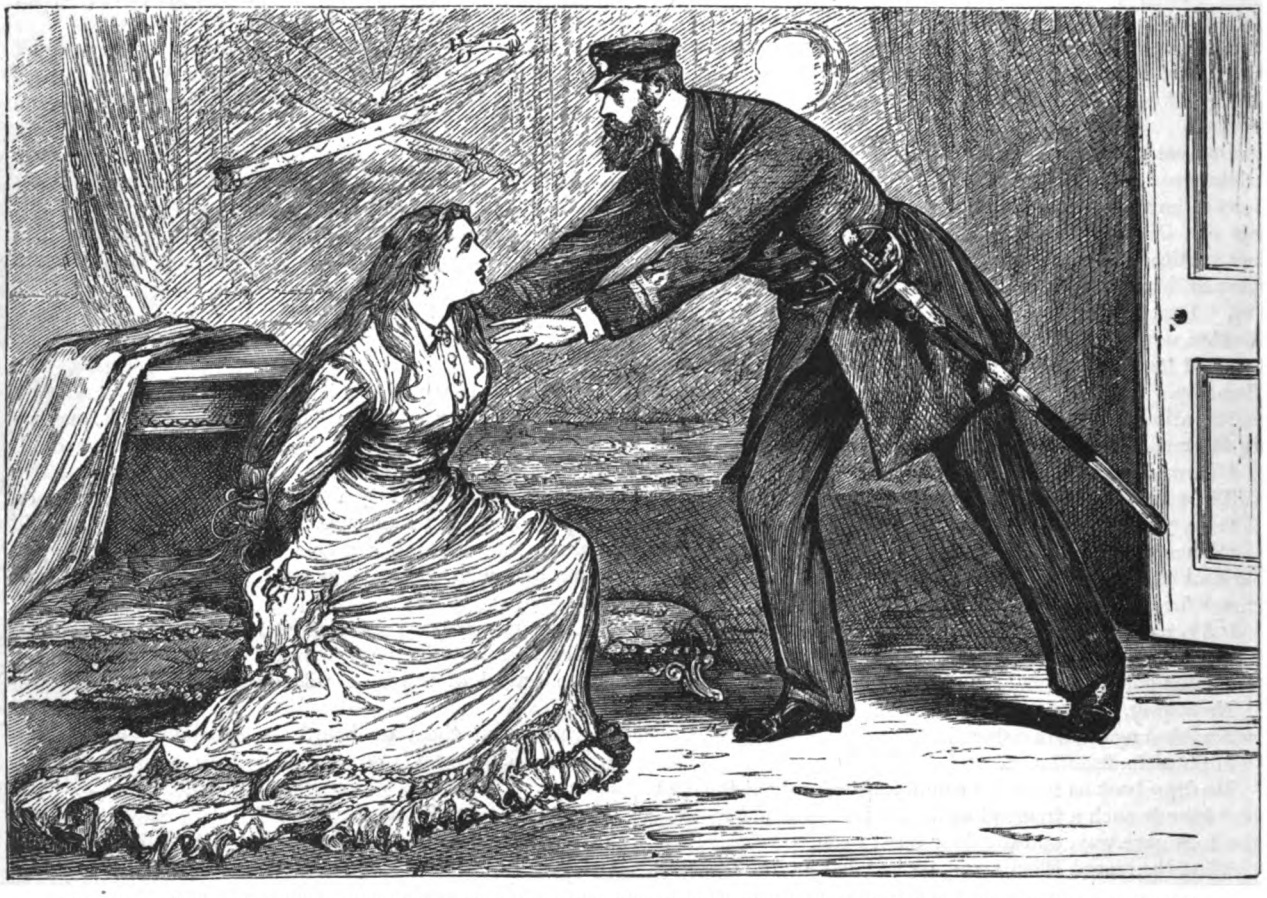
not out of her mind, for Mrs. Meredith knew his whole tale, and told her how he had gone to Tenby, and had taken her marriage to heart, and had been at death's door in London.

At last Greaves called, having the excuse of a message from the admiral. He wished to know if Mrs. Laxton would sell eight of her guns to the Government, and also allow her sailors to be drafted into his ships, all but two, that number being sufficient to take care of her vessel in port.

Mrs. Laxton said:

"I shall do nothing of the kind, without *your* advice, Arthur—Mr. Greaves. Why, how am I to get home?"

Then Greaves advised her to sell the guns, for they were worse than useless; but to part with the men only on condition that the admiral would man the schooner "when



THE JILT.—"THE NEXT MOMENT HER OLD LOVER WAS BY HER SIDE, UNTYING HER HAIR, AND CUTTING THE LIGATURES CAREFULLY, WITH TENDER EJACULATIONS OF PITY."

Then he went directly to Mrs. Meredith and reported what he had done.

Mrs. Laxton, in spite of all remonstrance, would go and see her husband that night; but she found him in a strait waistcoat, foaming and furious, and using such language, she was obliged to retire horror-stricken.

About five in the morning he burst a blood-vessel in the brain, and at noon next day all his troubles were over.

Mrs. Laxton mourned him, and buried him, and Greaves held aloof, not liking to go near her just now; for he was too frank and simple to pretend he shared her grief. Yet he had sense enough to understand that, at such a time, a generous spirit remembers only a man's good qualities; and Laxton had many; but, even when he married Ellen Ap Reice, the seeds were in him of that malady which destroyed him at last.

However, if Greaves was out of the widow's sight, he was

required" with new hands, that had never played tricks at sea under her late commander.

Greaves called once or twice in the course of this negotiation, and thought Ellen had never looked so lovely as in her widow's cap. But he felt bound to abstain from making love, though he was bursting with it, and both ladies saw it.

But one day he came to them in great dismay, and told them the guns had been bought for the steam corvette he was to command, and she would be ready in a week, and he should have to go on his cruise.

"I am very unfortunate," he said.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when his friend, the second lieutenant, was announced.

"Beg pardon, ladies; but here's a letter from the admiral for Greaves; and we all hope it's promotion."

He produced an enormous letter, and sure enough Lieutenant Greaves was now a commander.

"Hurrah!" shouted the second lieutenant, and retired.

"This would have made me very happy once," said Greaves; then cast a despairing look at Ellen, and went off, all in a hurry, not to break down.

Then Mrs. Laxton had a cry round her friend's neck.

But next day the same Greaves came in, all joyous.

"I was a fool," said he. "I forgot the rule of the service. An admiral can't have two commanders. That fine fellow who came after me with the news is lieutenant in my place; and I'm to go home for orders."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Ellen. "When must you go?"

"Oh, I dare say I might stay another fortnight or so. When are you going home, Mrs. Laxton?"

"The very first opportunity; and Mrs. Meredith is to go with me. Won't it be nice?"

"Yes," said he; "but it would be nicer if I could be third man. But no such luck for me, I suppose."

Those two ladies now put their heads together and boarded the admiral. He knew Mrs. Meredith; but was a little surprised, though too true a tar to be displeased. They were received in his cabin, and opened their business.

Mrs. Laxton wanted to go home immediately in her schooner, and she had no crew.

"Well, madam, you are not to suffer for your civility to *us*. We will man your schooner for you in forty-eight hours."

"Oh, thank you, admiral! But the worst of it is, I have no one to command her."

"No sailing-master?"

"No, my poor husband sailed her himself," answered the lady, mournfully.

"Ay, I remember, poor fellow! Besides" (looking at the beautiful widow), "I would not trust you to a sailing-master."

"What we thought, admiral, was, that as we gave up the guns and the sailors, perhaps you would be so kind as to lend us an officer."

"What, out of her Majesty's fleet? I could not do that. But, now I think of it, I've got the very man for you. Here's Commander Greaves, going home, on his promotion. He is as good an officer as any on the station."

"Oh, admiral, if *you* think so well of him, he will be a godsend to poor us!"

"Well, then, he is at your service, ladies; and you could not do better."

Greaves was a proud and joyful man. "My luck has turned," said he.

He ballasted the schooner and provisioned her, at Mrs. Laxton's expense, who had received a large sum of money for her guns. The two ladies occupied the magnificent cabin. He took an humbler berth, weighed anchor, and away for old England.

MISS WALKINSHAW.—"SUCH A DEAD SILENCE! IT APPALLED ME—THOSE MEN GLARING AT EACH OTHER, AND MADAME, TOO FRIGHTENED FOR TEARS, CROUCHING AT MY LORD'S FEET IN AN AGONY OF MUTE SUPPLICATION."—SEE PAGE 203.

I shall not give the reader any nautical details of another voyage, but a brief sketch of things distinct from navigation that happened on board.

Mrs. Laxton was coy for some days; then friendly; then affectionate; and, off the Cape, tyrannical.

"You are not the Arthur Greaves I remember," said she; "he had not a horrid beard."

"Why, I suffered for not having one," said he.

"What I mean," said she, "is that you do not awaken in me the associations you would but for that—appendage."

"You wish those associations awakened?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then let me see you as you used to be—Arthur."

The beard came off next morning.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Laxton; and, to do her justice, she felt a little compunction at her tyranny, and disposed to reconcile him to his loss. She was so kind to him that, at Madeira, he asked her to marry him.

"To be sure I will," said she, "some day. Why, I believe we are engaged."

"I am sure of it," said he.

"Then, of course, I *must* marry you. But there's one—little—condition."

"Must I grow a beard again?"

"No. The condition is—I am afraid that you won't like it."

"Perhaps not; but I don't care, if I am to be paid by marrying you."

"Well then, it is—you must leave the service."

"Leave the service! You cannot be serious? What, just when I am on the road to the red flag at the fore? Besides, how are we to live? I have no other means at present; and I am not going to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Papa is rich, *dear*, and I can sell the yacht for a trading vessel. She is worth ten thousand pounds, I'm told."

"Oh, then I am to be idle, and eat my wife's bread?"

"And butter, *dear*. I promise it shall not be dry bread."

"I prefer a crust, earned like a man."

"You don't mean to say that you won't leave the service to oblige *me, sir?*"

"Anything else you like; but I cannot leave the service."

"Then I cannot marry you, my sailor bold," chanted the tyrannical widow, and retired to her cabin.

She told Mrs. Meredith; and that lady scolded her, and lectured her, till she pouted and was very nearly crying.

However, she vouchsafed an explanation. "One requires change. I have been the slave of one man, and now I *must* be the tyrant of another."

Mrs. Meredith suggested that rational freedom would be a sufficient change for her condition under Laxton.

"Rational freedom!" said the widow, contemptuously; "that is neither one thing nor the other. I will be a slave or a tyrant. He will give in, as he did about the beard, if you don't interfere. I'll be cross one day, and affectionate the next, and all sweetness the next. He will soon find out which he likes best, and he will give in, poor, dear fellow."

I suppose that in a voyage round the world these arts might have conquered; but they sighted the Lizard without Greaves yielding, and both were getting unhappy; so Mrs. Meredith got them together, and proposed she should marry him, and if, in one year after marriage, she insisted on his leaving the service, he would be bound in honor to do so.

"I'm afraid that comes to the same thing," said Greaves.

"No, it does not," said Mrs. Meredith. "Long before a year she will have given up her nonsensical notion, that wives can be happy tyrannizing over the man they love, and you will be master."

"Aha!" said Mrs. Laxton, "we shall see."

This being settled, Ellen suddenly appeared with her engaged ring on her finger, and was so loving, that Greaves was almost in heaven. They landed Mrs. Meredith, with all the honors, at Plymouth, and telegraphed the Mayor of Tenby. Next day they sailed into the Welsh harbor, and landed. They were both received with open arms by the mayor and all Dewar; and it was the happiest house in Wales.

Ellen staid at home; but Greaves lived on board the ship till the wedding-day.

Ellen, still on the doctrine of opposition, would be cried in church, because the last time she had been married by license; and, as she had sailed away from church the first time, she would travel by land, and no further than St. David's.

They were soon back at Tenby; and she ordered Greaves to take her on board the yacht, with a black leather bag.

"Take that into the cabin, dear," said she.

Then she took some curious keys out of her pocket, and opened a secret place, that nobody would have discovered. She showed him a great many bags of gold and a pile of bank-notes.

"We are not so very poor, Arthur," she said. "You will have a little butter to your bread. You know I promised you should. And there is money settled on me; and he left me a great deal of money besides when he was in his senses, poor fellow. I could not tell before, or papa would have it settled on me; and that lowers a husband. Being henpecked a *very little—quite privately*—does not," she said, cajolingly.

Greaves was delighted, within certain limits.

"I am glad to find you are rich," said he. "But I hope you won't make me leave the service. Money is not everything."

"I promise never to discharge you from *my* service, dear. I know your value too well."

They spent a happy fortnight in Tenby as man and wife.

One day they walked on the south sands, and, somehow, found themselves in Merlin's Cave.

Here Ellen sat, with her head on that faithful shoulder, and he looked down on her with inexpressible tenderness.

Presently she gave a scream, and started up, and was out of the cavern in a moment. He followed her, a little alarmed.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, Arthur, a dream! Such a dreadful one! I dreamt I played you false, and married a gentleman with a beard, and he was mad, and took me all round the world, and ill-used me, and tied me by the hair, and you rescued me; and then I found, too late, it was you I esteemed and loved, and we were parted for ever. Oh, what a dream! *And* so vivid!"

"How extraordinary!" said he. "Would you believe I dreamt I lost you in that very way, and was awfully ill, and went to sea again, and found you lashed to a table by your beautiful hair, and lost to me for ever?"

"Poor Arthur! What a blessing it was only a dream!"

Soon after the pair had come to this little historical arrangement they settled in London; and Mrs. Greaves, being as beautiful as ever, and extremely rich, exerted her powers of pleasing, to advance her husband's interests. The consequence is, he remains in the service, but is at present employed in the Education Department. She no longer says he must leave the service; her complaint now is that she loves him too well to govern him as should be. But she is firm on this, that, if he takes a command, she shall go with him; and she will do it, too.

Her ripe beauty is dazzling; she is known to be wealthy. The young fellows look from her to her husband, and say:

"What on earth could she have seen in that man, to marry him?"

I wonder how many of these young swells will vie with him in earnest, and earn a lovely woman both by doing and suffering!

THE END.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

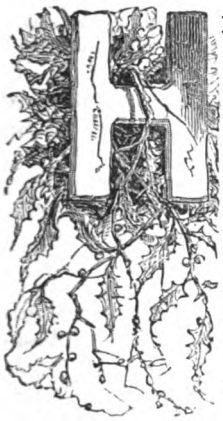
There is something very ingenious in the manufacture of marbles. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small, cubical fragments, and about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of these are ground at one time in a mill, something like a flour-mill. The lower stone, which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or wind power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The little pieces are made to roll about in all directions, and in a quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.

Such as have virtue always in their mouth, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others while itself is insensible of the music.

MISS WALKINSHAW.

LITERAL EXTRACTS FROM BARBARA VANCE'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.



HER story has been told repeatedly. Her poor name has been dragged into countless scandalous romances. I have listened to scores; but, upon the word of a woman, do I solemnly aver that in none of these was the truth, and no one should know the truth better than I, Barbara Vance. So, now, utterly indignant at the many falsehoods that overshadow the whole affair, I give the facts concerning Isabel Walkinshaw and the man Charles Edward Stuart—he who styled himself Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

I QUITTED Pousford on the morning of May 7th, 1772. An ugly morning it was, indeed—raw and cold, with a biting wind, and a sharp drizzle of rain beating against the coach-windows. Mark Osborn was standing in his shop-door as we went lumbering by. I looked out, and nodded gayly. He looked up, and frowned; and then I laughed—and cried.

The following day, at noon, or thereabout, we reached London, and drove up to the Bull's Head Tavern. An exceedingly civil serving-man in blue livery was there, waiting to receive me, and the same mighty personage conducted me to a grand mansion, where I was met by an elderly woman in a dark gown. This was my cousin, Hester Blount, maid to a lady whose name you shall hear presently.

Now Hester, as luck would have it, had written for me just when my heart was breaking to get away from Pousford, so I went to her. I had not seen her for years; but she met me as though I had been her nearest and dearest. She embraced me tenderly—indeed, she had always been tender to me, in her stern way—asked a few questions, listened in silence to the story of my broken life, and then conducted me to her mistress.

We entered a spacious chamber, whose grandeur was softened by a mellow light, and there, seated at a table, writing, was the handsomest woman I had ever seen in all my life. She had a skin like lilies and roses; her eyes were as blue as my own, but her hair, unlike mine, was just one mass of yellow ringlets. She wore a robe of some rich silken stuff, but not a trinket—never so much as a ring upon her shapely fingers.

Wheeling her chair sharply about as we advanced, she awaited Hester's explanation.

"Madame," said my cousin, "this is Barbara Vance, and she is but newly arrived."

I courtesied, and madame nodded; she was silent, and I dared not look up, for I knew that her gaze never quitted my face.

"How old are you, Barbara?" she asked, at last, in the softest tone imaginable.

"Four-and-twenty, next Shrovetide, my lady," I answered.

"Have you a sweetheart, child?"

"No, my lady."

"No sweetheart! Have you never had one?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is he dead?"

I tried to answer, but I could not; tears blinded my eyes, and my lips seemed locked. Then I heard Hester saying: "He is not dead; he is married, madame."

"Ah!" said madame, slowly, "I understand. Your lover was false to you. Ah, my God, that is hard!"

She sat for a moment quite still, her elbow upon the table, her hand shading her face. Presently she spoke again:

"Will you enter my service, Barbara?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Do you swear to be faithful to me?"

"I solemnly swear it, my lady."

"Then, lock the doors, Hester. What you and I have to say to Barbara must be heard by her alone."

IT must have been full two hours later when madame graciously accorded me permission to withdraw, and then my cousin led me to a pretty little chamber next to her own.

"Hester," I cried, when I had ceased admiring my new surroundings, "madame is fit to be a queen!"

"Humph!" was my cousin's grim rejoinder.

"But, Hester," I said again, "what am I to call her?"

"Call her? Why, haven't I told you her name yet, child?"

What a question! And right well she knew that she had never mentioned it—nay, that she had studiously avoided mentioning it, even in answer to my first eager inquiries.

"You know that you haven't."

"Well, then, call her Miss Walkinshaw."

"Miss Walkinshaw?" I repeated, blankly.

"Yes," quoth Hester; "pray, have you ever heard of her?"

"No."

"Well, then, what has come over you, girl? Did you expect her to be a royal duchess?"

"No," I retorted, "not that; for a royal duchess would be a married woman. Oh, Hester, I begin to understand it all now."

CHAPTER II.

IN a few days, and in accordance with arrangements which had been made behind closed doors upon the night of my arrival, I quitted London for no less a place than Rome, where I was to act as maid to the young bride of an Englishman of note. I was not going to the capital of Christendom alone—oh, no! Mr. Richard Maskelyn bore me company, and he, being commissioned by my mistress to watch over me, did all in his power to make my journey a pleasant one.

This Mr. Maskelyn was a clever young gentleman; handsome, proud, stern, and as brave as brave could be. He too had his part to play; how well he played it you shall presently hear.

We reached Rome on June 17th, 1772. Here my companion bade me adieu *for a time*, and here I entered immediately upon my new duties. My mistress was no less a personage than Louisa of Stolberg, bride of Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, or, as he was styled, the Count of Albany.

The countess was a lively, pleasant, little creature, not beautiful, but full of those indefinable charms which work more real harm with men than pretty faces might ever hope to do; and she seemed to be just the happiest woman in all the wide world; so happy that, had I been the unsuspecting country lass that she supposed, I would really have envied her.

My lady spoke English remarkably well, and the first time that I busied myself with her toilet, she asked me ten thousand questions, all of which I answered with wonderful

discretion. Then she ran on in a childlike, innocent way, telling me of her early convent life at St. Wandru, where she was a canoness; of her girlish admiration for the daring adventurer who had succeeded in defeating an English army, and in striking terror to the heart of an English king; of her marriage; of her gifts; and, lastly, of her expectations.

"When right triumphs, and justice is done, I shall be queen, of course," said she, proudly.

And then she showed me a medal, of solid, yellow gold, whereon was inscribed this legend:

"Charles III., born 1730, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland."

And on the opposite side:

"Louisa, Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland. 1772."

It was very pretty, and I said so, for she seemed to take much comfort in the high-sounding titles.

"But," said I, holding up a portrait which I had taken from the jewel-casket, "here is something far prettier."

Madame, who had been looking intently at her medal, dropped it now, and, with a frightened cry, she snatched the portrait from me.

"You should not have touched that!" she exclaimed. "It is the likeness of—of—of a dead friend."

"Oh, forgive me. I thought it was your husband's."

What answer she would have made, I know not, for just then some one tapped at the door.

"Open it," whispered my mistress.

I turned to obey; as I did so, I saw her slip this likeness of a dead friend in her bosom.

A gentleman entered; a tall, well-made gentleman, with jet-black hair and eyes, and a swarthy skin, unhealthily flushed. It was the Count of Albany. He came forward hastily, pausing only when he saw me.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "who have we here, pray?'

"It is Barbara," was the madame's smiling explanation. "Barbara Vance, my new English maid."

"Ah, ha! Well, Barbara Vance, did you come straight from England?"

"Yes, my lord," I answered, with a low courtesy.

"Straight from the country, Barbara?"

"From Devonshire, my lord. I know naught of cities."

"Very good. All that was understood when I commissioned my Lord Rawdon to find some one for my wife. I want no foreign minx about her. She must learn to love England; she must love the people who will soon be her subjects. Do you hear me, Barbara?"

But before I could reply, this singular personage had approached my lady, and was saying, in the most loving tone imaginable:

"And you can do all that without robbing *me*, eh, my angel?"

The angel, with the dead friend's likeness hidden next her heart, smiled sweetly up at him. It was a charming comedy, a very charming comedy, but—*I could not laugh.*

That night I saw Mr. Richard Maskelyn.

Chapter III.

Life at Rome, which seemed to me so gay, was to my mistress wofully dreary. She never quitted the palace except for a drive, and she always returned looking so doleful in her lonely grandeur, that I wondered seriously whether, after all, it was really so fine a thing to be a queen—in effigy.

My master, the count, kept up a sort of sham court, and surrounded himself with a throng of sham courtiers, who never wearied playing the game of loyalty. I soon discovered, however, that my mistress, the countess, was playing at a deeper game, and with far more success.

As for her secrets, I must acknowledge that she endeavored to guard them, but as it was my duty to learn them, I attempted to do so, and partially succeeded. Very wisely, then, I made the knowledge which I had gained serve as a stepping-stone to unreserved confidence. This is how I commenced;

"My gracious mistress," said I, one evening, as I disrobed her, "I saw some one to-day of whom I have heard a great deal."

"Ah," she responded, languidly, "who was that."

"The Signor Alfieri, madame."

"Where?" looking up now.

"In the great gallery, madame."

"Was he alone?"

"No, madame—a lady was with him. They were slowly pacing to and fro, he with his arm about her; and I saw her——"

"Silence!"

My mistress arose, her sleepy, blue eyes gleaming brightly enough now.

"Who was the woman?" she cried, imperiously.

I gave my answer with quiet dignity.

"*Yourself!*"

For a moment she stood there, regarding me fixedly, and I—well, I returned her look. I could do so, for, in one respect, at least, I was far and away above this grand lady. At last her anger blazed forth. I was a minion, a spy, a wretch who merited to be drawn and quartered! I was——

But here she fairly broke down. Rage had burnt itself out, and Fear stole into its place. Then she flung herself upon the bed, weeping and sobbing, and bemoaning her bitter fate in a way that would certainly have touched my heart, if I had had such a thing. Yet, as it was, I affected no small concern. I knelt beside her, I kissed her hand, I vowed that faithful would I be till death. And all this promise of devotion earned its own reward, for, before I quitted my lady that night, I had the supreme satisfaction of knowing all that I wanted to know; of knowing that the picture which lay next her heart *was not* the picture of a dead friend, but of *a living lover*, and that lover was Italy's great poet, Vittorio Alfieri!

Chapter IV.

October 11, 1778. Ah! day never to be forgotten! Ah! heart of mine! the wickedness that hath defiled thee! the woe that ever will weigh thee down.

I had not been long in my new service before I discovered that no woman, even if she loved him most tenderly, could ever hope for a happy life with the count. He was a libertine in the fullest sense of the word. Such men are always jealous, and he was no exception. I honestly believe that if ever he loved a woman, he loved his wife, and this, too, when he knew that she cared nothing for him, and that she had actually been forced to wed him. An honorable man would surely have found some way to release her from her bondage, but he lacked the loftiness of soul which should have led him to do so much. To the contrary, his suspicions never slumbered, his vigilance was tyrannical. He would not suffer her to quit his sight, and if he went out alone, he invariably locked her up until his return. All this seems pitifully unkingly, but it is true. This, and more—far more than I can tell you here. However, there was a patient, meek-minded Griselda of a queen, to be sure. I don't wonder that Griselda grew a-weary, and found herself a lover.

Well, the day. We were in the garden alone—my mistress and I. The count was at Florence. *With a single exception*, no one expected him.

My lady had wandered on, I following, until we reached a certain grotto. Here, as was my custom, I seated myself upon the turf, discreetly looking another way whilst madame disappeared in the shadow of the cave. And it so chanced that, as I looked, I presently saw a man approaching—the Count of Albany! He beckoned. I arose and went to him. Heavens! how frightfully white he was! Why, even his lips were ashen, and his black eyes shone with a lurid light.

"I received your letter, Barbara Vance," said he, hurriedly. "You are a good, faithful girl. They are there, eh?"

"Has your lordship just arrived?"

"No, no; I have been skulking in the cursed place for hours. I saw *him* go in there," motioning toward the grotto; "and I saw her follow him."

All this was said so coolly that I was shocked and disappointed; but I put on a serious air.

"Your lordship will not surely——" I commenced.

"Do not trouble yourself," he interrupted. "This is my business now, not yours."

Just then I heard approaching footsteps.

"Hide!" I cried—"hide! They are coming!"

The count retreated behind the friendly screen of rocks. I pretended to be searching for something on the ground, and just at that moment the countess and Signor Alfieri turned the bend in the path that led from the cave, and came upon me. I started up in innocent confusion. At the same moment the husband stepped from his hiding-place, advanced quickly, and, without a word, tore his wife from her lover's detaining arm, thrust her violently aside, and then stood face to face with his wronger.

Such a dead silence! It appalled me—those men glaring at each other, and madame, too frightened for tears or struggling, crouching at my lord's feet in an agony of mute supplication.

"Go!" said my master, at last, speaking through set teeth.

He said no more, yet I felt that he never meant it to end there.

The signor's hand played nervously with his sword-hilt, and a murderous look crept into his handsome, dark face; but he only bowed, and answered coolly—speaking, as the other had done, in English:

"I go. Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible."

Then he bowed again, turned on his heel, and walked away.

Nothing could have been more quietly done. There were no outcries, no curses; but this I knew, *there would be death!*

The count looked down at the wretched woman.

"Get up," said he, with mocking civility; "that is no place for a queen."

But she would not move—just knelt there, moaning most piteously.

"Louisa," cried her husband again, "look at me!"

What a ghastly face was raised to his! what sad, frightened eyes! And he gazed down at it like one in a dream, murmuring, hoarsely:

"My God! and I loved her!—I loved her!"

"Mercy!" she implored—"mercy!"

"Mercy!" he exclaimed, with a discordant laugh. "Well, yes, you shall have it; but justice, madame, must first be done."

And so, without deigning her another word or glance, he walked away.

Chapter V.

THAT night some English gentlemen dined at the palace. These guests were the Earl of Arran, Lord March, mount, and a Mr. Greathead.

My mistress, who had not seen her husband since the morning, was simply dazed with fear. In truth, she was a poor, weak creature; yet I felt no anxiety concerning her, for Fortune is always kind to such nurselings, and men are always true to them. That is their comfort. We of stronger wills and braver hearts must fain seek ours elsewhere.

However, I managed to revive madame's courage before she went below-stairs. I gave her a letter from the signor.

"Where did you get it?" she questioned, eagerly, her pale face flushing now.

"From Mark Sherrard, madame."

Mark was the English footman, and our Mercury. I had known him in England. Naturally enough, then, when I met him in that foreign land, I worked untiringly until I secured him as my fellow-servant.

"Oh, Barbara," wailed my lady, "do you believe that Mark is to be trusted? Do you, Barbara? I am afraid."

"Madame," I answered, "I would trust my life in Mark Sherrard's hands."

And so I would have done.

Well, the letter comforted my mistress, of course; yet, after all, preparing her for that great dinner was like dressing out a corpse.

"I am sick at heart," she moaned. "Oh, Barbara, what is it that appalls me so?"

I tried to cheer her, but she only sighed, and said, pleadingly:

"Hush, please! the end is at hand. I know it now."

AND the end came, even sooner than I expected, for before the merry evening was yet half spent, my master was borne to his chamber—*a dying man!*

How did it come about? Well, that was just what each asked the other; and here was just what one and all united in declaring.

It appeared that his lordship had outshone himself, charming his guests with the most courteous affability. Never had his wit been brighter—never had his heart seemed gayer—never had his devotion to his wife been more openly evinced. Suddenly, however, and just as he was entertaining the noble company with a recital of his past exploits, his color changed, his voice failed, and he sank fainting to the floor.

Mark Sherrard, who always waited upon my lord, now evinced the most touching fidelity. He would not quit his master's side; so, all through that weary night, we three kept watch—the physician, Mark and I. Madame remained in her chamber—praying, perhaps.

And all through the weary night had that heavy lethargy held the man, until, just as the new day began to dawn, he stirred uneasily.

"Louisa!" he called, faintly.

"Madame is not here," said Mark, giving me a look which I understood.

With some anxious inquiry, I drew the physician away to the furthest window. Still looking toward the bed, I saw the serving-man bend low; he was whispering to the sufferer. Then I saw the master's fast-glazing eyes open wide with an awful horror.

I heard a hoarse cry—and, before we could reach his side, Charles Edward Stuart had fallen back upon the pillow—*dead!*

PARALYSIS, the physicians said. In my heart, *I* said *murder!*

What would have been the world's decision had it known, *as I knew*, that Mark Sherrard—merry, love-making Mark Sherrard, and grave Mr. Richard Maskelyn were one and the same person? Poor Mark!—poor, patient, loving Mark! So great was his grief at his master's death, that he threw up his service forthwith.

And again, what would have been the world's decision, had it known, *as I knew*, that grave Mr. Richard Maskelyn and Miss Walkinshaw were one and the same person? Something very vilifying, no doubt. Yet such was really the case. Never tell me, if you please, that there are no perfect disguises.

As may be foreseen, I soon resigned my situation. The countess was not overwhelmed with grief at our parting, that was evident, and it was ungrateful. In an indirect way, I had assisted in freeing her from the tyranny of a husband whom she cordially detested. She should have remembered this, reasoned the matter with herself, and done me common justice. But, then, women seldom reason—happy women never do.

CHAPTER VI.

AS you may believe, I returned to London, and was speedily installed as confidential companion to Miss Isabel Walkinshaw. But we did not remain long in London. We journeyed to Paris, my mistress and I, and there she soon became the envy of the greatest dames. The reason was simple. Her wealth, beauty, social position, and the interest which was created by her former connection with the young Pretender, all united in surmounting the barriers that the over-righteous would have raised. Then, too, the French king soon took her under his protection.

That proceeding effectually silenced all discontented murmurings, and Miss Walkinshaw speedily grew to be the admiration and chief glory of those who had been readiest to traduce her. Her *salons* in the Rue des Mathurins became the resort of the finest wits. Men of genius and women of rank and beauty thronged to do her honor. Balls, fêtes, suppers, followed each other in endless succession. Life was like a fairy tale—like a dream of enchantment. Life, in short, had every conceivable distraction that could be crowded into it by a clever creature, with a king for a lover. Ay, we lived royally, indeed.

As for me, I had never so much as a heartache until one day when, by chance, I learned that my old lover, Mark Osborn, was dead. Ah, such a sharp pang rent my soul! The travail-pang of joy it was—of fierce, unholy joy. He had been false!—false!—false! I had given him a pure girl's love, and he drove me to desperation and wickedness. But now he was gone, and sorrow had fallen upon the woman whom he had called wife, *and I was avenged!* I thanked heaven for that, at least.

MISS WALKINSHAW, by the gracious will of the French king, was now Madame la Baronne d'Erlou—a court lady, with apartments at the palace of the Louvre. Here, as in her former home in the Rue des Mathurins, she reigned supreme. One evening in the Winter of 1783, the *salons* were thronged with grand company—for a card-party, as you may suppose. The king was there, a royal duke, a prince of Austria, with churchmen, nobles, and great ladies.

My mistress, although now no longer young, was gorgeously beautiful. A superb picture, with her prettily tinted cheeks, her flashing blue eyes, her powdered hair, and her velvet robe, all seamed with precious stones.

I write of her now as I remember her upon that awful night, for I was with her. Indeed, I was always near her; my presence made her stronger and braver.

Well, all went merrily enough until about midnight; then, just before supper was announced, the king, the Austrian prince, Madame de Noailles, and the Baronne sat down to a game. Soon his majesty, who was my lady's partner, said something in reference to that great scandal of the hour—the murder of the Marquis de S——, and the suspicion which had fallen upon Madame la Marquise.

It appeared to me that his Majesty was treating the whole affair as a jest; but Madame de Noailles and the Austrian discussed it sharply, from all points of view.

"Ah, well," interposed the king, good-humoredly, "let it go. Perhaps she did not like him."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Madame de Noailles. "For my part, I cannot fathom the women of our day; they appear to exist only for the purpose of seeking to outvie each other in atrocities. Do you not agree with me, dear Madame d'Erlou?"

My lady smiled faintly, but did not reply; she was very busy with her cards.

"As for murder," continued the Frenchwoman, "it is no longer a crime—it is a fine art; it may be practiced with impunity. Take, for instance, that pretty little creature who killed her husband—I lead, monseigneur——"

"But what pretty little creature killed her husband?" demanded the prince, in affected alarm.

"*Mon Dieu!* Why, the Comtesse d'Albany—that young Pretender's wife, Alfieri's mistress."

This awkward speech was received in silence, and covert glances were stolen at my mistress, for every one knew the old story of her *liaison* with Charles Edward Stuart.

"That is a grave accusation, madame," said he, very sternly.

"*Eh, bien*, sire," she protested, with undaunted firmness, "I believe it. Look at the case fairly. If a man dies suddenly, and the physicians shake their heads, and the widow openly acknowledges a former lover, what is one forced to think of it?"

His majesty laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "one should not think of such things at all. However, they will marry now, those tender lovers—marry, and grow old, in all decency."

"Never, sire!" exclaimed the duke. "It flatters Alfieri's pride to have the so-called queen for his mistress, and the countess is content to keep Italy's great poet in chains at her feet."

"No matter," persisted that vicious little De Noailles. "I say that she is guilty, and that she should be punished."

My mistress, who had taken no part in this discussion, was now just in the act of playing, but she paused, and, turning to her guest, uttered these words in a firm, clear voice:

"Content yourself, madame. If the woman has sinned, she will suffer. The guilty are always punished——"

Then the card slipped from her jeweled fingers, and fluttered to the floor, her arm fell heavily, her head drooped forward, and——

"Play!" cried the king, in accents of alarm.

But the royal command fell on deaf ears—*Miss Walkinshaw was dead!*

Chapter VII.

They buried her at Père la Chaise. Such a fine pageant as it was! The Abbé Valmont pronounced the funeral oration, and the king, who really seemed to imagine that he cared for this mistress, caused a magnificent monument to be erected, whereon was inscribed the titles, virtues, and numerous charities of the dead saint, and the inconsolable grief of all her survivors!

I soon returned to England. There was nothing now to keep me away from there, and as I had put by a pretty little fortune for myself, I set about finding the good soul to whom I owed it all—my cousin, Hester Blount.

That search was easily accomplished. Hester was unmarried still, and living at the same little country home which had been provided for her by Miss Walkinshaw when that first lady went abroad.

Stern, faithful old Hester! How she wept when I told her the sad story—*for I told her all!*

"Poor angel!" she cried; "'twas only her mind that misled her, Barbara; her heart was right to the very last. God pity her!"

And I echoed.

"Ay, God pity her! She was a brave woman, dear—a woman who could right her wrongs. Would to heaven there were more like her!"

"For the first time in my life, I feel my utter loneliness—old, friendless, alone. Ah, Barbara, stay with me! Let us never, never part more! We can live here together, you and I; and when we die——"

"Hush!" I interrupted; "do not speak of death. I will stay."

October 8th, 1803.—Vittorio Alfieri was buried on Wednesday last in the church of Santa Croce, at Rome.

July 17th, 1804.—There is a world of scandal afloat concerning the Countess of Albany and a certain Françoise Xavier Fabre, a French painter. They say quite openly that he is Alfieri's successor. I do not doubt it; and yet the world has but one voice to cite her ladyship's idolatry for the Italian!

January 17th, 1824.—The Countess of Albany was buried on Monday last, by the side of Vittorio Alfieri. Such was her desire—consistent woman!

The last act of that wretched tragedy is ended. I have given you the story of Isabel Walkinshaw and Charles Edward Stuart; that I have given you but the truth, I solemnly aver.

Well, they are gone—lovers, mistress, all! And I—I have been true to my promise. I am with Hester always, but waiting, yearning for that blessed rest which the grave alone can give.

THE LOST CAMEL.

A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind of his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervise.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never *seen* your camel, nor ever *heard* of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels that formed a part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

This story is not without its moral. A habit of observation—of noticing what is going on around us—is of great use in storing the mind with knowledge, and preparing us for usefulness.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in Winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. At last they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow.

"We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers.

"Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible."

"But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me to rouse him."

"Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back."

So saying he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man whom they had providentially discovered. The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what was the consequence? Why, the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself And thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions he had made. And how was it with his companion who had been so afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding all the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

AMERICA has just sustained a great loss in the death of John Lothrop Motley. We had not many to represent our great country in the literature of the world, men whose genius and ability were acknowledged in all civilized lands. Irving was gone, and Cooper and Prescott · but Motley and Longfellow remained: the first known as one of the great historians of the century; laborious in research; keen in analysis; able in tracing the tortuous paths of diplomacy and statesmanship, in getting at the real facts that these arts endeavored to conceal; and, above all, gifted with that creative power which invests the dull historic facts with life and motion; that picturesque power that, as we read, makes the whole age and scene rise before us as on an actual stage.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Mass., on the 15th of April, 1814. His family was wealthy and influential, and he enjoyed superior literary culture from his youth. After a careful preliminary education he entered Harvard University, and was graduated in 1831.

STATUE OF COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN, HEROES OF NETHERLAND INDEPENDENCE, IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BRUSSELS.

He did not, like so many young men, consider his education as then completed. He felt the necessity of a higher training, and, proceeding to Germany, entered the University of Göttingen. He went through his course there with all the zeal of a real student, and formed life-friendship with men who subsequently played an important part in the world's history; among others, with Bismarck.

After traveling through Europe, Mr. Motley returned to his native State, and, resolving to embrace the legal profession, studied and was admitted to the Bar in 1836, but never bound himself to practice, as a literary life had great attractions for him, his only aspirations being for a diplomatic career.

His first work, a novel called "Morton's Hope; or, The Memoirs of a Young Provincial," failed to win the applause or encouragement of the public.

We find him next, in 1840, Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at St. Petersburg; but he resigned the position in less than a year, and returned to the United States to devote himself to study. Another novel, "Merrymount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony," meeting with as little success as his former effort, he renounced fiction. The time thus spent in cultivating his imagination and descriptive powers, was the working out of a plot.

A friend had some years previously suggested to him the early history of the Netherlands as the theme for a great work. Mr. Motley devoted himself for some years to the collection of material, and began to write the work. He had completed two volumes when he began to feel the inadequacy of most of the material on which he relied. His own ample means and the collections he was able to make or to find in our public or private libraries did not satisfy him. He went to Europe and began a serious course of reading; the public archives of Holland and other countries were opened to him, and, throwing aside all he had written, he began his work afresh. After five years of unremitting labor he submitted to the public the three

volumes of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." It appeared in English in England and America and Holland; was at once translated into Dutch under the supervision of Bakhuysen van den Brink, the historian; into French under the eye of Guizot, and appeared also in German and Russian.

The work of Mr. Motley had been already heralded by the praise of Mr. Prescott, and upon its appearance was perused with an interest seldom accorded to so solid a work. The *Westminster Review* qualified it as a history as complete as industry and genius could make it. "All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except, perhaps, Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct."

Encouraged by the appreciation bestowed upon his labors and talents, Mr. Motley continued his studies, and in 1860 issued two volumes of "The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609," and after seven years further toil, completed the work in two other volumes.

While engaged in this great work, the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the civil convulsion that followed it, occurred. Mr. Motley was in England at the time of the outbreak, and he instantly gave the national cause the support of his talent, publishing in the London *Times* an elaborate article on the "Cause of the American Civil War." Returning to the United States, he was by Mr. Lincoln appointed Minister to Austria. His perfect knowledge of German thought and politics, his acquaintance with many leading men, his thoroughly American feeling, singularly fitted him for the post, which he filled for several years. Under the administration of Mr. Johnson, the State Department received from a real or fictitious Mr. McCracken a series of charges against Mr. Motley which he was called upon to explain. Deeming himself injured by the importance attached to charges made by an unknown person, Mr. Motley resigned. His position at Vienna had been higher, socially, than any of our foreign ministers had as yet attained. His literary reputation, his elegant manners, engaging address, his splendid hospitality, his mastery of European languages, and his thorough acquaintance with every little mystery of etiquette, made him a general favorite.

The diplomatist and historian returned to the United States in 1868, and soon after delivered the annual address of the year before the New York Historical Society, taking as his subject, "Historic Progress and American Democracy."

HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, THE HISTORIAN.

When General Grant was raised to the Presidency, Mr. Motley, who had taken a somewhat active part in the campaign, was spoken of for a position in the Cabinet. A diplomatic appointment was, however, more to his taste, and his selection as Minister to the Court of St. James gave general satisfaction. Mr. Sumner had been his strong supporter, and when the former fell into disgrace, Mr. Motley's removal was determined upon. The letter conveying the decision of the Administration is a marvel among state papers, in the utter levity and childishness of its tone.

The historian at once returned to his favorite studies, and on the invitation of the Queen of Holland, settled in that country as the guest of the royal family. Here he continued his great work, and in 1874 issued "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes of the Thirty Years' War." Though not as popular as his previous works, it was of high interest as preparing for his next great work, which unfortunately he never lived to complete, a "History of the Thirty Years' War," that struggle in which France aided to overthrow the Catholic power in Germany, and prepared for the complete prostration of Austria and France in the nineteenth century.

In private life, Mr. Motley had enjoyed rare happiness.

His wife survives him, as well as the three daughters who blessed their congenial union.

One of the daughters is the wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, a member of Parliament, and another married Mr. Algernon Sheridan, at whose residence, Kingston Russell House, Dorsetshire, England, the historian died, May 29, 1877, of paralysis.

SOME UNCOMMON PETS.

PROUD Wolsey, it will be recollected, was on familiar terms with a venerable carp; Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares; and Clive owned a pet tortoise. Less noted folk have taken kindly to snakes, frogs, lizards, hedgehogs and other animals not usually included in the category of domestic pets. The driver of a London hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment, until, returning from the Downs one Derby-day, the cab overset, and the cabman and his odd companion were both killed. Mr. G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Totie soon accommodated himself to circumstances, and would leave his cage to wash himself in a finger-glass on the dinner-table, trotting back again as soon as his ablutions were performed, taking a piece of sponge-cake with him.

Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affection of a Syrian wasp; but the game was scarcely worth the candle, or sufficiently entertaining to encourage others to follow suit; although it is said that, strong in the new feminine faith that what man does woman can do, three maiden sisters sought to relieve the tedium of single-blessedness by devoting their leisure to the domestication of English-born wasps. Before a week was out, one fair experimentalist wore a large blue patch over her left eye, another carried her right arm in a sling, the third was altogether lost to the sight of anxious friends, and all had come to the conclusion that wasp-taming was not their forte.

Better taste and greater discretion were shown by the lady who, becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bedroom. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name, Psyche.

By-and-by a peacock butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The newcomer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and, like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress.

Upon the coming of Summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and the doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress, "with many bitter tears," beheld them take wing and join some wild companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again, and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm, and when it was over, a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the "peacock," too, would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again.

The butterfly-tamer had an eye for beauty, but ugliness is no bar to a lady's favor, so far as animal pets are concerned. It would be hard to find a more repulsive-looking reptile than the iguana, nevertheless the society of one afforded much pleasure to an American lady residing in Brazil. Pedro, as he was called, was well provided with raw meat, bananas and milk. Allowed to bask in his mistress's room in the daytime, and to make himself cozy between the mattresses of her bed when the sun went down, he cheerfully accepted the novel situation, like a wise iguana. His loving lady was wont to carry him abroad in her arms—a practice that kept acquaintances at a respectful distance—for, however they might pretend to admire Pedro's beadlike spots of black and white, his bright jeweled eyes and elegant claws, they were careful not to make any near approaches. Nothing pleased madame so much as to drop her pet, without warning, at the feet of unsuspecting gentlemen, and elicit from naval officers symptoms of terror such as would not have been drawn forth by an enemy's broadside or a lee-shore.

Of course Pedro came to grief. Rambling one day unattended, he came across "a marauding Frenchman," his owner's maid arriving only in time to rescue his lifeless body. It was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbor with a weakness for fricasseed lizard; but having seen this especial one fondled and caressed, he could not find the appetite to eat it; and so Pedro was consigned to the earth instead of the pot.

De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who, unmindful of Red Riding Hood's sad fate, made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But, although one wolf was faithful found, it does not follow that the fair sex are justified in going to the forest or jungle for pets. The proprietress of a loving leopard that came regularly to her chamber-door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. Such favorites, however kindly they take to domestication, are very undesirable additions to an orderly establishment.

When Captain Burton was domiciled in Syria, the famous traveler left the management of his live-stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls and pigeons, Mrs. Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St. Bernard dog, four English terriers, a Kurdish puppy, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb and a leopard. The last-named, according to the lady's account, became the pet of the household; which it deserved to be, if the household abhorred a quiet life, for the leopard behaved much after the manner of the gazelle whose owner sang—

> "He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,
> And scared the goldfinch into fits;
> He butted through my newest hat,
> And tore my manuscript to bits!

Mrs. Burton, with pretty good grace, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the House that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers, the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dogs worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs, and indulging in a shrieking solo horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.

Lady Hornby, while ambassadress at Constantinople, obtained, as she thought, a Turkish street dog, with whom she was soon on the best of terms. Introducing her pet to a gentleman who knew a dog when he saw one, he exclaimed: "That's no dog; it is a common brute of a wild jackal!"

"Well," rejoined the enlightened lady, "anyhow, I have tamed him, and, dog or jackal, don't mean to part with him!"

It was to her husband that Mr. Frank Buckland was indebted for the Kurdish dog whose prowess delighted him, despite the trouble entailed by its exhibition; for Arslan, imbued with the notion that he was created to rid the earth of his kind, conscientiously tried to fulfill his mission by killing every dog so unlucky as to cross his path. Fortunately for his master's serenity, Arslan's unkind attentions were confined to his own species; otherwise there would have been anything but joy in the house of Buckland, since that general lover of animal-kind was never yet without pet bears, beavers or monkeys, calculated to excite the ire of a brave dog; and priding himself upon the brown rats, black rats, piebald rats, and white rats with pink eyes, which swarmed to the door of their cage to welcome his coming, and allowed him to handle them as he listed; while at the advent of a stranger they were up on their hind-legs, in fighting position, instanter.

Much, however, as he loved them, they increased and multiplied so quickly that Mr. Buckland was, by cruel necessity, compelled, now and again, to carry a bagful away wherewith to regale the snakes of the Zoological Gardens; a method of riddance unavailable to the gentleman who tried his hand at porcupine-petting, and found the creature thoroughly deserved Shakespeare's epithet of "fretful," its inquisitiveness and restlessness rendering it the most unpleasant of all quadrupedal pets.

Strange pets usually come to some untimely end; as Miller Luke says, "Things out o' natur never thrive." But your animal lover need not go far afield for worthy objects upon which to expend his kind care, for he was a wise man who wrote, "If we were to pet our useful and hard-working animals, we should find it both to our credit and advantage."

UMBRELLA GOSSIP.

Umbrellas were used in Paris before London. They were first carried in the metropolis by one Jonas Hanway, who underwent a species of martyrdom from public ridicule while indulging in this luxury. Even ladies did not take kindly to the umbrella until Queen Anne's reign, when we find Swift make mention of them. Cowper, in *The Task*, also alludes to these useful articles, which were at first kept at coffee-houses, and borrowed by the frequenters. They were then very cumbersome, and were fitted with a ring at the top, wherewith to carry and hang them up; while, instead of handles, the sticks were furnished with knobs to rest on the ground, as parasols are now.

The materials used in their construction were leather, feathers, and afterward oiled silk; but the last sometimes stuck, and could not easily be folded. In our young days, sixty years since, umbrellas were of blue or green cotton—heavy and clumsy to an odious degree. At length the fashion improved. As the usefulness of umbrellas became more apparent, lighter frames and better covering material gradually came into vogue, until the present slimness of perfection was attained.

Various additions to umbrellas have been suggested by people, as, for example, the fitting of small glass windows in them, through which to look out ahead when beating against the slanting rain; a theory that would break down in two senses, if reduced to practice. An American lady lately devised some ingenious system of cords attaching the umbrella to the dress, which would counteract the effects of the wind, so undecided seems Boreas in his movements the moment we hoist one. Though in one sense a cumbrous companion, the umbrella is not devoid of usefulness, whether we consider it as a walking-stick, the means of hailing a 'bus or turning aside the charge of a mad bull, or of getting introduced to a lady, unprovided with one, on a wet day.

On the other hand, as some drawbacks are inseparable from most blessings, umbrellas are on many occasions a decided nuisance. Picture-galleries and other places only too practically remind us that umbrellas, like dogs, are not everywhere admitted; while cloak-rooms at concerts and theatres have a way of sadly confusing owners with this kind of property. It is this that produces such exquisitely satirical advertisements as the following: "If the gentleman who took the silk umbrella from Hall's concert last night by mistake, and left the gingham in its place, will return the same to the undersigned's address, he will oblige." Many people above any suspicions of kleptomania have a pleasant knack of absently taking the best umbrella from their friends' hall-stands; a remark which, by-the-by, is not inapplicable to hats. Robinson Crusoe was, we verily believe, the only individual of our acquaintance who could deposit his huge "Gamp" in his vestibule with the happy assurance that he would not find an inferior one in its place on the morrow.

Are there any, we wonder, who, laying their hands on their hearts, can conscientiously declare that they never forgot their umbrella in a shop, 'bus, train, theatre, church or private house? We have heard friends, finding their searches after this kind of left luggage getting monotonous, vow in exasperation that their umbrellas ought to be hung round their necks.

Another evil is the liability of umbrellas to suddenly collapse when you are rounding a corner, for they are worse than useless when rain brings its brother element, the wind, to its assistance. A mere allusion to the drippings of umbrellas down one's neck, when on the knifeboard of a crowded omnibus, is enough to call up pathetic reminiscences in the mind of every citizen. But the situation most to be pitied was that of an Irish umbrella-mender whom the writer once noticed on the deck of a ferry-steamer. It was raining in torrents, and there he stood unsheltered in the midst of it all, with the shattered wrecks of about a dozen umbrellas under his arm.

"Sure it's mighty hard, anyway," he at last soliloquized, "me gettin' wet like this, and all thim umbrellas wid me, but not wan's any use at all."

The observant declares there is as much indication of a man's character in the style of umbrella he carries as in any other portion of his belongings. They say a Manchester man is *always* known by his umbrella, and, indeed, poor fellow, few (excepting, perhaps, the Glasgow man) need one more than he does. An able writer in the *New Quarterly*, describing his hero's introduction into an editor's waiting-room where others were assembled, makes the following remarks concerning umbrellas, which in some measure bear out the foregoing observations:

"Edward Wynter took a chair and sat down. Every one in the room had a bundle of papers or a notebook in his hand, and every one of them leaned on a stout umbrella. Three of the party were men, two ladies. A tall man with a red face; a very stout man with a red face; a third man with a shadowy presence, who kept in the darkest corner of the room, and planting his umbrella between his knees, as all the others did, seemed to be lost in contemplation of its knob. Edward Wynter saw that he ought to have brought an umbrella; he had come among them as a man unarmed."

King Koffee's umbrella, brought home to England by General Wolseley, "which was the cause of so much merriment amongst special correspondents, was, in the eyes of the Ashantees, by no means the least amongst their losses. It was called in their language 'Bo Haman'—the destroyer of nations—and represented to them a greater loss than would have been that of its Queen's colors to a British army."

We find elsewhere the subjoined details of this wonderful structure: "The stick, which is of unornamented, plain wood, measures eleven feet from top to bottom. When open, the diameter is seven feet some inches, and the length of the covering, when shut, more than six feet. The material is velvet, partly crimson and partly black, in different sized squares, with gold trimmings. Four lions' claws, roughly carved and gilt, are symmetrically placed, and some square pieces of various objects are distributed all round as fetiches or charms. They consist of the skin of animals and serpents, and one small piece of scarlet woolen material with a white border. These are supposed to be sacred emblems, and to have received some peculiar endowment from the priests." King Koffee's umbrella is now one of the objects of curiosity in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh.

It is surprising what an amount of amusement the umbrella, regarded from a comic point of view, has afforded the public. Where would the firm of "Gamp," "Brown," "Sloper," and Company be without their stock-in-trade of gingham and whalebone? The low-comedy man of the theatre might just as well forget his part on the stage as his lumbering umbrella. What, for instance, would *Paul Pry* be without *his?* What effective scenes, too, are introduced into burlesque through the medium of variously colored umbrellas; and what an exponent of ridicule they become in the hands of the comic artists! If this article is particularly cumbersome about the handle, has clumsy whalebone ribs starting through the skin, no ferrule, and a piece of rope dividing its ruins with a kind of waist in the middle, then is the negro stump orator furnished with the emblem of eloquence, and the souls of his audience happy in consequence.

On more than one occasion our subject came in for its share of Dickens's humor, and Mrs. Gamp will be chiefly immortalized through her celebrated representative of the umbrella order; her name being just as popular a term for umbrellas as Dolly Varden's was for hats and dresses. In the description of Mrs. Gamp's apartment it is thus alluded to: "Lastly, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation."

In "Bleak House," Mrs. Bagnet's umbrella, which had been her faithful companion in all parts of the world, is thus pictured to us: "It is of no color known to us in this life, and has a corrugated wooden crook for a handle, with a metallic ornament let into its beak or prow; which ornamental object has not the tenacious capacity of sticking to its post that might be desired in an article long associated with the British army. The old girl's umbrella is of a flabby habit of waist, and seems to be in need of stays. She never puts it up, but uses it to point out joints of meat, or to arrest the attention of tradesmen by a friendly poke."

If any one wishes to study human nature in the bud as it were, let that person lend an umbrella—an old one will do—to a child, and see the airs of importance the small individual at once assumes, concentrating for the time all the purposes of its existence to the display of that article. Indeed, we are persuaded that as much profitable instruction could be derived from moralizing on an umbrella as was afforded by Dean Swift's "Meditations on a Broomstick." In short, without umbrellas of one sort or other, what would we do? As things stand, the umbrella is our walking companion, our friend, but scarcely our protector against persistent rain. The man has yet to arise who can clothe his fellow-creatures with apparel neat in appearance, moderate in price and *comfortably* waterproof.

THE WAGTAILS AND THE TERRIER.

THE WAGTAILS AND THE TERRIER.

Everybody knows what is meant by the term "heart," when employed to designate the moral status of its possessor. If I ask, Has my dog a heart? it may be understood that I am anxious to know if my dog has any good *moral* qualities.

It will be found, on inquiry, that animals have many moral qualities, which render them the subjects of hope, fear, joy, sorrow, affection, and solicitude; and in their possession and exercise of these qualities they resemble ourselves. It is a very great argument for dealing justly and kindly with animals, that they are capable of intense feeling. Their emotions are neither so deep nor so various as ours; but they have emotions, and suffer like ourselves when abused, insulted, neglected, disappointed.

The most striking and usually the most pleasing example of powerful feeling, combined with quick intelligence, is when an animal finds its young in danger, and resorts to some contrivance suddenly to avert calamity. Here we see intense love overcoming fear; the timid and apparently foolish creature becomes suddenly courageous and wise. A common fowl has been known to drive a powerful dog away from her young brood. It is no uncommon thing for the lapwing and other birds to lure intruders from their nests by pretending to be injured, and when they have drawn the suspected enemy away from the spot where the nest is situated, rise boldly on the wing, and leave the pursuer to regret that he should have tried to capture a bird which was only simulating disablement.

Mr. Harrison Weir gives us a story and a picture in illustration of the courage and skill of birds in the protection of their young.

He was walking round his grounds one day, accompanied by his dogs, and approached a heap of sandstone that had been quarried for him. Here he was startled to find a couple of water-wagtails attack one of his dogs, a black-and-tan terrier. Carrie, the dog, was at first so taken by surprise as not to know what to do, but surprise gave way to temper, and her temper at last overcame her judgment, as it does too often with us. She dashed at the birds right and left, while they, fired with this show of fight, buffeted her unmercifully. Mr. Weir got the dog away, and stopped the absurd encounter, and immediately afterward discovered a nest of young wagtails hidden among the very stones where the attack on the dog began. The birds had gained their point; they had put the dog out of temper, and the dog had thereby lost what might have been an easy prize.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, is a proof of a great mind.

HUNTING WILD CATTLE.—"AS I TURNED I FELL—A LUCKY FALL FOR ME, FOR HIS HORNS, WHICH WOULD HAVE PIERCED MY BODY, ONLY STRIPPED ME OF MY HUNTING-SHIRT."

HUNTING WILD CATTLE.

In all my varied hunting experience, I think the narrowest *shave* I ever had was from a wounded wild bull. It happened in the Brazos Bottom, a wilderness of forest of immense extent. I was armed with a double smooth-bore, loaded with ball, each weighing about an ounce, and mounted on my best hunting-horse, having with me three trained cattle-dogs, nearly full-bred mastiffs. In fact, as I supposed, everything was in my favor; and yet, well-mounted, armed, and accompanied by dogs on which I could rely, I nearly came to grief.

I had been riding about an hour, looking for cattle "sign," dung, tracks, or the strong bovine scent given out by wild cattle when you are near them, before the dewdrops have

disappeared under the sun's powers (I had, as usual, started as soon as it was light enough f r me to ride), when all at once my dogs darted into a thicket, and in a few seconds I heard their voices, and then the crash of trees, bushes, and saplings, as they were struck or pushed aside by the rush of some powerful beast, which seemed to be making in my direction.

Presently, from out of the bending covert, a great red bull came rushing, with his great head bent toward the ground, and his tufted tail stretched out behind him. He passed me as I sat on horseback, about twelve yards' distance; but his rush had startled my horse, who, usually most steady under fire, or in almost any circumstances of danger and difficulty, became fidgety, and I put my bullets, when I fired, too far back, so that, as I afterward discovered, I only "paunched" the bull.

After loading my gun I hid my horse in a thicket, as I was afraid the wounded bull might charge him if he happened to see him; and as soon as he was safe I bolted off in the direction where I heard my dogs baying the bull, in a palmetto swamp close by. The paunch wounds had probably sickened him, and made him halt so soon.

I tried to stalk him through the stunted, swamp palmettoes, but the ground was soft, and I sank ankle-deep, or more, at each step; and as there was no tree of any kind to dodge the bull, in the event of my making a bad shot, I thought it would be best to get him upon firmer ground, and where the trees were thicker. So I cheered the dogs from the edge of the palmetto swamp, and they soon forced him to leave for more favorable ground, until he came to bay by the side of a large elm. A huge live oak stood about thirty yards from the bull. I crept up under its shelter and fired at him, but as he was engaged in trying to gore the dogs, and was swaying his head from side to side in vain attempts to reach them, I could not make a certain shot, and I missed him.

The flash of the gun discovered me, and my adversary rushed at me like a steam-engine. Depending upon my left-hand barrel, I awaited his rush, and when he was nearly at the muzzle of my gun I fired again, but failed to drop him. I had waited almost too long, and when I turned to dodge him round the tree his hot breath was in my face; his eyes, glaring like red-hot coals, were close to mine, and as I turned I fell—a lucky fall for me, for his horns, which would have pierced my body, only stripped me of my hunting shirt.

The vicious charge carried the bull at least thirty yards beyond the oak at whose roots I had fallen; and this, with the worrying of my dogs, gave me time to swing myself up into the tree, but not a moment too soon, for before I was well out of his reach he was beneath me.

My jailer was in a terrible rage, and seemed to care no more for the bites or barks of the dogs than if they had been chickens. His eyes were bloodshot, he bellowed hoarsely, and pawed up the ground with his feet, throwing the sods of tuft-grass far behind him.

That he was badly wounded, the blood-stained foam which flecked his forequarters proved. Nor had I escaped scathless. My fall, and perhaps a blow from the bull's head, when he stripped my fringed hunting-shirt from my back, had shaken and bruised me, and I was some little time before I was ready to think of means to extricate myself from my awkward position—the prisoner of a wounded bull.

My hunting-knife still remained in its sheath—the shock of my fall had not made me lose it—and I determined to try and stab my enemy; but before I could put this in practice the bull began to reel. His wounds were beginning to tell. Most likely he had been internally bleeding, and in two or three minutes he fell to the ground and died.

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

WHILST at Bijnore, I was seized with an attack of tic-doloreux, and suffered all its extreme agonies. One of my host's servants informed me that there was a very clever native doctor in the village, who could immediately assuage any pain—toothache for instance—and he begged permission to bring him to see me. I consented.

The native doctor was a tall, thin Mussulman, with a lofty forehead, small, black eyes, long, aquiline nose, and finely chiseled mouth a. d chin. His hair, eyebrows, and long beard were of a yellowish white or cream color.

Standing before me in his skull-cap, he was about the most singular-looking person I ever beheld. His age did not exceed forty-four or forty-five years. He put several questions to me, but I was in too great pain to give him any replies. He begged of me to sit down. I obeyed him, mechanically. Seating himself in a chair immediately opposite to me, he looked very intently into my eyes. After a little while, his gaze became disagreeable, and I endeavored to turn my head aside, but I was unable to do so. I now felt that I was being mesmerized. Observing, I suppose, an expression of anxiety, if not of fear, on my features, he bade me not be alarmed. I longed to order him to cease; but, as the pain was becoming less and less acute, and as I retained my consciousness intact, I suffered him to proceed. To tell the truth, I doubt whether I could have uttered a sound. At all events, I did not make the attempt.

Presently, that is to say, after two or three minutes, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt what is commonly called, all in a glow. The native doctor now removed his eyes from off mine, and inquired if I were better. My reply, which I had no difficulty in giving at once, was in the affirmative; in short, that I was completely cured. Observing that he placed his hands over his head and pressed his skull, I asked him if he were suffering.

"Yes, slightly," was his reply. "But I am so accustomed to it, it gives me but little inconvenience."

I then begged of him to explain to me how it was that he had the power to afford me such miraculous relief. That, he said, he was unable to do. He did not know. I then talked to him of mesmerism, and of the wonderful performances of Doctor Esdaile in the Calcutta hospital. He had lately heard of mesmerism, he said; but, years before he heard of it, he was in the habit of curing people by assuaging their pain. The gift had been given to him soon after he attained manhood. That, with one exception, and that was in the case of a Keranee—a half-caste—no patient had ever fallen asleep, or had become *beehosh* (unconscious) under his gaze. "The case of the half-caste," he went on to say, "alarmed me. He fell asleep for twelve hours, snoring like a man in a state of intoxication." I was not the first European he had operated upon, he said; that in Rareilly, where he formerly lived, he had afforded relief to many officers and to several ladies. Some had toothache, some tic-doloreux, some other pains. "But," he exclaimed, energetically, "the most extraordinary case I ever had, was that of a sahib who had gone mad—'drink delirious.' His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and, at first, had great difficulty with him and much trembling. At last, however, I locked his eyes up, as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him for several hours as quiet as a mouse during which time he had no brandy, no wine, no beer, and, though he did not sleep, he had a good long rest. I stayed with him for two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. He had great sorrow on his mind, poor man. Three of his children had died of fever within one short week, and he had lost much money by the failure of an

agency-house in Calcutta. There was a cattle sergeant, too, an European, whom I also cured of that drinking madness by locking up his eyes."

"What do you mean by locking up his eyes?"

"Well, what I did with you; I locked up your eyes. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away—could not move."

"But can you lock up any one's in the way that you locked up mine?"

"No; not everybody's. There was an artillery captain once who defied me to lock up his eyes. I tried very hard; but, instead of locking up his, he locked up mine, and I could not move till he permitted me. And there was a lady, the wife of a judge, who had pains in the head, which I could not cure, because she locked up my eyes. With her I trembled much, by straining every nerve, but it was of no use."

"Do you know any other native who has the same power that you possess?"

"Only three; but, I dare say, there may be hundreds in these provinces who have it, and who use it. And now, sahib," said the native doctor, taking from his kummerbund (the cloth that encircles the waist) a bundle of papers, "I desire to show you some of my certificates, at the same time to beg of you to pardon my apparent want of respect in appearing in your presence in this skull-cap, instead of a turban; but the fact is, that when I heard you were in such great pain, I did not think it humane to delay until I had adorned myself."

I proceeded to examine, very carefully, every one of his many certificates; not that I was in any way interested in them, but because I knew it would afford him great pleasure. In all, they were quite as numerous as those which English charlatans publish in testimony of their skill in extracting corns. They were more elaborate, however; for it is by the length of a certificate that a native judges of its value—just in the same way that Partridge, when Tom Jones took him to see "Hamlet," admired the character of the *King*, because he spoke louder than any of the company, "anybody could see that he was a king." As for myself, I sat down and covered a whole sheet of foolscap in acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mustapha Khan Bahadoor, for having delivered me from unendurable torments. To my certificate I penned a check on the Northwest Bank for one hundred rupees (fifty dollars), and presenting both documents to the doctor, permitted him to take his leave. Some months afterward, on discovering that this ckeck had not been presented for payment, I wrote to the assistant magistrate, and asked him, as a favor, to send for the native doctor, and obtain some information on the subject. In reply, I was informed that the doctor preferred keeping the check appended to my certificate, as an imperishable memorial of the extraordinary value in which his services had been held by an European gentlemen, and that he would not part with it for ten times the amount in gold or silver. Such a strange people are the natives of India. Their cupidity is enormous, certainly, but their vanity (I am speaking of the better class), is even greater. One hundred rupees was equal to half a year's earnings of the native doctor, and yet he preferred holding the useless autograph of an insignificant sahib like myself for the amount, rather than realize it. The native doctor evidently reasoned thus: "I might spend the one hundred rupees, might not be believed if I made the assertion that I had received it; but here is the voucher." Some may imagine that he kept it as a sort of decoy-duck; but this, I am perfectly satisfied, was not the case.

To a man full of questions, make no answer.

NO. 10 AND NO. 20.

ONLY one room left, sir. Very nice room, sir. No. 10, sir. Crowded time, sir. Very fortunate for any gentleman to receive any room, sir. Walk in, sir. Any refreshment, sir?"

"Tea, chops, and a paper,"

"Of tobacco, sir?"

"No; a newspaper."

"*Budget of Fun*, sir?"

"Yes. And waiter, send my trunk up immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Off went the waiter of the Lincoln House, Pigeonville, with these words, and the traveler whom he had just ushered into the apartment designated as No. 10 sat down on one of the two chairs which it contained and looked about him.

It was a small room, furnished, as most hotel bedrooms are, with a very bright carpet, a very shiny bureau, and a great deal of pillow. The bed was single, but there was an immense washstand, with two ewers and two basins upon it, between the windows, and a block of soap a quarter of a yard square in the soapdish, a fact which made up for the utter absence of towels and water.

At this article of furniture the gentleman stared absently, pending the waiter's return. He was evidently thinking of something, and soon his thoughts found utterance in the following soliloquy:

"Ah! she is a lovely creature—a very lovely creature. I don't know a lovelier one. I wonder where she went, and who she is, and whether she took notice of my glances? They were fervent, I know. But Diana herself could not have objected to 'em, they were so respectful."

And the gentleman, who was a middle-aged and rather small person, with an air which would have led the close observer to believe that he had something to do with drygoods, rubbed his hands and shook his head.

"I'm good-looking, I know," he said, glancing at the dressing-glass. "Otherwise Frog & Buttons wouldn't put me behind the ladies' glove-counter. And I'm rather proud of my success with the fair sex. Could I but obtain an introduction to my charmer I should not despair. Ah!"

And again the stranger sighed and gazed abstractedly, this time at the wall.

Had this wall and the one opposite to it been transparent he might have seen sitting beside the window of an apartment, on the opposite side of the hall, a tall, stout lady, with a very bright color and very black hair, cut short, after the prevalent fashion, who, like himself, stared at vacancy and soliloquized:

"A very nice gentleman," she muttered to herself; "so fair and so genteel, and I'm sure I made an impression. How he gazed at me. Ah! And Fanny Griffin, when she told my fortune, said that I should marry a small gentleman, with fair hair. Oh, what's that?"

"Only me, mum," replied an advancing chamber-maid. "I've brung up the tea and toast, and jam; and, please 'em, what was your trunk like?"

"My trunk! Ah, yes. Drab-leather, with brass nails, and P. P. on one end. Mind you let me have it soon; my night things are in it."

The chambermaid set down the tray and departed; the guest nibbled her toast, and sipped her tea, and sighed. Pretty soon a bumping on the stairs attested to the fact that luggage was being conveyed upon them, and soon a tap at

the door and the query: "Had your'n red tape on the handle?" which startled the fair dreamer from her reverie.

"Certainly," she replied. "I forgot to mention it; it had red tape on the handle."

"All right!" said the voice from the darkness, and the treasured trunk was brought in and deposited on the carpet, at the same moment that another trunk, also drab-leather, also brass-nailed, also marked P. P. on one end, was placed within the apartment occupied by the good-looking employé of Frog & Buttons.

Strange coincidence. Peter Piper, of New York, ere starting on the business intrusted to him by his employers, had purchased the twin trunk to that with which Miss Paulina Pettibones had an hour before provided herself at the same place. P. P., it cannot be denied, were the initial letters of both, and both traveling in the same car to the same destination, would have entered the Lincoln House at the same moment but for an unfortunate accident which, calling all the passengers out of the cars, had jumbled them in again, without regard to former positions, and so had separated Miss Pettibones and Mr. Piper.

It had been a case of love at first sight, there was no denying that; and as the course of true love never did run smooth, how could it be expected to deviate from the general rule in the case of Mr. Peter Piper, traveling agent for Frog & Buttons?

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.—SEE PAGE 214.

They were parted, it might be for years and it might be for ever, for neither contemplated a prolonged stay at Pigeonville, and each was ignorant of the other's presence under the roof of the Lincoln House.

Paulina Pettibones, after finishing her repast, began to attire herself for the night. Firstly, she brushed out her short hair; secondly, she covered it with a nightcap; thirdly, she attired herself in a long gown, with ruffles, completing thereby a ghost-like costume alarming to behold; and, finally, she being a good Episcopalian, read the service for the evening, and, locking the door, retired.

Just ten minutes before, Mr. Peter Piper, in a flannel gown and goblin headdress, occupied the couch devoted to him. They slumbered, all within the dwelling slumbered likewise, and the clock upon the hall wall ticked slowly on until the hands pointed to the hour of midnight, when suddenly the report of a pistol and shouts of thieves and murder awoke the household. In an instant every door was open; half-dressed figures rushed into the passages.

"Where?" "What?" "Who is it?" "Are we bombarded at last?" "Mercy sakes! Is it the Southerners?" "Please, Mr. Jeff Davis, don't murder me; I always was on your side!" and similar exclamations and promises resounded on all sides.

All the ladies were in hysterics before the landlord, having discovered the real facts of the case, could explain to them that the disturbance was caused by the Cuban gentleman, Senor Ollopodadsa, who had forgotten that he had told the night watchman to call him at midnight, and when that functionary had made his appearance at his bedside and shaken him, according to directions, had tried to shoot him with a six-barrel revolver.

Fortunately, the watchman escaped, and the Cuban was sufficiently awake not to fire at any one else, and the alarmed ladies and gentlemen, beginning to remember that they were not in full dress, hurried back to their apartments.

Amongst these individuals was Mr. Peter Piper, who, proud of his personal appearance, shuddered at the idea of being observed by any one in a flannel strait-jacket and goblin peaked nightcap, and who, to his great consternation, had forgotten the way to his apartment.

Passage after passage did he explore, guided only by his remembrance of the number of doors, for he had no recollection of the number, and had many hairbreadth escapes from encounters with lady boarders before his eyes lighted on the long strip of red matting which swept up the passage of which he was in search.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Peter Piper, to himself; "it's the last door to the left, I know."

But as he spoke a ghostly figure, in a white robe, whisked past him and entered with hasty footsteps the very door which he had a moment before decided to be his own.

"Oh!" breathed Mr. P., "how confused I must be! I could have sworn it was the door to the left. It must be the right-hand one." And, starting forward on tiptoe, he peeped in.

The room was certainly the same. The small bed and big washstand, the bright carpet and shining bureau, and a trunk standing in the middle of the floor. A drab trunk marked P. P., and adorned with brass nails.

"P. P." said Mr. Piper. "That's proof positive—ha, ha!—P. P. stands for that, too."

And without more ado he slipped into bed and slumbered

until morning, awakened only by the sound of the gong, which summoned the inhabitants of Lincoln House to breakfast.

Men have been aroused by fearful apparitions at dead of night, but surely seven A. M. is an unusual hour for seeing a skeleton at the foot of one's bed. There was no doubt of it, however. There it was, hanging over the post, straight before Mr. Piper's astonished eyes.

Not such a skeleton, however, as the reader imagines. This was of tape and steel—a lady's skeleton—*alias* a hooped skirt. Beside it were embroidered skirts, a gray dress with many buttons, and black gaiters. Mr. Piper rubbed his eyes and stared, still the apparition lingered.

At last he arose and tried the door. It was locked as he had left it. Then he looked about for his own attire—it had disappeared. Was he the victim of enchantment? Mr. Piper was not sure. Moreover, as he gazed upon the gray dress, trimmed with velvet, and half covered with flat, embossed buttons, he recognized it.

These were the garments which his enchantress had worn in the car. In the dry-goods business for so many years, Mr. Peter Piper was a judge of ladies' apparel. The identical dress—four and six a yard. They had some of it at Frog & Buttons's, he remembered, wondering if she had bought it there. How did these garments come into his room? Whither had his own vanished? It was a problem which Mr. Piper could not solve.

NO. 10 AND NO. 20.—"'AM I TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO A LADY, OR AM I NOT?' HE CRIED, APPEALING TO THE SHINY BUREAU."—SEE PAGE 215.

However, the gong was sounding, and he was hungry—very hungry. His trunk contained another suit, and his trunk, at least, was safe. He stooped down to unlock it—for the key was sticking in—and as he did so his eyes caught sight of the red tape on the handle.

"Funny," he said. "I can't imagine how it came there. It's my trunk. There are my initials; but I never tied red tape to the handle. Perhaps the waiter did it."

As Mr. Piper spoke he flung the cover back. Alas! neither broadcloth nor linen greeted his earnest gaze. Silk, calico, lace—a lady's wardrobe, not a gentleman's, lay within.

Mr. Piper did not swear. He belonged to Methodist meetings, and knew better. But he said "Jehoshaphat!" and stood upon his feet, pale with astonishment, in an instant.

"Am I transmogrified into a lady, or am I not?" he cried, appealing to the shiny bureau. "This is the queerest think I ever heard tell of. My trunk certain; for P. P. is upon it—Peter Piper—proof positive—and decidedly not my clothes, unless I am transmogrified into a lady."

He rang the bell and waited for the waiter. In his place a colored girl appeared, at whom Mr. Piper peeped through a crack of the door.

"I rang for the young man," said Mr. Piper.

"Yes, miss," replied the person of color, "but I allers waits on this side. What would you please to want, miss?"

"The landlord," replied Mr. Piper.

"There ain't no landlord, miss," replied Sally. "There's a landlady—shall I send her?"

"Not for worlds!" replied Mr. Piper, shutting his door and locking it quickly. "I wonder what this girl means by calling me miss. It's very singular—very."

At the same moment Paulina Pettibones, spinster, springing from her couch, gazed with horror-stricken eyes upon a suit of masculine attire suspended from a chair-back, and then looked wildly around.

"Where are my clothes?" she cried. "Some thief has taken 'em, I'm sure; my gracious! Sally, Sally!"

Ringing the bell as she spoke for the chambermaid, she regarded the garments before her with horror, which faded into surprise as she muttered: "I'm certain I remember that vest; a curious plaid. He wore it, or one like it."

At the moment, a tap at the door, and Sambo's voice:

"Want me, sah?"

"No," cried Miss Paulina, "I don't want you; go away; I want Sally; send her."

"Sally don't never wait on dese here rooms, sah!" replied Sambo; "won't I do, sah?"

"No," replied Miss Paulina, through the keyhole. "Go away."

"I wonder why he called me sir," she said to herself. "I'll dress myself and speak to the landlady."

As she spoke, she unlocked her trunk, kneeling beside it for that purpose.

"Somebody has taken the red tape off of the handle," she said to herself, in surprise. "What a queer thing! Ah! oh! mercy on us!"

There were only garments suitable for the majestic form of the sterner sex within the trunk, and Miss Pauline almost fainted. Meanwhile, the gong uttered its last summons.

"What shall I do?" said Miss Paulina. "The noon train will start without me, and Cousin Ann Jones will think I'm not coming, and I haven't any clothes but these. They are nice clothes for a man's, too; I wonder how they'd fit. Not that I'd put them on for worlds!" and Miss Paulina sat down resolutely in her ruffled gown.

Soon there came another tap at the door.

"Please, sir, if you're up, won't you let the sweep come in to go up the chimney?"

"Is that Sally?" asked Miss Pettibones.

"No, sir; "it's Sambo."

"Very well, in a minute."

But, how? She could not confide in Sambo. She must dress herself in those habiliments and open the door. For a few minutes she pondered. Then went to work, and ended by standing in ultra-bloomer costume before the glass.

Meanwhile, Sally, urgent as Sambo, tapped at Mr. Peter Piper's door, and preferred the same, with the additional information:

"And missus hopes it ain't inconveniencing of you, miss."

The dreadful landlady! Mr. Piper could not encounter her in that flannel strait waistcoat. He yielded to necessity, and adopted crinoline.

The sweeps were waiting in the passage. The doors were opened; Mr. Piper, peeping from his, saw a gentleman opposite, who shut the door immediately. Miss Pettibones, in shutting hers, had caught a glimpse of a lady in a gray traveling-dress, across the passage.

At the sight she experienced great relief.

A sister woman must have pity on her unfortunate predicament. As soon as it was possible she would appeal to her. Perhaps it would be best to wait till she had left her room.

NO. 10 AND NO. 20.—"'SOMEBODY HAS TAKEN THE RED TAPE OFF THE HANDLE! WHAT A QUEER THING! AH! OH! MERCY ON US!'"

But the sweeps once gone, Mr. Piper had no intention of exhibiting himself in crinoline. He also had resolved to appeal to his neighbor, and very impatiently he watched the opposite door. No one emerged from it. At noon he rang for lunch, and partook of it in his own apartment.

Poor Miss Paulina ate nothing; she dared not encounter the observing eyes of Sambo.

So the day passed and evening shadows fell, and under their cover the involuntary bloomer crossed the passage, and knocked at Mr. Piper's door. That gentleman, in his crinoline, had opened it.

"What a masculine-looking person," was Miss Pettibone's first thought.

"What an effeminate little wretch," passed through the mind of Mr. Peter Piper.

"Pardon this intrusion," began Miss Paulina. "I'm aware that you must think this visit a very strange one; but, the fact is, I—I am in a dilemma."

"That's confoundedly like my vest," thought Mr. Piper, who, sitting in his chair, counterfeited the manner of a lady to the best of his ability. Aloud he added, "No intrusion, sir, I'm sure."

Miss Paulina smiled gratefully.

"I know that one of my own sex would never desert me, when I have explained the true state of things. The fact is, these are not my own clothes."

"I knew they couldn't be," replied Mr. Piper.

"Knew! ah, then, you have discovered that I am not what I appear to be. Oh! dear madame, don't misjudge me. The misery I have endured since last night no tongue can describe. But I hadn't anything else, and I was forced to put these on. If you'll only lend me some proper clothes for an hour or so, I will be so thankful, so overjoyed."

Mr. Piper glanced at the suspicious waistcoat, and said, in a puzzled tone:

"Will you explain, sir? I don't quite understand."

"I suppose I mistook the room," said Paulina, "in the fright last night, you know, and I have nothing left of my own. All I care for is a dress and stockings and shawl, and——"

"You are a lady, then?" cried Mr. Piper.

"Yes, ma'am—I——"

"You own a trunk, marked P. P., with red tape on the handle?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's it," cried Mr. Piper. "There it stands. We've changed rooms, that's all. The other one belongs to me."

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Pauline, "leave me, I beg."

"Instantly," said Mr. Piper. "We've both great reason to be thankful. Good-evening."

Miss Paulina waved her hand toward the door; and Mr. Piper, in his gray traveling dress, closed it behind him. She double locked it, and, sinking down beside her trunk, went off into strong hysterics, before she arrayed herself in proper costume.

Pretty soon came a rap. The chambermaid, with a bundle, which she presented with amazement, with these words:

"From the gentleman in No. 10, with his compliments."

Miss Paulina immediately handed unto Sally another parcel, with the words:

"Give these to the gentleman at No. 10, with the regrets of the lady at No. 20."

In the first parcel were a gray dress, an embroidered skirt, gaiters, and various other articles of female apparel; in the second, a broadcloth suit.

And at the moment of reading their exchanges, both parties vowed never to meet again.

Vows are seldom faithfully kept, however. They did meet at breakfast. Mutual admiration deepened. And after that meal they found themselves in the garden, deep in converse.

Mr. Peter Piper explained his position in the firm of Frog & Buttons. Miss Paulina Pettibones mentioned the milli-

milinery establishment of which she was the head; and hours passed like seconds, until the ringing of the dinner-bell aroused them.

"We must go," cried Miss Paulina.

"Never to meet again, perhaps," sighed Mr. Peter.

Miss Pauline sighed.

"You sigh; you regret it," cried Mr. Piper. "Oh! Miss Pettibones, you give me hope. Ours has been a singular introduction, but the hand of fate may have been in it. Why need we part? I adore you. Our trunks are the same. Our initials are the same, Let our names also be the same. Let P. P. stand for Paulina Piper, instead of Paulina Pettibones."

"It's so sudden," simpered Miss Paulina.

"But you won't say no."

And Miss Paulina Pettibones didn't.

THE PROVISIONING OF PARIS.

The history of Paris is the history of a long succession of famines. It is only of late that the capital has been able to appease its hunger at will, and the famine during the siege of 1871, when the black and inferior "siege bread" was almost the sole subsistence of the inhabitants, simply formed the last of a long series of famines under which Lutetia has suffered within the last five centuries.

We shall not go further back than the time of the wars with England. Under Charles VI. there was a famine caused by civil and foreign war. The fields were left barren. Enormous duties tended at every step to prevent provisions from reaching the capital. The mills and the bakeries were closed for want of flour. Paris was plunged into the deepest misery. Twenty thousand persons died of hunger that same year. Under the Valois and during the League, a similar state of things occurred. The old chronicler, Pierre de l'Etoile, narrates that mothers salted and devoured their children. Henry IV. and his great Minister, Sully, saved the people, and there was once more abundance.

It was that enlightened Minister, Sully, who, long before Adam Smith was born, proclaimed the doctrine, "Free trade is the best means of rendering a people happy and prosperous." Then came Richelieu, who systematically kept the people on the verge of starvation; cynically suggesting that a hungry people is the most submissive.

The continual wars, and the extravagant expenditure of Louis XIV., brought about fresh famines, and this, notwithstanding the prudent course pursued by Colbert. Toward the end of the grand monarch's reign, the various provincial taxes upon salt were so high as to prevent the people from curing hams. Driven to desperation, they tore up the vines, being likewise unable to sell any wine, owing to the enormous duties.

In 1709, after the decisive victories won by Marlborough, even the great gentlemen of the Court were obliged to eat famine bread, which, we may well believe, did not differ much from that eaten during the siege of 1871. Under the Regency, after the bankruptcy of Law, there was another famine, and under Louis XV. there were no less than ten famines. Incredible as it may appear, there is documentary evidence proving that the King became one of the monopoly ring in grain, and speculated upon the misery of his subjects.

The Revolution of 1789 began by a famine, which irritated the people, and did more to hasten the Reign of Terror than all the abuses that had taken place. Notwithstanding, or, rather, because of, the decrees of the Convention regulating prices, the citizens of Paris suffered the pangs of hunger during almost the whole of the first Republic. At length, the advantages of a unified form of government became felt, upon the abolition of the customs' dues, which had hitherto converted each one of the old provinces into a little Chinese Empire. The foreign duties remained, and even under Napoleon I. they were absolutely prohibitory, owing chiefly to his lifelong struggle against England; but still, Paris was no longer exposed to a famine every few years.

The grain trade is now free, except that imported wheat pays ten cents a hectolitre. Imported beeves pay sixty cents per head, sheep five cents. A famine could only occur now if the grain crops had failed and the cattle plague broken out simultaneously in Russia, Hungary and the United States. Hence Paris, although subject at any moment to a rise in values, is no longer exposed to the dread of starvation. The electric telegraph, steamers, rapid transportation of every kind, commercial activity, and the competition between the chief exporting centres of the two continents, have now effectually taken the place of, and for ever abolished, those absurd regulations such as the maximums, which placed the price of provisions under the control of the State. Nevertheless, the decree of 1790 is still in force, making it incumbent on the municipal authorities of Paris to watch over the supplies intended for the sustenance of the city. The Prefect of Police, who is an officer of the government, has among his other duties that of superintending the markets, inspecting the provisions, and examining and verifying the weights and measures by which they are sold; so that the Government has still reserved to itself the power of intervening in the public interest in these matters.

The prefects name the *factors*, a body of responsible agents who, after having given security, are officially empowered to act as middle men between the buyer and seller, either in wholesale or retail transactions. All operations in which the factors are engaged are on a cash basis. They pay to the city the municipal dues which are levied upon provisions of all kinds, and thus save the seller, who is in most cases the producer, the trouble of coming and transacting his business in person. All the producer has to do is to load his basket of fruit or poultry on the first cart passing the door, addressing it to the market at Paris, and this will insure his business being attended to as well as though he were himself present. The factors sell at the day's market price, and remit the money forthwith, simply deducting their commission, which, although varying according to the class of produce and the responsibility incurred, does not average more than one per cent. The extent of the business done enables them to work on a small percentage.

This system, as will be readily understood, very greatly facilitates business transactions. Over seven thousand producers are represented by sixty factors. Of these, twelve busy themselves exclusively with the purchase and sale of flour; twelve buy and sell grain; three make a specialty of meat sold at auction, that is to say, fresh meat shipped already slaughtered to Paris; eight buy and sell poultry and game; eight make a specialty of salt-water fish; while one devotes his attention to fresh-water fish. Three give their time to the purchase and sale of oysters; one to transactions in cheese; five to butter and eggs; and two to fruit and vegetables.

Unlimited confidence is the basis of the arrangement, while the amount of the factors' security guarantees the city, the producers and the buyers against loss. The factors are not permitted to do any business on their own account, hence their paper, during the crises of 1848 and 1871, was taken at its par value, and exchanged for gold without any discount. Besides the factors, the Prefect of Police appoints a certain number of officers, whose business it is to inspect the quality of provisions exposed for sale, not only in the markets, but

in all retail shops, as well as in the carts of itinerant venders. These officers frequently order whole cartloads of fish to be destroyed, especially mussels, which are often dangerous.

The Prefect of Police also appoints the inspectors of weights, measures and scales, all of which are required to bear the stamp of the Administration. Over 30,000 persons, under the mild control of the Prefect of Police, are engaged in the eight *halles*, the sixty-three markets, the cattle market and the great slaughter-houses, both of which are situated at La Villette.

The Prefect of the Seine has among his duties the construction and maintenance of suitable establishments, as well as that of fixing the amount of the municipal tariff. Excellent regulations, made in 1848, favor produce being sent direct to the *halles;* thus produce sent to an individual, or to a tradesman, pays according to weight, while that sent to the *halle* pays ten per cent. upon the price realized, whatever that may be. The difference between these two classes of dues is very great. For instance, a chicken which would have to pay fifteen cents by weight would only have to pay five cents on the *ad valorem* scale.

In Paris, as everywhere else, efforts are made to defraud the revenue by declaring at the boundary that produce, really destined for private individuals or retail shops, is on its way to the *halle*, but where suspicions are once aroused the carts are followed to their destination, and condign punishment follows detection.

Of all the vexatious regulations which existed under the old régime, those affecting the sale of bread were the last to disappear. Up to 1819, mayors had the right to imprison those bakers who failed to comply with the rules set down for their observance. They must be provided with testimonials of good behavior and morality, have undergone an apprenticeship, were not allowed to give up their trade without at least six months' notice, and were always to have in store sufficient flour to supply a three months' demand. The price of bread was fixed by the mayor every week, and was regulated according to the price of flour, the official tariff being posted up in the bakeries. It was only in 1863 that these regulations were abolished. There are now over 1,200 bakeries in the city of Paris.

The bread eaten in Paris is excellent, and by many considered fully equal to that of Vienna. It is made of a mixture of three kinds of flour, that from Brie, Picardie, and Beauce; the last-named being the whitest. Of course, this does not imply that the 700,000,000 lbs. of flour consumed annually by Paris only come from these three provinces, but every description of flour, even though it came from Russia or the United States, is, after examination of quality, color, and condition, classified according to the regular Paris marks.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

TOMPKINS (to Mrs. T., who is afraid of robbers)—"*There, my dear, we'll stick that up in the area while we are in the country, and I think you may make yourself easy about robbers for the future.*"

The grain market, or *Halle aux Blés*, is a somewhat ugly building, smothered by an enormous iron cupola, and located in the vicinity of the Central Halles. It need scarcely be said that this grain market is a great place for speculative transactions, flour being bought and sold in enormous quantities: for the first four, the middle four, and the last four months of the year, as well as for each month taken separately. There is an immense business done in premiums and margins; and the different brands of flour sometimes fluctuate as much as a franc per sack, from one day to another, large sums changing hands with almost the same facility as at Chicago.

Within the last ten years, the market for oxen, at Poissy, and the market for sheep at Sceaux, have been abandoned in favor of the market at La Villette, covering over fifty

acres of ground, and communicating, by means of the connecting line, with all the railroads of France. The entrance fee at the market, is for oxen, fifty cents a head ; for calves, twenty cents ; for swine, ten cents ; and for sheep, five cents. Besides this, a fee of ten cents per ox and two cents per sheep per night is levied on all animals left unsold after the day's market.

There are immense drinking-troughs, large stables and cow-sheds, over which are corn-bins and forage. These sheds are capable of containing 4,600 oxen and 22,000 sheep at one time. About 3,000,000 animals are annually disposed of in this market. The sales take place in three handsome covered structures, each over 600 feet long by 300 broad.

The growth of Paris has been such that the whole of the remainder of France no longer suffices to provision it, and France will, undoubtedly, soon learn, as England has already learned, that it is true wisdom to encourage shipments of American beef, and to take advantage of all the most recent appliances for the transport of meat across the ocean.

Even in 1873, Germany contributed some 400,000 sheep to the provisioning of Paris, besides quantities of oxen, hogs, and calves. The oxen of the Nivernais have, perhaps, the best reputation of any. The best French sheep are those from the West, known as the *prés salés*, and those from Berry, where they graze on a short, sweet-smelling grass, which gives to the meat a flavor similar to that of plants exposed to the sea-air.

THE POULTRY-MARKET IN OLDEN TIME.

The slaughter-houses are close by the cattle-markets, separated only therefrom by the Darcq Canal. These slaughter-houses, which, in 1857 took the place of the four city slaughter-houses, occupy some 700,000 feet of space.

A class of persons termed *Chevillards* (from the meat being suspended from hooks—*chevilles*), act as middle men between the producer and the butcher, who thus becomes simply a retail vender. They do an excellent business, and make considerable fortunes by buying the animals on the market, taking them off to the slaughter-house, killing them, cutting them up and selling them to the butchers. The slaughter-house fees are 20 cents per 100 pounds. Before being offered for public sale, either at the Halle or at any of the 1,600 butchers' shops of Paris, the meat has to receive the inspector's blue ink stamp, certifying to its fitness for the market, and accompanied by a card specifying the weight. If the meat has even a tainted appearance, it is sent to the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who consume some 200,000 pounds a year ; while putrid meat to the amount of about 220,000 pounds a year is, before being taken away, sprinkled with turpentine, so as effectually to prevent any attempt at a sale being made.

The average annual consumption of a Parisian is, at the very least, 140 pounds of butcher's meat, and not less than 15 pounds of pork. Since the siege, the use of horseflesh has gradually become common in the districts inhabited by the working classes—thanks, in no slight measure, to the prizes given to the best butchers of horseflesh by a society specially established for this purpose. The difference in the taste between horseflesh and beef is not very great, but what places the former at a disadvantage is its reddish-brown appearance, which is disagreeable, besides the inability to make good broth when boiling it down. This is a very important matter in France, where the poor live more upon boiled meat than they do upon roast; and as horseflesh must always be roasted, it is far less profitable to the household, entailing, moreover, a greater consumption of fuel. Instead of attempting to develop the trade in horseflesh as an article of food, French economists would undoubtedly do better to advocate the importation of American beef, and it is tolerably certain that any efforts made in that direction would be attended with great and lasting success, and be recognized as a benefit to the poorer classes of the community.

In speaking of the manner in which Paris is provisioned, it should be mentioned that every year, in the month of March, an exhibition is held in the Palace of Industry, comprising the following classes : Oxen, sheep, swine and live poultry on the ground floor ; cheese, plucked chickens and fowls, oil, honey, butter, hops, vegetables, fresh and preserved fruits, on the upper floor, in the same galleries as

those used for the exhibition of pictures in the month of May. Prizes are awarded. These are generally carried off, as was the case in 1877, by M. Tiersonnier, of the Nièvre, for oxen, and by the Comte de Bouillé and the Comte de Béhaigne for sheep-breeding.

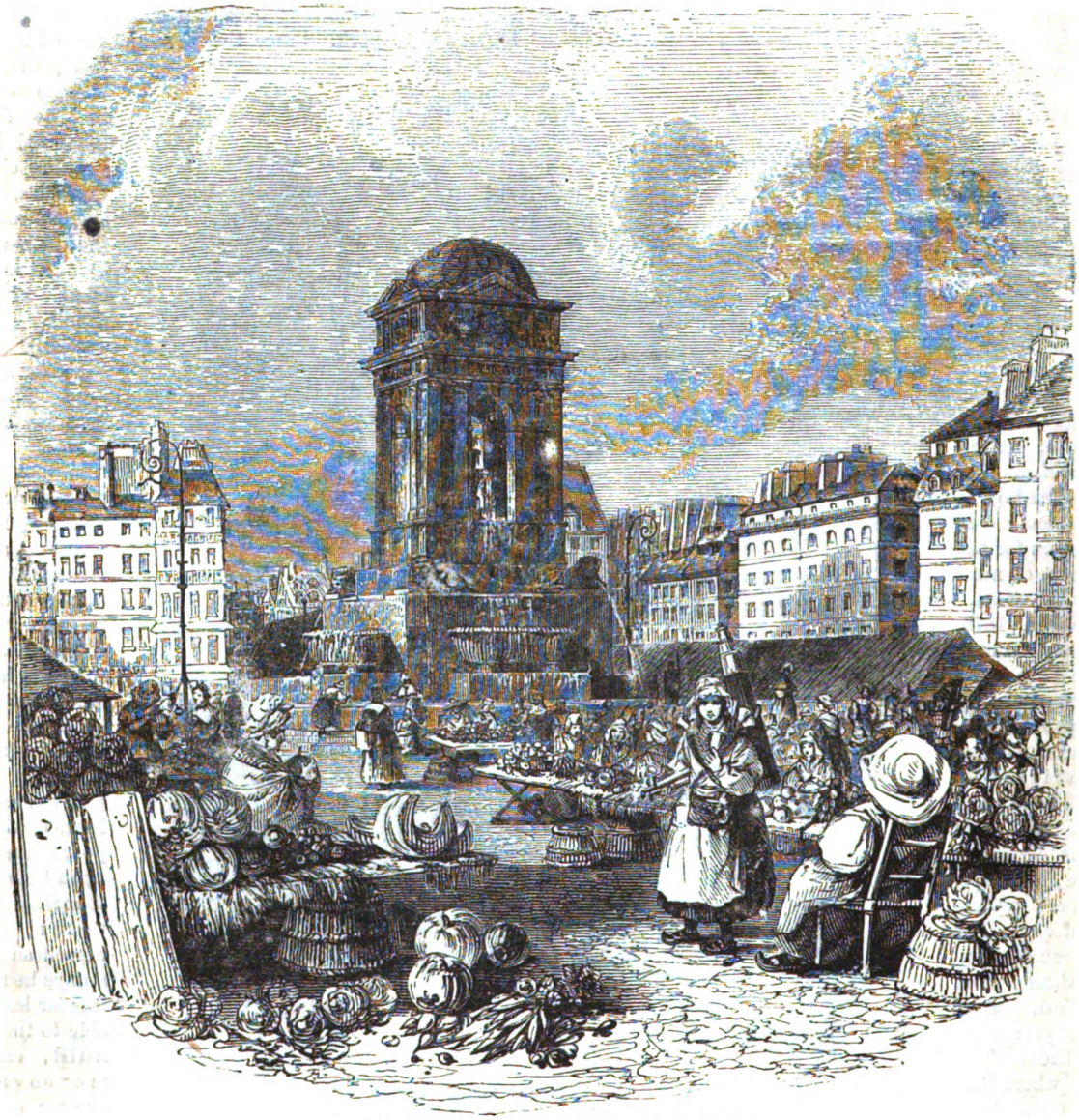
Most of the vegetables sold on the Paris market come from the market-gardens a few miles out of town, and also from Upper Brittany. Early vegetables come chiefly from Algeria. Water-cresses, of which about 12,000,000 bunches are annually sold at Paris, come almost exclusively from the Oise Department — Genesse, the Valley of Montmorency, and Chantilly.

One-fifth of the salt-water fish sold at Paris comes from abroad, chiefly from England and Belgium; while almost all the fresh-water fish is imported, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Rhenish Prussia each contributing their share. This is simply a confirmation of the well-known fact that, for years past, the finny population of French rivers has been steadily decreasing. One-half the mussels eaten in Paris come from Belgium.

The enhancement in the value of oysters within the last forty years may be attributed to a variety of causes, but certain it is that bivalves which in 1840 cost 12 francs per 1,000 are now worth more than six times that sum. Most of the oysters consumed in Paris come from the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. The delicious but expensive green oysters, the so-called *Marennes*, are the products of the beds off Arcachon. As for the little "Ostend" oysters which are sold in kegs, every one understands that most of them come from Colchester, England.

Normandy and Brittany send very considerable quantities of butter and eggs to Paris and London. As regards cheese, the Parisians like best the *fromages de Brie*—in the Seine-et-Oise department—Meaux and Coulommiers. Then comes the famous Roquefort, the cheeses of Normandy, the Camembert, Livarot, and the cream cheeses from Switzerland, St. Gervais and Gruyère—Cheddar and Stilton from England, and a few German cheeses.

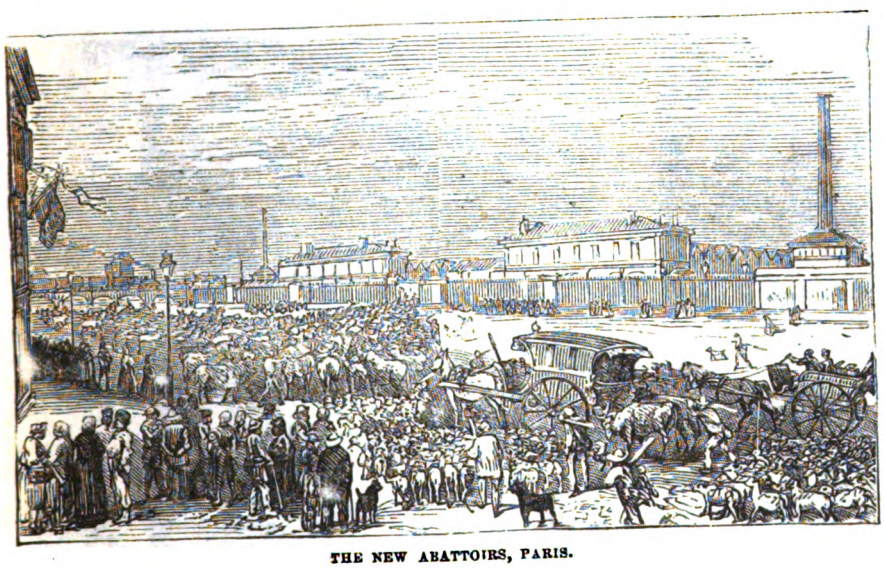
The game sold in Paris comes from all parts of France, and in November, when the shooting season is at its height in Germany, chiefly from that country. From the banks of the Dnieper and of the Neva come in Winter grouse and lagopus. Sweden, Norway, Scotland, and Bohemia send their hazel-hens and grouse; while from the United States, chiefly from



THE "MARCHÉ DES INNOCENTS" IN FORMER TIMES.

Virginia, come, with more or less regularity, the American partridges (*Perdix virginianus*). The best poultry comes from the departments of Bresse and Maine. Olive oil, unfortunately frequently adulterated, comes from Algeria, Tunis, the Neapolitan provinces, Tuscany, and Provence. Oranges reach France from Algeria, Spain, and Portugal, at present, but should the project of growing oranges in Florida, on a large scale, succeed, not many years will elapse ere the United States will take their share in supplying Paris with fruit. Grapes, peaches, and cherries come to the capital in large quantities from the immediate vicinity, say Fontainebleau, Montreuil, and Montmorency; the fruit there grown

FLOUR-STORES IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.

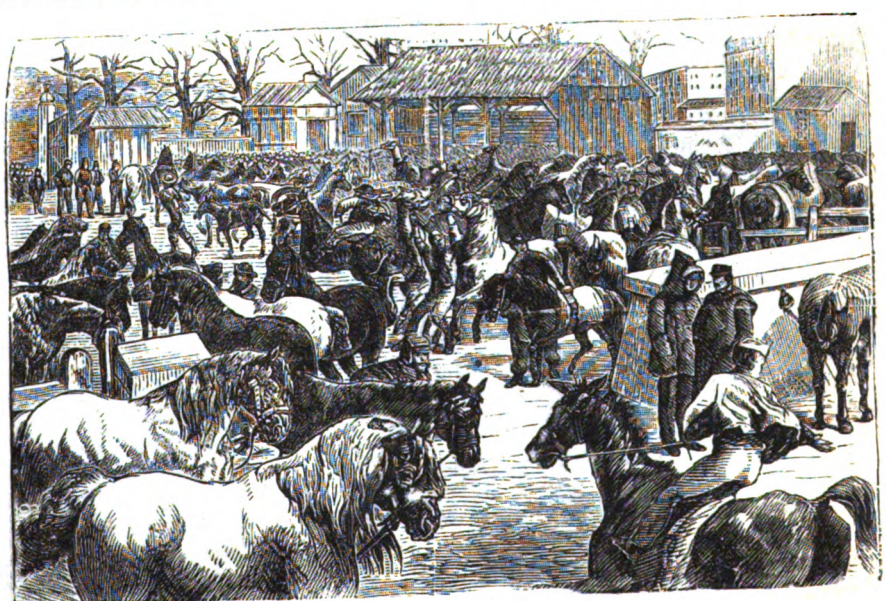


THE NEW ABATTOIRS, PARIS.

is considered by many to be the most delicious of any.

The Central Halles, now the chief market of the City of Paris, was, for a long time, simply a district market. The ground on which it stands was purchased in the twelfth century by King Louis le Gros. Philip Augustus erected there a place of shelter. The Valois enlarged the Halles and built the *Pillars of the Halles*, which became so famous at the time of the wars of the Fronde, owing to the Duke of Beaufort, the "king of the Halles." The pillory, where the condemned were placed and exposed to public view, stood where is now the *pavillon* for the sale of sea-fish. It was there that Louis XI. had his cousin, the Duke of Nemours, beheaded, placing the Duke's children on the scaffold, so that they might be sprinkled with their father's blood. As a rule, executions took place on the Place de Grève (now Place de l'Hôtel de Ville), and only the dead bodies were exposed at the Halles.

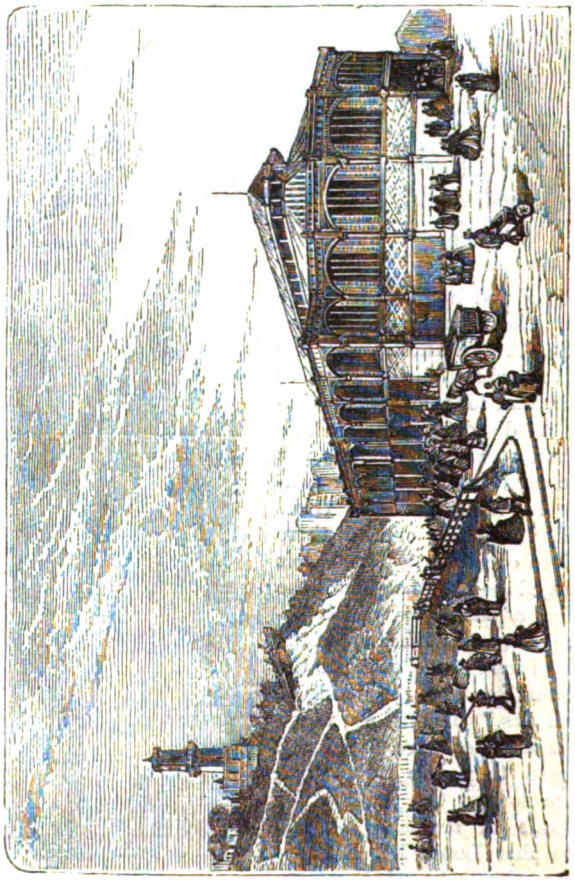
At that time the place was a kind of bazaar, where were sold not only provisions and commodities, but also arms and armors, boots and shoes, and clothing. All around were a number of tortuous labyrinthine alleys and streets, where carts blocked up the way, and the high houses of the Middle Ages kept off both the air and the light. The *forts* and the *ladies*



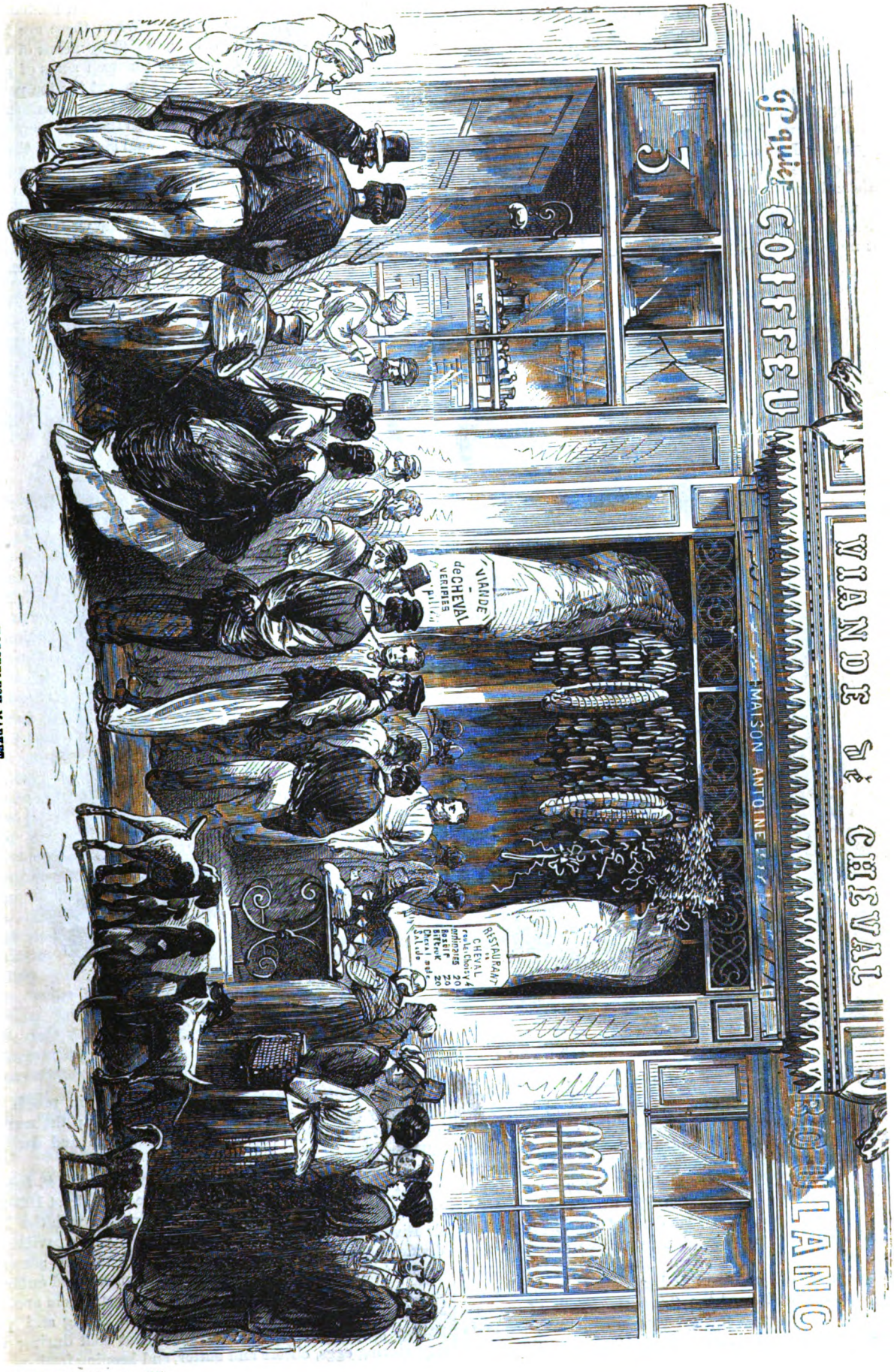
HORSE-MARKET FOR BUTCHERS.

ARRIVAL OF CATTLE.

BUTTER AND CHEESE TASTERS, HALLES CENTRALES.



NEW MARKET AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.



HORSEFLESH MARKET.

of the Halles were even then noted for their insolence, and the spirit of absolute rule which characterized their management of the place. So far back as the fifteenth century, those ladies, of whom Madame Angot is now the worthy representative, exercised despotic sway over the halles. The charnel house of the Innocents, then the chief burying place, was, horrible to relate, adjoining the Halles, and disseminated pestilential emanations all around. It was only under Louis XVI. that this place was cleared, and the bones of the dead carried to the Catacombs. Most of the male and female venders sold their commodities in the open air, under umbrellas or awnings.

Napoleon I. had the Halles enlarged, fresh buildings being put up; but on the Bourbon's return to power they did not proceed with the work. They had no special sympathy for the gossiping busybodies of the Halles, who had joined the mob in marching on to Versailles on the 5th of October, 1789, forcing Louis XVI. to return to the Tuileries, and who had so often insulted Marie Antoinette. Louis Philippe put off enlarging the Halles under pretext that the country must economize. It was only on the 23d of September, 1851, that Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, laid the first stone of the splendid monumental structure now known as the Halles Centrales. The building itself is the masterpiece of the architect Baltard, and forms, with the new Opera House, two of the finest specimens of modern architecture. Although not even yet complete, the Halle is largest market in the world. There are still wanting the pavilions which are to surround the Corn Exchange, and where the employés are to live. When these are finished there will be fourteen pavilions, united by means of covered streets, and extending over about nineteen acres of ground. The Halles cost $12,000,000. At present the ten pavilions, with their galleries, are sufficient for the necessities of the market, the transaction of business having been greatly facilitated by the opening up of broad streets and the demolition of rickety old dwellings which had stood there for six or seven centuries. Unfortunately, there is yet no line of rails reaching to the Halles, and until the projected underground railway becomes a reality, all the work of transportation must continue to be performed by carts. There are about 2,600 of these every night blocking up the handsome Rues du Louvre, Rambuteau, Turbigo, etc., in much the same way as they, in days of yore, blocked up the narrow alleys of the Vieille-Truanderie, Cossonnerie and du Pot d'Etain.

THE OLD BUTTER AND EGG MARKET IN THE HALLES.

The pavilions of the Halles are 48 feet wide and 48 feet in height. They are divided in the centre by a street 105 feet in width, which connects the Rue Montmartre with the Rue de Rivoli, the quays and the Pont Neuf. Every pavilion is divided off into 250 stalls, each stall being allotted some 40 square feet of space. The pavilions are constructed entirely of glass and iron covered with zinc. Beneath them are not less than 1,200 cellars, built of stone, for killing and preparing poultry, preserving provisions not sold during the day, storing eggs, cheese and butter, and keeping fresh-water

FISH-MARKET IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.

fish in tanks. Storage in these cellars costs somewhat under one cent a day per square yard. The cellars are twelve feet high, and are lighted by gas.

The 480 to 500 porters of the Halles, so noticeable owing to their broad-brimmed white felt hats and feruled sticks, are divided into gangs, and governed by a syndicate, the rigid rules set down by which must be submitted to by all.

Thus, before being admitted into the corporation, a man is subjected to certain trials of strength often very difficult indeed, and the very name these burden-bearers are known by—*les forts*—indicates that a strong physical development is a *sine qua non* for the position.

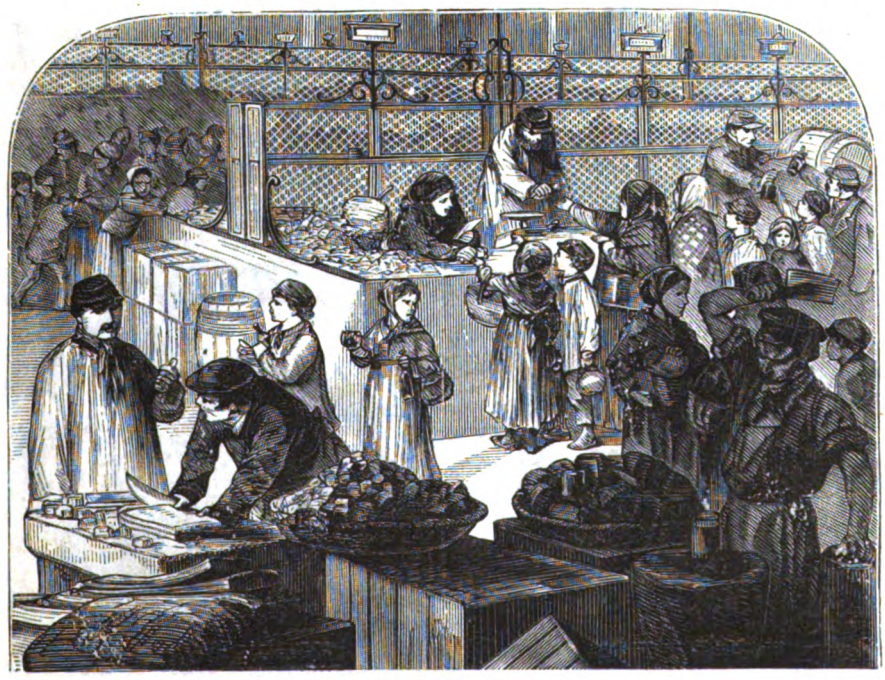
Gas and water are abundant at the Halles, some 850,000 cubic yards of gas being burnt daily, while the diurnal consumption of water averages 650,000 gallons. Each stall in the ordinary pavilions costs 60 cents per diem; each counter in the pavilion for the sale of sea-fish costs 25 cents a day, a stand for the sale of oysters 4 cents, while those venders who do not mind standing outside the market, under the galleries of the pavilions, only pay 3 cents a day, an exceedingly low rate, as all will acknowledge.

It has probably been wisely determined that wine should not be sold at the Halles Centrales. The special depot, called the Halle aux Vins, where there are constantly some 500,000 casks of wine lying in bond, runs for half a mile along the quay, on the left bank of the Seine, near the Jardin des Plantes. The principal market for the sale of wine is, however, the entrepôt at Bercy, where the weekly transactions are simply enormous. Some idea of the business done may be conveyed by the official figures of the quantities on which the city dues were collected in Paris, in February, 1877:

Wine in casks	7,227,968	gallons.
" bottles	33,000	"
Alcohol	184,492	"
Cider	81,400	"
Beer	333,280	"
Total	7,860,140	gallons.

These figures are beneath those for February, 1876, probably on account of the wine crop of 1876 having been so bad.

Besides the markets mentioned, the other most noteworthy markets of Paris are the Marché St. Germain, near St. Sulpice; the Marché St. Honoré, near the street of that name; the Marché de Montmartre, etc.



BELLEVUE MARKET.

MEN who never do wrong, seldom do anything.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE PEACH SEASON IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Peach Season in South Carolina.

Few persons who profess strong admiration for the delicious peaches that are now being received at our markets in immense quantities, have any idea of the labor, care, anxiety and patience exercised in their cultivation and shipment. So long as the fruit is luscious, and has a fair, rosy exterior, we care little how much trouble others have had in raising and preparing it. If a basketful turns out well, we express our satisfaction in the haste manifested in disposing of it; but let unripe and leaden specimens be exhibited—those compositions of stringy pits and fuzzy rinds—and we are positive that the person who put those on the market had lost all his sweet teeth, and knew nothing about the judicious pruning of trees and the scientific packing of the fruit.

The vast fields in Delaware, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, where the cultivation of the peach is made a thorough study, now present scenes of great interest and activity. The Spring was occupied in carefully nurturing the trees and propping the branches to sustain their expected burdens. And now the sun and heat and rich sap have expanded the fruit, made it soft to the touch, and most agreeable to taste, and given it bright colors that almost seem to increase its sweetness.

Gathering and packing in baskets and boxes form the hurried labor of the season, and in these much care is necessary to protect the fruit from bruises and contact with moist substances.

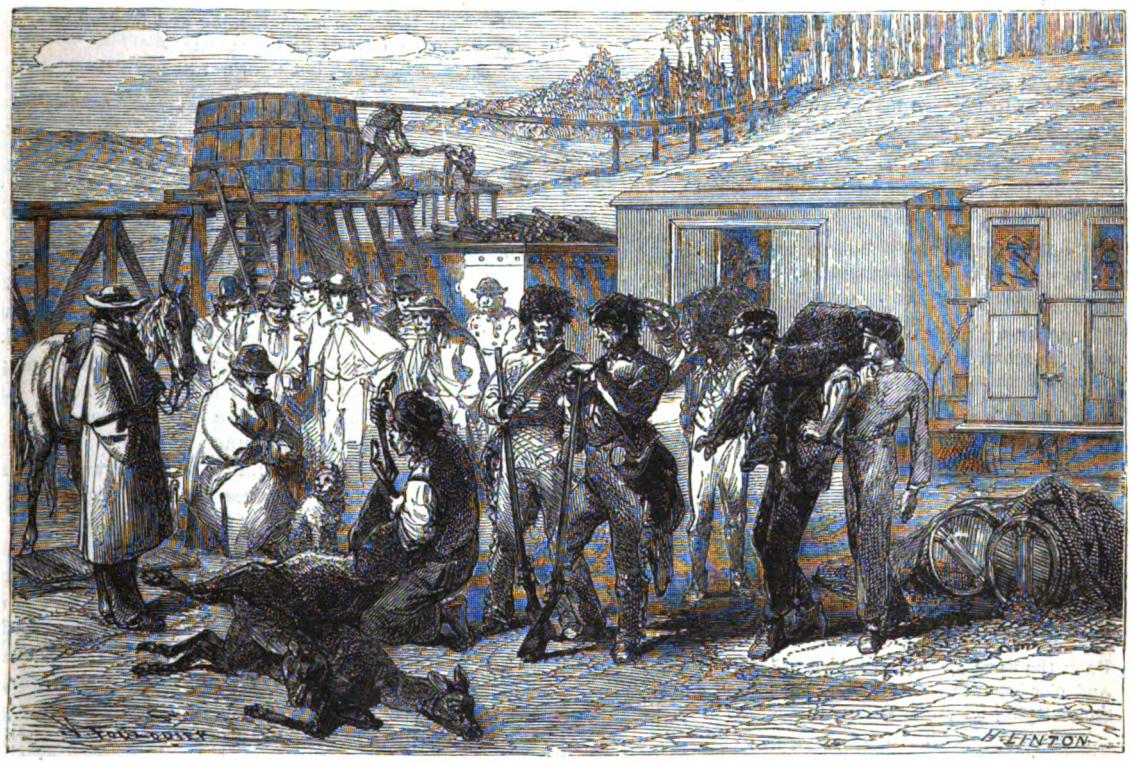
Our engraving represents a scene in which the negroes, having passed beyond the sight and ear of their employers, are threading a rather leisurely course from the orchards to the depot.

The toils of others in getting the boxes ready for their transportation are about as important to them as to us while eating the contents.

The team has come to a standstill, and the boy on the mule is peering around with an astonished look to see how soon the oxen will be likely to awake from their sleep. A little sleep now and then does no harm, even while on the way to the depot, and the animals will soon be on their way, earning another clandestine doze.

Indians Selling Deer at a Railway Station, Alabama.

The Indians have well-nigh disappeared from the States east of the Mississippi, a few communities lingering in the North, surrounded by whites, reluctantly bending to the civilization, which seem so alien to their nature that extinction is the only probable future before them. In the South, more sparsely settled, with mountains still the haunt of deer, some remnants of the once powerful Mobilean tribes linger, and hunt as their ancestors hunted of old, but now bring in the produce of the chase to sell to the white man. The scene depicted in our illustration by the faithful pencil of an artist, whose fidelity to nature is remarkable, is not an uncommon one.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—INDIANS SELLING DEER AT A RAILWAY STATION IN ALABAMA.

Through this path, these Indians may gradually be brought to other employments, and thus mingle in the vast population that seems to spring up on the soil where their ancestors roamed.

If liquor does not exert its deadly influence, the Indian can gradually be gained, where the vices are not more frequently taught them than the lessons of the more worthy, even in the lower ranks.

An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver, which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones.

LADY FELICIA.

PERFECT in graceful luxury was the room,
Replete with beauty, laden with perfume
Lavished from flowers half drooping with their bloom.

Lady Felicia, rich, high-born and fair,
Reclining in her velvet-cushioned chair,
Her jeweled fingers toying with her hair—

Dreamed, as all women dream, and none but they—
Duchess and peasant—girl and matron gray,
Each hath her dream—from which she wakes, one day.

And thus Felicia sat alone, and dreamed
Some pleasant noontide fantasy, it seemed,
So soft the lustre in her eyes that beamed.

"Others may love in sunshine—I would fain
Share, rather than my loved one's joy, his pain,
That I might soothe his heart to peace again.

"Others may care for riches—but to me
It seems that to be poor is to be free;
And love is mightiest in adversity.

"Who will may have world-splendor, rank and power;
Let me be to my love his life's one flower,
Sole cherished in an else deserted bower.

"For trouble doth two spirits much unite;
In grief, true love gives forth so clear a light,
As stars glow brightest in the darkest night.

"Together, there's no ill that we need dread;
Though wrathful clouds should gather overhead,
Through darkness each by each would safe be led.

"Together, we might dare all storms of fate,
And for returning calm in faith would wait;
So love doth strengthen—and doth consecrate.

"Clad in this armor proof—so true, so sure,
We should be brave to combat and endure,
And through all tainting struggle might pass pure.

"Right proud were I love's burdens to bear—
Right fondly would I claim all pain to share—
Striving alway to ease his every care.

"And when a-weary with the world's hard strife,
He should come home, as to a holier life,
Finding sweet rest and peace with me—his wife!"

Upon the word Felicia paused a while,
And o'er her face a gleam, half blush, half smile,
Stole—trying its sweet gravity to beguile.

Till lips, eyes, cheeks, their lesson had been taught,
And the reflection of her rosy thought
Even her dimpled neck had faintly caught.

The eyes drooped presently, their lashes wet—
Ah, complex thoughts! tumultously they met,
While the low whisper came, "And yet—and yet—?"

The yearning, asking words were all—no more—
A gentle hand unclosed the chamber-door;
Felicia started up—her day-dream o'er.

"Nugent is waiting, dear, to say good-by—
He's going off to Spain immediately."
Felicia, white, but stately, uttered—"Why,

"That's sudden, isn't it?" and tried to look
Calm, in her mother's eyes. Her mother took
Her hands, softly; then the young girl shook

From head to foot in desperate undisguise,
Until the tender voice said—"What is this,
My darling?" melting in a long, fond kiss.

"So cold to him, we thought. Yet—is it so?
You—love him!" On the pale cheek came a glow.
Felicia whispered, "I—I did not know—"

Then, like a frightened bird that seeks its nest,
She drooped her head upon her mother's breast,
And in faint sobbings told her all the rest.

* * * *

And Nugent is of lowly birth, of course—
A struggling worker—artist, or e'en worse,
Perhaps a poet, with a poet's purse?

And she will be his cherished flower—his light,
Sole shining on the darkness of the night,
To help and solace him through Life's sore fight?

Ah! womanly consistency's a pearl
Of infinite rareness. She was but a girl
Who dreamed that dream, the while she loved the—Earl.

Yes, one of England's proudest. Wealth and power
Are hers, who, dreaming in that idle hour,
Aspired to love, as life's sufficient dower—

And dared to wish for sorrow, pain and care.
Alas! fair countess, these come everywhere—
To golden palace, as to hovel bare.

While Love, the strengthening and healing one,
Shineth on all as he ever shone—
Dwells in a hut, but does not spurn a throne.

CHASED BY A LION.

By H. D. Smith, U. S. R. M.

IT was close upon the hour of sunset, and huge, wavering shadows already crept tremulously along the low, reedy coast of Africa. The rocky, desolate spot known as Goree was bathed in a flood of gorgeous light, which streamed across the undulating surface of the ocean like a broad band of shimmering gold.

The summit of the rock was crowned by a small fortress, ancient and quaint in its construction, from the parapet of which fluttered the tricolor of France.

A puff of smoke from an embrasure, a dull rumble, followed by the ensign slowly descending from the staff, announced that the sun had set.

From the harbor, or, more properly speaking, the open roadstead, but one vessel was visible—a sloop-of-war, bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, rode proudly to her anchors. The smoke from her bow-gun had scarcely disappeared, and the heavy report had not died away, as the first cutter dashed from the gangway ladder, heading toward the landing. In the stern-sheets reclined two officers, clad in the undress uniform of their respective ranks.

They were the first lieutenant, Tom Ratcliffe, and his friend, Harry May, the paymaster of the sloop-of-war.

"Tom, you are a lucky dog, and the envy of every Frenchman in the place."

"How so, Harry?" responded the first luff, as he stretched his long, shapely limbs.

He stood six feet two in his socks, and was innocent of a surplus ounce of flesh upon his bones. Powerful, active, handsome and free-hearted, he was endeared to the entire ship's company for his many good qualities.

"You are remarkably modest, Tom, I must say, and bear your honors meekly. How so? Why, for saving Marie de Courcey, the governor's daughter, from a horrible death yesterday. It is said her horses would have plunged off the rocky road of the hill yonder and fell headlong into the sea, but for your prompt interference. I saw you take that flying leap for the horse's back, and it was magnificently

done. Her father, the marquis, was so overcome by emotion, that he was scarcely able to thank you. But how about his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Montferris? He was unable or powerless to stop the frightened horses, and I heard a rumor that some words passed between you, Tom. Is there any truth in the report?"

"Well, I don't know; I scarcely remember now. I do recollect, though, of saying something to him for allowing the girl to dash by him without making an effort to save her. She is a beautiful, talented and high-spirited girl, well worthy of the noble blood that runs in her veins."

"Look out, Tom, or you'll get yourself in trouble. Tomorrow her picnic comes off, for which we hold invitations, you know. I presume Montferrris will be there, with his mustache pointed *à la* Napoleon. Then clear——"

"What, Harry! this from you? Come, we will belay the subject, if you please. When my personal friend begs me to shun a Frenchman, for fear I may come to harm, I am inclined to doubt the friendship that has lasted for years. There, there, Harry; let's drop the subject. In bow—way enough;" and the boat shot alongside the wharf, on to which the two friends quickly clambered. "Ah, there is a crowd clustering round Monsieur Tessadre's hospitable door, enjoying their absinthe beneath these scrubby trees. Come, Hal, we'll try a little brandy-and-water—eh?"

"With pleasure; and, Tom, I beg of you——"

"To remember that I am twenty-one years of age, and capable of taking care of myself. It's a faculty we learn early in life in Indiana;" and with a light, reckless laugh, the lieutenant strolled leisurely toward the group of French officers and civilians, who were too busily occupied with their own noisy conversation to pay the slightest attention to the newcomers, who quietly occupied a table in close proximity to the group.

Tom Ratcliffe's large gray eyes sparkled with a strange light as he heard his name uttered in an excited tone, and, as both officers were acquainted with the French language, they listened intently to the remarks, which were uttered in no gentle tone.

"So, Victor, this naval lieutenant, an American officer, bids fair to outstrip you in the race for the favor of the fair Mademoiselle de Courcey? It was a daring act, and gallantly executed."

"Gallantly executed!" echoed the officer addressed as Victor, his dark face flushed with anger. "Who is this Ratcliffe, as he calls himself? Some Yankee politician's scion, I presume, who dares to lift his eyes to the station occupied by our noble commandant's daughter, and in whose veins runs the noblest blood of the Empire! I could have saved the lady—would have saved her—but for that fellow's impertinent interference. I will call him to account, if I ever lay my eyes upon him!"

"You had better not meddle with him," responded an old gray-haired major, who was busily engaged stirring his brandy-and-sugar.

The trappings on Victor Montferris's staff-uniform fairly shook with rage as he rose to his feet, twirling the pointed ends of his mustache in a vain attempt to conceal his wrath.

"And why, sir, had I better leave him alone? Because of the name I bear, and the position I hold? Do you think I would brook a Yankee sailor as a rival without dusting his briny uniform for his impudence? To be sure, there would be a certain amount of contamination in the encounter which time only could eradicate; but I would waive all such considerations for the pleasure of humbling his plebeian blood."

"Allow me to thank you, monsieur, for the sacrifice you condescend to make in my behalf. I believe, if I understood you aright, that you are anxious to take the dust out of my uniform, as well as humble my plebeian blood. Pray proceed, monsieur, and I hope you may at least make a better attempt in this instance than you did riding by the side of Mademoiselle de Courcey."

The calm, deep tones of Ratcliffe's voice took the entire group by surprise; they fell back right and left, leaving the staff-officer face to face with the man whom he had spoken of in so insulting a manner.

Unable to master his astonishment, Montferris, for a moment, could make no reply. In point of stature both men were evenly matched, and, as the French officer attempted to draw his gauntlet across Ratcliffe's face, the naval officer, with a movement quick as lightning, caught his opponent's arm, at the same time striking him heavily in the face.

In the struggle, Montferris's cross of the Legion of Honor fell to the ground, and Tom, with a gesture of disdain, placed his foot upon it.

In an instant a dozen sabres flashed in the air, but neither Tom nor his friend offered to move.

"One at a time, gentlemen, if I am to fight you like officers; or, if we are to be attacked *a la brigand*, will some of you, who are so ready with your sabres, favor us with a weapon apiece?" And a sarcastic smile hovered about the well-shaped mouth of Tom Radcliffe.

Mortified at the false position into which their anger had betrayed them, the officers hastily sheathed their weapons, while one of their number stepped forward, introducing himself as the friend of Victor Montferris.

Tom referred him to Harry May, and between them the preliminaries of the meeting were quickly arranged.

Tom, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, much to the Frenchman's chagrin, who was proficient in the use of the pistol; but Tom chose rifles—the time and place of meeting being sunrise, at the rear of the parade-ground attached to the fort.

Linking his arm through Harry's, Tom strolled quietly off, leaving the officers to discuss the exciting theme, which was soon in every body's mouth.

At sunrise, just as the first rays of the African sun gilded the summit of the huge rock with its yellow light, Tom, with his friend carrying the rifles, made their appearance on the ground, brushing the dew aside in glittering showers as they hastily advanced.

The Frenchmen were already at their posts. the preliminaries were soon settled, and the principals assigned their respective stations.

Tom was attired in his full uniform, his double-breasted coat buttoned to the throat, epaulets and all insignia of rank displayed as carefully as though proceeding to his station for Sunday inspection.

The aide-de-camp had thrown aside *his* uniform, appearing in a sombre suit of black, which offered no distinguishing mark to catch his opponent's eye.

Tom stood with his rifle resting in the hollow of his arm; his cap he had thrown aside, allowing the light morning air to play through his dark locks and luxuriant mustache.

The word, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" struck sharply on the ears of the little party, and, with a simultaneous movement, the dark barrels of the rifles fell to a level, as they answered in the same breath, "Ready!"

But before another word could be uttered or the fingers press the triggers of the deadly weapons, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the flinty soil, and the next instant Marie de Courcey, attired in a semi-military riding-dress, and accompanied by a mounted attendant, dashed on the ground, reining up her little Arabian steed between the two men, who instantly turned their weapons.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, in a loud,

ringing tone. "Have you so little regard for my feelings that you would seek to place my name in every man's mouth?" and she glanced sternly toward the unfortunate Victor, who bowed low as she flung the rifle from him. "And you, Monsieur Ratcliffe, must I forfeit my good opinion of you—must I forget that to you I owe my life—when I see you standing here about to fire on one of my father's friends? For what? A few idle words, in which I understand my name was connected. Promise me now, all of you, as men of honor, to drop this affair for ever, and I'll try and forgive you both. It is granted. Well, then, adieu, and remember that at four o'clock we are all to meet at Rufisque, on the borders of the Great Desert, to enjoy our picnic amid the tall palms, cool nooks, and overhanging rocks of that ancient post;" and, whipping up her pony, the light-hearted daughter of the marquis disappeared as suddenly as she had made her appearance.

The old, gray-haired major now stepped courteously forward, and, raising his forage-cap, said:

LADY FELICIA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 230.

"By a decree, gentlemen, from one whose sex we should at all times feel honored in obeying, we are forbid to proceed further in this unfortunate affair. It can be dropped with honor. There is but one thing left for us to do as brave men. Advance, shake hands, and forget the transaction; then adjourn to my quarters, where we will breakfast, for this morning air has given me a wonderful appetite."

Tom advanced toward his late opponent, and extended his hand, frankly saying:

"I wish you no harm, sir, and I am far from thirsting for your blood. You will admit this affair was not of my seeking——"

"And more, monsieur—I—I alone was to blame. I deserved all the punishment you gave me, and——"

"And will say no more about it," broke in Tom, as he walked side by side with the aide-de-camp, toward the major's quarters, the best of feeling prevailing on all sides.

The party broke up barely in time for the gentlemen to dress for the picnic, and Tom, closely followed by Harry, hurried aboard the ship to change his uniform for his usual undress suit.

CHASED BY A LION.—"WITH AN ANGRY, HALF-SMOTHERED ROAR, THE LION, ROUSED TO THE HIGHEST PITCH OF FEROCITY, BOUNDED INTO THE AIR, ITS HUGE PAWS OUTSTRETCHED, AND FANGS GLEAMING WHITE AS HE SHOT FORWARD."— SEE PAGE 230.

Rufisque, a small trading-post under the protection of the French, is situated on the confines of the Great Desert. Running along the coast is a broad belt of fertile soil, thickly interspersed with nodding palms and stately cocoanut-trees.

In localities strata of granite rise from the sand, running back until they assume the proportions of ravines and small precipices, over which dash miniature rivulets, affording delicious retreats for the inhabitants of Goree, who are in the habit of visiting the mainland for the purpose of enjoying an afternoon's recreation.

It was a joyous party which was assembled in response to the invitations issued by the proud, high-born daughter of the French marquis.

A huge marquee tent had been spread under the trees on the greensward, where a bountiful supply of refreshments were passed to the guests by silent, dusky, ever-attentive servants.

The soft, delicious music of the post band rose and fell with the light, murmuring air, mingling in happy unison with the musical voice of the ocean as it broke on the yellow strand.

Mademoiselle Marie, accompanied by Victor and Tom Radcliffe, slowly withdrew from the careless throng in order to view a certain cave located in one of the rocky defiles but a short distance off.

Along the winding pathway the three proceeded, carefully picking their way from stone to stone; now clambering over a fallen log or eluding the sharp thorns and briers which abounded on every side.

The restless eye of Mademoiselle Marie caught the gorgeous, variegated hues of some beautiful flowers jutting out from a rocky platform on the extreme left of the path. The lady no sooner expressed a wish for some of them, than the gallant Frenchman branched off, swinging himself by means of the shrubbery from point to point, until he had gained the elevated position where lay the coveted flowers.

A shout of exultation burst from the aide-de-camp's lips as he waved his cap to the lady and her companion below, a cry that was quickly echoed by a roar so deep and prolonged that the heavy reverberations resembled the distant rumble of thunder. Tom was on the point of advising a retreat to the tent before the squall should be upon them, when he was startled by the ashy paleness and great agitation of his fair companion.

"For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, what is the matter—what has happened?" asked Ratcliffe.

"The lion—the African lion!" she whispered, trembling violently; and again the roar echoed fearfully around them.

It appeared to come from the direction of the path they had so lately traversed, and while Victor stood horror-stricken at the fate to which the two seemed doomed, the monster bounded into view, his tawny mane bristling with rage, his eyes glaring with the fires of hell, and his tail whisking nervously from side to side.

The Frenchman was brave; he had proved his courage on many a hard-fought field, and won his promotion for gallant conduct against the Arabs; but when he saw Mademoiselle Marie, the woman he worshiped, together with an unarmed man, opposed to the ferocious beast, he was completely unnerved, and sank helplessly amid the bed of brilliant flowers.

But with Tom Ratcliffe it was a different matter. He had been trained to danger, had been face to face with death before, and although he was terribly startled, still he did not despair.

To retreat was impossible, as the lion stood growling and licking his huge jaws directly in the path. The only alternative was to proceed, and that at once.

Grasping a stone, he hurled it with all his force at the brute, at the same time clasping the almost insensible form of Marie in his arms.

Exerting his immense strength to the utmost, the sailor bounded forward, never once looking over his shoulder to note the effect of his shot.

He heard the hoarse growl of rage, however, as it came booming from the cavernous throat of the beast, and it served as an incentive for him to accelerate his pace.

He had no hope but in his own efforts, as everything would be decided one way or the other before the party could come to the rescue, and he looked anxiously from side to side for some semblance of cover.

On he bounded, the lion gaining rapidly. The form of Marie lay like a dead weight in his arms, testing his strength and muscles to the utmost.

Occasionally he would glance over his shoulder to note the position of the pursuer, now but a few yards from him, and the sight caused even his bold heart to tremble.

Tom's clothing had suffered from his mad efforts to climb up the steep sides of the hill; the sharp briers and thorns had drawn the blood from innumerable wounds, which the lion had scented.

The hideous head was bent close to the ground, the eyes resembling blood-red rubies set in a scintillating tongue of flame, while the white fangs, closely set, and the wrinkled nostrils, gave evidence that the hungry passions of the beast had been roused to the utmost.

Gasping, panting for breath, staggering from exhaustion, and swaying from side to side, Tom still held out, resolved not to give up the fight until the teeth and claws of the lion compelled him.

Two yards more, and all must be over.

Rising before his despairing eyes was a series of detached rocks, completely barring all further progress. With a last effort, he clambered up the rough sides of one, only to find a deep, yawning chasm before him.

Nerved to desperation, driven to bay, Tom turned toward the lion, who was preparing for the final spring. The broad chest of the sailor heaved convulsively, and a hasty prayer trembled on his lips, as he gazed at his enemy, so implacable in its wrath.

The form of Marie lay at his feet, insensible, her beautiful face upturned to his, white as marble.

For an instant he gazed at her, then, quick as lightning, raised her bodily above his head, at the same time retreating to the very verge of the precipice.

With an angry, impatient, half-smothered roar, the lion, roused to the highest pitch of ferocity, bounded into the air, its huge paws outspread, and fangs gleaming white as he shot forward. But with a movement equally as quick, Tom fell flat on his face, and the lion, having leaped high to seize his prey, disappeared with a crash, falling head-foremost down the chasm, from which came the dying roar of the animal.

When the party, with Victor at their head, gained the spot, fully expecting to find the mangled remains of the unfortunate two, they discovered Tom lying insensible across the body of Marie. Hal May sprang forward, to find both unhurt, and the terrible adventure was at an end.

That evening, in a saloon attached to the palace of the commandant, Tom received the grateful prayers of the fond old father for saving his daughter a second time from almost sure death. Marie was by his side, pale but smiling, while a brilliant throng crowded around the hero of the hour, to render him homage. Among them was Victor, whose face betrayed sorrow and strong inward emotion.

He found an opportunity to whisper in Tom's ear:

"She is fairly yours, Monsieur Ratcliffe. You have won her, and I wish you all joy and happiness."

Marie caught the whisper, and her pale cheek flushed slightly as she turned her lustrous eyes upon the naval officer.

"My dear fellow, listen to one word, please. I admire, esteem the beautiful Marie, the daughter of our host here, but beyond a sincere sentiment of friendship, I am debarred, from the simple fact that I am already—married. We sail to-morrow, and this is my last farewell to your fair betrothed, who God forbid I should win from you."

Victor silently extended his hand, and a tear rolled softly down his sunburnt cheek, but Marie, the beautiful heroine of Rufisque, had disappeared.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

SHORTLY after the dissolution of Parliament, Elizabeth received a message from the Countess of Nottingham, informing Her Majesty that she was upon her death-bed, and could not quit the world without disburdening her soul of a weighty secret which oppressed it.

As the dying woman was the wife of her near kinsman, the Lord Admiral, the queen, albeit little inclined to such visits, resolved to grant her request; and a message was accordingly returned to the lady, that her Sovereign would visit her the following day.

From what followed, it does not appear that Elizabeth was in the slightest degree prepared for the interview which was to inflict upon her aged heart the keenest pang it had ever yet endured.

As the hour drew near, the enemy of Essex, whom terror and remorse distracted, half repented of the request she had made. She knew the effect her confession would produce upon the fiery temper of her deceived and outraged mistress. She trembled at the result, but resolved to brave it.

In a few moments the Lord High Admiral appeared, conducting Her Majesty to the bedside of his wife. Elizabeth, whose increasing infirmities were visible to all, leaned upon a gold-headed ebony staff, with which she guided her steps. With a gracious air she seated herself in the cushioned chair prepared for her reception, and inquired kindly after the health of her former attendant.

"Dying," groaned Lady Nottingham; "the fever drinks my blood and preys alike upon my heart and brain. But this is not the worst."

At the word "fever," her majesty raised a small essence-bottle, which she wore suspended by a jeweled chain from her girdle, and applied the contents to her handkerchief; most probably it was one of those nostrums which Doctor Dee supplied her with—her faith in the charlatan, both as a physician and astrologer, remaining to the last.

"You wished to see me?" said Elizabeth.

The countess groaned.

"Have something to communicate," continued the aged sovereign, "which you can impart to no ears but mine?"

"Did I say that?" exclaimed the guilty woman; "did I say that? Well," she added, after a pause. "I will tell all. We cannot avoid our destiny."

Turning to her husband and sister, she commanded them to leave the room, unwilling that they should listen to the confession she was about to make.

"Madam," she said, after mentally gathering strength for the task, "you see before you a guilty woman, who has shamefully abused your confidence. The tale I have to tell you will wring your heart. But, oh! it must be told if I am to hope for pardon."

"Heaven is merciful," observed the queen, who began to feel a strange interest in that which was about to follow.

"You gave a ring," continued the countess, "to Essex, and with it a promise that, no matter how heinous his offense against your throne and dignity, at the sight of that token you would spare him."

At the name of the fallen favorite Elizabeth trembled violently.

"I did," she replied, in a voice choked by emotion; "but he disdained my mercy, and perished in his pride and obstinacy."

The destroyer of the earl thrust her hand under the pillow which supported her aching head, and drew from it the fatal token. The eyes of the aged queen flashed fire as she beheld it, for she suspected at once the treachery of which she had been made the victim. Snatching it from the trembling hand that held it, she raised it to the light to assure herself that it was the same.

For a few moments neither could speak.

"How did you obtain it?" demanded Elizabeth, in a voice choked by emotion and recollection of the past.

"Pardon—pardon!" groaned the countess.

The queen repeated her question in terms yet more vehement than before.

"He sent it to my sister, the Lady Scrope, with the request that she would return it to your majesty and intercede for his pardon. By a fatal error on the part of his messenger it came into my hands. I hated Essex, and withheld it."

Elizabeth started from her seat and stood transfixed with horror and astonishment at such unheard-of treachery.

"Pardon me," continued the dying woman; "the punishment of my sin hath fallen upon me. From the hour of his death I have known nor peace nor rest. My heart hath been on fire—ghastly visions haunt my nightly couch. Mercy, mercy!"

"Mercy!" shrieked the queen; "wretch—fiend! Ask it of heaven in vain. Die despairing and accursed—remorseless, pitiless, and revengeful woman!"

"Pardon!"

"Never! My curse pursue you!" exclaimed the infuriated Elizabeth, seizing her by the shoulder and shaking her violently; "you have broken my heart. I could have resisted its reproaches whilst I believed he scorned me."

At the sound of her voice the Lord Admiral and Lady Scrope rushed into the apartment; they found the countess in the agonies of death, and the aged queen standing over her, breathing a torrent of imprecations and reproaches.

"She is dying," said Lady Scrope, raising her sister in her arms. "Oh, your majesty, whatever the sin my sister has committed, spare her at this last moment, as you yourself shall one day hope for mercy."

"I have no hope," groaned Elizabeth; "that fiend has destroyed it, here and hereafter."

So saying, she tottered rather than walked from the chamber, still holding the ring she had given to Essex in her hand, and entering her litter, returned to Whitehall. Her ghastly appearance, when she reached the palace, alarmed her attendants, and they would have sent for her physician, but she forbade them, with an air so stern and fierce that none cared to dispute her commands.

During the brief remainder of her existence she never parted with the gem; it was given by her successor, James I., to Sir Thomas Weaver, and is still an heirloom in his family.

From the day of her interview with the Countess of Nottingham the health of Elizabeth rapidly declined. She withdrew herself as much as possible from the society of her ladies, and was frequently found by them weeping alone.

WICKED AH HEE.

A Story of Chinese Help.

THERE were four in the family besides Jackie—to be sure Jackie was a host in himself, but he belonged to the juvenile fraternity, and so didn't count.

Then there was the servant-girl—Seraphina—a most remarkable misnomer, for she was not a seraph by any means; besides these two, who didn't count, there were Mr. and Mrs. Gallup, and Mrs Gallup's sister Fanny, and Fanny's husband, Taddy—Taddy Loftus.

Fanny was a good woman with a sharp temper; Taddy was a cipher; Almira Gallup always spoke of him as "Fanny's husband," or "Taddy, poor fellow!" He wasn't to blame for being a cipher, you know—I suppose he was born so.

Seraphina "couldn't abide" him, and he couldn't abide Seraphina; he didn't mind being ruled by his wife, or his wife's sister, or even his wife's sister's husband, but to be "sassed" by a servant-girl was more than mortal man could endure.

They had many tiffs; in fact, they usually had about one a day, but the last one, which led to Seraphina's discharge, happened in this way:

Taddy came down with a very long face, Fanny's temper being rather sharper than usual that morning, and stalked through the kitchen without a word, although he knew that the seraph made quite a point of being bidden "good-morning."

After hunting fruitlessly through the wash-house, he returned.

"I'd like to know where that blacking-brush is!" he remarked, sourly.

"Thin, indade, ye'd betther hunt and foind out," returned the seraph; "and is it me ye'd be after expectin' to go out and hunt it up?"

"Who was that man who was here last evening?" pursued Taddy.

"It was me cousin; and what's that ter *you?*"

Seraphina discontinued pancake-frying, placed her arms akimbo, and stood looking at Taddy as if ready for anything.

"Did he black his boots while here?" asked Mr. Loftus.

"Put that down, you old virago!" cried Taddy.

"Sure'n I'll put it down your throat!" shrieked she.

What followed, Taddy could never give a distinct account of; when he was rescued by his wife and Mr. Gallup, as-

FEARFUL SCENE BETWEEN QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.—SEE PAGE 234.

"Oh, me sowl! and is it me own cousin that ye'd accuse of bein' a thafe, ye miserable little spalpeen!" and the seraph seized the kettle of boiling water in a threatening manner.

sisted by Mrs. Gallup and Jackie, who did the high yells for the occasion, he was found to be carved across the face with the carving-knife, and scalded over the hands with the boiling water from the tea-kettle, and scratched by Seraphina's

finger-nails. That young woman was leaning against the sink, still armed with the carving-knife and the finger-nails, and apparently eager to renew the fray.

Mr. Gallup gave her her discharge on the spot, when she bade him "come on" in such threatening tones that he deemed it wise to lock her into the kitchen, and go for a policeman, who speedily disarmed her, and escorted her to the police office.

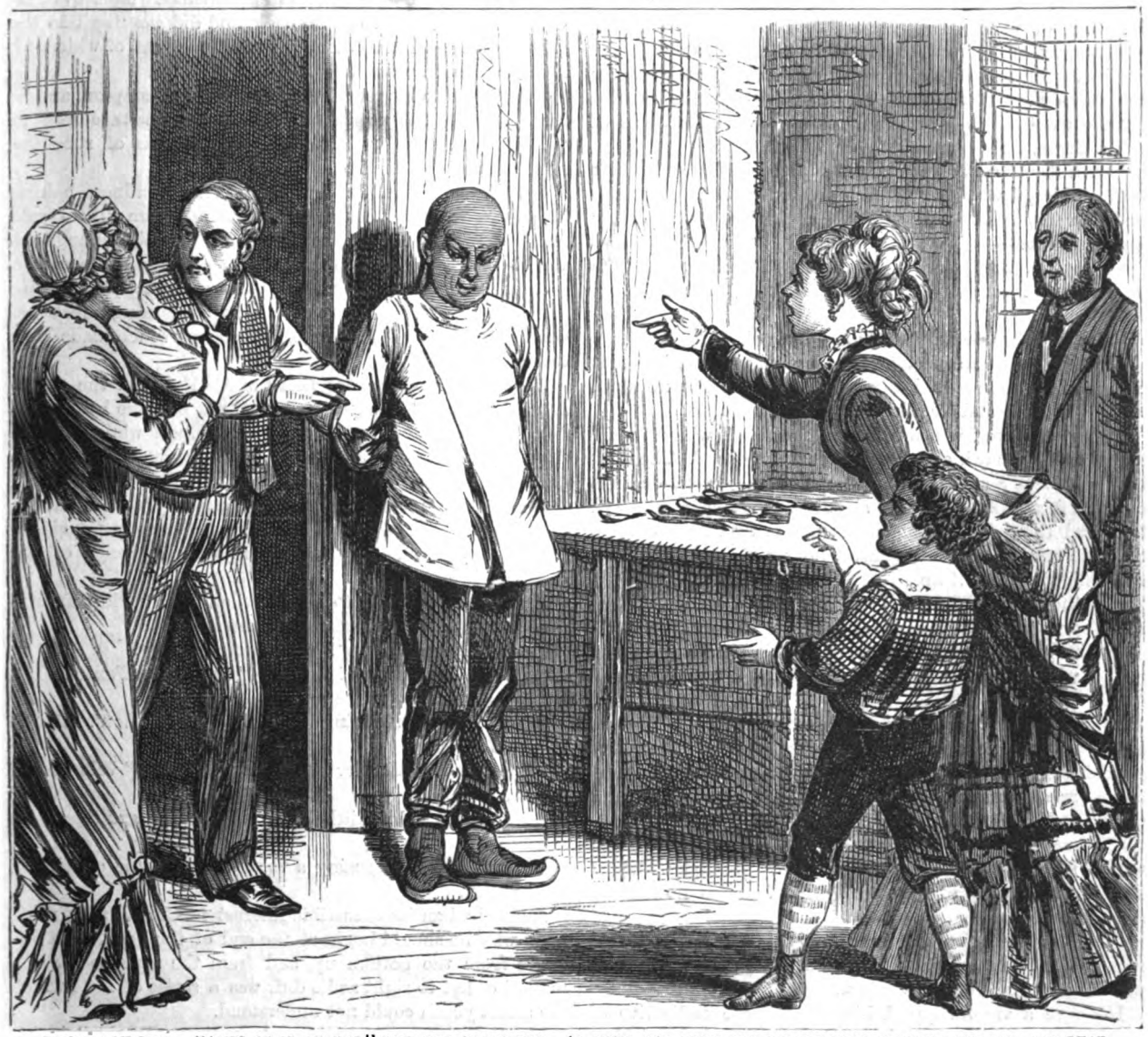
The next day Mr. Gallup brought up Ah Hee.

He was a youthful heathen, sleek and neat, with an innocent, pensive face, which was strikingly in contrast to the expression of their late domestic tyrant.

spoons; and Mr. Gallup reproved Jackie, and all the family took Ah Hee's part, and liked him all the better for his having an enemy in this annoyingly smart boy.

As time went on, they grew more and more attached to him. On one occasion he picked up a four-bit piece from the parlor carpet, and rushed in, all excitement, to restore it to its rightful owner. The fact that Taddy bestowed it upon him as a reward for his honesty seemed to affect him greatly, and he was observed to wipe a tear from his eye as he returned to the kitchen.

On two or three other occasions he gave signal proofs of his honesty, returning a pocket-knife to Mr. Gallup, and a



WICKED AH HEE.—"'YES, IT IS AH HEE!' SAID THE SMART BOY. 'I KNOW HIM FROM THE BULLET-HOLE THROUGH HIS EAR AND THAT BLUE MARK ON HIS HAND!' 'YES, IT IS AH HEE!' ECHOED JACKIE'S MOTHER. 'I AM CERTAIN OF IT.'"—SEE PAGE 235.

He was obedient even to Taddy, whom he treated with a respectful tenderness, and who, in return, became his champion.

He was friendly with every one in the house save Jackie; Jackie had a snub nose, freckles, and sandy hair, and a pair of blue eyes, whose exceeding sharpness did no injustice to his character.

He looked at Ah Hee with the interest of a naturalist examining a new bug, and advised his mother to lock up the spoons every night herself.

Mrs. Gallup reproved Jackie, though she *did* lock up the

gold cuff pin (plated, it is true, but how did he know?) to Mrs. Gallup; on both these occasions he seemed to be in breathless haste and great agitation. Still that incorrigible Jackie put his finger to his eye with an inquiry as to the greenness of that optic, and said, "Wait."

One mild February morning, Mrs. Gallup, having succeeded in getting Jackie off to the Kindergarten, where he made four amiable teachers wretched for six hours every day, announced to his sister, Fanny Loftus, that she was going over to Aunt Samanthy's to lunch.

"Were you going anywhere?" she inquired.

"I was not; but if I was, I should go," responded Fanny, tartly.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gallup, dreamily, "how it would do to go off and leave Ah Hee alone in the house. I have such suspicions of these Chinese servants; though I *know* Ah Hee to be honest."

"Of course! It would be perfectly safe!" replied Fanny. "But it doesn't matter; I was not going out; I am going to do up my laces, and that will take me until you get back, I'll warrant. Be sure and get home before Jackie does; I don't want to be at that child's mercy for two or three hours, I assure you."

"Jackie shall not annoy you," said Mrs. Gallup, with a lofty air of maternal affection which tickled Mrs. Loftus exceedingly, although she maintained her serious demeanor.

Mrs. Loftus met with many obstacles in her laundry-work; the starch was first too thick and then too thin, the fire did not burn well, the laces seemed possessed with the spirit of contrariness, and tore in every direction.

"This fire!" said she, giving it a vicious poke. "Where's that Ah Hee, I wonder? He's been upstairs long enough to make twenty beds. I suppose he *is* honest, but I left my purse out, and——"

She opened the door; at the same instant Hee opened the front door. Fanny's perceptions were keen, and she darted after him.

"Stop!" she cried; "where are you going?"

Ah Hee paused an instant; turning his pensive, innocent countenance upon Mrs. Loftus, he replied: "Me no wait! You go helly!" and then he was off like the wind.

Fanny, however, was also fleet of foot, and, without waiting for hat or shawl, she pursued the flying angel. The wind blew with true San Francisco vigor, and they went on in a cloud of dust. Little knots of astonished spectators gathered here and there to look at them; one or two, more curious than the rest, joined in the chase, but were soon distanced, and obliged to give it up.

Had the Gallup residence been nearer the Chinese quarter, Ah Hee would have found no difficulty in making his escape; he would have plunged into the labyrinth on Jackson Street, where Fanny would not have dared to have followed him.

As it was, she drew nearer and nearer. Ah Hee redoubled his efforts, but in vain. Fate was against him. A sudden gust of wind bursting upon him from a side street made him falter for a moment, when a second gust lifted his long queue, and clapped it around Mrs. Loftus's neck.

She knew how to take the goods the gods provided, and seized it with both hands, screaming, "Help! *Police!* THIEF!" at the top of her voice. She had had no time to scream until then.

Ah Hee made a grab to recover his property, but in his rage and excitement seized, instead of his queue, a long curl which hung from Mrs. Loftus's waterfall.

He gave a vigorous pull, his countenance indicative of anything but innocence, when off came the whole of Mrs. Loftus's head-rigging, revealing a bare, smooth scalp, with only a small knot on the crown, which stood erect, like the scalp-lock of an Indian chief; hair-pins dropped around like hailstones, and "rats" tumbled in every direction.

As she felt her chignon going, Fanny dropped the queue. She was too late to save the precious edifice, however, and gave a shriek of anger and despair as it slid off.

Ah Hee had stood motionless, dumbfounded by what he had done; but the shriek seemed to arouse him, and before the crowd, which rapidly gathered, could quite understand what had happened, he had made his escape, this time unpursued.

For some time after this episode in their domestic affairs, the Gallup family remained without help, but at length Jackie, being more of a trial every day, Mrs. Gallup said they must try again, being sure this time to engage a heathen who was well recommended from his last place, and whose honesty, moreover, was vouched for by the employment agent.

With some difficulty, Mr. Gallup found a Chinaman who fulfilled all these requirements. His name was Chin Luck. He was elderly; he wore leather goggles of huge dimensions; he was scrupulously neat; and he had a deferential air of wisdom about him that reminded one of Confucius.

He might have been the grandfather of a long line of virtuous children, judging from appearances. Moreover, he was an excellent and careful cook, and did *not* "spit in the griddle to see if it was hot"—one of the sins of which Ah Hee now stood accused.

Taddy was no longer the angelic youth's champion, and as for Jackie, he fairly reveled in taunts, stood knee-deep in "I told you so's," and had serious thoughts of rebelling against any more Kindergarten.

Chin Luck treated Jackie with paternal kindness, baking him little pies and cakes, and furnishing him with a cold lunch every day upon his return from school, although he would *not* tolerate him in the kitchen while he was cooking.

Jackie was evidently puzzled by the venerable pagan. He made no prophecies, gave no advice concerning the silver spoons, but preserved a mysterious silence which made Mrs. Gallup miserable.

Meanwhile, nothing was heard of Ah Hee and the silver-mounted purse. The case had been put into the hands of a detective, who, like Jackie, was puzzled, and who, still like that precocious youth, preserved a mysterious silence which passed current for wisdom.

One Sunday morning, while all the family were at church save Mr. Gallup, who was not a church-goer, an incident happened which led to the peremptory discharge of the gentle Chin Luck.

It was five minutes to eleven when Mrs. Gallup, Jackie, Mrs. Loftus and Mr. Loftus left the house.

"Come, Fanny, hurry!" said Tabby, mildly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" responded Fanny.

"We are late now," he remarked, faintly.

"We'll get there during the first prayer. I don't call *that* late," said Fanny.

"We get a lickin' ter school if *we're* late," volunteered Jackie.

"Hush, you vulgar little boy!" said Fanny, and then they started.

Chin Luck was perusing a volume of Chinese classics in the kitchen.

Jackie had an inexhaustible interest in Chin Luck's reading; why he should begin at the end of the book, read the pages from the bottom up, and from the right to the left, instead of left to right as he did, was a series of facts which the smart youth could not understand.

Mr. Gallup was smoking, and reading "Buckle" in his "den" at the rear of the house; a window of this den looked upon the backyard; this window had inside blinds; the sun shone in Mr. Gallup's face, and he closed one of the blinds; he sat considerably to the left of it, but his head was in such a position that, whenever he looked up from his book (which was often, for Mr. Gallup masticated his mental food carefully before he swallowed it); when he looked up, as I was saying, his eye fell upon the dismal prospect of the cramped, dusty, unattractive hole, called by courtesy a backyard.

Upon one of these occasions, his eye caught a round, black object, which appeared and disappeared behind the shed, bobbing up and down like a rubber football.

Mr. Gallup looked at it with sleepy interest; in a few

moments a pair of blue-clad shoulders appeared, then a pair of long, slim legs, and Mr. Gallup uttered, "Hi-ah!" in a suppressed whistle, when a well-grown Celestial stood upright on the shed.

At first thought, Mr. Gallup took him to be Chin Luck—a vile libel upon that venerable gentleman—absorbed in his book! A second look, however, convinced him that it was altogether a more youthful heathen.

"The dickens!" said Mr. Gallup—(he *might* have used a more profane expression on a week-day)—"The dickens! What's he about?" and, with a mental order to himself to "keep dark," he softly opened the door leading into an adjoining room, and pushed his chair into a secluded spot, from whence, with the aid of a convenient mirror, he could view all that the slim pagan could attempt to do, within *his* borders, at least; his neighbors must look out for themselves!

The slim youth gazed about him only a moment, then, dropping upon his hands and knees, he began to crawl along the edge of the shed; reaching the end, he drew himself up, like a steel spring, and lightly vaulted over the intervening distance of six or eight feet to the next shed, where he again crawled along, with an easy, almost imperceptible motion, like a snake.

For a moment or two, Mr. Gallup, intently gazing into the mirror, lost sight of him; he was just rising from his chair, for the purpose of investigation, when the faint squeak of the window in the next room caused him to drop back with the least possible noise. Then, in the mirror, he saw the window slowly go up, saw the round, black head peer in for a moment, then enter, followed by the blue-clad shoulders and the slim legs.

He seemed in no doubt or uncertainty where to go; he spent no precious time in gazing about him, but walked up to an old table standing against the wall, and took from the drawer thereof a package, tolerably bulky, wrapped in a white table-napkin.

Mr. Gallup concluded that the time had come for action; as soon as the visitor's back was turned, he slipped lightly into the room behind him, keeping his bulky form between the slim youth and the window. Fortunately, the door was closed; Mr. Gallup fervently hoped that it was also locked.

Having secured the package wrapped in the napkin—the surprised owner could not imagine what it might be—the heathen turned to go, as silently as he came.

Mr. Gallup, however, proved an impediment; he rushed upon him, and seized him firmly by the collar; the slim youth kicked, bit, fought his best, not screaming at all, but uttering, under his breath, a few expressions, which his captor took for Chinese swearing, but all in vain; Mr. Gallup mastered him, tied him, secured an iron bar, which he had hidden in the folds of his blouse, and shoved him into a closet, locking the door; so silent was the struggle, that Chin Luck, down in the kitchen, read on undisturbed!

As soon as he recovered his breath, Mr. Gallup picked up from the floor and opened the package wrapped in the white napkin; what was his surprise to find one and one-half dozens of silver spoons, one dozen forks marked "coin," a twenty-dollar gold piece, with a hole through it, which he recognized as his wife's property, and five silver napkin-rings of considerable value for their workmanship.

Mr. Gallup was aghast! Chin Luck, then ——

Then he heard the church-goers talking down in the hall, and called them up. Mrs. Gallup found something to be thankful for.

"What a mercy you didn't go to church!" she said. "And how did this silver get upstairs? Chin Luck must ——"

"Let's see him!" said Mrs. Loftus.

They closed and locked the window and both doors, although Mr. Gallup assured them that it was needless, the slim youth being securely tied.

When he opened the door and dragged him out, Mrs. Loftus, with one look and a suppressed yell, clutched him.

"So it's *you*, Ah Hee, is it?" she said.

"My name Ah Mog—no Ah Hee. Me no know Ah Hee! Allee same bad Chinaman, eh?"

At this assumption of virtuous indignation, Mr. Gallup laughed; nobody else seemed to see anything to laugh at, except Jackie, who laughed continually, from pure joy.

"Yes, it *is* Ah Hee!" said the smart boy. "I know him from that bullet-hole through his ear and that blue mark on his hand!"

"Yes, it *is* Ah Hee!" ejaculated Jackie's mother. "I am certain of it!"

"Of course it is!" said Taddy.

"I don't know—I most believe it *is* the scamp," said Mr. Gallup.

"Me no Ah Hee!" said the slim youth, actually weeping. "Me Ah Mog! Me no bad Chinaman! Me come see Chin Luck—cousin! Me no stealee allee same sploon! Lemme go!"

"Not *much!*" said Fanny, with a hissing emphasis which must have made Ah Hee-Mog's blood curdle.

Jackie was sent after a policeman, who not only bore away the weeping Ah Hee-Mog, but also escorted Chin Luck to the City Prison; though that venerable gentleman, peering through his goggles, serenely assured everybody of his entire innocence and emphatically denied the cousinship claimed by the slim youth.

When the trial came on, a triumphant detective appeared with Mrs. Loftus's silver-mounted purse and a witness, who pronounced the prisoner to be undoubtedly the same person who pawned the purse. Ah Hee, then, with touching repentance, confessed, pleaded youth, and was consigned to the Industrial School.

Chin Luck, impressed with the success of his confederate, also confessed and pleaded youth, stating with serene confidence that only thirteen Springs had passed over his innocent head.

That his story was not credited seemed to cause him pain and surprise, not unmingled with indignation.

The Gallups have broken up housekeeping, and state that they will board (in spite of all Jackie may do) until there is some improvement in the domestic service.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

THE skill should be, so to order the time of recreation that it may relax, and refresh the part that has been exercised and is tired, and yet do something which, besides the present delight and ease, may produce what will afterward be profitable.

THE only uniform and perpetual cause of public happiness is public virtue. The effect of all other things which are considered as advantages will be found casual and transitory. Without virtue, nothing can be securely possessed or properly enjoyed.

THE richest endowments of mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude; prudence is an universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest, and, where that is not present, fortitude loses its name and nature.

ARAGO THE ASTRONOMER.

Dominic François Arago, the great French philosopher, was born near Perpignan, France, in the year 1786. He objected to the course of life intended for him by his father, and wished to become a soldier. In order that he might do so he obtained admission to the Polytechnic School, after a rigid examination by the celebrated Legendre. His progress was rapid and honorable, and before his eighteenth year he was promoted to the responsible office of Secretary to the Observatory.

This led to his acquaintance with the great Biot. The measurement of an arc of the meridian, between the parallels of Dunkirk and Barcelona, had been determined on by France. The work was entrusted to Delambre and Mechain, but the results of the latter were not satisfactory, and he died of a broken heart. Biot and Arago then took up the work, which they prosecuted as far south as the Balearic Isles. While in Majorca the French entered Spain, and the populace taking the signals erected for telegraphs to the hostile generals, Arago had to take refuge in the Castle of Belver, and from thence to Algiers. Returning to France, just as he was entering the Gulf of Lyons they were made prisoners by a Spanish corsair, and carried to Rosas. Arago was confined first in a windmill, and then in the hulks on Palamos, where he had to endure the most protracted sufferings from hunger.

ARAGO AND LEGENDRE AT THE TRACING BOARD.

A friendly Dey liberated him from his captivity, when he once more set sail for France. Strange to say, he had only just obtained a sight of his native land when a storm arose, which drove the vessel once more upon the coast of Africa. Unfortunately, in the meantime, the Dey who had befriended Arago had been beheaded; his successor would have manifested opposite sympathies, and have immured Arago in the slave prison. Most opportunely he was hung himself, which saved the young *savant* from that miserable fate. In six months he was enabled once more to embark, when he reached the harbor of Marseilles on the 2nd of July, 1809, with all his instruments, manuscripts, and charts uninjured.

Those three years of hunger, imprisonment, fatigue, and danger, had surely converted the impetuous youth into the calm, self-reliant man. His return to the French capital was hailed with delight by every philosophical society of Europe. To mark their appreciation of his labors, the members of the Academy of Sciences permitted him to take a seat amongst them at the early age of twenty-three. Soon after that time he took the management of the Observatory, and then, in 1830, he became Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy. While in that position he contributed to the volumes of the Academy a number of *éloges*, or sketches, of the characters and labors of great men.

In addition to biographies, Arago contributed treatises in almost every department of science, besides essays, astronomical lectures, etc., etc. Another discovery of his is what is called rotatory magnetism, and he was about to measure the velocity of light when sickness compelled him to desist.

In 1848, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe, he became Minister of Marine and War; four years after his remarkable life came to an end, and he passed away amid the plaudits of the entire civilized and scientific world, as shining a light as any of the beautiful luminaries he loved and described so well.

RUBYTHROAT.

Attached to Hertha Mynier's home there was a beautiful chamber, completely formed of glass, so that in the daytime the bright blue sky was visible through the transparent roof, and in the evening the mild stars peeped through it, and sent down long, quivering rays of light on the myriads of flowers contained in the room. There were other things than flowers there, for brilliant birds flitted restlessly hither and thither, and in a fine, large marble basin there swam

several goldfish, glistening in the clear water; and these were great pets of Hertha's, who used daily to feed them with crumbs of fine, white bread.

She loved the birds, and flowers also, and when she came tripping in with her little basket of wheat on her arm, whirr scarlet and black, and green and gold wings would rush from every part of the chamber, to flutter round her, and pick up the plump grains as she scattered them on the marble floor; and as she never hurt them, they loved her dearly, and those who could sing would amuse her by telling long tales of the far-off countries from which they came.

The flowers turned to her when she approached them, and even the tall, proud, white lily nodded her stately head graciously to the smiling little lady, who often presented her with fine, cool water when she was drooping with thirst—so you can imagine that Hertha ought to have been a very happy little girl indeed, and, doubtless, so she would have been, but for one sad fault she had, and one which frequently caused great unhappiness, both to herself and the kind aunt with whom she lived. She was very disobedient, and fancied that she was far wiser than other people, which used to lead her into much annoyance and trouble, besides obscuring, to a great extent, her many other good qualities.

RUBYTHROAT.—"SHE FLEW ON HERTHA'S LAP, WHERE RUBYTHROAT STILL LAY, AND TAPPING HIM ON THE HEAD WITH A TINY LILY SHE HELD IN HER HAND, SAID: 'RUBYTHROAT, RUBYTHROAT! FLY INTO YOUR CAGE.'"

Besides her favorites in the glass chamber, Hertha had a beautiful white kitten of whom she was very fond, and who was called Silverbell, because she had round her neck a little bell of silver, attached to a scarlet collar, and which tinkled gayly as she scampered about after her young mistress.

While Silverbell remained a tiny kitten, Hertha carried her every day into the glass chamber, but one afternoon when she became older and stronger, Hertha found her holding one of the brilliant-winged birds in her white paws, while she slyly prepared to eat him; he trembling, and vainly endeavoring to escape. Hertha immediately took the bird from her, and madame, her aunt, directed that Silverbell should never again be allowed to enter the glass chamber.

For some time Hertha took care to obey, much to Silverbell's displeasure, who would follow her to the door, mewing loudly when she found it closed against her, and Hertha often said to herself:

"I am sure if I held Silverbell tightly in my arms, I might carry her into the glass chamber, and my aunt would never know anything about it."

But she was afraid that the kitten might escape, and for this reason only had never disobeyed the command of her aunt.

One day her aunt entered the glass chamber, holding in her hand a small cage of fine gold wire, which contained the loveliest little bird that Hertha had ever seen. It was not much larger than a butterfly, and had a beautiful scarlet breast, and fine, shining wings like silk. Its long, slender bill was like polished ebony, and, with a frightened air, it crouched in a corner of its cage, glancing round with small, clear eyes like diamonds, and Hertha cried: "Oh, aunt, what a lovely little creature!"

"Yes," said Madame Mynier. "It is a humming-bird, and, as a living specimen is very difficult to obtain, we must be extremely careful of our prisoner. I shall endeavor to tame it, and then it may fly at liberty amongst the flowers."

Hertha watched with delight while the cage was hung in the midst of a group of sweet-scented flowers; after doing which, her aunt remarked:

"Be sure and do not let Silverbell in on any account, as she would frighten little Rubythroat to death."

"I will remember, aunt," said Hertha; and, no doubt, at the moment she determined to do so, and for a week Silverbell was excluded as carefully as ever from the glass chamber.

At the end of that time, Madame Mynier went from home, and to Hertha was left the exclusive care of the birds and flowers; and in attending to them, and playing with her doll, the time passed merrily to the little girl.

Rubythroat daily became something less shy, and he would dart his long bill into the cups of flowers which she put into his cage, and sip the golden drops of honey from them with great relish; and when the other bir s fluttered round his cage to examine the tiny stranger, he found courage to look at them quite boldly; and every day Hertha became fonder of him.

"What a pity it is," she said to herself, one evening, as she walked along the passage leading to the glass chamber, "that I cannot take Silverbell in with me, and show her my pretty Rubythroat."

As she said this, she heard a light pit-patting on the soft carpet of the corridor, and looking round, she beheld Silverbell bounding after her.

"Go back, Silverbell," cried Hertha, shaking her hand at her. But Silverbell shook her head at her, and purred, as much as to say:

"No, no, my little mistress; you do not mean that, I'm sure!" Hertha stood considering for a moment, and then said:

"Well, aunt is away, and I will watch to see that you behave properly; and, after all, I don't know why aunt should be so particular. You know better now than to kill the pretty birds; don't you, Silverbell?"

Silverbell looked so innocent and demure, that Hertha opened the door at once and went in, Silverbell trotting soberly beside her, and not even winking at the birds, which flew away, startled at her approach. Hertha could not help feeling uncomfortable, knowing that she was disobeying her aunt's commands; but she soon forgot her uneasiness, as she fed the goldfish, and scattered wheat to the birds, Silverbell sitting quietly looking on beside as she did so.

"Now, Silverbell," she said, when all this was done, "come and see my pretty Rubythroat!"

Silverbell looked on, very much interested, while Hertha plucked some flowers, and proceeded to open the door of the cage in order to put them in. Rubythroat fluttered in his cage, poising himself over the bright-hue l blossoms, and Hertha was so much engaged in admiring him, that she carelessly let the tiny door swing wide open, and out flew Rubythroat, and darted away among the flowers.

An exclamation of dismay burst from Hertha, and springing after the escaped prisoner, she endeavored to recapture him; but he was too quick for her, and flashed like a crimson flame from one flower to another, hovering for an instant over each. The sun was just setting, and after some moments' chase, Hertha stopped, tired out, and ready to cry with fright and vexation, as she watched him flitting so gayly about. After some time Rubythroat looked round; seeing the open country through the transparent walls, he dashed himself against the unseen obstacle, and fell stunned and bruised on the marble floor. Hertha sprang forward to lift him up, when something white bounded passed her, and she saw with horror the treacherous Silverbell seize Rubythroat in her wide jaws, and proceed to toss him about, putting him from side to side with her white, velvety paws.

"Oh, wicked, bad Silverbell!" cried Hertha, as she slapped her with hearty goodwill. "My poor, dear Rubythroat! Oh, *what* will aunt say?"

Silverbell stole away, looking very guilty, and casting longing glances at Rubythroat, while Hertha lifted him from the ground, and burst into a passion of tears, as she perceived that he was quite dead. On his crimson breast there was a deeper crimson stain, where Silverbell's sharp claw had torn him, and one of his tiny wings hung down limp and broken. His clear eyes were quite dim, and his beak was open, as though gasping for air. Hertha sat down holding him in her hand, and crying bitterly, both with grief for the loss of her favorite, and terror at the anger she knew her aunt would feel at her disobedience.

"Oh," she said, "if I had only not allowed that bad Silverbell in, this would never have happened! Wicked, naughty Silverbell! I will never love you again."

"I think, Hertha, that you are much naughtier than Silverbell," said a clear voice, quite close to the little girl.

Hertha started, and looked round, but she could see nothing, and the voice spoke again:

"Don't you see me? Look up here."

Hertha now perceived that the voice came from the direction of the tall white lily, and in some alarm she looked that way, and beheld a little figure sitting balanced on the edge of the cup of the lily, and regarding her with great sternness. She was dressed in white and green, and had long, glistening wings, as bright as silver, while in her hand she held a miniature lily

"Yes, indeed," she said nodding; "I think you are a very naughty little girl!"

Hertha looked at the poor dead Rubythroat, and could not help thinking so, too; but she said nothing, and the fairy of the lily continued:

"It is the nature of Silverbell to eat birds, and therefore she is not to be blamed; and if *you* had not disobeyed your aunt by bringing her into the glass chamber, this misfortune could not have occurred, as you very well know!"

Hertha was surprised at the little fairy's accurate knowledge of the affair, and somewhat frightened, as well, by her stern looks. As she looked at the fairy, the latter spread her bright wings, and fluttered down quite close to the little girl, who shrank back as she approached.

"Don't be alarmed, Hertha," said the fairy, as she gracefully folded her wings; "I am not angry, but excessively sorry that a little girl should behave more foolishly than a senseless kitten, especially as you have often shown kindness to my tall white lily, and as I have seen how careful you are of my friends, the goldfishes, and of those noisy birds. If I thought you a really cruel child, I should not be here now, you may be sure." Hertha smiled through her tears at this, and the fairy resumed: "If you will make me a solemn promise never to disobey your aunt again, I will instantly restore Rubythroat to life."

Hertha clasped her hands, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear little fairy! I never will be disobedient again."

The fairy looked at her earnestly, saying:

"I am sure you will keep your promise, Hertha; and if you do, this will have been a fortunate circumstance, as it will have taught you the necessity of obeying those who are older and wiser than yourself."

As she said this she flew on Hertha's lap, where Rubythroat still lay, and tapping him on the head with a tiny lily she held in her hand, she said:

"Rubythroat, Rubythroat! fly into your cage!"

Rubythroat opened his bright eyes again, and stretched his wings as though he had just awakened from a nap.

Hertha held her breath in an ecstasy of joy, as, brilliant as ever, he darted away into his cage; and did not know how to expresss her gratitude to the fairy, who was again poised on the edge of the lily, regarding her with a benevolent smile, and who, as she was about to speak, interrupted her, saying:

"I cannot promise ever again to come to your assistance, if you remain a disobedient child; but if you do not, we

may often meet again; and so farewell, dear Hertha, until that time comes."

"Adieu, dear little fairy!" cried Hertha, as she disappeared into the lily, which closed its snowy petals after her with a musical sound.

WHETHER Hertha ever saw that fairy again I do not know; but is very probable she did, as she became a very obedient little girl, and fairies are sure never to forget their promises, in which they set a very good example to many people who are *not* fairies.

THE RUINS OF "AKR KOOF" AND THE MEDIAN WALL.

ORIGINAL NOTES OF RECENT TRAVEL, BY AUG. LOCHER.

DURING my residence at Bagdad, capital of Mesopotamia, five of the twelve European residents of the "City of the Caliphs," among them the author of this article, undertook, toward the end of the year 1865, an excursion to the little-known ruins of "Akr Koof," situated about twelve miles to the northwest of Bagdad, near the southern bank of a little river, called "Nahr Esa Sacclâwi," which appears to have formerly been a canal, as it connects the River Euphrates with the Tigris.

We started from Bagdad shortly before daylight, accompanied by a few servants, who carried the requisite provisions for the party, and were, like us, well mounted on horseback.

The first part of our way led along the right bank of the stately Tigris, bordered on both sides by evergreen gardens and lofty date trees, until we reached "El Hor," a small, nearly choked up, right-hand tributary of the Tigris, which joins the latter just below Bagdad. Here the luxuriant gardens and date trees abruptly gave way to huge tufts of tall reed-grass, which densely covered both banks of the swampy, muddy rivulet, that seems to have formerly been connected with, if it did not derive its source from, the "Nahr Esa Sacclâwi."

The reedy banks of El Hor effectually hide from view the stagnant waters of the rivulet, and are alive with every species of water-fowl, which find a safe asylum in the impenetrable thickets of tall grass and bulrushes, the very elysium of millions of leeches and horrid reptiles.

With considerable difficulty we crossed the swamp, and on arriving on the top of a low ridge of sandy soil, found ourselves face to face with the ruins of "Akr Koof," about two miles distant.

Our spirited horses soon brought us right among the ruins, which consist of a series of widely scattered tumuli, or mounds, most of them riddled with holes, dug by the wretchedly poor inhabitants of that district, in search of antiques. The largest of the tumuli is surmounted by a huge tower, which must formerly have been of great height, to judge from the immense quantity of brick and mortar scattered all around it; but the thousands of years which must have witnessed its existence have reduced it to probably less than one-half of its original height—yet sadly crippled though it be by the inexorable tooth of time, this tower still figures as one of the most interesting architectural relics of its period.

It is a square structure, reduced now to a height of barely one hundred feet by about sixty feet in diameter. The building material used for its construction were very large-sized quadrangular bricks, baked in the sun, now as hard as granite. The bricks were cemented together by thick layers of dark-gray clay, mixed with grass, now completely petrified, and adhering so tenaciously to the brick, that the one cannot be detached from each other.

The upper portion of the ruin is still in comparatively good preservation, but the base is slowly but surely destroyed by the vandalism of the natives, who, aware of the superior quality of the bricks, and the great demand for them throughout Mesopotamia among blacksmiths, coppersmiths, bakers, etc., who can scarcely use the modern ones for their fireplaces, chimneys and ovens, are almost constantly at work on the walls of the venerable ruins, endeavoring to detach the brick, which they sell at a good price.

The tower does not appear to have had any windows—not even loopholes are visible on the ruins; but what astonished us still more was the absence of anything like a door or gate by which access might be gained to the structure, nor could we discover traces on the walls that any gate had been "bricked up" or filled out with masonry.

The natives—one or two reckless fellows among whom are said to have climbed the tower from the outside—assert that they never could discover any other way of entrance to it; that the walls of the ruins are over ten feet thick, and the tower filled with *débris* of brick and mortar to nearly one half of its present height.

Akr Koof is believed by archæologians to have been used as a fortress and lookout tower. Even in its present greatly reduced height, it must command a view of over one hundred square miles of the all but perfectly flat plains between the Tigris and Euphrates. It is supposed to be of great age—nay, to be contemporary with the Median Wall, another famous relic of great antiquity, situated but ten miles further up the plains, with which latter it is believed to have been closely connected, in a strategic point of view. History seldom alludes to Akr Koof—not to be confounded with Kufa the famous city, the ruins of which are situated on the most southerly shore of Bahr Hindija (Lake Hindija), thirty miles due south of the ruins of Babylon—and does not give the date of its destruction.

As it was still early in the day, by the time we got through with the inspection of Akr Koof, we resolved to spend the rest of our leisure in paying a visit to the famous ruins of the Median Wall above referred to, which, as I have already stated, stretches within twelve miles of the ruins of Akr Koof.

After a brisk ride across the perfectly level plain, which, immediately above the last-mentioned ruins, assumes the aspect of the parched, dismal desert, we arrived in due time at "Sidd Nimrood" (Wall of Nimrod), as the natives of Mesopotamia call this stupendous structure. The mammoth bulwark of ancient Chaldea, which may have been beheld by Abraham (Genesis xi. 28), either already completed or in the course of construction, extended from the Euphrates, at a place seventy-five miles above the site of ancient Babylon, to a locality on the banks of the Tigris (sixty miles above Bagdad), right across the entire plain intervening between these two rivers, a distance of fully sixty miles. The wall describes somewhat the figure of a horseshoe, with the apex thereof in the middle of the plain, and nearest to the ruins of Akr Koof. Viewed from afar, the remains of "Sidd Nimrood" strikingly resemble a long chain of high, steep, and flat-topped hills, intersected at irregular distances. To judge from the remains still visible, the wall must have measured originally considerably over one hundred feet in height by about eighty or ninety feet in thickness. It is merely an earth wall, composed, evidently, of pounded earth; as in many places it is still almost perpendicular, and nearly as hard as brick.

The average dimensions of the remains still visible are about eighty feet in height, and about the same in thickness. According to tradition, the wall was lined and surmounted with huge towers or forts, built of brick, stationed at regular distances from each other, and garrisoned all the year round

THE RUINS OF "AKI KOOF" AND THE MEDIAN WALL.—SEE PAGE 243.

by Babylonian warriors. It is not improbable that Akr Koof was originally one of these forts, and is the only representative of them left.

Historians and archæologians differ in their opinions as to the origin of Sidd Nimrood. Some of them ascribe it to Nimrod, one of the supposed rulers of Chaldea, or Babylonia, who, according to biblical tradition (Gen x. 8, 9), ruled over that country about 2,200 B. C.; others date its origin to about the year 1,000 B. C., and its completion to about the seventh century B. C. The former supposition is probably more correct. However this may be, so much is certain, that this mammoth bulwark must have been the work of hundreds of thousands of human beings — work lasting, perhaps, for centuries. Even the fastidious Greeks considered it one of the architectural wonders of the world.

It was undoubtedly a formidable barrier, the assault and capture of which, in times when gunpowder and artillery were not yet dreamed of, defended as it was by an army of desperate warriors, must have been a very difficult task indeed for any invader.

The tooth of time, however, has left sad marks on this relic of ancient history; not satisfied with reducing it perhaps to scarcely one-half its original size, it has entirely swept away miles and miles of this mammoth work; but whether through the agency of earthquakes or floods, I cannot say.

What struck me most vividly on my visit to the Median Wall, was the circumstance that there are no ditches or hollows visible on the plains, except the many almost obliterated canals in the neighborhood, which seems to imply that the immense quantity of earth required for the construction of the mammoth wall must either have been dug out of the canals, or that large hills, which may formerly have been scattered over the country, must have been leveled to furnish the requisite material.

Leaving the Median Wall about 3 o'clock P. M., we rode ten miles in a southeasterly direction, when we arrived at Tell Heir—a little Arab village on the right bank of the Tigris—where we rested our horses, and enjoyed a hearty luncheon. Two hours afterward we resumed the journey, and following leisurely the course of the sinuous, silvery Tigris, arrived before the gates of Bagdad just before they were closed for the night.

"FEEDING HER CHICKENS."—A MARBLE GROUP BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR FRANÇOIS TRUPHÊME.

SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

This man of genius among trading authors, before he began his History of England, wrote to the Earl of Shelburne, then in the Whig Administration, offering, if the earl would procure for his work the patronage of the Government, he would accommodate his politics to the Ministry; but if not, that he had high promises of support from the other party. Lord Shelburne, of course, treated the proffered support of a writer of such accommodating principles with contempt; and the work of Smollett, accordingly, became distinguished for its high Toryism. The history was published in sixpenny weekly numbers, of which 20,000 copies were sold immediately. This extraordinary popularity was created by the artifice of the publisher. He is stated to have addressed a packet of the specimens of the publication to every parish-clerk in England, carriage-free, with half a crown inclosed as a compliment, to have them distributed through the pews of the church: this being generally done, many people read the specimens instead of listening to the sermon, and the result was an universal demand for the work.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

M. Agassiz, the celebrated palæontologist, is known to have relinquished pursuits from which he might have been in the receipt of a considerable income, and all for the sake of science. Dr. Buckland knew him, when engaged in this arduous career, with the revenue of only a hundred pounds: and of this he paid fifty pounds to artists for drawings, thirty pounds for books, and lived himself on the remaining twenty pounds a year! Thus did he raise himself to an elevated European rank; and, in his abode, *au troisième*, was the companion and friend of princes, ambassadors, and men of the highest rank and talent of every country.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

If we attempt to trace the history of paper back to its origin, we are carried to times very remote, when the Egyptians prepared a plant, called the *papyrus*, on which to record their sacred inscriptions, and from which we derive the present name for writing material. Simultaneously with papyrus the ancients undoubtedly made use of the skins of animals in the form of parchment, and also had recourse to wood and stone, for the preservation of their records. It cannot be ascertained with certainty when the art of making paper from fibres was first discovered, but to the Chinese is usually ascribed the honor, as they very early learned how to convert the inner bark of the mulberry, the bamboo and rags into a web or felt suitable for writing; and it is in China at the present day that the manufacture has reached its highest perfection, and where it is used for clothing, handkerchiefs, napkins, twine, furniture, and numerous other purposes.

The Chinese consider paper so indispensable that they usually secure a certain quantity to their wives in the marriage contract. The Arabs acquired the art from the Chinese, and by them it was brought to Spain, from whence it rapidly spread over the other countries of Europe. Cotton paper, well authenticated, has come down to us from the tenth century; but linen paper cannot be traced further back than the thirteenth century, after which date it rapidly rose to the first rank, and was extensively manufactured from rags. At the present time paper is made from such an infinite number of materials that a bare catalogue would occupy more space than we can devote to that branch of the subject. They are, however, nearly all of vegetable origin—such as flax, hemp, cotton, wood, straw, esparto, manilla, jute, cane, etc.; and the art of paper-making consists in the reduction of all these materials into their primitive fibres, and forming them into felted sheets.

It is gratifying to see that in the manufacture of paper, as well as in all other arts, there has been great progress during the last hundred years. Chemistry and mechanics have each contributed their share. The former has afforded improved methods for washing, bleaching, bluing and coloring the stock, while the mechanical improvements have been many, and tend to facilitate and cheapen the whole process. The use of ultramarine, which at one time was almost as valuable as gold-dust, is a contribution from chemistry such as the most sanguine believer in the progress of science could not have foretold. To see the beautiful blue color that Raphael so highly prized now made so cheaply as to be available in every laundry, and in extensive manufactories, is one of the triumphs of modern science. The same science that has given us our pigments has also taught us that the cellulose of all plants is the same as that contained in rags; and, in fact, the fibre of some plants will give us a paper that cannot be made from rags.

Not all plants, however, are adapted to the making of paper. Much depends upon the bark, membrane and fibre, and there is a difference in the purity of the cellulose in various plants. The chemical tests also show a modification in the fibre of plants. The cellulose of cotton yields a blue color immediately with tincture of iodine; that of flax does not turn blue until an acid has been added, and hemp requires both acid and considerable time before the blue color makes its appearance. These reactions point to the presence or absence of starch and glucose in different species of plants. Chemically pure cellulose is perfectly white, more or less translucent, elastic, with a mean specific gravity of 1.5. It is insoluble in water, alcohol, ether, volatile and fixed oils. It is unchangeable in dry air, but when moist it becomes yellow, in consequence of the formation of ulmic acid. In the sunlight, moist cellulose suffers changes that have not been fully explained, and these alterations are modified and retarded by coloring or any organic matter. The action of acids upon cellulose is full of interest. Sulphuric acid changes it into a species of parchment, and if the action of the acid be permitted to go on for some time, the cellulose is transformed into starch, dextrine and glucose. Very concentrated sulphuric acid chars the cellulose of paper and converts it into ulmic acid. Nitric acid acts violently, and produces explosive compounds, and by longer contact yields oxalic acid. A mixture composed of 80 per cent. hydrochloric acid and 20 per cent. nitric acid has been shown, after a great number of experiments, to be the best adapted for the disintegration of woody fibre. In twenty-four hours it converts the cellulose of wood into a spongy, soft mass, that can be easily separated by the fingers. The color is not changed, and all of the incrusting and foreign matter of the wood is destroyed.

Nearly every variety of vegetable fibre has been tried in the manufacture of paper—roots, leaves, stems, bark, cabbage, potatoes, beets, vines, but in practice these have not been found of much value. On the other hand, straw, wood, corn-stalks, rice-straw, and esparto-grass have been successfully introduced in various countries. In Austria the husks of corn are not only made into paper, but into clothing, and a good article of food for cattle is also produced from them. Paper clothing is also made in China and Japan, where a good coat can be had for ten cents, and a suit of clothing for a quarter of a dollar. In Germany paper napkins are now introduced; the cost of them is a trifle, and they can, after having been once used, be thrown into the common stock to be worked over again. The fact that cotton and linen are really the same thing, chemically speaking, as paper, may take away from the prejudice that some persons entertain in reference to the use of paper collars, cuffs and clothing.

The cheap production of paper suggests its application for many ornamental and useful purposes. For doors, windows, cornices, papier-mache goods, moldings, bookbinding, pails, tubs, boats and houses, there is a great future open to paper, and hence the importance of increasing our stock of raw material and our knowledge of the best methods of its manufacture.

MATERIALS FOR PAPER.

The most ancient material is the papyrus plant, or paper reed, an engraving of which we have given. It belongs to the family of sedges, nearly related to the grasses, and was called *papu* by the Egyptians, whence the Greek *papuros*, the Latin *papyrus*, and the English word *paper*. The plant grows on the marshy banks of the rivers in Abyssinia, Syria, and formerly abounded on the Nile, but is at present becoming more rare in Egypt. It has large and abundant root stocks, which spread in the mud and throw off numerous stems from five to ten feet in height, the lower portion being submerged; the stem is triangular and smooth. The leaves all spring from near the base, the upper part of the stem being quite naked and bearing its inflorescence at the apex.

In making paper, the inner cuticle of the stalk is separated into thin leaves by a sharp instrument. The finest layers are those near the pith; there are about twenty of them, and they decrease in quality as they approach the bark; the last deposit being coarse and fit only for making cordage, mats, etc.

The slips are laid side by side on a smooth, flat surface, and covered with a second layer placed at right angles to them, after which they are pressed so as to cause the

different pieces to adhere together and form a single sheet, which is then dried in the sun. The veracious historian, Pliny, says that the lanimæ were made adhesive by wetting them with the water of the Nile, to which he ascribed glutinous properties. The sheets are finally beaten smooth with a mallet, and polished with a piece of ivory. When finished, the papyrus is rolled upon a wooden cylinder, the ends of which, projecting beyond the edges of the sheet, are neatly finished and ornamented.

"In ancient times the papyrus plant was used for a great variety of purposes besides paper. Its graceful flowers crowned the statues of the gods, and decorated their temples; its pith was eaten as food; wicker-work boats, boxes, and baskets were woven of its stalk, and of its bark were made sails, cordage, cloth, mats, and sandals for the priests. It was applied as medicine to the cure of pustules and ulcers; it furnished material for torches and candles, and its roots were used for fuel and manufactured into furniture and household utensils."

There appears to be some analogy between the early use of papyrus and the employment of birch-bark by our Indians, with this important difference, that the Egyptians attained a higher civilization and carried the art of paper-making to a much greater perfection.

MULBERRY PAPER.

The Japanese paper is made from the inner bark of the mulberry, and is never bleached, although made as clean as possible. Paper is made in small towns where all the inhabitants are paper-makers, just as other villages consist entirely of blacksmiths or other trades. The sons follow the avocation of their fathers, and thus the art is transmitted in a family from generation to generation.

The mulberry of which the paper is made is propagated by cuttings from the roots, which are planted on the borders of rice-fields, and come to maturity in five years. In November, the reeds are cut and sold to the paper-makers, and the roots are left to send up new shoots. The shoots are cut in pieces two feet long, piled up and allowed to ferment, which operation loosens the bark so that it can be stripped off, after which they are dried in the open air or scraped at once. The scraping removes the brown epidermis, which can be used for inferior wrapping-paper. About thirty-three pounds of the bark is boiled at one time for two hours in a strong lye made from wood ashes. It is then put in bags and left in a running stream until the alkali is washed out completely. It is next beaten, two or three pounds at a time, on a wooden block with heavy sticks, for fifteen or twenty minutes. This pulp is now mixed with a little rice paste or a paste made from a species of mallow. A thin pulp is obtained by stirring one quarter of a pound of this mass into forty or fifty gallons of water. The web or mat on which the paper-pulp is collected is made of slender strips of bamboo, only the thirty-sixth part of an inch in diameter; several hundred of these are bound together with silk threads; the rods all run lengthwise of the sheet and hence the mats can be rolled or folded up in one direction. Just as the manufacture of glass was the privilege of the nobility in France, so the making of these mats is the monopoly of a certain class of the nobility in Japan. For coarse paper, reed mats are employed. The process of manufacture is essentially the same as in the making of hand-paper elsewhere. A woman sits in front of the tank containing the milky pap and stirs it vigorously; then dips a mat and frame into the vat, takes up some of the pulp and shakes it so as to make the fibres parallel. A single dip produces very thin tissue paper. Heavier sheets are made by dipping several times. After the second dipping the mat is set up on edge by the side of the tank to drain, and the frame put on a second mat, which receives the first dipping. By the time that the second sheet is drained the mat can be removed from the first sheet, so that only two mats are necessary. The sheets as fast as drained are piled upon each other with rice-straw between them; and when 500 or 600 sheets, which form a day's work, are completed, they are pressed for some time with heavy weights, then taken up, one at a time, by means of the rice-straw and placed on smooth boards to dry in the sun. When dry, the sheets are stripped from the boards by a sharp knife with the blade at right angles to the handle like a sickle. The finished paper weighs about one-half as much as the bark employed.

BAMBOO AS A SOURCE OF PAPER STOCK.

Like the asparagus plant, the bamboo is succulent and tender when young, but rapidly becomes hard and woody with age. When mature it is exceedingly dense, and in most varieties the outer part is so hard and silicious that it will strike fire like flint.

To convert stems at this stage into pulp, they must be subjected to long-continued boiling in strong solutions of caustic alkali, at high temperature, under pressure of ten or eleven atmospheres—a process at once difficult, costly, and dangerous.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, a progressive paper-maker, finds that these objections may be obviated, and the bamboo made to furnish excellent stock cheaply, simply by using the plant when young and green. Before the stems become indurated and woody, a very mild treatment of alkaline baths, at atmospheric pressure, suffices to dissolve the mucilaginous and extractive matters so that the fibres may be readily separated, pure and free. Mr. Routledge is of the opinion that no fibre can approach the bamboo in economy of production, and very few, if any, in the quality of the stock it yields for the manufacture of paper; and it has the further advantage of being practically inexhaustible in quantity.

The bamboo is of extremely rapid growth, and it flourishes in every tropical country. Grown under favorable conditions of climate and soil, it excels every other plant in amount of available fibre to the acre, and there is no plant which requires so little care for its cultivation and continuous production. The estimated yield is twenty times that of flax, hemp, jute, or cotton. In view of the threatened exhaustion of the supply of esparto, owing to the greed of the native collectors, the utilization of the bamboo promises to be a great public advantage.

ESPARTO.

Esparto, as it is called in Spain, and alfa, on the African coast, is a coarse, rushy grass, which has long been used as a fibrous material for rough yarn and cordage, and, more than thirty years since, was recommended as a paper-making material, but was only brought into extensive use about sixteen years ago. No material alteration in the machinery or apparatus is required for working esparto, and much less power is necessary. According to a practical authority, the successful working of this fibre depends mainly on the careful and proper adjustment and strength of the chemicals employed.

The quantity of soda-ash required for neutralizing the gummo-resinous matters in the fibre, so as to admit of its being made into pulp, is very large, though not so great as is required for straw; and the fibre, unlike rags, never having been subjected to bleaching or other chemical treatment, also requires very much more bleaching powder to bring it to color suitable for printing-paper. The quantities required are from five to six times as much as for cleansing and bleaching the coarsest rags.

THE PAPYRUS OR PAPER REED OF EGYPT.

Carl Hofmann, in his "*Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper*," says that when esparto, about the year 1800, was first used on a large scale for the manufacture of paper, it could be drawn from the accumulated growth of centuries, and its supply seemed inexhaustible, but the increased demand, rising to 140,000 tons in 1871, and the consequently much higher prices paid for it, caused forced cropping, and, in many cases, extermination of the plant to such an extent that the yearly decrease of its production amounts at present to from two to seven per cent., and in some localities, to ten per cent.

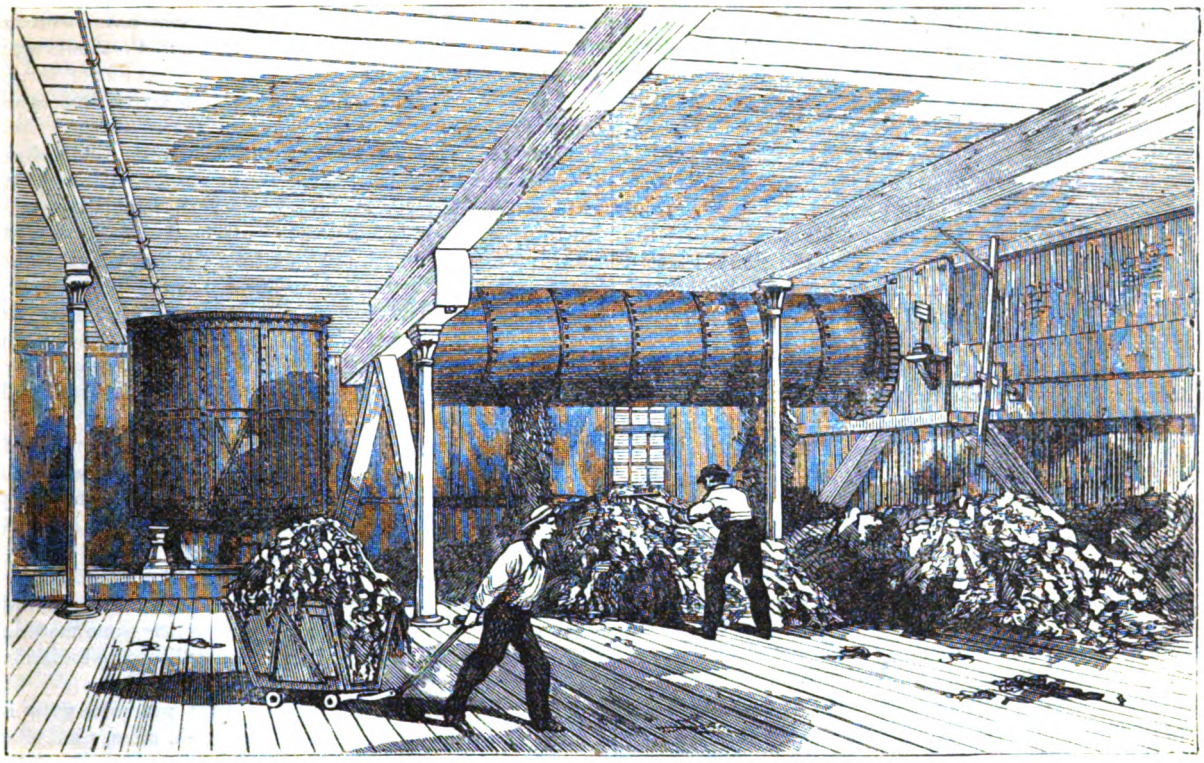
STRAW PAPER.

The attention of paper-makers was attracted to straw as a substitute for rags as early as the middle of the last century.

Joel Munsell states, in his Chronology, that the first attempt to manufacture paper from straw was made in Germany, in 1756, during a scarcity of rags. A treatise was printed at that time, giving directions for reducing the straw to pulp, and bleaching the same, but as that was anterior to the discovery of Le Blanc's process for the manufacture of soda ash, and Berthollet's suggestion in reference to bleaching powders, the operation must have been a tedious and expensive one. Yellow straw paper was the result of the earliest experiments, and it was probably made many years ago in substantially the same manner as at the present time. Numerous patents have been taken out in the United States for improvements in the manufacture of straw paper, and its production has been brought to great perfection.

Rye-straw, from highly cultivated farms, yields the best quality of paper. The straw is first chopped into pieces of about three-quarters of an inch in length by a feed-cutter, during which operation weeds and other impurities are removed by hand. The cut straw is then freed from dust and grain in a fanning-mill, and then passed to crushers consisting of heavy iron rolls, running with different speeds, and as close together as possible without touching each other. The hollow tubes and knots are thus opened out, and made more accessible to the action of the alkaline liquor. The prepared straw is then put into horizontal rotaries with sixty gallons of a three-degree Baumé solution of caustic soda to every 100 pounds of straw. The rotaries are sometimes walled in, heated by direct fire to a pressure of sixty pounds above the atmosphere, and kept at that point for six or eight hours. The

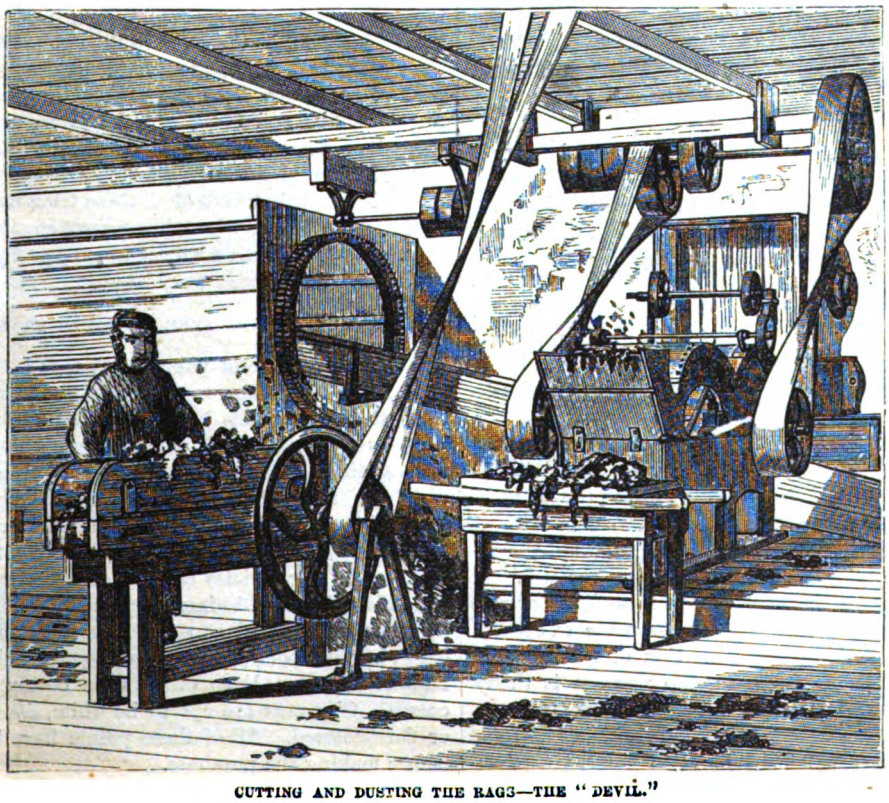
PICKING AND ASSORTING THE RAGS.



BOILING THE RAGS.

contents of the rotary boilers are discharged into tubs provided with strainer bottoms in which the contents can be thoroughly washed. From the tubs the pulp is emptied into a stuff-chest, connected with a Kingsland engine, and any knots or bundles of fibre which might not have been thoroughly reduced in the boiler are separated during its passage through the engine. From the Kingsland engine the stuff is conducted into other vats, and left to drain. It is again washed, bleached in the usual manner, once more drained, mixed with size, color, and clay in beating-engines, then passed through a second Kingsland engine, and finally finished over a Fourdrinier machine.

Paper made in this way is soft, clean, and white, and although produced from straw alone, finds a ready market for book, newspaper, and various other kinds of printing at remunerative prices.



CUTTING AND DUSTING THE RAGS—THE "DEVIL."

WOOD PAPER.

The wood, mostly poplar, is cut in lengths of five feet, and delivered at the mills the same as cord wood. It is then treated in two ways, mechanically and chemically. The chemical process is the one followed at the American Wood Paper Company's works, near Philadelphia, and is as follows: The bark having been stripped off by hand, the wood is cut into slices of about a half-inch thickness, by a cutter, or rather chopper, constructed like a feed-cutter on a large scale. The logs are placed in a slanting position and pushed down against the revolving knives

until they are entirely cut up. The piston or pusher then returns to its original position, fresh wood is put in, and the operation repeated. One or two choppers will cut up forty cords of wood in a day. The fine slices are digested under sixty-five pounds of steam-pressure, with caustic soda, testing twelve degrees Baumé, in upright cylinders, five feet in diameter and sixteen feet high, and the discharged pulp is treated in much the same manner as the stock from straw.

In the mechanical wood pulp process, the wood, exclusively poplar, is pressed against a millstone, so that the grain will run parallel with the axis, and the fibres be torn off, or rasped by the rough surface, instead of being ground or powdered. A small stream of water falls constantly upon the stone, and carries the pulp first through a rake, which retains the coarse pieces, and then to a wire-covered cylinder, turning on its horizontal axis. The pulp is made up directly into pasteboards, without further chemical treatment, and in that shape is sold to paper manufacturers, by whom it is mixed with other stock and worked into paper.

RAG PAPER.

The first record of cotton paper shows that it was used as early as A. D. 900 for the Papal bulls, and manuscripts are extant which appear to have been written in 1050. Among the records which are preserved at the Tower of London, is a letter addressed to Henry the Third, written previously to 1222, which is upon strong paper of mixed materials. Several letters of the following reign, which are there preserved, are evidently written on cotton paper. The use of linen rags was introduced subsequently to cotton, as more skill was required in their manipulation, but the precise date cannot be ascertained.

After the introduction of rags the best paper was made from them, and this still continues to be the case. "Rags are king," so far as paper is concerned; and all other material must be looked upon as introduced to cheapen the product for newspapers and ephemeral books and other purposes, where the more costly and durable rag paper can be dispensed with. The practical operation of paper-making from rags must be given further on, after we have finished our recapitulation of the materials employed in the business.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPER MATERIAL.

Out of dirty and apparently unbleachable tarred ropes is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, of even surface and delicacy of color, a ream of which weighs, with wrappers and strings, two and a half pounds. It is principally used in the potteries for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any substance yet known for that purpose. It is so tenacious, that a sheet of it twisted by the hand in the form of a rope, will support upward of one hundred pounds' weight. Corn husks have been successfully employed in Germany. The husks are first boiled with an alkali in tubular boilers, which converts them into a spongy condition filled with gelatinous substance or dough, which latter is pressed out from the fibres by hydraulic process, leaving the fibre in the shape of longitudinal threads, interspersed with a dense mass of short fibre. The long fibres are used for spinning, and yield a cloth suitable for clothing. The short fibres are used for paper, which is stronger than that made from linen or cotton rags. It is very durable, and can be made extremely transparent without sacrificing any portion of its strength. The yield of the husks employed for the purpose is thirty per cent. of fibre, ten of gelatine, and sixty of dough.

In 1869 and 1872, S. D. Baldwin, of Marysville, California, succeeded, after numerous experiments, in making a paper from the tule, a product of the swamp-lands. He produced a fine pulp, capable of being made into the best quality of writing and printing paper. Using the tules cut in June he obtained 50 or 60 per cent. of pulp, as fine and strong as that made from cotton.

At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, Zahony showed specimens of paper made from the bark of the mulberry. Near Venice the leaves for feeding silkworms are obtained by stripping the leaves from the twigs, or else the whole branch is placed on the worm bed. The twigs, after having the leaves eaten off, were heretofore only used as fuel, whereas, now they have the bark peeled off by a very simple arrangement without losing any of their value as fuel, but yielding a considerable quantity of bast for paper. The labor of removing the bark is not tiresome, and can be done by children or old people incapable of hard work. A fine quality of cigarette-paper is made from the mulberry bark obtained in this way.

In 1786, a book appeared in France, printed on marshmallow paper, and containing samples of paper made from nettles, hops, moss, reeds, couch-grass, spindle-tree, wayfaring-tree, elm, lime, yellow-willow, poplar, oak, burdock, and coltsfoot.

In 1809, S. Green, of New London, Conn., obtained a patent for paper from sea-weed, and other patents have since been taken out, based upon the use of the same material, with the added advantage of extracting all of the iodine before converting the sea-weed into pulp.

In the decade between 1820 and 1830, processes were invented for the employment of hop-vines, moss, pine shavings, hay, blue grass, leather cuttings, and corn-stalks. Later inventors have made use of asparagus, beet-root, banana-fibre, gutta-percha, horseradish-leaves, the common hollyhock, ferns, moss from Lake Superior, cattails, and sedge.

Munsell's work on paper-making says that in 1867 the following substances were in actual employment: Manilla hemp, agave of Cuba, cultivated hemp, white hemp of Hayti, India hemp, acacia, fibres of aloes, jute, Spanish broom, hops, silk-weed, flax, Chinese hemp, mallow, mulberry, Chinese nettle, New Zealand flax, esparto-grass, linden, yucca, bamboo, and cane. To the above list must be added the ramie plant, wild and cultivated rice, potato pomace, the bark of coniferous trees from which the resin has been extracted, stalks and fibres of cord grass, and okra; in fact, more than sixty different kinds of fibre have been experimented upon in the search for new material, and it cannot be denied that the result of all these trials has been favorable to the paper industry by adding permanently to the supply of stock upon which to draw in emergency and for special kinds of goods.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM RAGS.

The manufacture of paper from rags is the most important branch of the business, and the one in which the largest amount of capital has been expended and the greatest improvements attained. The first operation is in the purchasing, sorting, cutting and dusting of the rags. In the purchase of rags the mill-owner has to encounter the same attempt to cheat that seems to obtain in every line of business. Bales are made up looking well outside, but in the interior inferior articles are put, and the rags are moistened or loaded with sand to increase the weight. The dealer soon becomes expert, and can tell from what country the rags came, by their color, strength, and general character. Some nations wear more linen, others more cotton, some fine, some coarse. City rags are apt to be white, country rags yellow or dark-colored. All of these points have to be considered before making the purchase.

All rags have considerable quantities of dust, sand and

other impurities mechanically mixed with them, and it is the custom now in many mills to put them, as soon as they are taken from the bales, into a dusting machine or thrasher, which frees them from most of the adhering dust and makes them less objectionable to the sorters. The thrasher consists of an octagonal shaft provided with strong teeth, which, when revolving rapidly, throws the rags against stationary spikes, and thus gives them a thorough shaking. A change of speed moderates or increases the thrashing, and sometimes the effect can be intensified by reversing the motion. The dust gathers in the lower part of the box, while the rags drop through an opening into the floor below, ready for the sorters. This is better than the old plan of sorting them first and dusting them afterward.

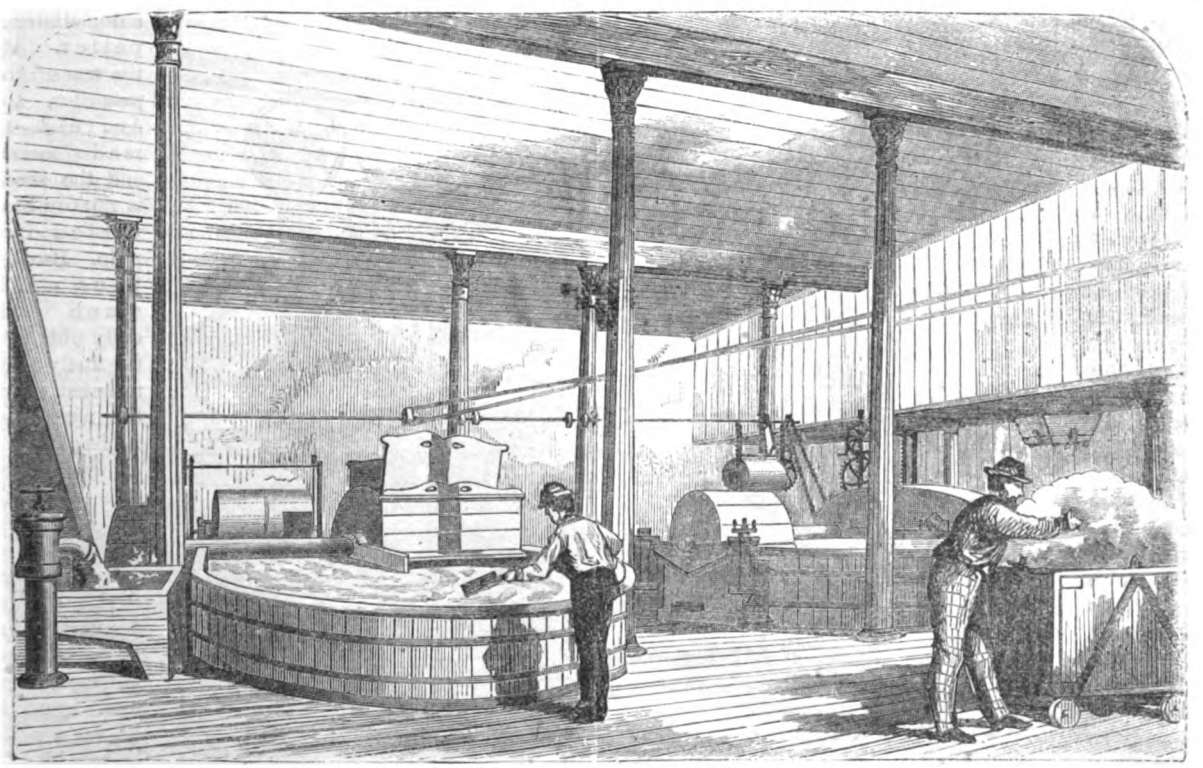
Every paper-maker has his particular wants, and tries to buy rags roughly assorted, but all of them make the following distinction, according to fibres: Linen, hemp, cotton, manilla, half-wool or woolens; according to color: white first, second, third, gray, blue, red, black and all dark colors. Canvas, ropes, bagging, twine, threads, etc., are classed separately. The work of sorting is usually done by women, who stand before a square or oblong table, covered with coarse wire cloth, and surrounded by enough square boxes, baskets or bags to provide one for every grade of rags which is to be sorted out. A scythe-shaped knife is fastened to each table, standing upright, with the blunt edge toward the worker. It serves to cut the rags as well as to separate from them seams, buttons, buckles, leather, rubber, and other foreign substances.

The assorted rags must not be piled up in a wet or damp state, as they are liable to fermentation and spontaneous combustion, occasioning both loss of raw material and the danger of destructive conflagrations. The cutting is accomplished by hand or by machinery, according to the quality of the paper. For the best qualities of book and writing paper very fine and high-priced rags are exclusively used, and it is believed that a smaller proportion is wasted if they are cut by hand. All rag-cutters work on the principle of scissors on a large scale. A bed-knife presents a sharp edge to a movable or cutting knife, and the manner in which the latter is propelled constitutes the main difference in the construction of machines. Sometimes the knives revolve; at other times they work up and down like a guillotine. The former are usually preferred, because the time used in the guillotine-cutter for the upward movement is lost, while revolving knives cut without intermission. The principle of the guillotine machine is correct, as it does not tear the rags, and cuts with equal facility the finest cotton and the heaviest rope.

Notwithstanding the previous thrashing through which the rags have passed, much dust arises during the cutting process, which is drawn up through spouts connecting with a ventilator, and made available for a poor class of paper.

From the cutter the rags go directly to the duster, where they are to be freed from sand, straw, metals, and other foreign substances. The duster is eight-cornered, rests at the lower end on a stand, and carries at the upper end a cast-iron ring supported by two flanged pulleys. It is covered with coarse No. 3 or 4 wire-netting, as far as it is inclosed in the wooden box. The rags enter at the higher point, and descend gradually, while revolving, to the lower end, where they fall out. The dust and impurities which pass through the wire collect on the bottom below, and can be removed through side doors. The rags, after having been cut and dusted, must be thoroughly washed and cleaned; for this purpose they are thrown into wrought-iron cylinders of from ten to twenty-five feet in length, and from six to eight feet in diameter, with cast-iron heads ending in journals, where they can be thoroughly boiled with the proper chemicals.

In the making of paper, the pure cellulose or fibre is what is wanted, and the object of the boiling is to extract or dissolve the fatty, glutinous, and coloring substances which envelop the fibre. Alkalies in solution, and at a high temperature, are employed to accomplish this. In France, caustic soda alone is used for the finest rags, lime alone for

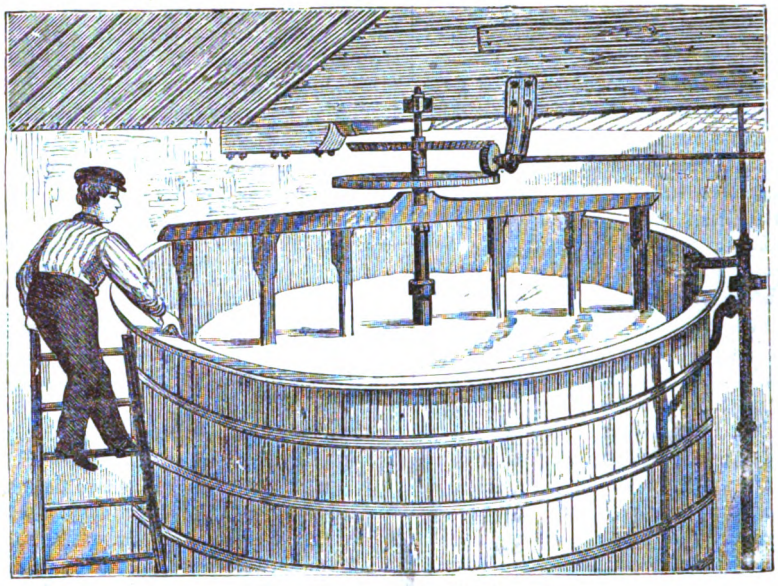


WASHING AND BEATING THE RAGS.

the coarsest, and a mixture of both for the intermediate grades. In the United States, nearly all the mills use lime alone in rotaries, and obtain a product excellent in color, purity, and strength.

Some colors resist the action of lime, but succumb to soda.

After the boiling is complete, the steam is blown off and the contents of the rotaries emptied on a floor slanting to a centre, through which the liquor can drain off. Some manufacturers of fine writing-paper have discontinued the use of rotaries, and do their boiling in wooden tubs with a very weak solution of caustic soda; they claim that the loss of fibre is less, and that the stock escapes the scales and rust which are apt to fall in from the rotaries.



GRINDING THE PAPER PULP IN THE TANKS.

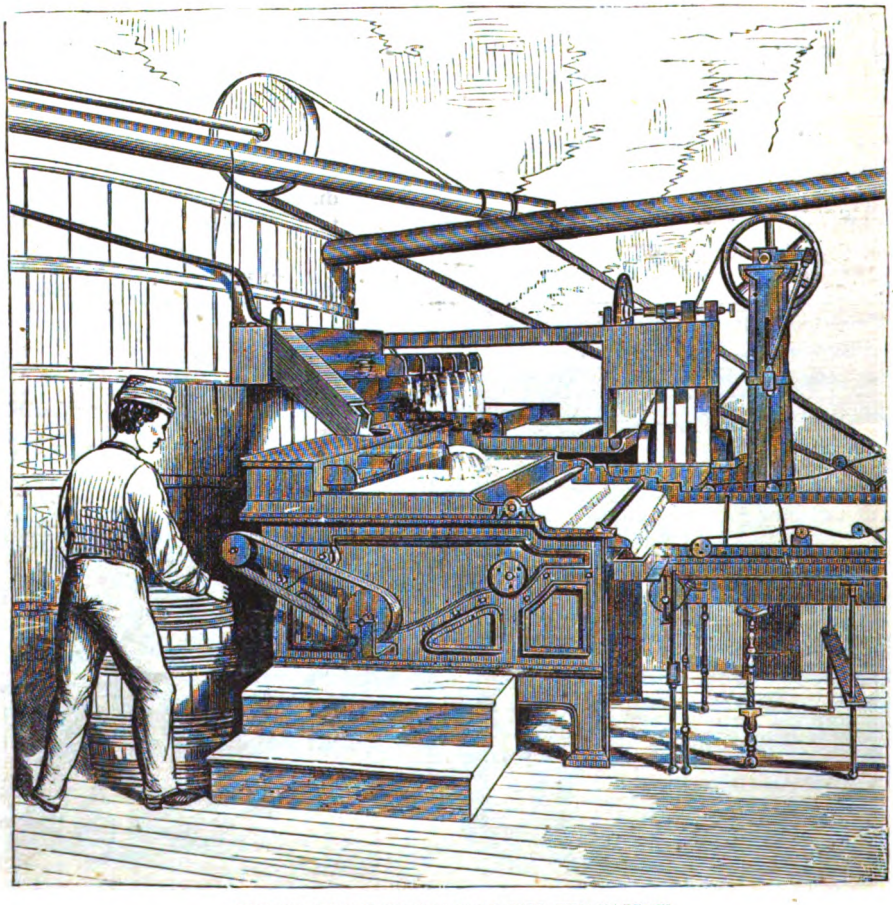
The Dutch were the first to invent an engine for the complete rinsing and bleaching of rags, and the contrivance which was introduced more than a hundred years ago by them is still called the Hollander, in honor of the country of its origin.

The Hollander is a shallow oblong cistern, with circular ends, divided lengthwise by a partition which extends as far as the rectangular part of the body. A shaft bearing a roll revolves across the middle of this cistern. A number of steel knives are fastened parallel with the shaft on the surface of this roll, and another set is placed underneath on the bottom, so that the sharp edges of both are opposite each other. Between these two sets of knives, the first revolving, the latter, stationary, the rags must pass, and here they are cut, torn, or only rubbed, as the case may be. The rags are first worked coarsely with a stream of water running through the engine, which tends effectively to wash them, as also to open their fibres; and, in order to carry off the dirty water, what is termed a washing-drum of fine wire gauze is employed.

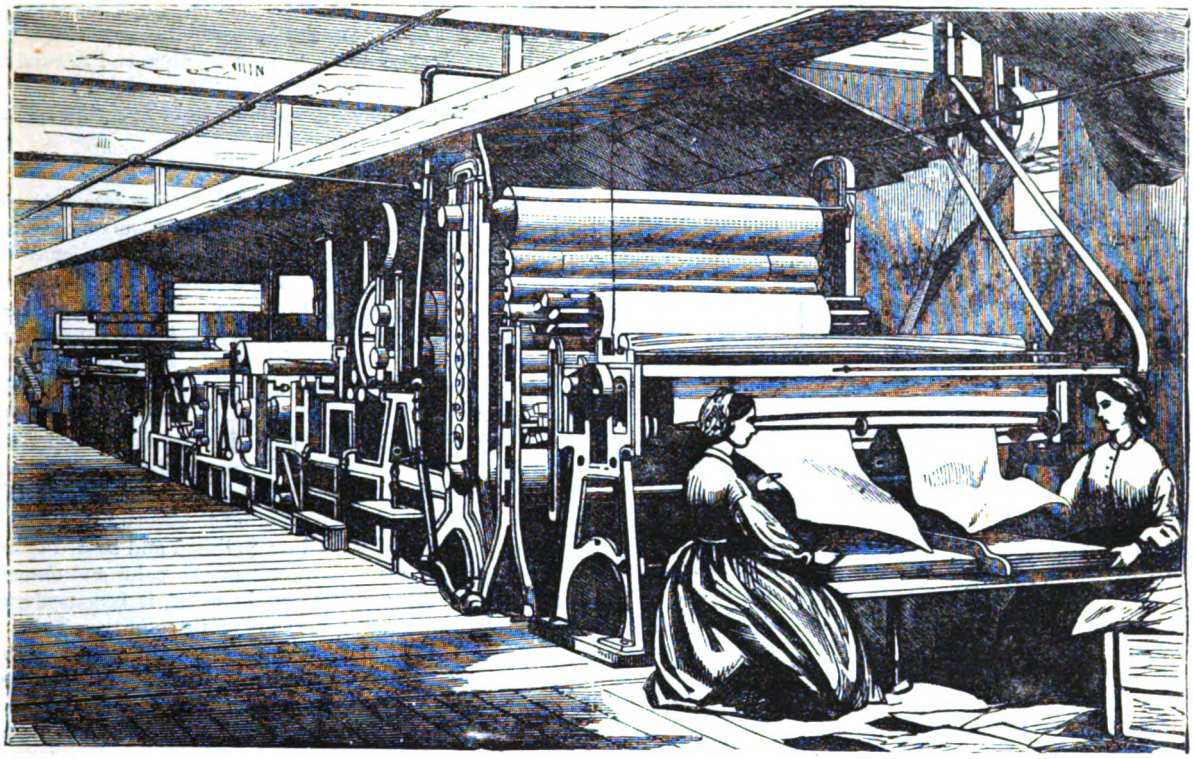
As soon as the water runs off clean, the cutting-cylinder is lowered upon the plate so as completely to disintegrate the rags, which gradually lose their textile appearance, and resemble lint saturated with water.

Every engine is provided with sand traps, or excavations in the bottom, where heavy foreign substances, like nails, buttons, stones, metals of all kinds, and sand, deposit themselves.

The pulp, after being thoroughly washed and comminuted, is either moved forward by an attendant with a paddle, or is carried forward by an automatic propeller. By the use of the propeller, the current is made faster, and the stock is rapidly converted into pulp. Having thus with much difficulty obtained the finely comminuted pulp, the next step is bleaching to snowy whiteness by the use of proper chemicals, either in the engine or the drainers. For this purpose the most common agent is the well-known bleaching-powder or



RUNNING PULP FROM THE TANK INTO THE MACHINE.

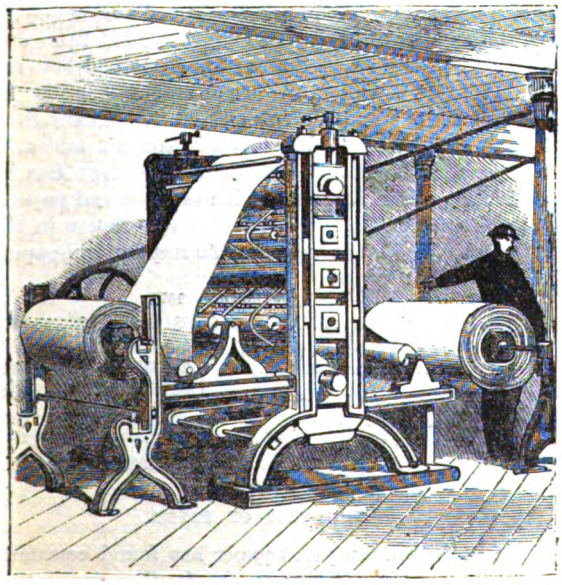


THE FOUDRINIER PAPER MACHINE.

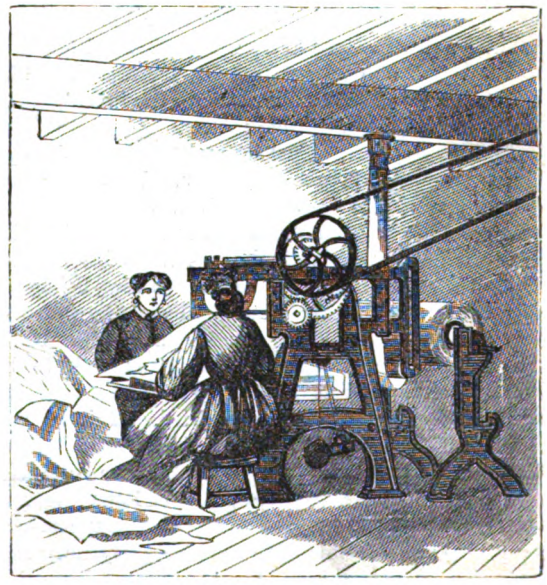
chloride of lime. Permanganate of potash has been urged for the purpose, but it is not popularly understood, and has never been manufactured in sufficient quantity for the supply of the trade.

Bleaching powders can be most advantageously manufactured in England, where the supply of material is more extensive than anywhere else. They are made by passing chlorine gas into chambers, on the floors of which is spread moist lime—it is supposed that by this operation hypochlorite of lime and chloride of calcium result; but, although bleaching powders have been made for many years, their true chemical composition is still a matter of controversy among chemists. It is unfortunate that the United States should be dependent upon Great Britain for its supply of soda ash and bleaching powders, two of the agents indispensable, n only in paper making, but in many other industries; but the cost of production in this country has hitherto proved to be too great to enable chemical manufacturers to compete with foreign houses. It is not probable that this condition of things can continue many years longer, as the supply of raw material is unlimited, and the wants of the country constantly increasing.

The use of chlorine as a bleaching agent was suggested, toward the end of the last century, by Berthollet in France, and by Tennant in England. It is not convenient to employ the gas directly, and it is, therefore, first combined with the lime in the manner described. A solution is then made of the powders, of the proper strength, and the liquid is



THE CALENDERING MACHINE.



THE CUTTING MACHINE.

thoroughly stirred up with the pulp. The process is much quickened by blowing a blast of air through the mixture, the effect, apparently, being to introduce active oxygen to aid the operation. Some sulphuric acid or a solution of alum is added to the bath to facilitate the liberation of the chlorine. As soon as the bleaching liquor has become thoroughly mixed with the pulp, the contents of the engine are emptied into a drainer, constructed of such material as will not be too rapidly eaten up and destroyed by the bleach liquors. The drainers are made of brick, eighteen to twenty inches thick, and well lined with cement. They have a false bottom, consisting of boards or planks full of holes and covered with wire cloth or bagging. The outlet of the drainers is closed by a stop cock, so that the bleach solution can either be allowed to run off at once or can be pumped up for further use.

After the draining, the pulp will be found to contain some chlorine, hydrochloric acid, chloride of calcium and other products, which, if left in the paper, injure its durability by turning it yellow, render it brittle in course of time, and interfere with perfect sizing and coloring. All of the chlorine must be expelled by thorough washing, and to make sure that it is all removed, the iodine test is applied from time to time, and as this is extremely sensitive the absence of chlorine can readily be proved. To add to the efficacy of washing, and to make sure that all of the chlorine is removed, a chemical agent called anti-chlor is sometimes added. This is the hyposulphite of soda, which is also so much employed by photographers. Thorough washing after the use of chemicals is indispensable to the preservation of the paper, and especially to its fitness for taking color. The beating process follows the washing, and by it the fibres are rendered parallel, all knots and inequalities are removed, and the pulp assumes the consistence and appearance of milk-and-water. The stock is now ready for the paper-machine.

Few inventions have ever gone forth from the brain of man to equal in importance and perfection the incomparable machine by means of which a white, milky pap is converted into the most beautiful paper within the space of a thousand feet. It has required the life-long labor of the most ingenious mechanics to bring the paper-machine to its present degree of perfection, but the one who devoted the most attention to it and laid the foundation upon which others have built was a Frenchman of the name of Fourdrinier, who, in the early part of this century, brought out in England the machine which is still called after his name. As the inventor never received any pecuniary reward for his labors, it is but just and proper that his services should be commemorated by attaching his name to the invention that cost him so much time, labor and money.

The first step in the final conversion of pulp into paper is to secure a proper degree of dilution. This is accomplished by pumping it into a regulating box, whence it flows into a mixing box, to be thinned out by the addition of fresh water. The thin pulp flows from the box into a lifter, and thence through a strainer upon a continuous wire, being partially compacted by a shaking motion. From the wire the half-formed sheet is taken up by felt, and, after being well squeezed, it finally becomes strong enough to be able to travel alone, and is carried over cylinders heated by injected steam, and thoroughly dried. If it be printing-paper, which can be sized sufficiently in the pulp, it may be at once conducted to the cutting machine, to be divided into any length and width required; if it be letter-paper, it must undergo a sizing after it has passed around the steam cylinders. A paper machine, with the sizing apparatus attached, sometimes measures, from the wire-cloth where the pulp first flows on, to the cutting machine at the extremity, no less than one thousand feet. The sheets of letter paper are sometimes subjected to great pressure between sheets of zinc in order to impart to them a certain gloss and elegant finish. Less valuable paper only requires to be dried and counted after leaving the cutting machine, to be ready for market.

PARCHMENT PAPER.

Parchment paper is made by the action of sulphuric acid upon ordinary paper. One thousand parts of concentrated sulphuric acid are diluted with one-eighth part of water. Into this mixture the paper is dipped, so as to moisten both sides, and left from five to twenty seconds. When the acid has acted sufficiently long, the paper is put into cold water, then into diluted ammonia, and then again into water, in order to extract all the acid. When paper parchment dries spontaneously, it is crisp and looks badly. To avoid this inconvenience, a steam-engine passes the paper at first through a vat containing sulphuric acid, then through water of ammonia, and again through water, and at last it is placed on a roll of cloth in order to absorb the water. It is then pressed and glossed on polished and heated cylinders. When well prepared it possesses the color and clearness of animal parchment. Dipped in water, it becomes soft and flexible, but without losing any of its solidity. This variety of paper is valuable for diplomas, public documents and papers of value for preservation, as it is less exposed to the attacks of insects than parchment. It can be employed for the binding of books, for printing books destined for children; also to cover fruit-jars, and for sausages and preserved food of all kinds.

STATISTICS OF PAPER.

Dr. Rudal calculates that the quantity of paper produced in the whole world—paper of all kinds, of hemp, of linen, of straw, of jute, of rice, of wood, etc.—amounts to 1,800,000,000 pounds. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for miscellaneous uses. The whole may be thus categorized: For government purposes, 200,000,000 pounds are required; for instruction, 180,000,000; for commerce, 240,000,000; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000; for private correspondence, 100,000,000; and for printing, 900,000,000. For the production of all this paper there are 3,960 manufactories, employing 90,000 men and 180,000 women; while 100,000 persons are engaged in collecting rags. The number of paper-mills in the United States at the present time, according to Lockwood's Directory, is 934, and the number of firms 795. Of these, 254 firms and 327 mills are in the Eastern States; 328 firms and 360 mills in the Middle States; 155 firms and 179 mills in the Western States; and 58 firms and 68 mills in the Southern States. According to Dr. Edward Young's tables of the commerce of the United States for 1876, there has been a great falling off in the importation of paper and paper material, and a corresponding increase of exportation in the last few years. The following were the imports and exports for 1872 and 1876:

IMPORTS.	1872.	1876.
Raw Materials	$6,031,353	$3,711,953
Printing	410,229	410
Writing	224,698	8,994
N. E. S.	1,721,190	1,138,662

EXPORTS.	1872.	1876.
Paper	$724,528	$903,494

THE USES OF PAPER.

During the last few years paper has found constantly increasing uses. In addition to the familiar applications for stationery, newspapers, and books, we now hear of the em-

ployment of paper for boats, car-wheels, furniture, clothing, roofing, sheathing of ships, and house-building. Every year brings us new applications, but, fortunately, the progress of chemistry and the improvements in mechanical arts, keep pace with the increased demand, and the article is furnished from a greater variety of material and in various forms and conditions suitable for the wants of mankind. There are few industries of more importance than the manufacture of paper, and none in which greater progress has been made in the last few years.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PROPERTIES OF WATER.—Professor Guthrie remarked at the Royal Institution in London that the most common compounds—such as water, for example—often possess the most exceptional properties. Water is a compound which may be studied with advantage, and about which there is always something new to be learned. When radiated heat falls on water, it is arrested and retained. Water is the best conductor of heat. Drops of water are the largest of any liquid, and hold their forms longer than any other liquid. Water reflects light imperfectly. Water can be rendered solid on removing the heat, and, associated with other bodies, it can be made solid. In this latter condition, it ought to be called fixed. In reference to the water of hydration, Professor Guthrie proposes the name cryohydrates to such salts as can only retain water at temperatures below the freezing point of water. The study of cryohydrates is a fine field for research, and in the Arctic regions it can be studied with advantage. The palæocrystic sea of the North Pole will be found to contain salts in different proportions from those occurring in more southern waters.

THE NEW METAL LAVOESIUM.—M. Prat has discovered a new metal which he calls lavoesium, in honor of the eminent chemist, Lavoisier. It has a silvery white color, is malleable and fusible. It forms crystallizable and colorless salts, and in general its reactions do not correspond with those of any known element. It is said to occur in many minerals, especially in iron pyrites. With the spectroscope, the new metal yields two sets of characteristic lines in the indigo-blue, two other sets in the bright green, some blue, violet, and green secondary lines; in all, twenty-three lines. These characteristic lines coincide with those of copper, which would seem to show that copper must be present in the specimen under examination. Its silvery white color and behavior toward ammonia and ferrocyanide of potassium, constitute properties which distinguish it from any other metal. M. Prat has not divulged the manner in which the metal was discovered, or how it can be prepared, nor has he given any of its properties. There is, therefore, some doubt about the authenticity of the alleged discovery.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.—There are certain salts used by photographers which are sometimes accidentally swallowed by careless members of the family, the antidotes for which ought to be generally known. Corrosive sublimate, which is used for intensifying negatives, can be partially counteracted by milk, but the most efficient antidote is the white of an egg. An emetic quickly administered is the best thing first of all, and then the milk or egg should follow as quickly as possible. Cyanide of potassium, also much employed by photographers, is a terrible poison, to counteract which the perchloride of iron is the best remedy, but the ordinary copperas, or protosulphate of iron will do; both of these iron salts produce the comparatively harmless Prussian blue, which may be removed from the stomach by an emetic. Salts of silver are also somewhat counteracted by the administration of an egg, but common salt is better, as it forms an insoluble chloride of silver, which is comparatively innocuous. These remedies must be given before the doctor comes.

PORK AND TRICHINA.—An able agricultural writer, Mr. R. Goodman, of Massachusetts, again calls attention to the danger from parasites to persons who have the habit of eating pork. An ounce of flesh will contain a quarter of a million of the infinitesimal nematoids; a bit of muscle weighing one-fifth of a grain, nearly a hundred; and, allowing a hundred worms to a grain of muscle, a man weighing 50 pounds, might contain over 4,000,000 of the parasites, and the length of muscle actually inflamed by such a number, if placed in a line, would amount to more than 120 miles. "Talk about the 'Diet of Worms,' which Luther bravely encountered and survived, and then consider the diet of a pork-eater, who, at a few mouthfuls, may fill himself with 50,000,000 vermiculars, and then wonder that he feels uncomfortable and unable to wriggle through the length of days he was entitled to."

BICHROMATE OF POTASH AS A DISINFECTANT.—The addition of one part of bichromate of potash to one hundred parts of water, will prevent the putrefaction or fermentation of organic substances, such as meat, urine, gelatin, and vegetables. Beer does not turn sour after the addition of a thousandth of the bichromate. Dogs will not eat meat preserved in an aqueous solution of the bichromate. From these observations, it will appear that the bichromate of potash could be employed to advantage in embalming, in chemical preparations, in injections, and anatomical macerations. It is, unfortunately, not applicable to the preservation of food, owing to its poisonous nature.

INDIA RUBBER.—The various rubber manufactories in the United States employ about 7,200 hands, and have a capital invested in the industry of about $9,500,000. The total value of the product is probably not less than $17,500,000 annually. Last year there were about 14,500,000 pounds of caoutchouc imported into the United States, considerably over one-half of which came from Para, Brazil, the great depot of rubber exportation from South America. Great Britain used a like quantity, two-thirds of which was from Brazil, and the remainder from India. The manufacture of india-rubber has become one of the most important industries of this country.

A NEW SAFETY LAMP.—M. J. Coquillon proposes to utilize the property possessed by palladium, of remaining red-hot in a mixture of gas and air at the expense of the compound, in the construction of miners' safety lamps. He is now making a lamp which should be perfectly safe, as the lamp cannot cause an explosion without the palladium giving timely warning. A further property of palladium compounds, to absorb carbonic oxide gas and liberate the metal, could be employed in the invention of a foul air signal, to be connected by means of a battery with a bell. The bell would sound when the air of a room became irrespirable.

RETIREMENT OF SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON.—Sir Robert Christison, who has held the chair of materia medica, in the University of Edinburgh since 1833, and for ten years previously was Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the same institution, has resigned on account of advanced age and ill-health. He has been a most industrious worker, and has well-earned the repose he now seeks.

A PECULIAR WALL PAPER.—If paper be coated with oxalate of copper, it appears dark in a strong light, but becomes bright in the dusk; it thus moderates the light on sunny days and brightens the room when the sky is clouded. Wall-paper of this kind is manufactured in Germany.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

AFFAIRS TO COME OFF.—Ill-sewn buttons.

NOT LIKELY TO GET HOARSE.—"Speaking" eyes.

WHEN ought mariners to have fruit at sea?—When they stem the currents.

THE FASTEST MANUFACTURING OF MILITARY CUTLERY ON RECORD.—Looking daggers.

FOR THE COMBATIVE.—A duel is quickly managed. It takes only two seconds to arrange it.

WHEN may babies be said to be literally living from hand to mouth?—When they are sucking their thumbs.

A CRUSHER.—*Mr. Blank:* "I always found that at school the stupidest boy carried off all the prizes."—*Miss Sparkle:* "Did you get many?"

TOO UNKIND.—It is rather unkind to present a maiden lady with a copy of "Paradise Lost." The title is too suggestive now that leap year has glided away.

NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—*Mother:* "Child, haven't I told you not to stand so much before the glass?" *Daughter:* "Why, mother, you told me to read and reflect. I have been reading, and now I am reflecting."

WOMAN'S WIT.—"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old, who can't cook a good meal, shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls, in a sweet chorus.

POINTED.—It is said that an undergraduate once, translating Livy in a lecture-room, described impressively the destruction of Hannibal's infantry by elephants; upon which his lecturer blandly pointed out that they were "saved from that catastrophe by the intervention of a full stop."

"WHICH IS THE ORPHAN?"—A farmer once told his man, who was from the Emerald Isle, to run into the pasture and catch an ox. "I mean the off 'un; I will manage the other myself," said he. Pat ran to do as he was bidden, but suddenly paused on his way, with the exclamation, "He's a reasonable fellow anyhow, bedad! And how am I to know which is the orphan?"

A PROFITABLE GAME.—It is said that a new form of begging has made its appearance in Paris, in the shape of a beggar who wants only a pair of boots, his feet being nipped by the cold. The weather had been exceptionally mild the past Winter; nevertheless, the sight of bare feet during the mildest January moved the hearts of the compassionate, and a skillful Parisian beggar got as many as a dozen pairs of boots in a day, thus realizing, it is calculated, a comfortable income of about seventy francs, or two pounds sixteen shillings per week. Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that beggars should scarcely vouchsafe a word of thanks to the passer-by for the gift of a penny. "What do you want me to do with these two sous?" asked a sturdy mendicant of M. Jules Sandeau, who had bestowed alms on him—"Keep them, my friend," he replied, "and give them to the first poor man you see."

THE TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

BUBBLES.

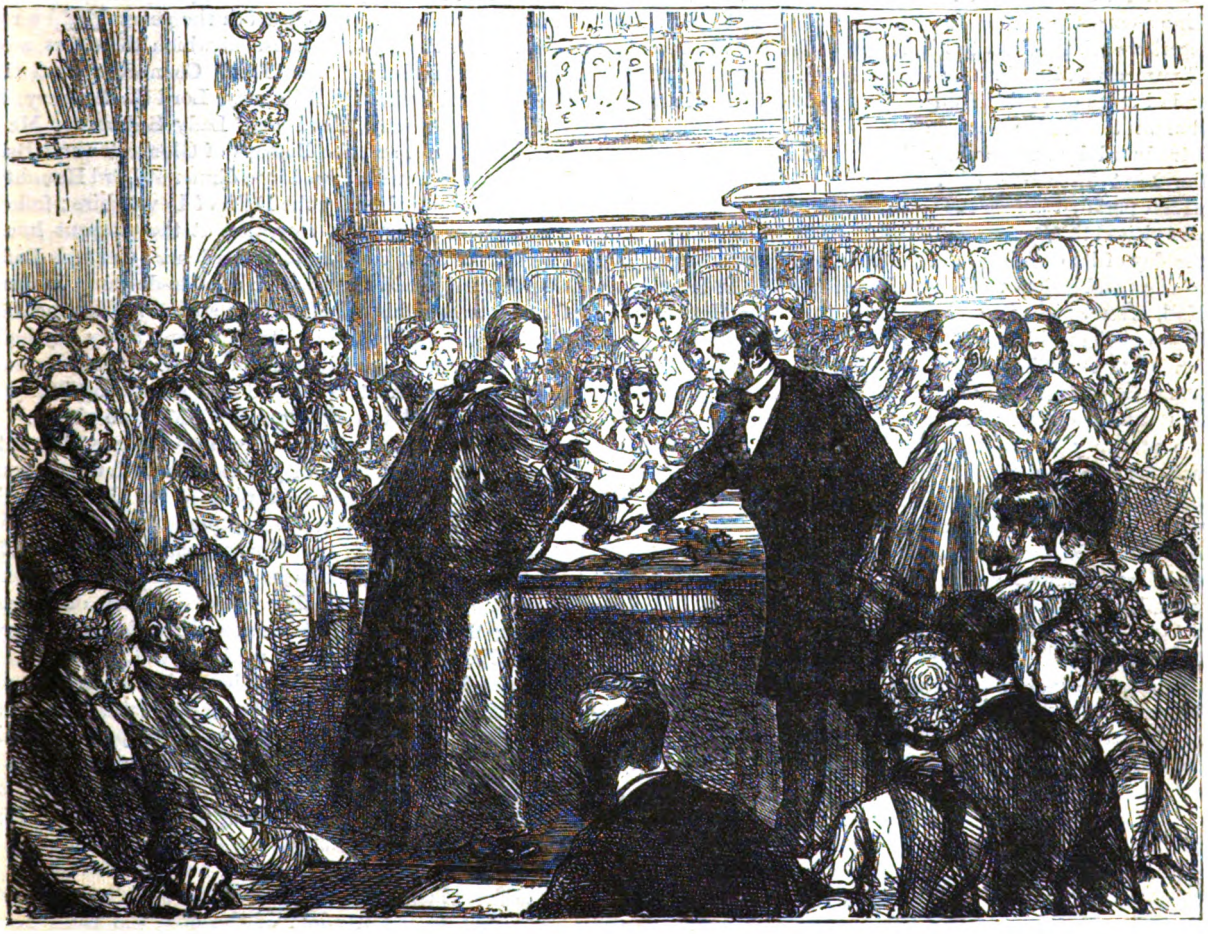
FROM THE PAINTING BY W. BONGUEREAU.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN ABROAD.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, who re-entered the American army in 1861 as an Aide-de-camp; who was Colonel and Brigadier-general in the same year, and General in 1866—the rank being created expressly for him—became President of the United States in 1869, and held the office for eight years, retiring on March 4th, 1877. These sixteen years remind one of a similar period in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, extending between the years 1795, when he was a young



GENERAL U. S. GRANT AT GUILDHALL, LONDON—THE WELCOME OF THE LORD MAYOR.

captain of artillery—and 1810, when, with the Empire which he had formed at its apex of splendor and glory, he married the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, and thus allied himself to the proud and ancient House of Hapsburg. The resemblance, it is true, consists only in the rapid rise in the fortunes of the two heroes, and the influence exerted thereby upon their respective countries.

But what may be esteemed as a higher honor still, as the world views these things, than had yet been conferred upon him, was waiting for ex-President Grant, when he retired from his official position, and sunk rank, title and authority in simple citizenship. After sixteen years of arduous and responsible labor in the cause of his country, it was natural that the chieftain should seek rest, and that by travel and association with foreign peoples he should endeavor to relieve mind and body of the strain which these had so long borne without wavering, or without relinquishing for a single instant, even, the vast purposes which he had in view. In announcing his intention to visit Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, General Grant doubtless never for a moment contemplated a reception differing in courtesy or evidence of esteem from what is customarily extended by any people toward visitors of name and repute. He departed from these shores as a citizen representative of a sovereign people. That he was received at the Court of St. James and by the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain, the most exclusive in the world, as individual sovereigns are customarily received, was at once a graceful compliment to his own merit and acknowledged worth as an officer and statesman, and a concession no less graceful to the actual sovereignty of the people of the United States of America.

General Grant sailed from Philadelphia on the American Line steamship *Indiana*, on Thursday, May 17th, 1877. During the week previous to his departure he was the recipient of numerous attentions on the part of distinguished officials and citizens of Philadelphia. On the 14th he held a reception at the Union League Club House, the guests being introduced by ex-Secretary Borie; and afterward reviewed the First Regiment of Infantry, N. G. of Pennsylvania, which paraded before the Club House. General Grant had also visited the Permanent Exhibition Building on May 10th, the day of its opening. On the 16th he received the veteran soldiers and sailors to the number of 1,200 at Independence Hall, after which, in company with Governor Hartranft, he drove to the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Childs, where he took luncheon, and where, in the evening, he was serenaded, the house being brilliantly illuminated, and a review of soldiers' and sailors' orphans being a part of the programme. On the morning of the 17th the ex-President took breakfast with Governor Hartranft, Senator Cameron, General Sherman and Hamilton Fish, after which he was escorted to the wharf, where he took a small steamer and proceeded to the *Indiana*. The escort down the river comprised some twelve or fifteen steamers and a fleet of river craft, all decorated with flags and generally dressed in holiday attire. Among those accompanying the ex-President, were the Mayor and City Council of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia judiciary, the city delegation in Congress, United States Senators from Philadelphia, Governor and State officers, the General-in-Chief of the United States Army, four members of General Grant's Cabinet, and a large number of distinguished citizens.

The *Indiana* made a quick and pleasant voyage, arriving in Liverpool on May 28th. All the passengers agreed in reporting that throughout the journey General Grant threw off the reticence so characteristic of him, and became cordial and familiar. He rose early, and generally paced the deck for an hour with Mrs. Grant, enjoying the morning breeze. After breakfast it was his custom to enter the smoking-room, where he joined in general conversation with a geniality and frankness unexpected by those who knew him only by repute. The customary reticence, however, was still preserved whenever any question of politics came up as a topic of conversation, while as to the events of the war he spoke with entire freedom.

On arriving at Liverpool, General Grant was met by General Adam Badeau, United States Consul-General at London, with several prominent Americans; and on reaching the wharf the party were received by the Mayor of Liverpool and members of the Common Council, who extended to them the hospitalities of the city. This courtesy being thankfully accepted, the party proceeded to view Liverpool, where they remained two days. On the 30th, General Grant visited Manchester, where he was received by the Mayor and members of the corporation, and where he made the longest speech of his life, filling no fewer than thirty-two lines in a printed verbatim report. His reception in Liverpool and Manchester certainly surprised General Grant, and he expressed his satisfaction frequently. The reception, in fact, was by no means confined to officials, who had him immediately in charge. Wherever he appeared in public, crowds assembled and cheered him to the echo. Already the extraordinary friendliness which was afterward everywhere manifested in England had begun to show it elf emphatically. During his stay in London, General Grant was the guest of the Minister of the United States, Hon. Edwards Pierrepont; and from the time of his arrival in the British capital he was not only the object of public curiosity, but was the recipient of courtesies and hospitalities on the part of the leading members of the aristocracy and nobility, to an extent unprecedented in the case of a private citizen. On June 5th the general held a reception at Mr. Pierrepont's house, at which there was a large attendance, including the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cairns, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady Cardwell, Lord and Lady Selbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol. This reception was followed by a dinner at Lord Houghton's, and by another given by the Duke of Devonshire; following which there occurred a reception at the pleasant house of General Badeau, in Beaufort Gardens. General Badeau, who formerly held the position of aide-de-camp to General Grant, resumed his old office by a special appointment from Washington. From this time forward every day had its special reception or dinner, and every evening its ball or other entertainment, designed to show hospitality and courtesy toward the distinguished American visitor.

On June 15th there was conferred upon General Grant the honorary freedom of the City of London with the customary ceremonies. The affair took place at the Guildhall, about 800 ladies and gentlemen being present. These included several members of the Government, American official representatives, merchants and members of the American colony, as well as distinguished citizens of London. Among the guests were Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many members of Parliament. The entrance to the hall and corridors of Guildhall was laid with crimson cloth, the walls being decorated with mirrors and exotics. General Grant was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, and by Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont. He was received at the entrance of the Guildhall by a deputation of the city government, and being conducted to the library, listened to the resolution of the special court of the Common Council convened to confer the freedom of the city. An address being made by the Chamberlain admitting General Grant to the freedom of the city, the right hand of fellowship was extended to him by that official, and its

cordial grasping by General Grant completed the ceremony, and was received with loud applause. The General then subscribed his name to the Roll of Honorary Freemen, after which he was conducted by the Lord Mayor to the Guildhall, where an elegant luncheon had been provided. The document conferring the freedom of the City of London upon General Grant was inclosed in a gold casket, having on the obverse central panel a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left of this the monogram and arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends two emblematic figures in gold, finely modeled and chased, represent the City of London and the United States. Other ornaments are, laurel wreathed with corn and cotton; a cornucopia, emblematic of the fertility and prosperity of the United States; and the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London. The casket is supported by two American eagles, modeled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with stars and stripes.

On the 16th, General Grant dined with the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, and on the 19th with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. On the 21st, these festivities culminated in a grand dinner at the residence of Minister Pierrepont, when, for the first time in the history of rank and title, a simple citizen of a Republic took precedence of all rank, except royalty itself. On this occasion there were six ambassadors present, four dukes, three marquises, five earls, and the Lord Chancellor of the realm. According to the complicated *technique* of the British system of precedence, all of these distinguished personages should properly precede the American guest in the procession, which passed from the drawing-room to the dining-room. In this instance, however, such was not the case; and in England, where these matters are considered as of vastly greater importance than is accorded them here, it is conceded to have been the crowning triumph of worth and diplomacy that General Grant should have ranked everybody present, giving way only to the heir-apparent of the Crown of England. At this dinner, General Grant sat at the right hand of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Richmond being on Mrs. Grant's right. All of this strikes the average American as of very little moment; but in England, and throughout the courts of Europe, such concessions mean a great deal, and are, in fact, to be recognized as the agencies employed in tacitly according to General Grant rank allowed by customary usage only to royalty itself.

On the evening following the dinner at Minister Pierrepont's, the Queen gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace, at which General Grant was present. On the same evening he also appeared at Covent Garden Opera House, where "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mademoiselle Albani as a special honor.

On the evening of the 23d of June, the General was the guest of the Corporation of Trinity House, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is the master. The duke being absent, the Prince of Wales presided, the assemblage being brilliant and representative. In responding to the toast of his own health, the first given after that of the Queen, the Prince of Wales thus referred to the distinguished American guest:

"On the present occasion, it is a matter of peculiar gratification to us as Englishmen to receive as our guest General Grant. I can assure him for myself, and for all the loyal subjects of the Queen, that it has given us the greatest pleasure to see him as a guest in this country."

Earl Carnarvon proposed the health of the visitors, coupling with the toast the name of General Grant. He said:

"Strangers of all classes, men of letters, arts, sciences, statesmen, and all that has been most worthy and great, have, as it were, come to this centre of world civilization. I venture, without disparagement to any of these illustrious guests, to say that never has there been one to whom we willingly accord a freer, fuller and heartier welcome than we do to General Grant on this occasion. Not merely because he has performed the part of a distinguished general, nor because he has twice filled the highest office which the citizens of his great country can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good-will and affection which ought to subsist between us and the United States. It has been my duty to be connected with the great Dominion of Canada, stretching several thousand miles along the frontier of the United States; and during the last three or four years, I can truthfully say that nothing impressed me more than the interchange of friendly and good offices which took place between the two countries, under the auspices of President Grant."

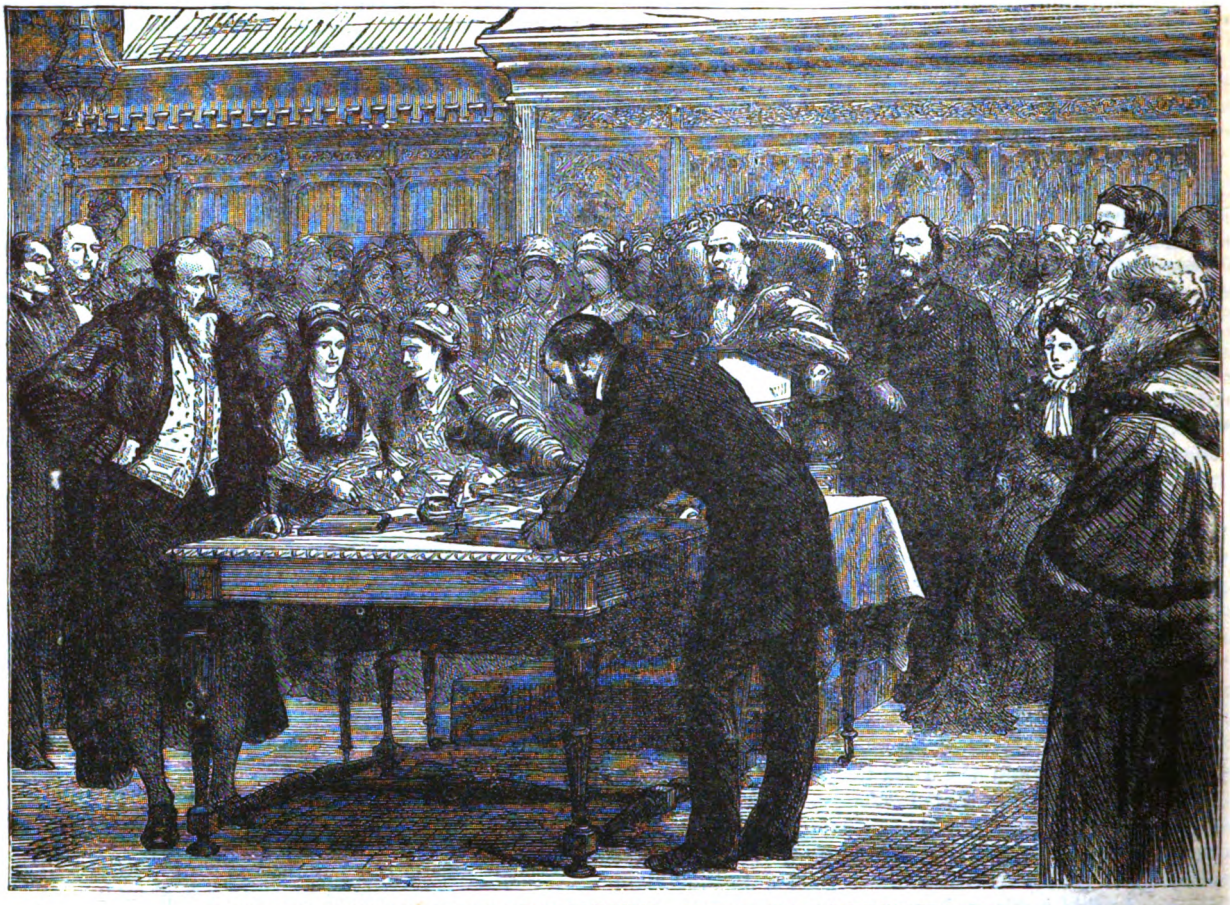
To these complimentary remarks, General Grant replied that he felt more impressed than he had possibly ever felt before on any occasion. He came here under the impression that this was Trinity House, and that trinity consisted of the Army, Navy and Peace. He thought it was a place of quiet, where there would be no talk or toasts, and was, therefore, naturally surprised at hearing both. The General referred particularly to the complimentary remarks made by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and by the Earl of Carnarvon, and briefly returned thanks to both. At this banquet there were present Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, Prince Leiningen, Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Chief-Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn.

General Grant now left the residence of Minister Pierrepont, and during the remainder of his visit in London was the guest of General Badeau.

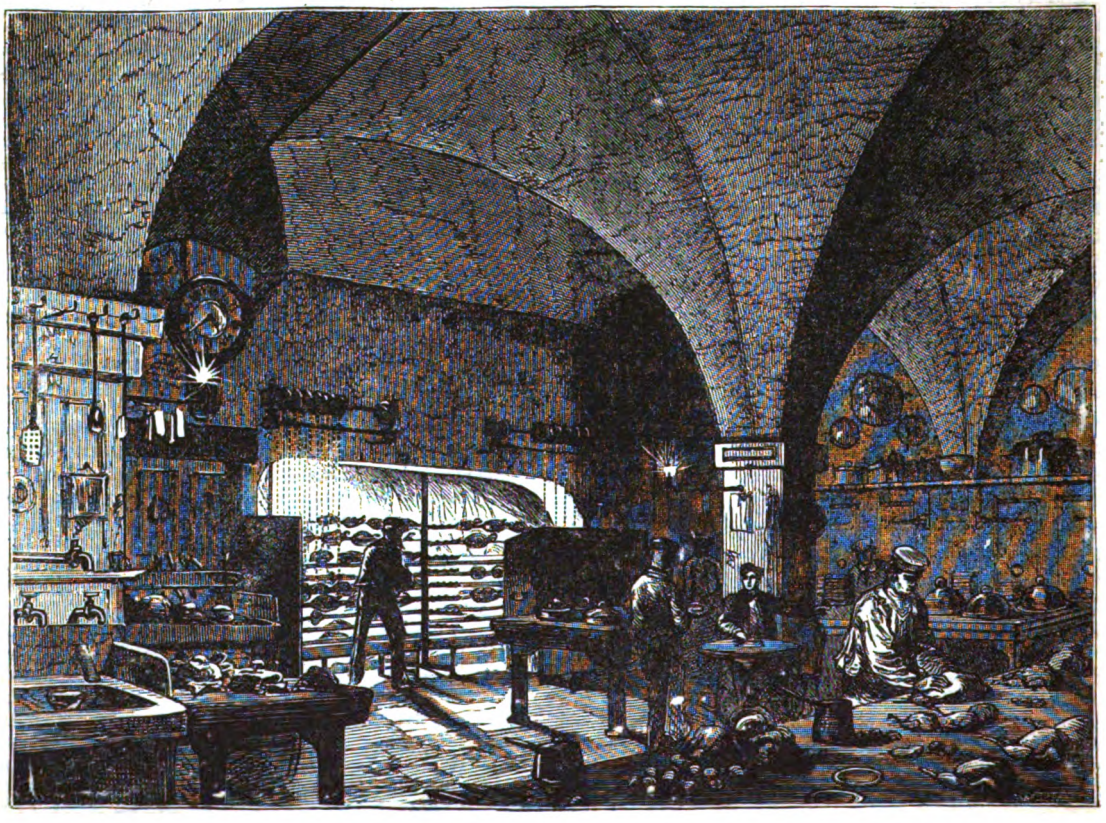
It is proper at this point to present a letter written by General Grant to George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, which, as it contains the General's own views, so far as he had formed any during the brief period which had then elapsed since his arrival in England, is worthy of preservation:

"LONDON, June 19th, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS: After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous sea-sickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival, and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for the formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy. But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The Mayor was present with his state carriage, to convey us to the hotel; and after that he took us to his beautiful country residence some six miles out, where we were entertained with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen. The press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far, I have not been permitted to travel in a regular train, much less in a common car. The Midland road, which penetrates a great portion of the island, including Wales and Scotland, have extended me the courtesy of their road and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London on Monday evening, the 30th of May, when I found our Minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, leaving but a few spare days in the



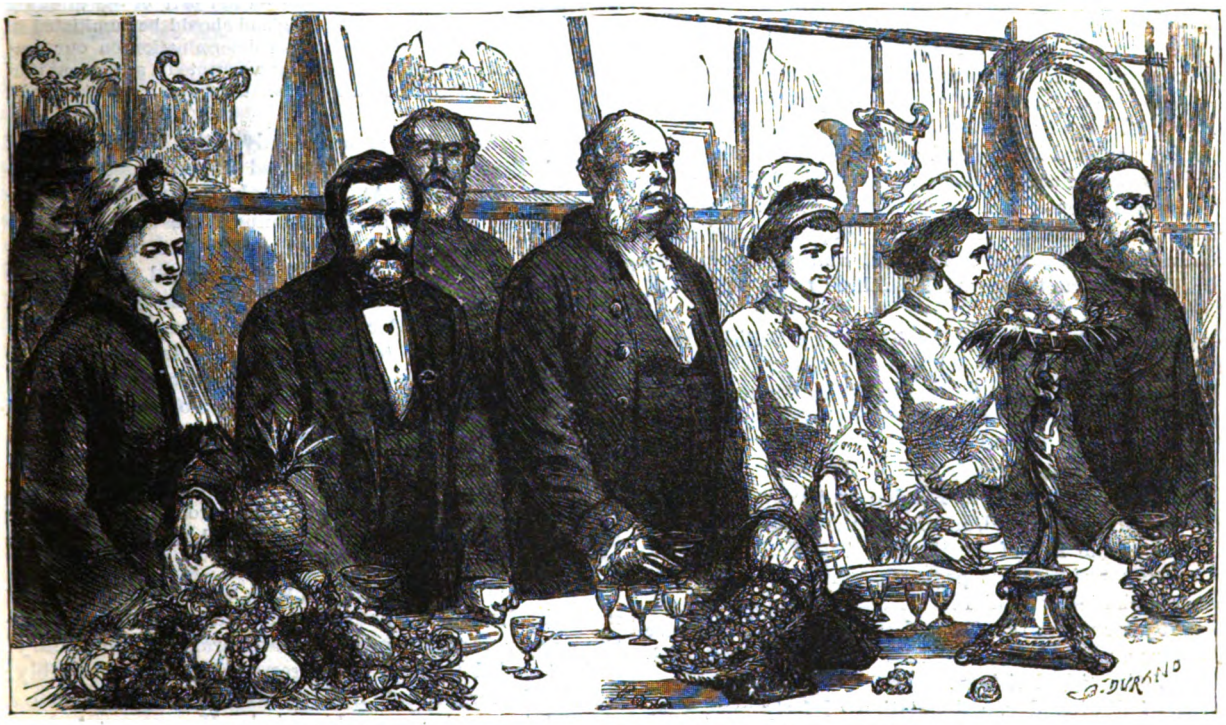
CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—GENERAL GRANT SIGNING THE RECORD.



THE KITCHEN IN THE MANSION HOUSE.—PREPARING FOR THE BANQUET.

interval. On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night the formal reception at Judge Pierrepont's was held. It was a great success, most brilliant in the numbers, rank and attire of the audience, and was graced by the presence of every American in the city, who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London has ever seen a private house so elaborately or tastefully decorated as was our American Minister's last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and for the attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud that it is respected by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousies between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together, they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of war by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war. I have written very hastily, and a good deal at length, but I trust this will not bore you. Had I written for publication, I should have taken more pains.

"U. S. GRANT."



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET TO GENERAL GRANT—DRINKING THE HEALTH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

On the very day when this letter was written, General Grant attended a *fête* given in his honor at the Alexandra Palace. Here he was warmly received by the public, and listened to a concert, the programme of which was largely made up of American airs. These included "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," besides which there was performed a new march, entitled "Ulysses," composed in honor of General Grant by a Mr. Hill. The programme was interpreted by Mademoiselle Rose Hersee, Signor Foli, and other artists. and by the choir and band of the Alexandra Palace, and the bands of the Royal Artillery, and the Coldstream Guards. Beside the pieces already mentioned, there were played the "Soldier's March and Chorus" from Faust, and the well-known air "Hail to the Chief."

It was on the evening of this day that the dinner party was given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in honor of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, at which General Grant was present as an invited guest, with the Dukes of Cambridge and Wellington, the Marquis of Hartington, Earl Granville, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Pierrepont, General Badeau, and the principal members of the Cabinet.

An interesting incident of General Grant's tour was his visit to the city of Bath, on the occasion of the show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, the oldest of the great English Associations, and one which has done the most to popularize in Great Britain the numerous inventions of the Americans. Bath, which is celebrated as a watering-place, is well-known to the readers of "Pickwick Papers," and to all those who are familiar with the history of Beau Nash. The fall of a foot-bridge, occurring this year, resulted in some loss of life and serious injury to many pleasure-seekers, and served to cast a gloom over the city of Bath. Recognizing this, General Grant telegraphed his regrets and desired to put off his visit. The authorities, however, would not hear of a postponement, and the trip was accordingly made; the General being received by the Mayor and Corporation of the city. His worship presented a brief address, offering to General Grant, in the name of the citizens of Bath, a hearty welcome, and assuring him that Bath always accepted with gratification any opportunity of showing its respect for the great country to which he had rendered signal services, and which had reposed in him its highest confidence. The General responded in a few words, expressing his gratitude for the reception accorded him and his regret that a distressing accident should have signalized the occurrence of the exhibition.

The General was entertained at luncheon in the Grand Pump Room, which was once frequented by Beau Nash and his companion exquisites. The carriage in which the Mayor and General Grant drove to the show-yard was adorned with American flags, and wherever he appeared the distinguished visitor was the object of enthusiasm and applause—a vast crowd assembling at the depot, when the train departed conveying him to London.

On June 26th, General and Mrs. Grant, and the American Minister proceeded to Windsor, to accept the invitation extended by the Queen. Her Majesty received her guests at the foot of the grand staircase, a ceremony only usual

in the case of crowned heads. In the evening, a dinner party assembled, including royalty and dignitaries of the highest rank; and on the following morning, General and Mrs. Grant drove through Windsor Great Park in one of the Queen's carriages, and afterward to the Great Western Railway Station, where the party took the noon train to London.

On the same evening, a state concert was given at Buckingham Palace, at which were present General and Mrs. Grant, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, and the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Duke of Cambridge.

On the following day he visited Liverpool, by appointment, to attend a banquet given in his honor, and which was held in the large ball-room of the Town Hall. On this occasion, General Grant appeared in his uniform of General of the United States Army, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He sat on the right of the Mayor, having next to him Lieutenant-general Sir Henry De Bathe, Commander of the Forces in the Northern District. The Mayor, in proposing General Grant's health, referred to the sterling qualities which he possessed as a soldier, and which had enabled him to restore peace and prosperity to his country. In response, General Grant said that the reception he encountered in England was far beyond his expectation, and was such as any living being might feel proud of. He believed, however, that it was indicative of the friendly relations which existed between two peoples, who were of one kindred, blood, and civilization, and he hoped that friendship between them would continue to be cultivated, and would long endure.

Referring to some remarks relative to the British Army, he said there were as many soldiers now in camp at Aldershot as in the regular army of the United States; but, if necessary, the United States could raise volunteers, and he and Mr. Fairchild (Consul at Liverpool) were examples of what those volunteers were.

General Grant returned to London on the 29th of June. On the evening of July 2d, he visited the House of Lords, and stood at the foot of the throne. The Earl of Carnarvon, upon perceiving his presence, quitted the Treasury Bench and chatted with him in a friendly manner for some moments, after which the General proceeded to the House of Commons, where he remained for a short time in the gallery for distinguished visitors.

On the following day, a deputation of forty men, each belonging to a different trade, and representing altogether about one million English workmen, waited on General Grant at General Badeau's house, and presented him an address, welcoming him to England, and assuring him of their good wishes and deep regard for the welfare and progress of America, where British workmen had always found a welcome. Brief but cordial speeches were then made by various members of the deputation, to all of which General Grant replied in the following language:

"In the name of my country, I thank you for the address you have presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid my Government, and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil, I have received great attentions, which were intended, I feel sure, in the same way for my country. I have had ovations, free handshakings, presentations from different classes, from the Government, from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace; but there has been no reception I am prouder of than this, to-day. I recognize the fact that, whatever there is of greatness in the United States, as indeed in any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government and no leading class, and nothing to preserve. With us, labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded, it is because man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man, and no matter what a man's occupation is, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered, in selecting, whether as a law-maker or as an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks for the address, and repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class, since my arrival, which has given me more pleasure."

On July 5th, General Grant left London and proceeded to Folkestone, where he embarked on the special steamer *Victoria*, for Ostend. At Folkestone, the General received the Mayor and Corporation, and was addressed by the former on behalf of the city. In response to this address he spoke as follows:

"I thank you for what has been said in honor of my own great country. It has been a feeling of mine, of many years' standing, that the United States and Great Britain should be the very best friends. You have kindly referred to my efforts, as executive of the United States, to settle the questions that were existing between the two countries, and which were liable, at any time, to create disturbance. Fortunately, however, these difficulties were settled in a manner creditable to both countries. There was no desire on my part, and I am sure there was none on the part of the thinking people of the United States, that England should be humiliated in any sense, and there was certainly a determination on our part that we should not be humiliated; but we wanted a settlement that should be honorable to both nations. That was my desire, at all events."

On the following evening, July 6th, General Grant reached Brussels, and commenced his continental tour, traveling incognito. At Brussels he was visited by the King of Belgium, and after remaining there until July 9th, proceeded to Cologne, Coblentz, and thence to Frankfort-on-the-Main. But as this article is designed to follow the footsteps of the illustrious tourist only during his stay in Great Britain, we need only observe that his further design included journeying to Berlin, *en route* for Sweden and Norway, after which his course would be uncertain.

While in London, General Grant by no means confined his movements to dining-out and appearing at receptions. It is related that it was customary for him to make almost daily visits to the city — that is, the business portion of London — through which section he strolled quietly with General Badeau, acquainting himself with the various points of local interest.

As to the General's opinions with regard to what he saw in England, some of these have leaked out through interviews and correspondence. The appearance of the country, as he traveled through it, impressed the General sensibly. The lovely verdure and highly finished cultivation made a marked impression upon his mind. He appears to have been also deeply impressed with the well-ordered cities, whose streets struck him as being lighted, cleaned, and policed with remarkable system. The noise of the street crowds, and their general good nature, also attracted his attention.

General Grant commented freely upon the American political system, in which he admitted there were many unsatisfactory elements. The scramble for office, the strife for spoils, and the freedom of public criticism he included among these.

Perhaps the most graceful and at the same time just commentary upon General Grant's visit to Great Britain was furnished by Mr. G. W. Smalley, the accomplished correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who wrote as follows:

"Now that General Grant has actually gone, and the long triumph of his reception has come to an end, I wish to repeat that his coming here has been of real service to his country. It has really knit a little closer the ties that bind England and America. In some of the talk upon this subject, there has been a trace of exaggeration, but put all the exaggeration aside, and enough remains to be of substantial value. It has been one other benefit, which General Grant has conferred upon his country. He has taken as

little as possible of the glory to himself. It is for the Republic, and in the name of his fellow-citizens, that he has invariably accepted the many marks of affection and attention bestowed upon him. In his demeanor there has been nothing to criticise and much to admire. In the friendship shown him, in the honors laid at his feet, there has been a sincere wish, on the part of Englishmen, of all classes, to show their good-will and respect for the Chief Magistrate, for the General, and for their own kindred across the ocean."

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable among the entertainments afforded to General Grant while in London was the dinner given him by Mr. John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*, at the Grosvenor Hotel, on June 29th. The exceptional feature of this dinner was the fact that most of the guests were journalists. Among these were the following: Mr. Thomas Walker, for some time editor of the *Daily News*, a powerful journal, which sustained the American cause during the rebellion, while almost every other London paper defended that of the Confederates; Mr. Frank Hill, present editor of the same paper, and Mr. Robinson, its manager; Mr. Frank Rae and Mr. Pigott, writers on the *News*, were also present; Mr. Lucy, editor of *Mayfair*, a new weekly; Mr. MacDonald, business manager and news manager of the *Times;* Mr. Stebbing, his editorial colleague, and Mr. MacDonell, the *Times* leader-writer, were also among the guests. Others were Mr. Frank Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Traill, of the same paper; Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph;* Mr. Edward Dicey, editor of the *Observer;* Mr. Edmund Yates, the novelist, and editor of the *World*. The American journalists present included Mr. Moncure D. Conway; Mr. William Winter, the graceful dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune;* and Mr. Chamberlain, son of the well-known journalist. Among the guests not newspaper-men were Monsignor Capel, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, Sir Joseph Fayrer, who was physician to the Prince of Wales in India; Mr. MacMillan, the publisher; and General Badeau. Here may properly be quoted some remarks concerning General Grant, made by Mr. Lucy, already mentioned, at this dinner:

"I do not know any man who can be silent with equal effect. He has a stern, steadfast way of regarding an interlocutor, which suggests that, if his tongue were loosed, he could rather astonish him with his eloquence. To a man who generally has an interminable *queue* of people waiting to be introduced, this is an invaluable gift; as each man goes away with the impression that, but for the crush, the General would have opened his heart and confided to him his views on current topics, particularly his estimate of the character of the late President Johnson. At worst, there broods above the round head (it is not round, but square) and shortly cut hair of Ulysses the lull that fell over Shiloh when the battle was over, and the appalling silence of Appomattox Court-house as Lee advanced, with head erect and sword held hilt outward."

Summing up the incidents which occurred during General Grant's stay in England, and the reflections which occur naturally upon these, we are first impressed with the thoroughness and universality of the consideration accorded him. It was a revelation to the American public to find that the English, who are not exactly a demonstrative people, should have first formed so high an estimate of our General and ex-President, and next, that they manifested their opinion so emphatically. After this, we must concede that what might reasonably have turned the head of almost any man appears to have affected General Grant not at all. Accepting all the dignities, honors and attentions showered upon him as bestowed only upon one of forty millions of sovereign Americans, he modestly, yet with a dignity which is of itself self-assertive, rejects all personal claim in the matter, and assumes for himself only his republican prerogative of citizenship. One other potent influence occurs as a result of this visit besides that referred to by Mr. Smalley. This is the awakening in the minds of the American people of a comprehension of the esteem in which the deeds of General Grant, both military and civil, have caused him to be held abroad; and following this, there has naturally been aroused among his countrymen a corresponding increase of admiration. In fact, it is gradually dawning on the American mind that there is probably no other so popular American in or out of his native country as General Ulysses S. Grant, the conqueror of peace for his country; and the conciliating statesman, who produced accord out of discord through the High Joint Commission at Geneva.

BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

Some years ago, a mercantile case of considerable magnitude was depending in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which, though the pleadings were unavoidably complicated and voluminous, the merits lay within a nutshell, and seemed to be so clearly with the plaintiff, that he could not comprehend what the defendant meant by persevering in his determination to incur the heavy cost of a trial before a special jury in London.

Again and again were the pleadings and proofs anxiously reviewed, but displayed nothing warranting the defendant's pertinacity.

The present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer led for the plaintiff, and the late Sir William Follett for the defendant; and at the plaintiff's consultation all his three counsel expressed their curiosity to know what the defendant could be about; and the day of trial was awaited with no little anxiety.

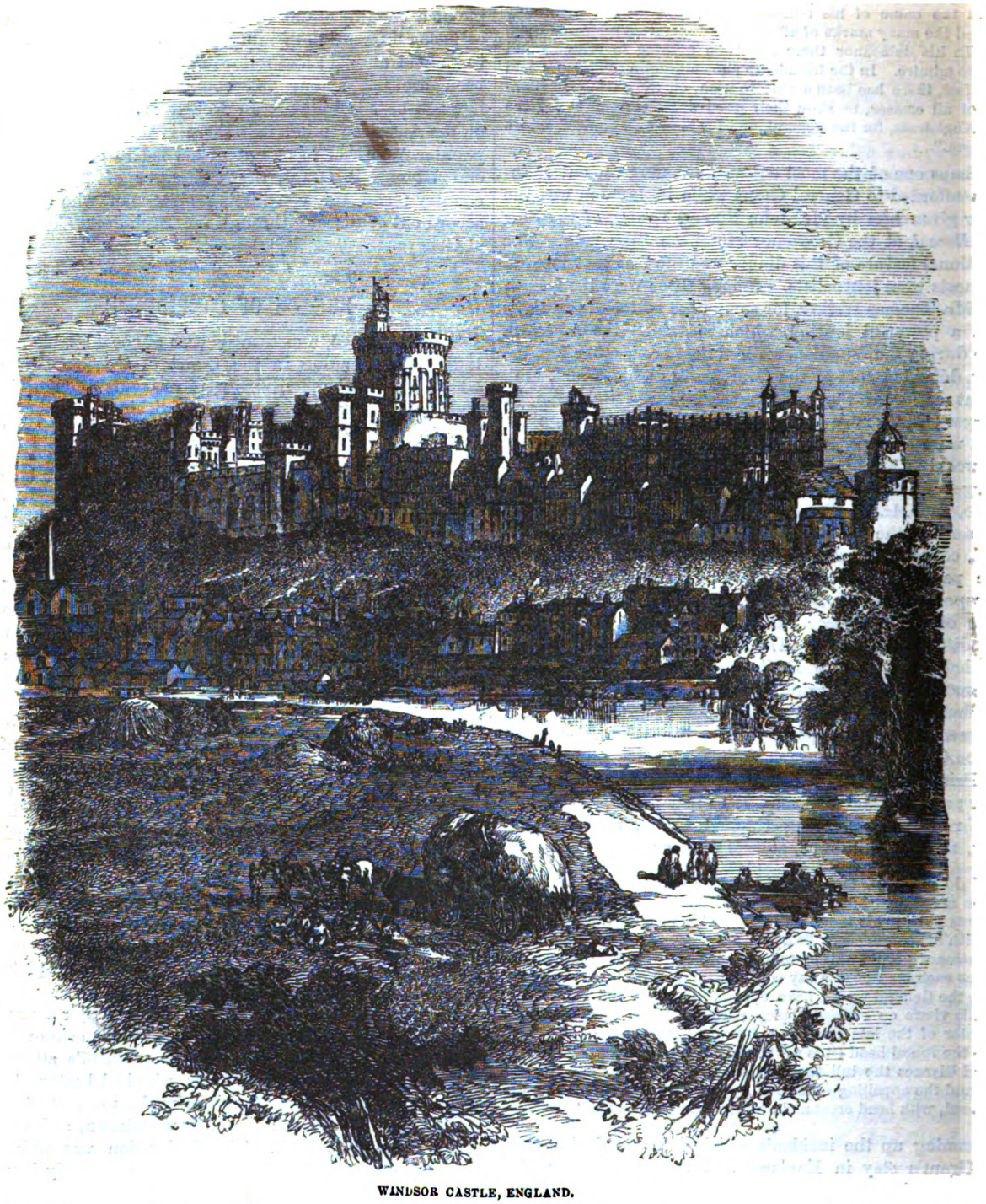
Now, mark! On the afternoon of the day but one before that fixed for the cause to come on, a young clerk of the defendant's attorney was dining at Dolly's chop-house with a friend, whom he was telling of a "great commercial case" in their office, in which Sir William Follett was going to nonsuit the plaintiff, because of a flaw in the declaration—a defective breach—in support of which a considerable number of witnesses were coming up on behalf of the plaintiff from Cheshire. He mentioned what the defect was, and that was distinctly overheard by one of the plaintiff's principal witnesses, whose person was unknown to the speaker, and who, hastening his dinner, started off to the plaintiff's attorney, and told him what he had heard.

The attorney instantly drove off to his junior counsel; a second consultation was fixed; the blot was acknowledged to exist, to the consternation of the plaintiff's attorney, a very able and vigilant practitioner, who had bestowed great pains on the case. An effort was made, unsuccessfully, to amend; the record was therefore withdrawn, and the witnesses were sent back. The declaration was ultimately amended at a fearful cost, all expenses previously incurred being, of course, thrown away.

Before the cause had become ripe, however, for trial, the plaintiff died; the defendant, a foreign merchant, fell into embarrassed circumstances; and the executors of the plaintiff recovered nothing. The slip in the declaration had been made by the junior counsel, a consummate pleader, whose large practice occasioned him to draw the declaration, which was long and intricate, in too much haste."

If you pursue good without labor, the labor passes away and the good remains; but if you pursue pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away, and the evil remains.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both.

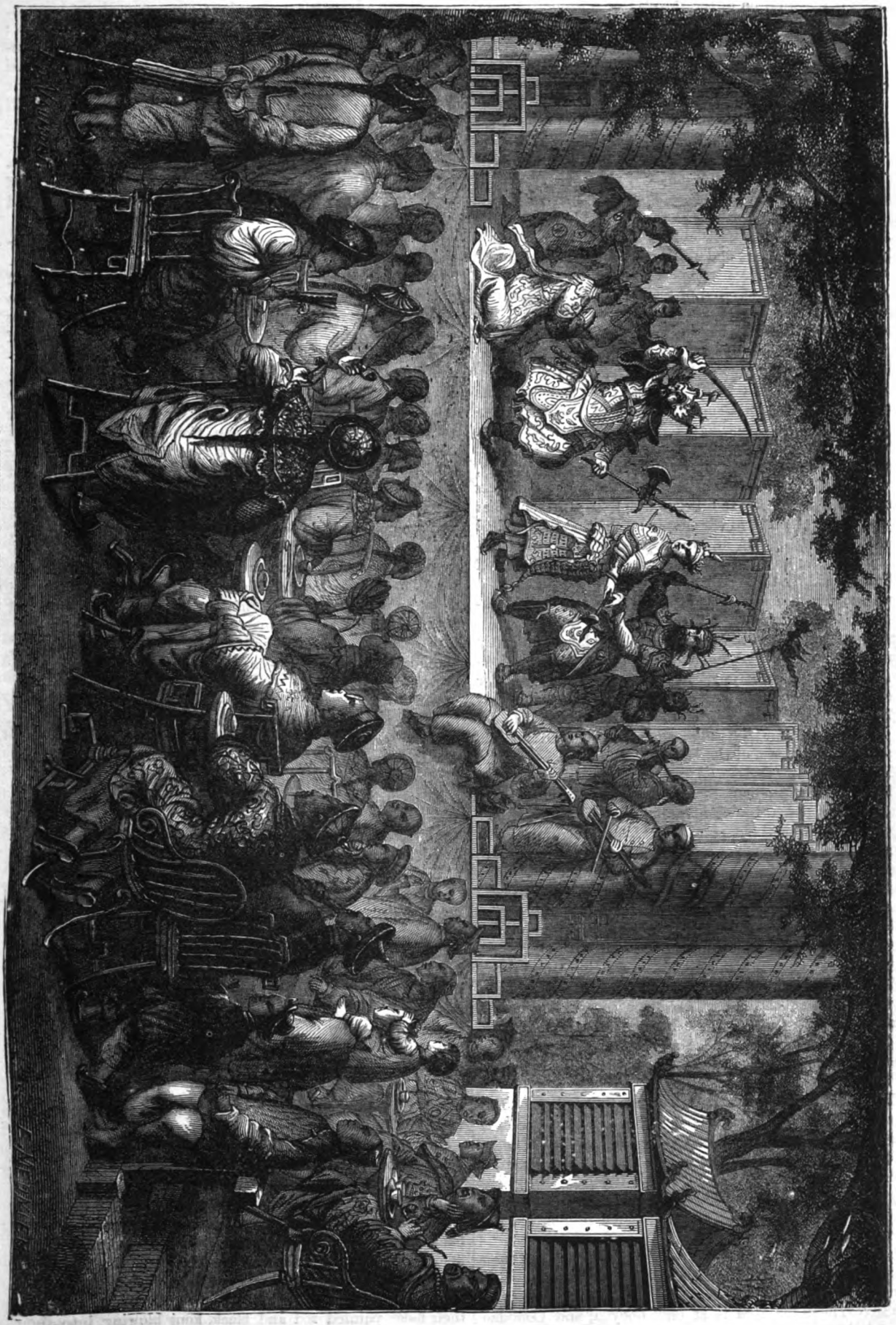


WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

AN AFTERNOON AT A PEKIN THEATRE.

THE announcement that a famous troupe of Chinese comedians were to give a performance of unusual brilliancy, and the recommendations of Professor Li, an accomplished amateur of the dramatic art, for me on no account to allow the opportunity to slip, led to my paying a visit to the principal theatre of Pekin. I had already seen the *Palan Flower Snatched Away* performed at Shanghai, but this was a piece written in the Soochow dialect, and some of the parts had been sustained by women—a thing contrary to law since the Emperor Tchien Loung had raised an actress to the dignity of an imperial concubine, and now only tolerated in the treaty ports.

The Pekin Theatre is a large, square building, one side of which is occupied by the stage, while running round the other three are wooden galleries. I took my place at a table in one of these, in company with my friend the Professor, and sipped a cup of unsweetened tea handed me by the servants, while the venerable Li regaled himself with dried watermelon seeds and Tientsin grapes. There were no females present, as at Shanghai and Canton, where the fair sex, attired in gossamer silks or furs, according to the season of the year, and with their hair adorned with natural flowers, lean indolently against a couple of female servants, who carry their pipes and fans. But young apprentice actors,



AN AFTERNOON AT A PEKIN THEATRE.—INTERIOR DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

recalling our "Children of the Revels" of a former century, kept passing from table to table, offering pipes to the worthy tradesmen who formed a large proportion of the audience, or drinking with them a cup of hot Chao-Chin wine. In their elegant theatrical costume—wide crimson trowsers, large hanging sleeves of bright blue, and a couple of long peacock's feathers waving like antennæ on either side of their gilt headdresses—they resembled huge, bright-colored beetles. From the habit of acting, their gait, attitudes and gestures had something measured and affected; still, they were by no means ungraceful. All these youths, I was informed, had received a distinguished literary education.

A cacophonous overture, chiefly sustained by continuously thundering gongs and shrieking fiddles, mingled with the doleful notes of glass trumpets and bamboo flutes, and the strongly marked rhythm of castanets and tambourines, came to an end, and the performance commenced. The first piece, according to a written programme, sold like ours throughout the house, was an historic opera, or drama intended to be sung, entitled, "*Ta tchin tshe*," or "*Golden Branch Beaten*," which in the language of every-day life means the "Emperor's Daughter Thrashed." After a procession of eunuchs, uttering feminine cries, the Emperor, wearing a robe embroidered with precious stones, and with a long, white beard, made his appearance, and softly sang, "The golden crow appears in the east, the jade rabbit has sunk toward the west, the bell of the brilliant sun has sounded thrice;" all of which simply meant that the sun had risen, the moon had set, and the Emperor had left his private apartments; an event sufficiently important to be notified to all the world by three strokes of a bell.

Still singing, the sovereign continued to relate the troubles of his reign: how a dangerous revolt, headed by An Lou Chan, the lover of his concubine, Tang kouei, had only been quelled after superhuman efforts by his general, Conodze In. "I am now happy," he chants in conclusion, "for the earth is tranquil, the sea calm, the river beautiful, and the Fong Houang" (the king of the birds) "is about to descend;" an incident which only occurs when the sovereign is virtuous, as in the case of the Emperor Kang Shi.

The Empress now arrives, and thus announces her coming: "I have left the Radiant Sun, and I come to the Golden Palace to approach the Ten Thousand Years;" which, stripped of all hyperbole, signifies, "I have come from my chamber to the throne-room, to see the Emperor." The latter inquires the reason of this visit; and the lady replies, "Your rapid courser," that is, the Emperor's son-in-law, "has dared, for I know not what reason, to brutally strike our daughter." The daughter, here introduced upon the scene, relates the circumstances of the insult. "He returned to the palace intoxicated," remarks she, "and quarreled with me, saying that it was his father and he who drove away the rebels and restored you to your throne. I answered nothing; at which he became furious and struck the Golden Branch, calling me a girl who does not know how to blush, an idiot who puts off new clothes to put on old ones. Moreover, he wanted me, a jade leaf of the Golden Branch, to kotow before my father-in-law." The Empress, who in her humility affects the title of concubine, joins her daughter in demanding vengeance for the outrage; and on the Emperor desiring them both to retire, assuring them that justice shall be done, the young lady admonishingly warbles as she makes her exit, "If you do not have him decapitated, the jade leaf of the Golden Branch will not feel satisfied."

The Emperor administers to her a mild reproof, and then sings aloud to his attendants, "Eunuchs, your Emperor commands you to introduce my imperial elder brother, Conodze In.' The injunction is at once obeyed, and Conodze In slowly advances up the stage, accompanied by his son, Couo Ai, who, bound with cords, is thus rebuked by him: "Little slave, your act was that of a madman. The Emperor loved you as he loved his daughter. Whatever induced you to get intoxicated and beat her? In a few seconds your head will fall. Alas, I am very old, and my garments will be stained with blood." To which the young man responds somewhat chirpily, "My father, no more of these lachrymose lamentations. She is the daughter of the Emperor, it is true, but after all she is my wife. I will prostrate myself before my sovereign, who will scarcely order me to be flayed alive."

By this time they have arrived in presence of the Emperor, who addresses Conodze In with much condescension. "You alone restored me my kingdom. I am Emperor, and you are only a mandarin; still, I will not permit you to kneel before me. Eunuchs, bring a gilt arm-chair. The Emperor and the mandarin are about to discuss affairs of State." Here Couo Ai makes his presence known by exclaiming that his bonds hurt him; whereupon the Emperor demands, "Who is the mandarin's son that is bound outside the door? Answer me, my elder brother." The father sings in response, "It is my son, Couo Ai, who in a regrettable state of inebriation struck your daughter without any cause. I have brought him here to receive his punishment—to have, in fact, his head cut off."

"Gently," sings the indulgent Emperor; "elder brother, you are going a little too far. Couo Ai is a very young man, and my daughter a very young woman. An old proverb says that however wise a mandarin may be, it is very difficult for him to rule his household. In my opinion, Couo Ai should not be punished. Unfasten his bonds, eunuchs, and replace his mourning garments by a court dress."

At this the father overwhelms the Emperor with his thanks, while the son proceeds to explain how the unfortunate affair arose.

"My wife," says he, "refused to prostrate herself before my father on his birthday, although my brothers and their wives did so without exception."

"It is well," exclaims the monarch; "you show proper filial respect."

Thereupon, not only does the Emperor abstain from punishing his son-in-law, but, out of gratitude for the services rendered by the latter, presents him with a scarlet robe embroidered over with golden dragons, a tablet commemorative of his heroism and his filial virtues, to be hung up in his hall of reception, and a sword of justice, with which he is privileged to decapitate any culprit without previously obtaining the imperial sanction.

The Golden Branch is now sent for, and, to her great astonishment, finds herself admonished in this fashion: "In not going and prostrating yourself before your father-in-law you have failed in your duty toward the Emperor, your parents, and your husband. I give you a cup of precious wine, which you shall offer to your father-in-law at his palace, as a token of repentance. In future, do not come here unless I send for you."

After this display of pretended indignation, the sovereign musingly remarks: "Couo Ai deserved punishment, but could I make my daughter a widow? Not only have I refrained from punishing him, but I have given him presents in acknowledgment of the heroism which he and his father displayed in defense of my dynasty."

A warlike drama followed. Processions of "supers," with banners of different colors, according to the party they belonged to, passed up and down the stage. Princes magnificently arrayed in gilt cuirasses and velvet boots, and accoutred with huge quivers and broad, stiff belts, and with their faces painted red and black, kept blowing into their

beards to indicate the violence of their anger, insulted each other in song, and met in single combat with mace and lance. They bounded in turn like tigers or acrobats over their adversary's head, and broke off in the midst of their encounters to drink a cup of tea brought to them by a servant in ordinary modern attire. One of them suddenly gave vent to a shrill cry, like the crow of a cock, and then the audience, usually so apathetic, warmed as it were by these various facts, the glitter of lances and battle-axes, and the waving of multitudinous banners, began to exclaim, "Hao, hao!" in sign of approbation.

The actors, despite their strange and conventional style, are not devoid of talent, but the absence of scenery and properties necessitates having recourse to some singular manœuvres. If a warrior wishes to mount his steed, he takes several strides in a majestic manner, lifts his right foot from the ground, and swings his leg over the back of an imaginary animal. The audience understand from this that he is now in the saddle, and when he switches the air with a stick, they know that he has started off full gallop. A severe-looking old man, broken down by age, advances, holding in either hand a square of canvas on which is painted a wheel. This signifies that the emperor has arrived in his chariot. An upright mandarin, unappreciated by his sovereign, flies in desperation to a wood. His mother follows him, carrying in front of her a canvas representation of a rock, which, after having expressed her sorrows in song, she deposits in a corner. The son, on his part, resolves to set fire to the forest, and to avenge himself in Chinese fashion by committing suicide. A resinous torch is brought to him, and he lights it, thereby giving the audience to understand that the forest is on fire. He next brandishes the torch and blackens his face with the smoke. The mother utters shrieks; but, disregarding them, he opens his mouth, bites as it were at the flame, and falls, supposed to be reduced to something like a cinder.

For the moderate outlay of from six to seven tiaos—that is to say, from three shillings to three shillings and sixpence—any spectator is privileged to have the programme of the entertainment varied according to his fancy. Profiting by this circumstance, after three noisy spectacular entertainments, I was able to witness a "shiao shi," that is, a realistic representation of an ordinary incident of modern life, entitled, "Fou Pang tseung tchouo" (or, "Fou Pang lets fall his Bracelet"). The characters were four in number—Mrs. Shen, the widow of Mr. Soun; Miss Soun-yu-tchiao, her daughter; Mr. Fou Pang, a young bachelor; and an old woman, who acts as matrimonial agent.

At the commencement of the piece, the young lady is discovered soliloquizing on the loneliness of her condition: "Sad, with frowning brows, I embroider to kill time; with my long sleeves I wipe away my tears; always, with me, new griefs succeed to old ones. I raise the lattice, and in melancholy mood regard the chrysanthemums. I have not courage to dress my hair near the window. I complain of my sad lot and am vexed with myself; the destiny of all pretty women, it is well known, is unhappy. My name is Soun-yu-tchiao; my father is dead, my mother remains a widow; our fortune is slender. I am already eighteen, and have not yet a husband. My mother is absorbed in her devotions; morning and night she prostrates herself before Buddha, burns perfumes and neglects the household affairs, so that I am not likely to see the day of my happiness approach. When I think of this my tears flow like the rain of an Autumn night, and each drop is a real grief to me."

The Chinese women, as a rule, are very superstitious, and several times a day they burn, in honor of Buddha, of the genii of the kitchen, and of the wicked spirits, sham ingots of gold and silver paper, regarding the value of which these deities, if deceived at all, must certainly be somewhat skeptical. They are continually running to the pagodas to consult the bonzes respecting their own healths and that of their children, when the priests of Buddha, instead of prescribing castor oil or quinine, order a certain number of little bits of paper, inscribed over with cabalistic characters, to be burnt before an idol, and the ashes swallowed by the patient in a cup of tea.

Mrs. Shen, who now makes her appearance, is a woman of this class, and observes that those who wish to escape from the tumult of the world must put all ordinary preoccupations aside. To her daughter's question as to why she has risen so early, she replies:

"I heard of the arrival of the pilgrim bonze, and have been listening to his explanation of the sacred books."

The daughter sneers at the bonze in question; which greatly irritates the mother, who threatens her with the enduring punishment meted out to the wicked, and orders her to go on with her embroidery until she returns at midday to prepare their repast.

Left alone, the young girl resumes her soliloquy, alternately singing and speaking. After lamenting her uncertain future, she notices that the door of the house is closed; why should she not set it ajar and amuse herself a little? "Quite alone, shut up in the inner room! quite alone! alone I sit, alone I lie down! Poor, pretty woman, whose lot is so hard! Much sadness, many tears! I know well enough that it is not proper for a young girl like me to stand at the door, but it is only for a moment, and nothing extraordinary is likely to happen."

At this juncture the long-wished-for lover makes his appearance, gayly warbling:

"I am taking a stroll merely to amuse myself, and will pass before the door of the Soun family. I observe a charming creature, as beautiful as Tchangho' (the divine beauty inhabiting the moon); "I perceive her pretty face, so tender that a breath of air, a fillip from a feather, would lacerate it. At the sight of her I am bereft alike of soul and senses." Here the young gentleman gives over singing, and soliloquizes also: "Attention! this beautiful person must be the daughter of the widow Shen; her physical charms excel those of all other women in the empire. I am Fou Pang. To make her my wife is the object of my ardent desire. I should like to speak to her, but unhappily the rites forbid a young girl to converse with a young man." At this point he breaks out into song again: "Although we are neighbors, I have not the right to infringe the rules of decorum. I dare not offend in any such manner. Besides, there is nothing in common between us. I am a man of family, I have the pride of my rank; I should be afraid of the ridicule and contempt of the people of the neighborhood; I hesitate, and yet my heart is on fire. Shall I let slip so favorable an opportunity? I will pretend to lose something: it is a good mode of arriving at a marriage."

Fou Pang, with a lover's indifference to the rites, determines upon addressing the damsel, and the following dialogue ensues:

"A question, miss, if you please; is this Mother Soun's?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Another question, if you please; is Mother Soun at home?"

"My mother, sir, is not at home."

"Ah, you are Miss Soun, then? I salute you."

"Sir, I salute you in return. A question, sir. What is your lofty name, what are your rich forenames? what is the reason you ask me if my mother is at home?"

"My name, miss, is Fou, my forename is Pang, my fancy-name is Yun Tchang. I inhabit the lane in front. I have

heard that in your residence you breed good cocks; I wish to buy a couple."

"We have, indeed, some cocks, sir, but I cannot sell them in my mother's absence."

"Since, miss, your noble mother is not at home, I will buy them elsewhere."

"As you please, sir," replies the young girl; to which Fou Pang politely rejoins:

"Miss, I take the liberty to retire."

As the amorous swain is leaving, he remarks to himself, "I will loosen my bracelet, which I wish to be the gage of our betrothal. I will let it fall from my sleeve while bowing. If she picks it up there are nine chances to ten that the marriage will take place. I will go at once and ask my mother to find a third party to arrange the affair."

butcher Leon Piao; my name is Hou Che, the go-between. An instant ago I perceived Mr. Fou in company of Miss Shen; their glances met, and on parting he let fall a bracelet. The brokerage of this business shall not escape me."

It is now the young lady's turn, and she proceeds to warble, "I gaze at this bracelet of jade by the light of the lamp. I do nothing but sigh; my tears fall one by one like pearls."

Mrs. Hou Che here interposes: "Miss, console yourself; I will bring him to you, and you will converse together at your ease Will that suit you?"

"Alas, madame," replies the young girl, "we are very poor; I have no gage to send him."

To which the old woman rejoins, "In exchange for the bracelet, a pair of embroidered slippers will do very well."

THE PLEASURES OF PIG-STICKING ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.

The young lady now sings, "On leaving me he had a smiling air; he saluted me, and intentionally let fall a jade bracelet. Why should not we become husband and wife? why should we not imitate the couples of mandarin ducks that sport among the water-lilies? I should then have some one to lean upon until my death."

The third person, who is indispensable to all Chinese marriages, here appears in the form of an old woman, who had seen the bracelet fall from a distance.

"These two young people," observes she, "smile lovingly at each other; their passion is warm, and only an intermediary is needed to arrange the marriage. The desire of gain is aroused in my old body, and why should I not secure the price of this mediation? I am the mother of the pork-

On the damsel handing these to her, she promises to bring an answer within three days' time, which calls forth endless protestations of gratitude on the part of the lovesick Soun-yu-tchiao.

"Fix the day when you will bring him to me," exclaims she; "it will be a good action, and I will be as grateful to you as to the mother who gave me birth. It is useless to ask me if I desire this marriage. I could live happily with him even as his second wife, and die peaceably with closed eyes."

The old woman bids her be easy in her mind, to go on with her embroidery, and keep the house-door shut until the happy moment arrives.

"I turn up the wick of the lamp and I await the phœnix," replies the young girl: to which the old woman rejoins:

"That is my business; I undertake to bring the butterfly into the garden."

"Perfect!" exclaims Miss Soun; "a pretty butterfly will enter the garden."

With which little speech this trifling sketch of modern Chinese manners comes to an abrupt close.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early part of the French Revolution the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to await the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited by this interval to devise a plan of escape.

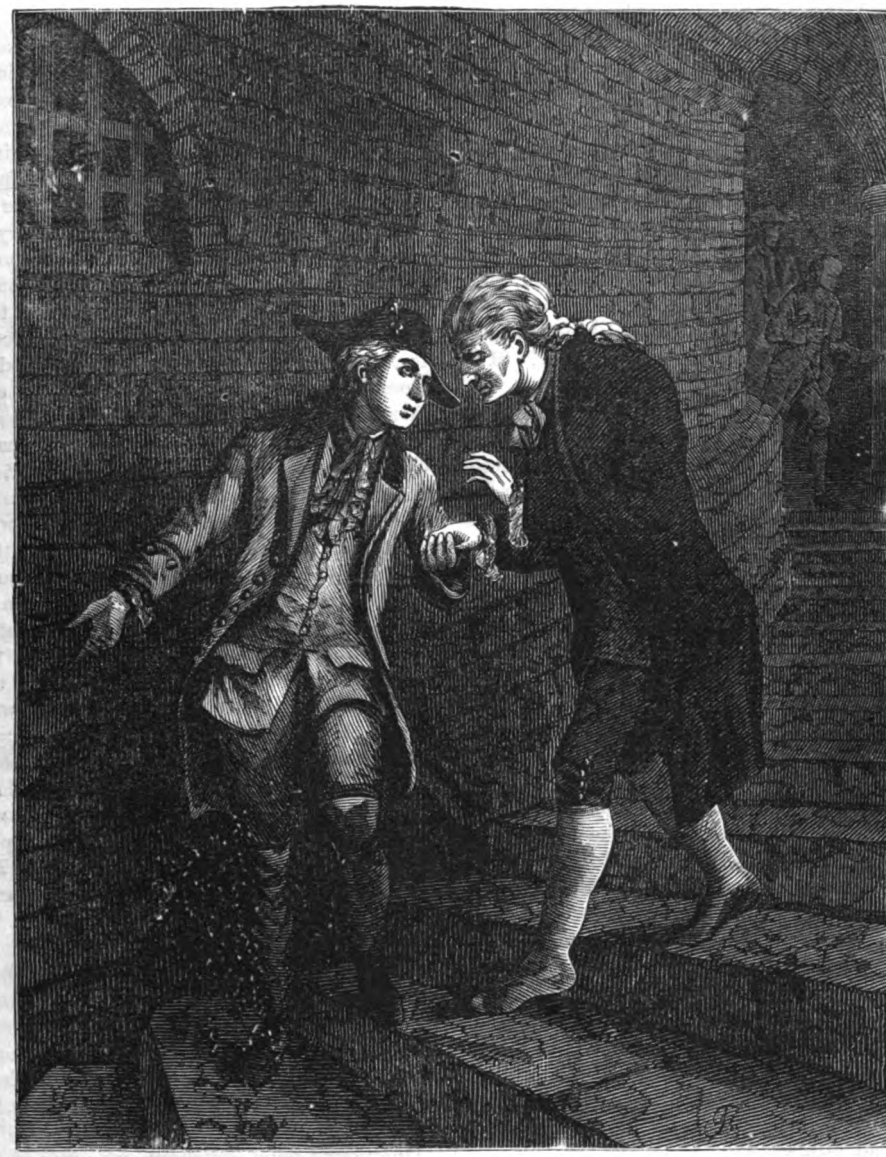
His sisters having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him.

"It is not now a time to weep," said he; "it is a moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavor to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate; bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring in a poniard, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defense. By this gate, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them."

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged.

The evening arrived; a general supper was proposed, the last they thought they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labors; one of them was placed as a sentinel next the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey, if at his visit at two o'clock in the morning he should appear to suspect anything; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches.



THE CAVE OF DEATH.—"THE FATHER, OVERCOME BY HIS DUTIFUL AFFECTIONS, YIELDED, AND, SUPPORTED BY HIS SON, MADE HIS WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE."

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double-barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open—it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavored in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured; and being lighted, and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

This door, they found, led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things, was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited by the discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two

doors besides that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led into the apartments of the jailer. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned toward the Cave af Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labors till his return.

When the scout returned, he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they had heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding-doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long, dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but, listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was, indeed, a terrible stroke; had they, then, got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labors prove then at length fruitless?

One only resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they conceived must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville.

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral cried out:

"What are you about! If we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait a while. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees; and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can get away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave; and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape."

This plan appeared judicious and safe; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates, returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Challoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them, the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen, who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkey; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, retaken, and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street; but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he addressed him: "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place I would not remain out of doors such weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour, he found parties of the gendarmery dispersed everywhere. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gendarmes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went down-stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gendarmes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "'Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask." "More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gendarmes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening, Porral, dressed in woman's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotière, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety.

One young man, Couchoux, who was of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son!" said he; "if thou hast the opportunity, fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty, but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished, and death will be deprived of its sting, if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded; and,

supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase, but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

THE PLEASURES OF PIG-STICKING ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.

By A. Locher.

During the prevalence of cholera in Bagdad (Mesopotamia), in August and September, 1865, the few European residents of the "City of the Caliphs," among them the author of this article, spent five weeks in a temporary tent-camp, pitched close to the left bank of the River Tigris, about twenty miles below Bagdad, on the site of the famous defunct city of Ctesiphon, or "Madain," by which latter name the ruins thereof are known to this day among the Arabs.

My friends W—— and J——, like myself, inveterately fond of hunting, occasionally returned to the camp with wild pigs, which we had slain with our rifles. A young Englishman, Captain C——, then commander of one of the few steamboats which ply on the river, insinuated, one day at the dinner-table in our camp, that he considered it neither sportsmanlike nor gentlemanlike to hunt wild pigs with powder and ball, but it invariably should be done on horseback, with the lance.

Considering myself insulted by this remark, I informed him that I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Major Probin, the famous one-armed tiger-slayer of Western India (indisputably, though small in stature, the greatest tiger-slayer that ever lived), Captains Davidson and Baumgardtner, of India sporting fame, likewise highly dangerous to lions and Bengal tigers, Messrs. Green and Anderson, South African Nimrods and wholesale slaughterers of elephants, as well as with many others of nearly equal prominence in the annals of hunting, all of them reputed gentlemen, and none of them considering it beneath his dignity, or injurious to his sporting fame, to bowl over a wild boar with a ball from their unerring rifles.

Only partially satisfied with my explanation, Captain C—— made arrangements there and then with his English friends for a pig-sticking expedition to take place the following week.

On the day fixed for the sport, a few horsemen left the camp long before sunrise, splendidly mounted, and armed with the customary long spears or lances. Not far from camp they came up with a small troop of pigs, which, however, on the approach of the hunters, took refuge in the dense and thorny brushwood in that locality. Owing to the small number of Arab beaters (men on foot employed to scare and drive the game before them by loud yelling, and beating of the bushes with heavy sticks) they had with them, our sportsmen had to perform most of that unpleasant work themselves, by forcing their horses through the dense thickets.

By dint of almost superhuman efforts, the party finally succeeded in driving the game out on the open plain; but at what a price! The legs of the poor fellows, especially those of their gallant horses; were horribly lacerated by the bushes, prickly pears, and other thorny plants, and blood, trickling from their wounds, marked their track as they advanced.

As soon as the game was driven from under cover, a hot chase commenced, poor piggy taking to his legs with a will, and endeavoring to reach another cover some few hundred yards distant, closely pursued by the well-mounted hunters, who thrust at them right and left with their sharp, long lances whenever they succeeded in coming up to them; which, by-the-way, is no easy matter, for though the fleet Arab horses can overtake any wild pig in a straightforward race, the latter, when pursued, will never take a direct course, but will dodge and evade his pursuer by swerving abruptly round to either right or left, by running in a zig-zag line, by stopping suddenly in his course, turning briskly round, and running back in the direction whence he came.

Pig-sticking on the banks of the Tigris is very hard and dangerous work, for the pigs of that region appear not only to be particularly fleet-footed, but the country itself is, in a great many places, very unfavorable for fast riding, by reason of its clayey soil, baked on the surface as hard as stone by the scorching heat of Summer, and split in all directions by deep fissures, varying from one inch to two feet in width, and from one to six feet in depth, so that any horse, going at full speed, and happening to step in one of the larger fissures, must inevitably break one or more of his legs, and at the same time afford his rider a splendid opportunity to break his neck, amusements rather too expensive, in my opinion, to be indulged in for the sake of a paltry wild pig.

After a hot chase of about half a mile, Mr. E—— and Mr. J——, two excellent horsemen, each succeeded in securing his pig, while Captain C—— (the party who had so severely criticised the shooting of pigs) was still dashing after "the wily porker" he had singled out for his prey. Heedless of the dangerous ground over which he sped with amazing velocity, his eyes intently fixed on the bristly fugitive scarcely five yards ahead of him, he was just about plunging the blade of his lance into the panting side of the all-but-exhausted boar, when—crash! down broke horse and rider with a terrible shock.

When the rest of the hunting party arrived at the spot of the accident, a horrid sight presented itself; with both his forelegs wedged in one of the fissures referred to above, lay the poor horse, completely stunned by the terrific fall, with head and chest frightfully lacerated, and bleeding profusely; fully twenty feet ahead of the horse lay the helpless rider, with his face downward, just as he fell, and to all appearances a corpse. On being picked up, his face was one horrid mass of gore, which flowed copiously from nose, mouth and ears, while his eyes were shut, and the orbs thereof turned ghastly upward.

A field-flask of brandy, the only stimulant at hand, was applied at once, but without avail, for he gave no signs of life. There being no appropriate means to convey the man back to the camp, one of the horsemen was dispatched in hot haste to the tents, to obtain a litter and a mattress, as well as to procure the immediate attendance of the surgeon of the gunboat at the service of the British Consul-General of Mesopotamia and Political Agent of Bagdad, who had the boat anchored for the protection of our camp, in the river, right in front of our tents.

While some of the hunting party attended to their prostrate companion, the rest proceeded to extricate the horse. Finding, however, both of the animal's forelegs broken, they, of course, immediately dispatched the poor brute, to end his sufferings.

Assistance from the camp soon arrived. Upon careful examination, the surgeon pronounced the unfortunate man to be still alive, but in a very critical condition, having sustained a concussion of the brain, broken his left arm, right wrist, and the collar-bone, and but for his robust constitution, there would have been little hope left for his recovery.

He was still senseless when brought into camp, but soon after recovered sufficiently to be able to open his eyes. It took the patient fully three months to recover entirely from the effects of that accident. He never again quarreled with me about the respective merits of pig-shooting and pig-sticking.

A DUEL WITH RAWHIDES IN KORDOFAN.

Dueling, grave a subject as it is, has its absurdities that provoke a smile. None, however, strike us more strangely than the singular mode of dueling among the Kordofans. Giving satisfaction there is a serious matter.

When two men appeal to the code to settle a quarrel, it is not an affair of swords and pistols. The two repair to the place chosen, generally some open ground. The friends and kindred assemble, and all is made ready for the combat. The preparations are simple. They consist in an *angareb*, or crib, on either side of which the duelists are placed, each armed with a lash made of hippopotamus leather. Then an attempt is made to arrange the matter. If this fails, the one who has drawn the first fire lays on his rival with all his strength. He receives it without wincing, and deals as good a blow as he gets. Lash follows lash, on neck, shoulders, sides—but not on the head—drawing blood, and lacerating the flesh. But, intense as the pain may be, no expression or groan is given. The spectators are equally silent, and the battle goes on till the rawhide drops from the nerveless grasp of one of them. The victor then throws his down, they shake hands, declare themselves satisfied, and the quarrel is ended. Friends then care for them, wash their wounds, and drink deep of *merissa*, or beer, in honor of the unflinching duelists.

IRISH HUMOR.

The lowest class of the Irish have more native humor than any other body of the people in the same rank of life. Fielding, the barrister, the son of the author of "Tom Jones," used to relate the event of a bet made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's Street, then crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question.

It was: "If you were put naked on the top of St. Paul's, what would you be like?"

The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran away sulkily, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him, 'What should I be like?' says he; 'why, like to get cowld, to be sure, your honor.'"

"This," says the narrator, "they call mother-wit; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question, or giving an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding give an instance of this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow Street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?' says he. 'To be sure I was,' says Pat; '*wasn't I born there?*' 'How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, 'with that brogue, which shows you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester?' 'I didn't say I was born there,' says he; 'I only asked your honor whether I was or not.'"

A DUEL WITH RAW HIDES IN KORDOFAN.

NOBODY'S LOVER.—"TOM LEAPED FROM THE BOAT INTO THE WATER, AND SWAM LIKE A FISH FOR THE PIER."

NOBODY'S LOVER.

Two STATELY dowagers strolling leisurely up and down a veranda that opened upon one of the loveliest gardens that ever blossomed in this world of lovely sights and sounds and scents.

Ah! I always lost myself when I stood on tiptoe and looked over the hedge into that garden; when glimpses of the falling, laughing waters in the fountain came to me, and great, cool stretches of shade tempted like a dream of Elysium.

And I used to lean over the doctor's chair, and sigh so portentously, that the dear fellow would rouse himself from some dream about typhoid or pneumonia, and say:

"What now, my dear?"

"Oh, I wish I was a young woman, and Tom Halbert would ask me to marry him!"

"What would you say?" looking very fierce, and pinching my fingers.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Halbert. I am dreadful sorry, but I am engaged to the young doctor over the way, and I love him dearly."

"I don't believe it!" with a smile shining out of the frown. "If you do, why do you go sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt—*i. e.*, Tom Halbert's roses and honeysuckles?"

"Richard, I wish we had a grown-up daughter," I answered, taking no notice of the irrelevant question.

"You'd turn matchmaker—of course you would—and marry her to Tom Halbert's house and garden, and Mrs. Halbert, his mother——"

"And Tom. And I'd have roses on my table every day in the year, and be a happy woman."

"Not at all. You'd sigh for the moon—you would. There goes the office-bell. It's time a stop was put to your nonsense, Mrs. Richard. Here, Tartar"—to the big, black St. Bernard—"watch your mistress, and keep Tom Halbert off."

And he was away, with a laugh and a kiss. And I, sitting in the golden October sunshine, and seeing the two stately dowagers decorously walking up and down, knew to a certainty that they were scheming, one to keep, and the other to get possession of, this beautiful home of Tom Halbert's. Else, why did Madame Halbert bar the door to young, pretty girls; and why did Madame Oliver, with Felicie and Roberta and Dulcie—I almost forgot Dulcie; she was only a girl just out of her short frocks and pinafores, and nobody ever remembered her—why had she stormed the castle and laid siege to the fortress, at an outlay of ever so much new finery for the girls, and no end of *finesse* for herself.

Mrs. Halbert was enlarging on the great loss she had sustained in General Halbert—the general was gouty, and as cross as two sticks, but how was Mrs. Oliver to know?

"It is a dreadful thing to be widowed," said the devoted relict, wiping her eyes with a trifle of Valenciennes.

"My dear, I can sympathize with you. I, too——"

Remainder lost in indistinctness. Unutterable things taken for granted.

"You have a great consolation in your charming daughters," said Mrs. Halbert.

"And you in your estimable son," said Mrs. Oliver.

"A son is not like a daughter," sighed Mrs. Halbert.

"Ah, my dear, you don't know my trials. Felicie and Roberta will have a hundred thousand apiece. What a lure to fortune-hunters!" and she shuddered.

Mrs. Halbert's fine eyes flashed out in a gleam of pleasure, and then she shuddered too—or pretended to.

"You have no such fear. Tom can marry as he likes. Perhaps even now he is preparing to give you a daughter."

"Tom?" with a little well-bred shriek. "No, indeed! Tom is so awkward and ugly and shy! Oh, dear! Tom is nobody's lover. Who would marry Tom?"

"Felicie! Roberta!"

Mrs. Oliver did not say this aloud. It was only something inside that clamored those names.

"But why should Felicie and Roberta, who had a hundred thousand apiece?" asks the reader.

Because there were people who understood the nature of Mrs. Oliver's investments. They were in ships that never came home from sea, in *châteaux en Espagne*, in acres in No Man's Land, in unquarried mines in the Mountains of the Moon; and so not exactly available.

But Mrs. Halbert could not know this, having met her at a little watering-place, where Felicie and Roberta made eyes at Tom, and frightened him into more than usual shyness.

At first Mrs. Halbert had hedged herself about with a chilling dignity. Tom must not marry at all. Halbert House was hers only till Tom married. All Mrs. Halbert's heart—I am afraid there wasn't very much of it, in the first place—was in the grave of her dead son Jack. To Tom she had never been more than a stepmother. Tom resembled his father, and Mrs. Halbert had private reasons for disliking her husband. And so Tom got only indifference, with a dash of coldness; a little sharp satire occasionally; now and then a ladylike sneer at his big, loosely-knit, somewhat awkward body.

"Who would think that round-backed, clumsy lout was my son?" he overheard her say to her maid one day.

Tom never forgot it. And he grew up absurdly self-conscious and shy—a big, genial fellow, with a heart as tender as a woman's, which overflowed toward his horses and dogs, and, most of all, his flowers. So he made the broad domain one splendid blaze of beauty, and fled from the sight of a woman as if she had been the veritable temptress herself. He made one exception. That was Mrs. Richard, the doctor's little wife, over the way. She used to stop and stare at his flowers, till he was out of all manner of patience. One day she plucked a spray of honeysuckle which ran riotously over the wall. Tom saw her.

"What right have you to pick my flowers?" he growled.

The little woman turned white, gazing blankly at the big, brawny fellow, half hid in the mass of climbers.

"Oh, sir, I thought—you have so many—you wouldn't mind."

Tom gave a growl. The little woman quaked, and sobbed out something repentant.

Tom stole a glance from under his shaggy eyebrows. The soft place in his heart was touched.

"Stop a minute!"

He gathered a huge bunch of fragrant, creamy blossoms.

"Oh, you are so good!" she cried, in her thanks.

Tom colored, and turned away.

"Come in any time and help yourself," he said, dreadfully embarrassed.

She thanked him again, smiling.

"I wish you would come and see my husband!" she called to him, as he was hurrying away.

"I never go anywhere, thank you," said poor Tom.

But he came. And this was how it happened that Tom Halbert sat one day in Mrs. Richard's parlor. The little woman was sewing, and Tom's great hands were busy in her work-box. They were white hands, though, and very nice and shapely. Mrs. Richard had found out, a good while ago, that there was something very sweet in his blue eyes—something in his smile that warmed one's heart. Mrs. Richard liked to see him sit there; and Tom liked it, too.

"It seems pleasant to be with you again. Somehow, it's a homelike place, Mrs. Richard."

Mrs. Richard was pleased. She liked to have him appreciate the cozy comfort of her snug nest.

"I wish, Tom, you had a home of your own. Halbert House is very beautiful, but——"

"I understand," he broke in. "Chairs all in a row; pictures straight on the wall; nothing lying about; no work, no books, no litter, such as children and—and women make," said Tom, reddening furiously at the last words.

Mrs. Richard laughed.

"I should think there would be litter enough now. I saw some immense Saratoga trunks go in to-day."

"The Olivers," said Tom, opening his eyes.

"Well, I dare say, if you were to go in upon them now, you'd think chaos and old night were come again."

"Should I?" asked Tom, simply. "They always look very nice when they come down."

Mrs. Richard sewed upon her seam.

Tom studied a pincushion attentively.

"Tom Halbert, you want a wife!"

"Mrs. Richard——"

He stopped, grew white, grew red, and stared at her in a helpless, appealing sort of a way.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Richard.

She was in a fever to free her mind.

"You know you do. If you don't you ought to—a big fellow like you, with lots of money. Why, you'd be a thousand times happier. I say I think it's a shame, when somebody is dying for you to love her, and take care of her, that you don't do it."

"Oh, Mrs. Richard, do you think I could?" he gasped.

"What?"

"Make anybody have me."

"Why not?"

"Such a big, awkward——"

"Nonsense!"

"Plain——"

"Not at all."

"Shy, bashful lout as I am."

"For shame, Tom Halbert! You are very nice-looking."

"Oh, Mrs. Richard!"

"I speak truly."

Tom blushed. Oh, *how* he blushed! Mrs. Richard blushed, too. I am sure I don't know what for.

"Women don't care for beauty—women who are of any value. They ask if a man is true and good and loyal, and if he loves them."

"You really think, then, I might try?" said Tom, with tremulous eagerness.

"Try? Of course! And you'll succeed. She can't help seeing what a dear fellow you are."

Mrs. Richard's feminine curiosity began to clamor.

"You mean to tell me who it is!" she insinuated, softly. "I know you've thought of some one."

"Oh, yes, I've thought of her," said Tom, sighing like a furnace, "all day and all night, too, ever since I saw her at that wretched seaside place. The others flirted and left her to amuse herself. Anybody else would have moped. But she didn't. She played with the children; she ran up and down the beach; she did a good turn to all the old women. And she was always singing, and as fresh and bright as a rose—as sweet, too. Don't you like yellow hair, all in short

curls and ripples, as if the wind had blown it? I do. I liked her because she was such a piece of sunshine."

"It's Felicie, I suppose," said Mrs. Richard. "She is very piquant, very sparkling."

"Felicie!" in a frightened tone.

"It's Roberta, then. I like that better. Roberta is very graceful, like a lily."

"It isn't Roberta. Good Heavens, Mrs. Richard! don't you see it's—Dulcie?"

"Dulcie!" in astonishment. "Dulcie! Why, she's only a child."

"A child—is she?" said Tom, looking very much alarmed.

"You dear goose, she isn't much more than sixteen."

"Oh, yes, she is!" recovering himself. "She's eighteen or twenty. I shouldn't wonder if she was twenty."

"And she isn't Mrs. Oliver's child at all, but only her husband's. And she hasn't a penny of her own."

"I'm glad of it," said Tom, savagely. "I wouldn't marry a woman with money. It's enough for her to have all the good looks on her side."

"Oh, Tom!" she sighed, "you'll have a battle to fight. Mrs. Oliver will be against you. And your mother—if she'd ever consent to your marrying at all, it would be to a woman with money. But that child! Oh, Tom! you soft-hearted, easy man! what are you going to do against two women—ay, four women?"

A gleam of fire flashed from Tom's eyes.

"If Dulcie will have me, all the king's oxen and all the king's men sha'n't draw me the other way. But, oh! Mrs. Richard, it's too much to hope for! She is so lovely, so everything that is sweet!" Tom faltered.

Mrs. Richard comforted him till he took heart.

The little woman was in her element. It was easy enough to take notice of Dulcie, to smile a good-morning to the sweet maiden, when she showed her flower of her face behind the screen of honeysuckle. It was not very hard to coax Dulcie to come and see her, and even to get her into the habit of running over at odd hours, till the place grew like home to her.

But how to manage Tom Halbert, how to persuade him to happen in by accident when Dulcie was there, and how to keep him from getting as red as one of his own peonies—that was another matter!

Dulcie had a sweet voice. What she knew of music she learned, I fancy, from the birds, who, after all, may be supposed to know considerable about it. And so when, in the gloaming, she sang her pretty, quaint, old Scotch melodies in Mr. Richard's parlor, Tom Halbert used to hide behind the vines on the veranda, and listened till his heart ached with delight. Nobody ever knew he was there. He never had the grace to ask for another song, nor applaud ever so lightly. But when the birds had been shamed into silence, and the stars twinkled out into the blue heaven, and the singer fell off into reverie, Mrs. Richard used to hear a step fiercely crunching the gravel, and the gate of Halbert House shut with a bang. And then Dulcie would sigh softly, and presently laugh, and make some little joke, and beg Dr. Richard to see her home.

"Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
Come, listen to my song—"

sang Dulcie, one night. Tom knew it. What possessed her always to sing that? Tom smoked away furiously. A whip-poor-will cried out, in a tree, not far off.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" growled Tom.

Softly floated out the singer's words:

"'Tis to woo a bonny maiden,
When the kye come hame,
'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame."

"O-o-oh!" said Tom, between his teeth. And then they heard him stride off, and, presently, the gate bang.

Mrs. Richard sighed—she was so vexed.

"I have driven Mr. Halbert off again," Dulcie said. "He doesn't like to hear me sing!"

"Doesn't he?" said Mrs. Richard.

"Oh, dear, no! Haven't you noticed he always goes off pretty soon? It must sound badly to him," she added, apologetically, "after hearing Felicie and Roberta. They have been so well trained. But mamma thinks my voice isn't worth cultivating."

"Indeed! So Mr. Tom doesn't like your singing?"

"Of course not. How could he? If he did, he wouldn't go away, would he?" said Dulcie, innocently.

"My dear, Tom Halbert is a goose, and you're another."

As Dulcie's wondering, smiling face was uplifted, she gave her a kiss, and then Dr. Richard tucked her under his arm, and took her home.

"Dr. Richard, something must be done!"

"Yes, my dear," said Dr. Richard, mildly.

"To bring those two foolish creatures together. If ever a girl deserved a dear, kind, tender husband, it's Dulcie. And Tom——"

Dr. Richard stroked his mustache reflectively.

"Well!" said his wife, seeing he had something to propose, and interrupting herself.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Richard, that if the law allowed me to take two wives——"

"Dr. Richard, don't make irrelevant remarks. I am overwhelmed by the nature of my plan."

"What is it?"

"A picnic!"

"A truly original suggestion!"

"You see, Tom would be host, and he *couldn't* run away; and there are such chances for love-making at a picnic."

Dr. Richard scowled.

"You'll stay at home, madam," in a fierce tone.

Mrs. Richard laughed merrily, and immediately set about perfecting her scheme.

"A picnic!" said Mrs. Halbert, the next morning, twirling a little scented note in her hand.

Mrs. Oliver eyed it, loftily, through her glass.

"My dear Mrs. Halbert, who is this person? Mrs.—Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Richard. Dr. Richard is our family physician."

"And she proposes to us a—a picnic!" in a tone of amazement.

Mrs. Halbert colored.

"You know, Mrs. Oliver, that in the country one can't choose one's neighbors, and Mrs. Richard is a very nice, refined little woman."

"But, really—really——"

"Don't be silly, mamma!" broke in Felicie. "I like picnics. I want to go."

"And so do I," said Roberta. "If Mr. Tom can spare time from his potting and pruning to attend to us."

"With the greatest pleasure," stammered Tom, getting very red. And Roberta's eyes brightened.

The picnic speedily developed. All the conditions were perfect. Lovely weather; an exquisite spot, half in shade, half in sunshine; beautiful women, agreeable men, and nice things to eat.

Tom was radiant, until Roberta bore down upon him.

"You must drive me yourself, Mr. Halbert—won't you, please? I'm dreadfully timid, and I don't dare trust myself with one of the grooms."

Poor Tom! He had calculated upon taking Dulcie—Dulcie, who stood on the veranda in a white muslin dress—the prettiest picture to be seen that Summer's day,

But there was no help. Perhaps the gods would be good to him, and let him drive her home.

So he took the reins, and away went the prancing pair.

Felicie drove with a chum of Tom's, very well satisfied.

"There is room for Dulcie with us," said Mrs. Richard.

"Dulcie!"

Mrs. Oliver looked around.

"Oh! is it possible, child, you are thinking of going to a picnic in your best Swiss muslin?" she said, sternly.

"Oh! mamma, I've had it two Summers," she pleaded.

"You can remain at home, Dulcie, until you show a better appreciation of the proprieties of the toilet."

Poor Dulcie! Poor Mrs. Richard! The latter lady shook her small fists at the back of the retreating dowager.

"Oh, Mrs. Richard!" sobbed Dulcie; "isn't it too bad?"

"Don't cry, darling! I'll tell Tom, and he will be sure to come back for you. Oh, that old wretch!" *sotto voce.*

Doctor and Mrs. Richard reached the little pier, where the party were to embark, just as the boat pushed off. They had barely time to scramble on board.

Tom stood, oar in hand, amazed and alarmed.

"Where is Dulcie? I thought she was with you!"

"Oh, Tom!" Mrs. Richard whispered, tearfully, "her mother wouldn't allow her to come, at the last minute. We left the darling crying ——"

Tom Halbert stopped to hear no more. The oar dropped from his hand. He made a leap—a great splash in the water followed. The ladies screamed. Roberta tried to faint, but kept one eye open to see the end.

The end was, that Tom got ashore, as, of course, he would, since he swam like a fish. I don't think he meant to drown. He meant only to reach the pier. He missed it, by his usual awkwardness. But it was all one. Presently, he stood on the pier, shaking himself like a dripping Newfoundland.

"Don't wait for me!" he shouted. "Go on! I've forgotten something."

Tom's chum took the cue readily. But it was a melancholy, disappointed party which sailed up the blue river.

Tom drove back to Halbert House to change his clothes, find Dulcie, and ask her to drive back with him. But he forgot all that, when he saw her on the steps with a white, frightened face.

"Oh, Mr. Halbert!" coming up to him with hands outstretched; "has anything happened?"

"No; only one of my blunders. I fell into the water."

Dulcie looked at him, her great, tender, blue eyes slowly filling with tears.

"But you got out again? Oh, if you had drowned!"

Tom lost his senses—I mean, he forgot to be bashful.

"Should you have cared?" he cried, with desperate eagerness. "Oh, Dulcie, should you? I'd drown myself in good earnest, if I thought you'd cry for me."

"That would be very foolish!" said Dulcie, smiling through her tears.

"So it would! I'd rather live for you, you darling girl! I love you better than all the world. I offer you all I am, and all I have. Dulcie, I am plain and awkward, but I love you so dearly! And I would be ever so good to you, if you could only like me. What is the matter now?" added Tom, ruefully. For Dulcie was almost crying again.

"I think you are the best, the kindest man in the world. And I don't think you are plain, at all."

Tom's face grew luminous.

"You love me, then! Oh, Dulcie, you do! For, you see, my hair and my red whiskers *are* hideous."

Dulcie smiled, and looked so ravishingly sweet.

"And if I did, Tom—I mean Mr. Halbert!"

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 287.

"Tom will do!" cried the delighted fellow. "Oh, my darling girl! I'm so wet, I don't dare touch you—but you might kiss me!"

And she did, standing on tiptoe, and blushing like a rose.

About mid-afternoon the picnic party returned. To them our culprits presented themselves.

"Dulcie, what have you been doing all day?" demanded her mother, sternly.

That naughty girl drew a little nearer Tom. She derived, I fancy, some moral support from his size and strength.

"Why, ma'am," began Tom, pulling at a rose-spray, "Dulcie and I have been having a picnic by ourselves. And we are going to have one the rest of our lives."

The two dowagers looked astounded and incredulous.

"Tom Halbert, what do you mean ?"

"Dulcie, what do you mean ?"

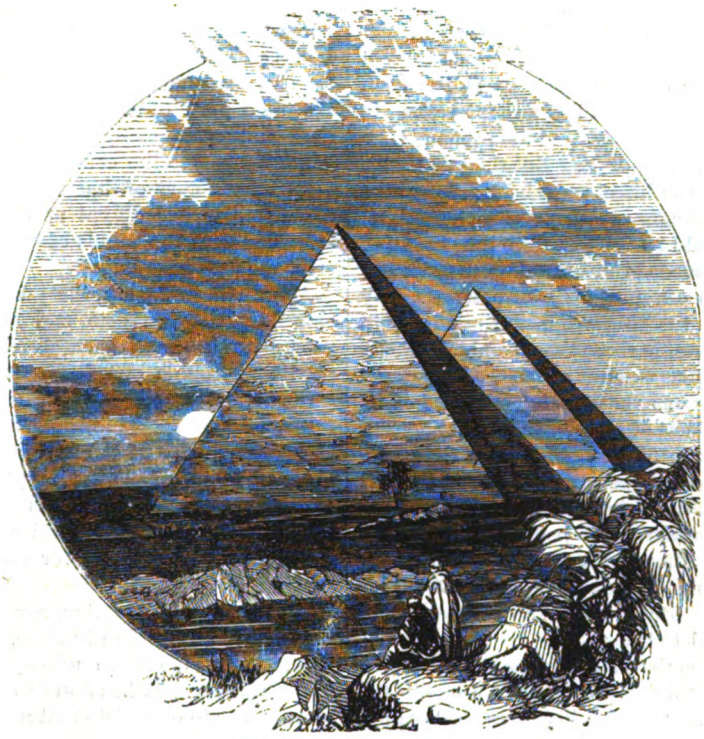
"They mean that they are going to be married. Mrs. Halbert," cried Mrs. Richard, clapping her hands gleefully, "I congratulate you. Mrs. Oliver, I congratulate *you*. And you, too—Oh, Tom, Dulcie ! I'm so glad !"

"So you've been making love to Dulcie all this time ! And I thought you were nobody's lover." And his mother swept past him into the house, which, henceforth, was to be ruled more genially, not less royally, and most happily, by Mrs. Tom Halbert.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMIDS.

By Richard A. Proctor.

Few subjects have proved more perplexing than the question of the purpose for which the Pyramids of Egypt were built. Even in the remotest ages of which we have historical record nothing seems to have been known certainly on this point. The builders of the pyramids concealed the object of these structures so well, that not even a tradition has reached us which purports to have been handed down from the epoch of their construction. We find, indeed, explanations given by the earliest historians; but they were only hypothetical, like those advanced in more recent times. Including ancient and modern theories, we find a wide range of choice. Some think these buildings associated with the religion of the early Egyptians; others suggest that they were tombs; others, that they combined the purposes of tombs and temples; that they were astronomical observatories; defenses against the sands of the Great Desert; granaries, like those made under Joseph; places of resort during overflows of the Nile; and many other uses have been suggested. But none are found, on close examination, to be tenable as representing the sole purpose of the pyramids, and few have strong claims as presenting even a chief object of these remarkable structures.



PYRAMIDS OF CHEOPS AND CHEPHREN.

The significant and perplexing history of the three oldest pyramids—the Great Pyramid of Cheops, Shofo, or Suphis, the Pyramid of Chephren, and the Pyramid of Mycerinus—and the most remarkable of all the facts known respecting the pyramids generally, viz., the circumstance that one pyramid after another was built, as though each had become useless soon after it was finished—are left entirely unexplained by all these theories save one, the tomb theory, and that does not afford, by any means, a satisfactory explanation.

I propose to give briefly some of the most suggestive facts known respecting the pyramids, and, after considering the difficulties which beset former theories, to indicate one (new so far as I know) which seems to me to correspond better with the facts than any heretofore advanced. I suggest it, however, rather for consideration than as very convincingly supported by evidence.

It is scarcely necessary to say, perhaps, that the history of the Great Pyramid is of paramount importance in this inquiry. Whatever purpose pyramids were originally intended to subserve, must have been conceived by the builders of *that* pyramid. New ideas may have been added by the builders of later pyramids, but it is unlikely that the original purpose can have been entirely abandoned. Some great purpose there was, which the rulers of ancient Egypt proposed to fulfill by building very massive pyramidal structures on a particular plan. It is by inquiring into the history of the first and most massive of these structures that we shall best find out what that purpose was.

According to Herodotus, the kings who built the Pyramids reigned not more than twenty-eight centuries ago; but there can be little doubt that Herodotus misunderstood the Egyptian priests, and that the real antiquity of the pyramid kings was far greater. He tells us that, according to the priests, Cheops "on ascending the throne, plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice, compelling them instead to labor, one and all, in building the Great Pyramid." One hundred thousand men were employed for twenty years in building it, and ten years were occupied in constructing a causeway by which to convey the stones to the place and in conveying them there.

"Cheops reigned fifty years, and was succeeded by his brother, Chephren, who imitated the conduct of his predecessor, built a pyramid—but smaller than his brother's—and reigned fifty-six years. Thus, during 106 years, the temples were shut and never opened." "The Egyptians so detested the memory of these kings, that they did not like even to mention their names. Hence they commonly call the pyramids after Philition, a shepherd who at that time fed his flocks about the place." "After Chephren, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, ascended the throne. He reopened the temples, and allowed the people to resume the sacrifices. He, too, left a pyramid, but much inferior in size to his father's. It is built, for half its height, of the stone of Ethiopia," or, as Professor Smyth adds, "expensive red granite." "After Mycerinus, Asychis ascended the throne. He built the eastern gateway of the Temple of Vulcan (Phtha); and, being desirous of eclipsing all his predecessors, left a pyramid of brick."

This account is so suggestive, that it may be well to

inquire whether it can be relied on. Now, although there can be no doubt that Herodotus misunderstood the Egyptians in some matters, and in particular as to the chronological order of the dynasties, yet in other respects he seems not only to have understood them correctly, but also to have received a correct account of them.

The order of the kings above named corresponds with the sequence given by Manetho, and also found in monumental and hieroglyphic records. Manetho gives the names of Suphis I., Suphis II., and Mencheres, instead of Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus; while, according to the modern Egyptologists, Herodotus's Cheops was Shofo, Shufu, or Koufou; Chephren was Shafre, while he was also called Nou-Shofo or Noum-Shufu, as the brother of Shofo; and Mycerinus was Menhere or Menkerre. But the identity of these kings is not questioned. As to the true dates, there is much doubt; but the determination of the exact epochs when the several pyramids were built is not very important in our present inquiry. We may proceed to consider the significance of the narrative, with sufficient confidence that in all essential respects it is trustworthy.

There are several very strange features in the account.

In the first place, it is manifest that Cheops attached great importance to the building of his pyramid. It has been said, and perhaps justly, that it would be more interesting to know the plan of the architect who devised the pyramid than the purpose of the king who built it. But the two things are closely connected. The architect must have satisfied the king that some highly important purpose, in which the king himself was interested, would be subserved by the structure. Whether the king was persuaded to undertake the work as a matter of duty, or only to advance his own interests, may not be so clear. But that the king was most thoroughly in earnest is certain. A monarch in those times would assuredly not have devoted an enormous amount of labor and material to such a scheme unless he was thoroughly convinced of its importance. That the welfare of his people was not considered is certain. The most natural inference from the narrative is, that his purpose had no reference whatever to their welfare. For it is obvious that his memory would not have been hated if some important good had eventually been gained from his scheme. Many a far-seeing ruler has been hated while living, on account of the very work for which his memory has been revered. But the memory of Cheops and his successors was held in detestation.

May we, however, suppose that his purpose was, nevertheless, not selfish, but intended in some way to promote the welfare of the human race? I say his purpose, because, whoever originated the scheme, Cheops carried it out; it was by means of his wealth and through his power that the pyramid was built. This is the view adopted by Professor Piazzi Smyth and others, in our time, and first suggested by John Taylor.

"Whereas other writers," says Smyth, "have generally esteemed that the mysterious persons who directed the building of the Great Pyramid (and to whom the Egyptians, in their traditions, and for ages afterward, gave an immoral and even abominable character) must, therefore, have been very bad indeed, so that the world at large has always been fond of standing on, kicking and insulting that dead lion, whom they really knew not; he, Mr. John Taylor, seeing how religiously bad the Egyptians themselves were, was led to conclude, on the contrary, that those *they* hated (and could never sufficiently abuse) might, perhaps, have been pre-eminently good; or were, at all events, of *different religious faith* from themselves." "Combining this with certain unmistakable historical facts," Mr. Taylor deduced reasons for believing that the directors of the building designed to record in its proportions, and its interior features, certain important religious and scientific truths, not for the people then living, but for men who were to come 4000 years or so after.

Although I do not propose to discuss here the evidence on which this strange theory rests, there are certain matters connecting it with the above narrative which must here be mentioned. The shepard Philition, who fed his flock about the place where the Great Pyramid was built, is a singular feature of Herodotus's narrative. It reads like some strange misinterpretation of the story related to him by the priests. It is obvious that if the word Philition did not represent a people, but a person, this person must have been very eminent and distinguished—a shepherd-king, not a mere shepherd.

Rawlinson suggests that Philitis was probably a shepherd prince from Palestine, perhaps of Philistine descent, "but so powerful and domineering, that it may be traditions of his oppressions, mixed up afterward in the minds of later Egyptians with the evils inflicted by the subsequent shepherds of better known dynasties, lent so much fear to their religious hate of Shepherd times and that name." Smyth, somewhat modifying this view, and considering some remarks of Manetho respecting an alleged invasion of Egypt by shepherd-kings, "men of an ignoble race (from the Egyptian point of view), who had the confidence to invade our country, and easily subdued it to their power without a battle," comes to the conclusion that some Shemite prince, "a contemporary of, but rather older than, the Patriarch Abraham," visited Egypt at this time, and obtained such influence over the minds of Cheops as to persuade him to erect the pyramid.

According to Smyth, the prince was no other than Melchizedek, King of Salem, and the influence he exerted was supernatural. With such developments of the theory we need not trouble ourselves. It seems tolerably clear that certain shepherd-chiefs, who came to Egypt during Cheops's reign, were connected in some way with the designing of the Great Pyramid. It is clear, also, that they were men of a different religion from the Egyptians, and persuaded Cheops to abandon the religion of his people. Taylor, Smyth and pyramidalists generally consider this sufficient to prove that the pyramid was erected for some purpose connected with religion.

"The pyramid," in fine, says Smyth, "was charged by God's inspired shepherd-prince, in the beginning of human time, to keep a certain message secret and inviolable for 4,000 years, and it has done so; and in the next thousand years it was to enunciate that message to all men, with more than traditional force, more than all the authenticity of copied manuscripts or reputed history; and that part of the pyramid's usefulness is now beginning."

There are many very obvious difficulties surrounding this theory; as, for example, (i.) the absurd waste of power in setting supernatural machinery at work 4,000 years ago with cumbrous devices to record its object, when the same machinery, much more simply employed now, would effect the alleged purpose far more thoroughly; (ii.) the enormous amount of human misery and its attendant hatreds brought about by this alleged divine scheme; and (iii.) the futility of an arrangement by which the pyramid was only to subserve its purpose when it had lost that perfection of shape on which its entire significance depended.

But, apart from these, there is a difficulty, nowhere noticed by Smyth or his followers, which is fatal, I conceive, to this theory. The second pyramid, though slightly inferior to the first in size, and probably far inferior in quality of masonry, is still a structure of enormous dimensions, which must have required many years of labor from tens of thousands of workmen. Now, it seems impossible to

explain why Chephren built this second pyramid, if we adopt Smyth's theory respecting the first. For either Chephren knew the purpose for which the Great Pyramid was built, or he did not. If he knew that purpose, and it was that indicated by Smyth, then no second pyramid was wanted. On that hypothesis, all the labor bestowed on the second pyramid was wittingly and willfully wasted. This, of course, is incredible. But, on the other hand, if Chephren did not know what was the purpose for which the Great Pyramid was built, what reason could Chephren have had for building a pyramid at all? The only answer to this question seems to be that Chephren built the second pyramid in hopes of finding out why his brother had built the first, and this is absurd.

It is clear that, whatever purpose Cheops had in building the first pyramid, Chephren must have had a similar purpose in building the second; and we require a theory which shall at least explain why the first pyramid did not subserve for Chephren the purpose which it was meant to subserve for Cheops. The same reasoning may be extended to all the pyramids, forty or so in number. The extension of the principle to pyramids later than the second is especially important as showing that the difference of religion insisted on by Smyth has no direct bearing on the question of the purpose for which the Great Pyramid itself was constructed. For Mycerinus either never left or else returned to the religion of the Egyptians. Yet he also built a pyramid, which, though far inferior in size to the pyramids built by his father and uncle, was still a massive structure, and relatively more costly even than theirs, because built of expensive granite. The pyramid built by Asychis, though smaller still, was remarkable as built of brick.

We are forced, in fact, to believe that there was some special relation between the pyramid and its builder, seeing that each king wanted a pyramid of his own. If Smyth's theory were true, the Great Pyramid would have fulfilled finally and for all men the purpose for which it was built. Since this was manifestly not the case, that theory is, I submit, demonstrably erroneous.

It was probably the consideration of this point, viz., that each king had a pyramid constructed for himself, which led to the theory that the pyramids were intended to serve as tombs. This theory was once very generally entertained. Thus we find Humboldt, in his remarks on American pyramids, referring to the tomb theory of the Egyptian Pyramids as though it were open to no question.

But while we have abundant reason for believing that in Egypt, even in the days of Cheops and Chephren, extreme importance was attached to the character of the place of burial for distinguished persons, there is nothing in what is known respecting earlier Egyptian ideas to suggest the probability that any monarch would have devoted many years of his subjects' labor, and vast stores of material, to erect a mass of masonry like the Great Pyramid, solely to receive his own body after death. Far less have we any reason for supposing that many monarchs in succession would do this, each having a separate tomb built for him. It might have been conceivable, had only the Great Pyramid been erected, that the structure had been raised as a mausoleum for all the kings and princes of the dynasty. But it seems utterly incredible that such a building as the Great Pyramid should have been erected for one king's body alone. Besides, the first pyramid, the one whose history must be regarded as most significant of the true purpose of these buildings, was not built by an Egyptian holding in great favor the special religious ideas of his people, but by one who had adopted other views, and those not belonging, as far as can be seen, to a people holding sepulchral rights in exceptional regard.

A still stronger objection against the exclusively tombic theory resides in the fact that this theory gives no account whatever of the characteristic features of the pyramids themselves. These buildings are all, without exception, built on special astronomical principles. Their square bases are so placed as to have two sides lying east and west, and two lying north and south, or, in other words, so that their four faces front the four cardinal points. One can imagine no reason why a tomb should have such a position. It is not, indeed, easy to understand why any building at all, except an astronomical observatory, should have such a position. A temple, perhaps, devoted to sun-worship, and generally to the worship of the heavenly bodies, might be built in that way. For it is to be noticed that the peculiar figure and position of the pyramids would bring about the following relations: When the sun rose and set south of the east and west points, or between the Autumn and the Spring equinoxes, the rays of the rising and setting sun illuminated the southern face of the pyramid; whereas, during the rest of the year, that is during the six months between the Spring and Autumn equinoxes, the rays of the rising and setting sun illuminated the northern face. Again, all the year round the sun's rays passed from the eastern to the western face at solar noon. And lastly, during seven months and a half of each year—namely, for three months and three quarters before and after midsummer, the noon rays of the sun fell on all four faces of the pyramid, or, according to a Peruvian expression (so Smyth avers), the sun shone on the pyramid "with all his rays."

Such conditions as these might have been regarded as very suitable for a temple devoted to sun-worship. Yet the temple theory is as untenable as the tomb theory. For, in the first place, the pyramid form—as the pyramids were originally built, with perfectly smooth, slant-faces, not terraced into steps as now, through the loss of the casing-stones—was entirely unsuited for all the ordinary requirements of a temple of worship. And further, this theory gives no explanation of the fact that each king built a pyramid, and each king only one.

Similar difficulties oppose the theory that the pyramids were intended to serve as astronomical observatories. For, while their original figure, however manifestly astronomical in its relations, was quite unsuited for observatory work, it is manifest that if such had been the purpose of pyramid-building, so soon as the Great Pyramid had once been built, no other would be needed. Certainly none of the pyramids built afterward could have subserved any astronomical purpose which the first did not subserve.

Of the other theories mentioned at the beginning of this paper, none seem to merit special notice, except, perhaps, the theory that the pyramids were made to receive the royal treasures, and this theory rather because of the attention it received from Arabian literati, during the ninth and tenth centuries, than because of any strong reasons which can be suggested in its favor. "Emulating," says Professor Smyth, "the enchanted tales of Bagdad," the court poets of Al Mamoun (son of the far-famed Haroun al Raschid), "drew gorgeous pictures of the contents of the Pyramid's interior. . . . All the treasures of Sheddah Ben Ad, the great antediluvian king of the earth, with all his medicines and all his sciences, they declared were there, told over and over again. Others, though, were positive that the founder-king was no other than Saurid Ibn Salhouk, a far greater one than the other; and these last gave many more minute particulars, some of which are at least interesting to us in the present day, as proving that, amongst the Egypto-Arabians of more than a thousand years ago, the Jeezeh Pyramids, headed by the grand one, enjoyed a pre-eminence of fame vastly before all the other pyramids of Egypt put together; and that if any other is alluded to after the Great Pyramid, it is either the

second one at Jeezeh, under the name of the West Pyramid; or the third one, distinguished as the Colored Pyramid, in allusion to its red granite."

Perhaps the strongest argument against the theory that the pyramids were intended as strongholds for the concealment of treasure, resides in the fact that, search being made, no treasure has been discovered.

When the workmen employed by Caliph Al Mamoun, after encountering manifold difficulties, at length broke their way into the great ascending passage leading to the so-called King's Chamber, they found "a right noble apartment, thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high, of polished red granite throughout, walls, floor, and ceiling, in blocks squared and true, and put together with such exquisite skill that the joints are barely discernible to the closest inspection. But where is the treasure—the silver and the gold, the jewels, medicines and arms? These fanatics look wildly around them, but can see nothing, not a single *dirhem* anywhere. They trim their torches, and carry them again and again to every part of that red-walled, flinty hall, but without any better success. Naught but pure polished red granite, in mighty slabs, looks upon them from every side. The room is clean, garnished too, as it were, and, according to the ideas of its founders, complete and perfectly ready for its visitors so long expected, so long delayed. But the gross minds who occupy it now, find it all barren, and declare that there is nothing whatever for them, in the whole extent of the apartment from one end to another; nothing, except an empty stone chest without a lid."

INSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID—PASSING FROM THE SECOND TO THE THIRD GALLERY.

It is, however, to be noted that we have no means of learning what had happened between the time when the pyramid was built and when Caliph Al Mamoun's workmen broke their way into the King's Chamber. The place may, after all, have contained treasures of some kind; nor, indeed, is it incompatible with other theories of the pyramid to suppose that it was used as a safe receptacle for treasures. It is certain, however, that this cannot have been the special purpose for which the pyramids were designed. We should find in such a purpose no explanation whatever of any of the most stringent difficulties encountered in dealing with other theories. There could be no reason why strangers from the East should be at special pains to instruct an Egyptian monarch how to hide and guard his treasures. Nor, if the Great Pyramid had been intended to receive the treasures of Cheops, would Chephren have built another for his own treasures, which must have included those gathered by Cheops. But, apart from this, how inconceivably vast must a treasure-hoard be supposed to be, the safe guarding of which would have repaid the enormous cost of the Great Pyramid in labor and material! And then, why should a mere treasure-house have the characteristics of an astronomical observatory? Manifestly, if the pyramids were used at all to receive treasures, it can only have been as an entirely subordinate though perhaps convenient means of utilizing these gigantic structures.

Having thus gone through all the suggested purposes of the pyramids, save two or three, which clearly do not possess any claim to serious consideration, and having found none which appear to give any sufficient account of the history and principal features of these buildings, let us consider what are the principal points of which the true theory of the pyramids should give an account.

In the first place, the history of the pyramids shows that the erection of the first great pyramid was in all probability either suggested to Cheops by wise men who visited Egypt from the East, or else some important information conveyed to him by such visitors caused him to conceive the idea of building the pyramid. In either case we may suppose, as

the history indeed suggests, that these learned men, whoever they may have been, remained in Egypt to superintend the erection of the structure. It may be that the architectural work was not under their supervision; in fact, it seems altogether unlikely that shepherd-rulers would have much to teach the Egyptians in the matter of architecture. But the astronomical peculiarities which form so significant a feature of the Great Pyramid were probably provided for entirely under the instructions of the shepherd chiefs who had exerted so strange an influence upon the mind of King Cheops.

Next, it seems clear that self-interest must have been the predominant reason in the mind of the Egyptian king for undertaking this stupendous work. It is true that his change of religion implies that some higher cause influenced him. But a ruler who could inflict such grievous burdens on his people, that for ages afterward his name was held in utter detestation, cannot have been influenced by religious motives. It affords an ample explanation of the behavior of Cheops in closing the temples and forsaking the religion of his country, to suppose that the advantages which he hoped to secure by building the pyramid depended, in some way, on his adopting this course. The visitors from the East may have refused to give their assistance on any other terms, or may have assured him that the expected benefit could not be obtained if the pyramid were erected by idolaters. It is certain, in any case, that they were opposed to idolatry; and we have thus some means of inferring who they were and whence they came.

ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

We know that one particular branch of one particular race in the East was characterized by a most marked hatred of idolatry in all its forms. Terah and his family, or probably a sect or division of the Chaldæan people, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan—and the reason why they went forth we learn from a book of considerable historical interest (the book of Judith), to have been because "they would not worship the gods of their fathers who were in the land of the Chaldæans." And the Bible record shows that members of this branch of the Chaldæan people visited Egypt from time to time. They were shepherds, too, which accords well with the account of Herodotus above quoted.

We can well understand that persons of this family would have resisted all endeavors to secure their acquiescence in idolatrous rites. Neither promises nor threats would have had much influence on them. It was a distinguished member of the family, the patriarch Abraham, who said, "I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say I have made Abram rich."

Vain would all the promises and all the threats of Cheops have been to men of this spirit. Such men might help him in his plans, but it must be on their own conditions, and those conditions would most certainly include the utter rejection of idolatrous worship by the king in whose behalf they worked, as well as by all who shared in their labors. It seems probable that they convinced both Cheops and Chephren that, unless these kings gave up idolatry, the purpose, whatever it was, which the pyramid was erected to promote, would not be fulfilled. The mere fact that the Great Pyramid was built, either directly at the suggestion of these visitors, or because they had persuaded Cheops of the truth of some important doctrine, shows that they must have gained great influence over his mind.

But having formed the opinion, for sufficient reasons, that the strangers who visited Egypt and superintended the building of the Great Pyramid were kinsmen of the patriarch Abraham, it is not very difficult to decide what was the subject respecting which they had such exact information. They or their parents had come from the land of the Chaldæans, and they were doubtless learned in all the wisdom of their Chaldæan kinsmen. They were masters, in fact, of the astronomy of their day, a science for which the Chaldæans had shown, from the earliest ages, the most remarkable aptitude. What the actual extent of their astronomical knowledge may have been, it would be difficult to say. But it is certain, from the exact knowledge which later Chaldæans possessed respecting long astronomical cycles, that astronomical observations must have been carried on continuously by that people for many hundreds of years.

It is highly probable that the astronomical knowledge of the Chaldæans, in the days of Terah and Abraham, was much more accurate than that possessed by the Greeks, even after the time of Hipparchus. We see, indeed, in the accurate astronomical adjustment of the Great Pyramid, that the architects must have been skillful astronomers and mathematicians; and I may note here, in passing, how strongly this circumstance confirms the opinion that the visitors were kinsmen of Terah and Abraham.

All we know from Herodotus and Manetho, all the evidence from the circumstances connected with the religion of the Pyramid Kings, and the astronomical evidence given by

the Pyramids themselves, tends to assure us that members of that particular branch of the Chaldæan family which went out from Ur of the Chaldees because they would not worship the gods of the Chaldæans, extended their wanderings to Egypt, and eventually superintended the erection of the Great Pyramid, so far as astronomical and mathematical relations were concerned.

But not only have we already decided that the Pyramids were not intended solely or chiefly to subserve the purpose of astronomical observatories, but it is certain that Cheops would not have been personally much interested in any astronomical information. Unless he saw clearly that something was to be gained from the lore of his visitors, he would not have undertaken to erect an astronomical building at their suggestion, even if he had cared enough for their knowledge to pay any attention to them whatever. Most probably the reply Cheops would have made to any communications respecting mere astronomy, would have run much in the style of the reply made by the Turkish Cadi, Imaum Ali Zadè, to a friend of Layard's, who had apparently bored him about double stars and comets: "Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb!" said Ali Zadè, "seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. Listen, oh, my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of His creation? shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, oh, man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will such knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?" Such, omitting the reference to the Creator, would probably have been the reply of Cheops to his visitors, had they only had astronomical facts to present him with. Or, in the plentitude of his kingly power, he might have more decisively rejected their teachings by removing their heads.

But the shepherd-astronomers had knowledge more attractive to offer than a mere series of astronomical discoveries. Though the visitors of King Cheops had themselves rejected the Sabaistic polytheism of their kinsman, they had not rejected the doctrine that the stars in their courses affect the fortunes of men. We know that among the Jews, probably the direct descendants of the shepherd-chiefs who visited Cheops, and certainly close kinsmen of theirs, and akin to them also in their monotheism, the belief in astrology was never regarded as a superstition. In fact, we can trace very clearly in the books relating to this people that they believed confidently in the influence of the heavenly bodies.

Doubtless the visitors of King Cheops shared the belief of their Chaldæan kinsmen that astrology is a true science, "founded" indeed (as Bacon expresses their views) "not in reason and physical contemplations, but in the direct experience and observation of past ages." Josephus records the Jewish tradition (though not as a tradition but as a fact) that "our first father, Adam, was instructed in astrology by divine inspiration," and that Seth so excelled in the science, that, "foreseeing the Flood and the destruction of the world thereby, he engraved the fundamental principles of his art (astrology) in hieroglyphical emblems, for the benefit of after ages, on two pillars of brick and stone." He says, further on, that the patriarch Abraham, "having learned the art in Chaldæa, when he journeyed into Egypt taught the Egyptians the sciences of arithmetic and astrology."

Indeed, the stranger called Philitis by Herodotus may, for aught that appears, have been Abraham himself; for it is generally agreed that the word Philitis indicated the race and country of the visitors, regarded by the Egyptians as of Philistine descent and arriving from Palestine. However, I am in no way concerned to show that the shepherd-astronomers who induced Cheops to build the Great Pyramid were even contemporaries of Abraham and Melchizedek. What seems sufficiently obvious is all that I care to maintain, namely, that these shepherd-astronomers were of Chaldæan birth and training, and, therefore, astrologers, though, unlike their Chaldæan kinsmen, they rejected Sabaism or star-worship, and taught the belief in one only Deity.

Now, if these visitors were astrologers, who persuaded Cheops, and were honestly convinced themselves, that they could predict the events of any man's life by the Chaldæan method of casting nativities, we can readily understand many circumstances connected with the Pyramids which have hitherto seemed inexplicable. The pyramid built by a king would no longer be regarded as having reference to his death and burial, but to his birth and life, though after his death it might receive his body. Each king would require to have his own nativity pyramid, built with due symbolical reference to the special celestial influences affecting his fortunes. Every portion of the work would have to be carried out under special conditions, determined according to the mysterious influences ascribed to the different planets and their varying positions,

> "Now high, now low, then hid,
> Progressive, retrograde, or standing still."

If the work had been intended only to afford the means of predicting the king's future, the labor would have been regarded by the monarch as well-bestowed. But astrology involved much more than the mere prediction of future events. Astrology claimed to possess the power of ruling the planets—that is, of course, not of ruling the motions of those bodies, but of providing against evil influences or strengthening good influences which they supposed the celestial orbs to exert in particular aspects. Thus we can understand that while the mere basement layers of the pyramid would have served for the process of casting the royal nativity, with due mystic observances, the further progress of building the pyramid would supply the necessary means and indications for ruling the planets most potent in their influence upon the royal career.

Remembering the mysterious influence which astrologers ascribed to special numbers, figures, positions, and so forth, the care with which the Great Pyramid was so proportioned as to indicate particular astronomical and mathematical relations is at once explained. The four sides of the square base were carefully placed with reference to the cardinal points precisely like the four sides of the ordinary square scheme of nativity.* The eastern side faced the Ascendant, the southern faced the Mid-heaven, the western faced the Descendant, and the northern faced the Imum Cœli. Again,

* The language of the modern Zadkiels and Raphaels, though meaningless and absurd in itself, yet, as assuredly derived from the astrology of the oldest times, may here be quoted. (It certainly was not invented to give support to the theory I am at present advocating.) Thus runs the jargon of the tribe: "In order to

we can understand that the architects would have made a circuit of the base correspond in length with the number of days in the year—a relation which, according to Professor P. Smyth, is fulfilled in this manner, that the four sides contain one hundred times as many pyramid inches as there are days in the year.

The pyramid inch, again, is itself mystically connected with astronomical relations, for its length is equal to the five hundred millionth part of the earth's diameter, to a degree of exactness corresponding well with what we might expect Chaldæan astronomers to attain. Professor Smyth, indeed, believes that it was exactly equal to that proportion of the earth's polar diameter—a view which would correspond with his theory that the architects of the Great Pyramid were assisted by divine inspiration; but what is certainly known about the sacred cubit, which contained twenty-five of these inches, corresponds better with the diameter which the Chaldæan astronomers, if they worked very carefully, would have deduced from observations made in their own country, on the supposition which they would naturally have made that the earth is a perfect globe, not compressed at the poles. It is not indeed at all certain that the sacred cubit bore any reference to the earth's dimensions; but this seems tolerably well made out—that the sacred cubit was about twenty-five inches in length, and that the circuit of the pyramid's base contained a hundred inches for every day of the year. Relations such as these are what we might expect to find in buildings having an astrological significance.

Similarly, it would correspond well with the mysticism of astrology that the pyramid should be so proportioned as to make the height be the radius of a circle whose circumference would equal the circuit of the pyramid's base.

Again, that long, slant tunnel, leading downward from the pyramid's northern face, would at once find a meaning in this astrological theory. The slant tunnel pointed to the pole-star of Cheops's time, when due north below the true pole of the heavens. This circumstance had no observational utility. It could afford no indication of time, because a pole-star moves very slowly, and the pole-star of Cheops's day must have been in view through that tunnel for more than an hour at a time. But, apart from the mystical significance which an astrologer would attribute to such a relation, it may be shown that this slant tunnel is precisely what the astrologer would require in order to get the horoscope correctly.

Another consideration remains to be mentioned which, while strengthening the astrological theory of the pyramids, may bring us even nearer to the true aim of those who planned and built these structures.

It is known also that the Chaldæans from the earliest times pursued the study of alchemy in connection with astrology, not hoping to discover the philosopher's stone by chemical investigations alone, but by carrying out such investigations under special celestial influence. The hope of achieving this discovery, by which he would at once have had the means of acquiring illimitable wealth, would of itself account for the fact that Cheops expended so much labor and material in the erection of the Great Pyramid, seeing that, of necessity, success in the search for the philosopher's stone would be a main feature of his fortunes, and would, therefore, be astrologically indicated in his nativity-pyramid, or, perhaps, even be secured by following mystical observances proper for ruling his planets.

The elixir of life may also have been among the objects which the builders of the pyramids hoped to discover.

It may be noticed, as a somewhat significant circumstance, that, in the account given by Ibn Abd Alkohm of the contents of the various pyramids, those assigned to the Great Pyramid relate entirely to astrology and associated mysteries. It is, of course, clear that Abd Alkohm drew largely on his imagination. Yet it seems probable that there was also some basis of tradition for his ideas. And certainly one would suppose that, as he assigned a treasurer to the East Pyramid ("a statue of black agate, his eyes open and shining, sitting on a throne with a lance"), he would have credited the building with treasure also, had not some tradition taught otherwise. But he says that King Saurid placed in the East Pyramid, not treasures, but "divers celestial spheres and stars, and what they severally operate in their aspects, and the perfumes which are to be used to them, and the books which treat of these matters."

But the strongest evidence in favor of the astrological (and alchemical) theory of the pyramids lies in the circumstance that all other theories seem untenable. The pyramids were undoubtedly erected for some purpose regarded by their builders as most important. This purpose certainly related to the personal fortunes of the kingly builders. It was worth an enormous outlay of money, labor and material. This purpose was such, furthermore, that each king required to have his own pyramid.

It was in some way associated with astronomy, for the pyramids are built with most accurate reference to celestial aspects. It also had its mathematical and mystical bearings, seeing that the pyramids exhibit mathematical and symbolical peculiarities not belonging to their essentially structural requirements. And lastly, the erection of the pyramids was in some way connected with the arrival of certain learned persons from Palestine, and presumably of Chaldæan origin.

All these circumstances accord with the theory I have advanced; while only some of them, and these not the most characteristic, accord with any other theory. Moreover, no fact known respecting the pyramids or their builders is inconsistent with the astrological (and alchemical) theory. On the whole, then, if it cannot be regarded as demonstrated, the astrological theory may fairly be described as having a greater degree of probability in its favor than any hitherto advanced.

illustrate plainly to the reader what astrologers mean by the 'houses of heaven,' it is proper for him to bear in mind the four cardinal points. The eastern, facing the rising sun, has at its centre the first grand angle or first house, termed the Horoscope or ascendant. The northern, opposite the region where the sun is at midnight, or the *cusp* of the lower heaven or nadir, is the Imum Cœli, and has at its centre the fourth house. The western, facing the setting sun, has at its centre the third grand angle or seventh house or descendant. And lastly, the southern, facing the noonday sun, has at its centre the astrologer's tenth house, or Midheaven, the most powerful angle or house of honor." "And although," proceeds the modern astrologer, "we cannot in the ethereal blue discern these lines or terminating divisions, both reason and experience assure us that they certainly exist; therefore the astrologer has certain grounds for the choice of his four angular houses" (out of twelve in all), "which, resembling the palpable demonstration they afford, are, in the astral science, esteemed the most powerful of the whole."—*Raphael's Manual of Astrology.*

MARKETING CHIEF JUSTICE.—Mr. Stuart, in his work on North America, tells us that it is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies; and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. "I have," says Mr. Stuart, "again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I heard, at Richmond, of Chief Justice Marshal, the head of the law-courts, frequently carrying home his dinner from market."

TIME and pains allotted to serious improvements should be employed about things of most use and consequence.

JONATHAN RUGGLES:

A Tale of the Revolution.

In the Spring of the year 1777 a man named Jonathan Ruggles made his appearance, with his family and household effects, in the then little village of Bennington, Vermont. If he had been there before, as he must have been, his presence had been unnoticed by the village gossips, who, in fact, had too much to do with the rumors of an approaching invasion from the north to pay the usual attentions to the quiet stranger.

But as he took possession of one of the best houses in the village, which, it was soon found, he bought and paid for in gold, the good people of the place became greatly exercised at their lack of information concerning his antecedents and intentions. It was plain that his affairs needed looking into. Inquiries concerning him met with little success. That he came from a distant city, and brought finer and more costly furniture than had been seen before; that he had a library and beautiful pictures that had been painted in foreign lands; that he was a refined and delicate man, unused to the rough life of a border town; that his family consisted of a dull, and, it was suspected, deep serving man, called Jacob; an old negro woman, whose unmouthable jargon was wonderfully useful in keeping up talk and telling nothing; and a golden-haired child, called Ellie, were the meagre results of anxious days of collaboration.

JONATHAN RUGGLES.—THE SEARCHER OF THE SLAIN

Some, indeed, hinted gravely of half-discovered secrets, of flashing jewels seen through soft wrappings in the half-open drawers, and folded dresses of glittering silk; and especially of a vailed picture, through whose dark covering the outline of a lady's face was seen—a face so luminous that it shone like the unrisen morn on the mountain-tops, or like the pillar of fire through the darkness of Egypt.

But these wonder-seers were considered persons of phosphorescent imaginations, and not to be trusted. Then came a lull of ineffectual curiosity, as tidings of the approaching enemy reached the excited frontier town, and Jonathan Ruggles and his family went their way in outward peace.

In that half wild community he was a singular man. The most cunning questions could not penetrate his reserve on personal subjects, while he mixed freely with the sturdy yeomanry, and soon became a kind of mouthpiece for them, through which they could express their excited and confused ideas.

Did a knot of hard-headed, tongue-tied farmers meet on a rainy day in the blacksmith's shop and get into a hot discussion about the war, Ruggles, passing by, would step in, and in a few clear words say just what each one was trying to utter, but could not. Were there absurd guesses about the coming invasion, he could tell what would be the course of events so clearly that all were satisfied that his view could be the only correct one.

So the Spring passed between hopes and fears, sudden armings and quiet returns to farm labor, alarms of Indian forays and grave preparations for the doubtful future. At night men first thought of their firearms, then of their wives and children, then of their country, and last of God and death.

In spite of all excitements, some yet found time to observe Jonathan Ruggles. These saw indications of a restless eagerness under his outward quiet, and in his set face and thoughtful eyes a corroding sorrow for the past, as if some dark storm had swept over his life and left it full of graves, from which there was not even a strong man's hope of a resurrection.

He had been seen on stormy nights striding off into the forest, with his long beard drenched with rain and his eyes wilder than the lightning's flash which revealed them. Sometimes he was missed for weeks, and then appeared with rough visage and matted hair, as if he had been scouting and camping in the woods. All authentic news of the war reached him first. He knew better than other men what was going on in the far-off world.

He seldom spoke to his man Jacob in the presence of others, but at times the stolid helper passed quick looks of intelligence with his master. With the old negro woman he would talk for hours, but it was in her own barbarous language of Africa. It was wonderful that a man of his culture should find pleasure in the conversation of an unlettered dependent. Perhaps it was the only outlet of his soul. There may be conditions under which the trust and truth of a long-tried and faithful servant are a man's best companions. Who knows but the words of an old negro woman kept him on this side of the line which separates reason from madness, or life from death?

With his little daughter he talked as a man does not usually talk with a child. With others she was only an art-

JONATHAN RUGGLES.—THE SPY.

less child, only possessing more sensitiveness and quickness of appreciation. But in her father's presence she was entirely changed; she would come softly to his knee and ask him to tell her stories of old times and the men who loved little children for the memories they had in their eyes. And she, in a grave, earnest way, would tell of the flowers she had gathered; how the roses cried, they were so sorry, when she plucked one and carried it away; how she brought it back and tied it on the bush to make them glad again, but it died, and the rest all died, too, with grief. How the golden buttercups which she found alone were paler-hearted than those that grew with many others.

She learned from her father scraps of Latin, whose meaning had deepened for centuries, and sunny bits of French and uncouth sayings from the old nurse, which she repeated only to him. So the child was part of his incomprehensible life.

When Burgoyne debarked from Lake Champlain, Ruggles disappeared from home and joined the bands that passed through the dim woods to obstruct the path of the invader. They were a wild set of men, half organized, half armed, but full of resource and individual ability, vigilant, tireless, swift of foot and stout of heart.

This advanced guard of patriots was composed of the *élite* of the daring spirit of New England and Northern New York. Yet the majority of able-bodied men staid at home; their time had not yet come. Without connecting himself with any local organization, Ruggles was with them all by turns in the capacity of leader, engineer, scout, spy or guide. Now he was with a band of Vermont men, pointing out the intended route of the enemy; now he disappeared in the woods at night, and by daylight was miles away, collecting scattered patrols. Now he crouched beside the Hessian picket-fires, a perfect Indian, smoking his pipe in silence, or grunting his attachment to his "Great Father beyond the water." At one time he was a teamster in Burgoyne's wagon-train, at another an officer's servant. He made his appearance less and less with the patriots, and became more and more the shadowy attendant of the enemy, till he seemed a perfect myth of the nightfire and the forest. Others had the one purpose of opposing the progress of the enemy by force or stratagem; but he, with that, had another terrible purpose, requiring greater ability and exposing him to greater personal danger.

The resistance to Burgoyne's progress was, in appearance, ineffectual, but it was really most effectual. Time was gained, and the Summer harvest was gathered in. Then came the usual season in which the farmers have little to do; time to make improvements which are not of pressing necessity; time to lay wall, trade horses and hunt raccoons. This year the usual idle season did not take place, but as courier after courier dashed through the little hamlets, and by the farmhouses, excited groups gathered to hear the hurried news, and quickly scattered to spread the call to arms. The walls were left unfinished; broken-down hacks had a lease of their old stables for another Winter; and the raccoons gnawed the roasting ears, or carried off the early sweet apples with impunity. The men gathered at the sound of the village bells, armed in haste, and listened to a fervent prayer by the old pastor, said hurried farewells, and took up their line of march toward the north.

The grandfather of the writer of this sketch went in his tow frock direct from the field, with the hired man, his old "king's arm" and his day's dinner. The first day he reached Williamstown, twenty miles distant, and the next Bennington, just in time to hold the British reinforcements in check, while General Stark gathered his scattered troops, that, after the first flush of success, had dispersed in search of plunder. After the battle the sturdy farmer, being considered a fresh man, notwithstanding his long tramp, was sent to help to collect the wounded, which occupied the night; and the next day was seen by a fellow-townsman fast asleep by the roadside, covered with blood. Word reached his young wife that he was killed, but as he lived to rear a dozen children, and as a magistrate to administer the law with crabbed pluck during the Shay rebellion, it is certain that his bloody sleep in the hazy noon at Bennington was not his last one. But enough of this ancestral episode.

The success at Bennington called out the whole fighting

ALEXANDER POPE'S CHAIR.—SEE PAGE 288.

population; and an uncouth but enthusiastic army closed around Burgoyne on the Hudson. Jonathan Ruggles was among them. If a ford was left unguarded, he was the first to know that the enemy had found it out, and immediately a jolly company of militiamen camped on the hillside, and watched the dangerous pass day and night. If hungry Britons cast longing eyes on the Dutchman's cattle up the Mohawk, he gave information of the intended raid in time to prevent it.

Where he kept himself in the daytime no one knew, but when the camp-fires were lit at night he would suddenly appear through the darkness, give important information, and vanish. So across the shadowy fields, through the September moonlight, and under the spectral woods he went and came, swift, mysterious and certain. But all he seemed to accomplish was only incidental; it was not the real object of his pursuit. When, as a loyal Dutchman, he sold cabbages to an officer's servant, why did he worm out the officer's name with an almost superhuman stupidity? Was he looking for a friend, that he might warn him, or a foe, that he might smite him? The sequel shall prove.

At the first battle of Stillwater, Ruggles was an eager "searcher of the slain." Carefully he turned up the cold, dead faces to the moon, and looking a moment at the fixed features, passed on. Giving up his quest, toward morning he stretched himself by an outlying camp-fire, and chatted cheerfully with the weary but wakeful soldiers.

"Did you find him, Ruggles?" said a ragged corporal, as the party returned from developing a suspicious noise by a rail fence covered with bushes.

"Find whom?" said Ruggles, turning a wild, firelit eye on the questioner.

"Oh! nobody; the hog in the alders. I didn't hear a squeal, so I guess we sha'n't have roast sparerib for breakfast."

Ruggles left that fire.

Rumors of his exploits reached the ears of the British, and the lonely sentinel started at the owl's shadow, lest it be that of the spy; and his excited imagination made a man's stealthy tread through the woods out of the regular falling of the early leaves. The secret enemy was watched for in vain. Officers pretended to laugh at these rumors, while they spoke of him in whispers lest the tent-walls should hear with his ears.

One officer in particular, a Captain Gray, was known to listen attentively to all rumors concerning this wily spy; and he ill-concealed his nervousness that such a foe might gain access even to himself. His position as secretary to Burgoyne kept him secluded, and there seemed to be little danger.

When it was hinted that the spy might be about the camp, Captain Gray had business that kept him very close; and yet he had the reputation of being as brave an officer as ever wore an epaulet. Perhaps Gray knew that there was a reason why he might be followed by a secret foe, whom hate had made as cunning as a wild beast and direless as fate.

To the surrounded and bewildered army of Burgoyne events hurried; and in the labor of securing provisions, and guarding all points of a continually weakening position, there was little time for imagination to picture reserved and peculiar personal dangers. But whether foreseen or not, they were quickly to beset their victim.

The second battle of Stillwater decided Burgoyne's fate. The history of that battle need not be recited here. How Morgan trailed his riflemen through the woods, and Arnold's last charge, have become household words. When Arnold, goaded to madness by his vindictive nature, rushed over the outer intrenchments of the enemy, Jonathan Ruggles was with him, as if he, too, was seeking his fate. The short struggle was frightfully confused. Other men than Arnold fought there whose business was elsewhere. Though without a command, Captain Gray was drawn into the sudden swirl of men, and, with cool head and bulldog courage, vindicated the true Briton's name.

In the thickest of the *mêlée* Ruggles, who was only armed with the half of a broken bayonet, came face to face with Gray. As they mutually paused for an instant to gather themselves for the death-grapple, they recognized each other, for they had met before. Gray attacked with headlong confidence in his superiority over a nearly unarmed man, but his wily antagonist, writhing aside to avoid the blow, fell upon him. A fierce struggle followed, in which each strove to prevent the other from giving a mortal blow. Ruggles maintained his advantage till his adversary was quite spent, and then, raising himself a little, asked him if he knew him.

"Yes," answered the other, and with the word the point of the broken bayonet went through his heart.

When the few remaining heroes of that bloody charge gathered around the camp-fire, Ruggles was not among them; but as he did not regularly belong to the army, he was not counted among the missing, though he had been seen to fall. Toward morning he came in, bloody and disordered, but not seriously hurt; and holding in his hand, as if unconscious of it, a bloody, broken bayonet.

"So you have been fighting, not spying, this time," said a soldier, with his head bound up. "You have got a curious sticking-iron there."

The remark called attention to the iron. It had a circular guard near the upper end, which Ruggles had not noticed before. He slipped it off easily and commenced rubbing the blood from it, when it suddenly opened and disclosed a lady's miniature. He started and nearly let it fall, but recovering himself, he held it down to the fire, looked at it a moment, and put it in his pocket in silence. In a few minutes he disappeared in the darkness, and was never seen with the army again.

In a month his house in Bennington was vacant. It was afterward sold by an agent, and before a generation had passed all remembrance of Jonathan Ruggles had faded from the place.

Years after an old resident in Bennington found, in a churchyard in Boston, a stone with the inscription, "Jonathan Ruggles and his wife Ellie." The name called up the sleeping memory of the man, and the mystery that had hung around him; so, finding the old sexton, whose mind was a history of those whom he had buried there, he obtained from him substantially the following account:

Jonathan Ruggles was an affluent and cultivated merchant of Boston. His elegant home, and beautiful and accomplished wife, drew around them all that was talented, and wise, and noble in the metropolis of New England. Years after the dim memory of Ellie Ruggles lingered in the minds of old men like a haunting dream. They could vaguely recall her winning smile and how her presence illuminated her beautiful home. It was like a lingering light on a mountain-top when the sun has set.

Ruggles loved his wife with all the fervor of a refined and passionate nature. He seemed almost to worship her. He was of the purest Puritan stock, and from the beginning of the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country was a zealous revolutionist. But his wife, who could not forget her childhood's home in England, was a royalist. With persons of less refinement this difference might have been fatal to domestic happiness, but it only seemed to draw them nearer to each other. Their lovely child, Ellie, whose spiritual nature seemed to take its light and shadows from

another world than ours, was the crowning bond of their perfect love.

But the ample hospitality of Ruggles encircled those who were less noble than himself. Civil magistrates, whose only title to preferment was the intrigues of a corrupt Court three thousand miles away, and military officers of doubtful antecedents, but polished manners, were among his guests. Among the latter was Captain Gray. A scion of a noble family, selfish and fond of luxury, he had secretly given up military ambition for the delights of social conquests. He soon became inspired with a wild passion for Mrs. Ruggles. But, reckless as he was, the purity of her character inspired him with such awe, while in her presence, that he dared not bring his varied powers to bear upon her with an evil influence. He only had courage to magnify the dangers to which those would be subjected, after the evacuation of Boston, who had adhered to the royal cause. On this subject he was most eloquent, till the fears of Ruggles were at last awakened, and at the evacuation he urged his wife to leave the country for a time, and visit her parents in England. In an evil hour she consented, and, leaving little Ellie in the care of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Ruggles sailed for Halifax, under the protection of a royalist family.

Gray considered his purpose as good as accomplished. He had separated her from her husband and the influences of home, and in the uncertain future there was every chance for his plans. He left a report to be circulated after his departure that she had gone as his personal companion, though, by the necessities of the military service, they had sailed in different ships. But enough were found to credit and spread their report, till her fair fame was ruined, and her name became a by-word of shame.

The blow fell with crushing effect upon her husband. He would not believe it at first, but as month after month passed without bringing tidings of her, while his enemies retailed circumstantial evidence of her guilt, he became half convinced of it. Gray had stolen her miniature and exhibited it as proof of his conquest. He had surrounded her with a network of false appearances, which should seem conclusive when the key to their meaning was given. At last Ruggles was fully convinced, and then the whole strength of his nature rose up in a cry for vengeance. How he followed Gray was vaguely known, and how he kept him in view when he could not follow him was inexplicable. It was only known that he watched him through tortuous paths by flood and field, tracked him through the forest, and hovered around him in the camp, till he met him face to face on the battlefield, and there executed that vengeance which is the justice of Heaven.

In the meantime, Mrs. Ruggles had reached England in safety. Gray had been wrecked and detained on the coast of Nova Scotia, and all his evil plans thwarted, till he had given them up in despair. It was in England that Mrs. Ruggles first heard of the shadow that had fallen upon her name, involving in its blackness of ruin those who were dearer to her than life. She would have returned to America, but she could not. She wrote quickly and repeatedly, but received no answer, for the reason that her lettters never reached their destination. Her husband's letters also never reached her.

The horror of her situation quickly wasted her frame, till death came to allay the agony of living. But to the last death was more terrible than life, while the mystery remained unexplained. If she could see her husband, or know that all doubts of her were removed, she was willing to die. The boon was not granted her. In her dying hours she dictated a letter, in which she recounted all the circumstances of her departure from Boston, all her movements and relations since that time, all her unanswered letters and their contents; recalled all the happy years she had spent with her husband, sent him her unchanging love — unchanging through joy and sorrow, separation, ruin and death—and signed the trust with the witness of Almighty God.

That letter reached her husband after her death; but it brought a new horror—the crime of having lost faith in her. All that he had suffered before was nothing to his anguish of remorse now. Not for the vengeance that had been quenched in the blood of the guilty, but for the wrong of unbelief to the innocent.

He soon knew that he was swiftly following his wife. He wrapped himself in tender memories of her, as if they could shorten and illume the dark road between them. In his dreams he heard her voice, or felt her golden hair on his cheek, or saw her near—coming, almost come—with all the light that he had almost worshiped in her eyes, and the loved form of other days, not changed, but transfigured with an inward light which he had caught only glimpses of while she was with him, but which he now saw was always there, and had been fully revealed with the passing of mortality.

He lingered long enough to see her remains brought from England and buried beside the graves of his fathers. In a few weeks another grave was made close beside the last, and one stone was erected for both, bearing the inscription: "Jonathan Ruggles and his Wife Ellie."

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

By Eliza Cook.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torchlights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh—he does not weep,
But will not leave the fresh-piled heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come;
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretch'd upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that p lish'd marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth,
Are claim'd by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimm'd eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

ALEXANDER POPE'S CHAIR.

The relics of departed genius are always of peculiar interest to the intelligent mind. We feel an almost sacred awe in approaching either the birth or final resting-place of a Shakespeare or a Milton; we peer with deepest interest into the old nooks and corners that have known a Johnson

or a Goldsmith; and feel we have enjoyed no mean honor when a scrap of the original manuscript of a Byron or a Burns has been for ever so short a time intrusted to our hands. What apology, then, is necessary for placing before our readers an engraving of one of the most interesting relics bequeathed to us by the literati of the last century? The chair of Alexander Pope was one of the most esteemed objects in the collection of the late Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End.

In looking upon this illustration, what a world of men and circumstances crowd about it! The ailing, deformed boy-author of the "Pastorals," and the scarcely more than boy-author of the "Essay on Criticism," is in an instant before us, with a long array of friends won by his genius only to be lost, for the most part, by the pungency of his wit, the keenness of his satire, and the acerbity of his temper. Addison, Parnell, Gray, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Teresa and Martha Blount—all of whom were friends of the poet at some period of his life—follow in quick succession; and thick and fast the details of the scene take their respective places till Memory has completed her work, and a picture of a past generation is conjured before us with all the brilliancy and vigor of an actual existence.

THE CASCAROTTES.

Between St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne, in the south of France, the traveler will meet a line of young women hurrying past, bearing on their kerchiefed heads baskets of sardines. They are the Cascarottes—a race of dark complexion, jet black eyes, hardy and swift, who have long had this branch of business to themselves.

With a Madras handkerchief around their heads, loose vest, bright-red skirt, neck, legs, and feet bare, they carry their burden at a rapid pace from St. Jean de Luz to Bayonne, a distance of fifteen miles. They live at Libourne, and though they get, at most, two francs a day, are trained to this from childhood, and do their work so well that no other conveyances are thought of. Who they are, or whence they came, is unknown.

On Sunday you will find them on the seashore, dancing Spanish dances—the bolero or fandango; but on that day they lay aside their picturesque attire and assume shawls, gaiters, and muslin dresses; but in their graceful movements and dark complexion it is impossible not to recognize the Cascarottes.

THE CASCAROTTES CARRYING SARDINES TO BAYONNE, IN FRANCE.

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

Mr. Sergeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; when a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some liquor.

While the man was drinking, Daly contrived to heat a poker, and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered, of sheepskin, he told the officer it must eat as well as mutton, and recommended him to try it. The bailiff said it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them; upon which Davy told him that if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, Davy acquired that taste for the law which the eating of a process had not given the bailiff; and when he was discharged from the Fleet, he applied to the study of the law in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

A Hopeful Position.—Lord Mansfield being told of the following motto on the coach of a very eminent quack—"*A numine salus*," thus translated it, "*God help* the patient."

THE BLACK SHADOW.

By Annie Thomas.

It changed and blighted my life when it fell, that black shadow of which you ask me to tell you; but as it is well that I should learn to speak of that which I must think of while I live, I will strive to find words wherewith to frame my sad, sad facts.

My life had moved on so quietly and uneventfully up to my twentieth year, that it threw me off my balance considerably one morning, when my father told me that our humdrum existence was to be brightened by the presence of a guest. He did not speak of the fact in the words I have used; he employed a far stronger idiom. "We're going to be wakened up, Madge," he said. "There's a young fellow coming down to read with me, who'll set the neighborhood on fire, if I'm not mistaken."

"Hadn't I better have new curtains and a carpet for the spare room?" my mother asked.

"Not a bit of it, my dear. Mr. Elliot won't expect to find the luxury of good upholstery in an old country rectory; but I must have the stable repaired, for he brings a couple of horses and a groom with him, and offers me two hundred a year extra for their keep."

"Surely that is very liberal," my mother said, delightedly, for poverty had firmly fastened its fangs upon us, and fattened thereon for a long time.

THE BLACK SHADOW.—"THE WOMAN, THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, HAD COME FORWARD AND CAST HERSELF AT HERBERT'S FEET."

"Liberal! He's liberality and munificence itself," my father said, warmly. "A young fellow just come into a large property, and with a widowed mother possessed of another large property to back him, doesn't often seek to enlarge his mind by a severe course of study, as this young fellow proposes to do. He seems to be something quite abnormal in this modern decayed society."

"What is his name, papa?" I asked.

"Herbert Elliot, he signs himself, and his referee speaks of him as Mr. Elliot, of Clyst-Elliot. Well, I must not loiter here any longer. I must begin brushing up my Latin and Greek, or I shall find my pupil will steal a march on me." And my father laughed pleasantly, as he spoke, for "he was a shrewd and sound divine," and good store he had of clerkly lore, so that he could venture to joke on the subject.

The day of Mr. Elliot's arrival was a busy one for us all. My mother spent the morning in designing and seeing carried into execution a wonderfully elaborate little dinner—elaborate, that is, when compared with our ordinary *cuisine*. My father bewildered himself hopelessly in searching after certain musty tomes that had been misplaced during the recent reign of order. And I kept on putting finishing touches to the guest-chamber and the drawing-room, and strove to make them bright and beautiful, for one day at least, with flowers.

I had led such a secluded life that it was pardonable excitement and curiosity surely that led me to paint at least a dozen portraits of the stranger who was coming. The one I liked best was modeled on a clever sketch in oils that my father had of Charles Edward Stuart, in which that hero of romance was represented with a fair, fine, haughty face, with frank, proud, clear blue eyes, and with a general air about him of being a chevalier indeed, "without fear and without reproach."

He came at last, and it seems superfluous to say that he was utterly unlike any one of my mind-pictures. Why should he have been like them, in fact? He was specially unlike my pet ideal, the blonde young Pretender. For he was dark and swarthy, with hair so brown that those who are not apt to make subtle distinctions in colors call it black. *I* saw the redeeming russet shade in it, though, and felt at once that nothing could have gone better with his dark, Spanish mahogany eyes than did this dusky hair.

Ay de mi! What a young Antinous he seemed to me that day, as he came dashing up our quiet little village street in his tandem! What a hero he seemed to me at dinner, when he talked to my father of his travels! And what a being to adore he appeared in the evening, when he played the guitar—an instrument I then heard for the first time—and sang Spanish romances and gay little French chansons to it!

I was a pretty girl in those days, and had always taken a proper amount of pardonable feminine delight in my prettiness before he came. But I soon learned to "deck my beauty in his eyes" with very different emotions to any I had ever experienced before. He had an artist's eye and soul, and an artist's passion for all that was beautiful. And so, in default of something better, he soon came to love me.

How bright the world grew to me when he told me this—told me in that lordly, masterful way of his, that I thought so bewitching because I loved him so. That I, Madge Dane, should have achieved this brilliant destiny—have captured this splendid creature, with my own bow and spear, was a surprising thing, not only to myself, but to my parents.

"It's too good to be true that you're going to be a rich man's wife, and have no money troubles," my poor, poverty-perplexed mother would say to me very often. "Dear Madge, I tremble to think that something may occur to prevent the realization of this bright dream."

And I would answer, in my proud, happy security, "What can prevent it, mother? We are engaged, and he loves me as well as I do him."

My glory culminated at last in an invitation to go and stay at Clyst-Elliot with his mother, who was living there in dowager-state, until he married. When I received her letter I turned to him, expecting him to sympathize with me in the pleasure it gave me. Instead of sympathizing, he said:

"Do you wish to go, Madge—do you wish to leave me?"

"Not to leave you, but I wish to go, certainly. You'll go with me, won't you?"

"No, no," he answered, abruptly. Then, seeing that I looked surprised, he added, "My mother says nothing about my going, you see. She has old-fashioned notions, and would think that I should be out of place there while she is learning to know you. Young people made love in a most stately way when she was a girl, you must remember; so, if you go to Clyst-Elliot, you will lose my society——"

"Only for a short time," I interrupted.

"Well, since you don't mind it, why should I dwell upon the fact?" he said, in a piqued tone. And then I told him how ardently I desired to know and love his mother, and make her know and love me.

"For you're her only son, Herbert," I added, "and I shall be her only daughter. Hasn't she ever talked to you of what she hoped your wife would be?"

A slight shudder—so slight that I rather felt than saw it—passed over him as I finished. But he banished all thought of it from my mind at once by taking me in his arms, and saying:

"She never imagined such a sweet wife for me as you will be, my own. You will fulfill all my mother's requirements, and they are rather numerous, let me tell you."

A few days after this I found myself at Clyst-Elliot, without my lover. All my persuasions had been powerless to persuade him to go. When I told him that, now it was coming to the point, I felt that it would be a terrible ordeal to go, as his bride-elect, and face his mother alone, he only laughed at me, and said that there was still time to shirk such an ordeal. I could wait to make her acquaintance as his wife, if I liked, and he thought that it would be better that I should do so. But still, though my heart ached horribly to leave him, Fate drove me on, and I went to Clyst-Elliot.

It was a fine, stately old house, and Herbert's mother was a fine, stately old lady. The only thing that detracted from her stateliness at times, was a certain expression of wistful anxiety that crept over her face, and aged and altered it horribly. Once it was so patent to me, and so startling, that I paused in something I was saying, and simply stared at her in blank amaze, until she asked me, sharply, "What was the matter?"

"You look so strange," I stammered—"as if you dreaded something."

And then she bent her proud old head down upon her hands, and whispered:

"Oh, child, child! may you never know what it is to live as I live, and dread what I dread!"

When she had said that she sealed her lips on the subject, and not all my entreaties would induce her to break the seal. So, as I was restless and anxious, I went out on the grounds to think, and pray for strength, and generally to brace up my nerves against evil misgivings.

I had received a letter from Herbert that day, and I took this letter with me to be my comforter, for it was full of sanguine joy about the time when I should be his wife, and we should never be separated.

"I will gratify your heart's desire, my love," he wrote, "and take you abroad, where the gloom that hangs over

Clyst-Elliot will be powerless to affect your spirits in the same sad way in which it has burdened my mother's."

I read this sentence over and over again. And a lurid light seemed to be cast upon it by Mrs. Elliot's manner of that morning.

The grounds of Clyst-Elliot were indebted more to nature than to art for their extraordinary and famous beauty. They were of wide extent, and within their confines was to be found almost every variety of midland county scenery. A river rippled along through woods, whose impenetrable shade must have been the chosen haunt of the goddess of seclusion. A curve in this river, as it took its course round the base of a hill, was so shut in on all sides by drooping foliage that, at first sight, it looked like a lake. I had driven along by its borders twice before this day with Mrs. Elliot. But I had never walked there until now, when I came there alone to take counsel with myself as to what this vapor of mystery which was rising up round me might mean.

The Summer air was so still, that it seemed to slumber in the noontide heat. The only sounds that fell upon my ears, as I sauntered further and further still away from the paths I knew, were the light sounds that act almost as narcotics when one dares to be idle. A few drowsy gnats and bees were humming about me. The river was a still, deep, silent one, that never murmured. And as for the breeze that came sighing through the woods, it might have been the very queen of zephyrs that was abroad that day, so gracefully noiseless was it.

Suddenly into the midst of this sweet, soul-entrancing silence, and this aristocratic seclusion, there came a sound—the sound of a woman's cry! My heart stood still, shocked into absolute pulselessness, for a few moments. Then it throbbed violently and angrily, as I began to question who could dare to so rudely wake the echoes of Clyst-Elliot.

I knew that the spot on which I stood must be well in the middle of the grounds, and I also knew that strangers were strictly prohibited from walking about in the solemn old woods that were sacred to the glory of the Elliots. To the best of my knowledge, there was no gamekeeper's lodge near the lake. And as for the servants, not one of them could hope to serve their haughty lady long, if they indulged in emotional shrieks such as this one which had struck terror to my soul just now.

Who could have dared to do it? I uttered the words with the tone and with the look of the future mistress of those broad lands. And then a sudden resolve to act as if I were the lady of Clyst-Elliot already, seized me. So I walked on, with a deep sense of my own importance upon me, looking round eagerly for a clue to the cause.

The main path narrowed and branched off on all sides into even narrower paths, and I became quite conscious soon that I was losing my way. Still, no harm could come to me in those woods, I argued, and if I were absent long, servants would come out in search, for, as the future wife of their young master, I was very precious in the eyes of all at Clyst-Elliot. Moreover, if I walked far enough, I must clear myself from this labyrinth of path in time, and until I did so, there was the excitement of a possible discovery to keep me from feeling weary.

That cry again! Much nearer to me now, and expressive of, oh, such an agony of woe! I bounded on fearlessly in the direction from whence it came, and found myself, at the end of a minute, in what looked like a cleared space in the very heart of a wood. A fairy garden, full of the loveliest shrubs, the brightest pebble paths, and the richest beds of geraniums and chrysanthemums, spread itself before me, and surrounded a tiny fairy palace, one story high, covered with ivy and roses and clematis, and with a thatched roof, and a porch that appeared to me the very *beau ideal* of rural beauty.

"Why was I never told of this place—why was I never shown it?"

I had barely time to ask myself these questions, before I found myself knocking at the door of the pretty rustic porch. As I knocked, I looked carelessly toward a window that was curiously placed in the wall—so placed that any person at it could command a full view of any one standing in the porch. And as I looked, I saw, or thought I saw, a black shadow flit across the shining lattice-panes.

In another moment the door was opened by a stolid-looking countrywoman, in a blue gingham dress, and I was asking, somewhat imperiously:

"Who lives here?"

"I do, my lady," the woman answered, civilly enough.

"Alone?" I questioned, sharply, and I thought I saw a deeper trace of color come into her rough, red face, as she said:

"I be alone a great deal; only now and again my daughter comes to keep me company."

"I am Miss Dane," I said, in a tone that implied, "You had better not trifle with me"—"I am Miss Dane. Is your daughter with you now?"

"Not now, ma'am. I'm alone now," she said, nervously.

"There was a shadow crossed the window as I knocked," I said, impatiently. "Whose was that?"

"I am alone, miss," she repeated.

"You are telling me what is not true," I said, beginning to shake with a variety of emotions. "I tell you I am Miss Dane. As you live here, you must know that I am staying at Clyst-Elliot, and you must know who I am."

"Yes, miss, I know who you are, and who you are to be," she said, almost in a whisper. Then she came outside the door, and asked, in an even lower tone:

"Is the young master down?"

"No; he is not."

"Praise be to Heaven for that!" she said, fervently. And then she seemed to remember herself, for she added, quickly, "When he comes here with you, miss, I hope to have my cottage tidy enough to ask you in to rest."

"It must be tidy enough for that now!" I said, eagerly. "I am very tired! I don't know my way home! Do let me come in and sit down!"

She backed into the house in the nervous, secret, suspicious manner that was already making me very unhappy, and, quick as lightning, I saw her dart a glance round the half hall, half sitting-room, on which the porch-door gave.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked, following her in, and sinking down on a couch from sheer weariness.

"The cat, miss," she said, meekly. "Such a trouble she is! She screams that dreadful, that it's like a human being sometimes, and it makes my flesh creep."

"*Why* do you want to pretend that it was a cat I heard just now?" I cried, passionately.

"Did you hear anything, miss? How was I to know?"

She asked it softly and suavely, watching me warily the while, until I felt half frightened at her. To avoid her sly, irritating gaze for a few moments, I got up and walked about the room.

As I paused before a well-filled bookcase that occupied one end of the room, I heard a deep, moaning sigh, which seemed to come from behind the bookcase.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, starting back, frightened and puzzled, and uncertain how to act.

"What is the meaning of what, miss?" the woman asked, coldly.

"Of that sigh—of those books in this cottage?" I replied, incoherently.

"I heard no sigh. As for the books, it was the fancy of a gentleman who lodged here once, to have that case made to

THE BLACK SHADOW.—"I HAD BARELY TIME TO ASK MYSELF THESE QUESTIONS, BEFORE I FOUND MYSELF KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE PRETTY RUSTIC PORCH."

look as if it were well-filled with books. It's a sham, miss, like many other things in the world."

"A gentleman who lodged here! Lodged here in the grounds of Clyst-Elliot! How came that to be allowed? Did Mr. Elliott know that you let lodgings?"

"The young master made no objection, miss," she said, in an affectedly servile tone that made me shudder and long to get out of her presence.

Full of this desire, I asked:

"Tell me the nearest way back to the lake. I can find my way from there; but these paths bewilder me."

"I will take you there," she said; and, without another word, she led the way from the house, and I followed her down to the lake—down to the spot I had been in while I was reading my lover's letter.

"Now you know your way, miss?" she asked. And when I told her "Yes," she said, significantly, "Take care not to lose it again, miss—you might come to harm in these wild woods, and no one be the wiser for it."

Her words sounded so ominous, and my nerves were already so completely unstrung, that I made no attempt to detain or question her further. I got myself home as fast as I could, and detailed my adventure to Mrs. Elliot, who heard me to the end in quiet silence.

"Did you know of this cottage, and of this old woman?" I asked.

"Yes; I knew that she lived there."

"How strange that neither Herbert nor you should have mentioned them to me. It's a perfect *bijou* place! What can an old, common woman like that want of elegancies? and who could it have been that screamed, and then sighed? I'm sure it was not a cat!"

"Some of her common friends, I suppose," Mrs. Elliot said, scornfully. "Don't magnify the little incident into an adventure, my dear. Girls are so apt to do that."

"Mrs. Elliot, there is some secret in that cottage," I said, solemnly. "I will write, and beg Herbert to come and help me to find it out."

She gave another of those quick, convulsive shudders that I had seen her possessed by before, and lifted her hands in a sort of involuntary deprecation.

"You had better not interrupt Herbert's studies. You had better let things take their course," she said, hoarsely.

And when I implored her to tell me what the things were to which she alluded so darkly, she would only shake her head, and say, "Nothing, nothing!" until my soul sank with a vague, sickening fear.

That night I wrote to Herbert, and two days after he was with me at Clyst-Elliot, and I was pouring out my story to him, of the cottage in the wood.

"Why did you not tell me of it, Herbert?" I wound up with.

"My dear Madge, I had nothing to tell. An old woman and a cottage are not themes I should choose to enlarge upon to you."

"But, Herbert, who could have screamed? And the book-case, filled with imitation books and clever fictitious titles? And the sigh that I heard from behind it? It is all very extraordinary—you know that it is—and I don't think I ought to be kept in the dark."

His face lowered as I spoke, and then a look of passionate affection for me swept away the cloud.

"My own Madge," he said, 'I wish you were my wife' I wish you were my wife!"

"Will you go o tha' cottage with me, dear Herbert?" I said, coaxingly.

"Yes; som day."

"No, but to-day, dear—let it be to-day. That old woman was half inclined to be impertinen to me. I should like to go there in my power, with you."

He smiled fondly enough, bu' h protested against going to the cottage. It was too hot he said, and in the evening, when it was cooler, he had planned that we should go for a long drive or ride. The cottage must stand over until the next day, at least.

As the heat was almost overpowering, I pretended to give way. Ah! why was not my pretense reality? Had I been less determined, more reliant and yielding, I might have been a happy woman now, instead of the pitied, helpless creature that I am.

I pretended to give way, but, when the cool shades of

THE STOCKING-MENDER.—SEE PAGE 294.

evening came on, I refused to go for a drive, and renewed my entreaties to go to the cottage.

"If you won't take me, Herbert," I said, at last, "I shall think that you are in some plot to mystify me! and I'll set my wits to work to find out what the mystification is! Do, do come!"

"If you will, Madge."

I can recall the look of almost agony, the piteously imploring tone with which he said this. Why was I not warned in time? What madness held me, that I would rush onward to my own destruction in this way?

"Come, then! Let us go and look for the black shadow and the cat again!" I said, mockingly; and, as I put my hand within his arm, I felt it tremble, and once more he called me his "own Madge," and begged me to be satisfied with what I had already seen of the cottage "until to-morrow."

But I was obstinate.

"I will go, either with you or without you!" I said, flippantly.

At the same moment, the door was opened, and I was drawn by him into the room. And then, as the same old woman came forward with a candle, there rang out the same unearthly, hopeless, wildly unhappy scream that had startled me once before. And before I could do more than give utterance to one exclamation of horror, the woman, the beautiful woman in the window, had come forward and cast herself at Herbert's feet.

"You are come at last, my husband," she said. "I have waited for you a weary time. They showed me a girl, with a white face, the other day, and said she was to be your wife. But I knew better. 'She will never be his wife!' I said, and I am right."

"My poor Dora!" he said; and something in the pitifulness of his tone to her—to this woman who claimed him—stirred me into speech.

"You are right! I never *will* be his wife!" I cried; and then I saw that the woman I was addressing had become insensible.

"The joy of seeing you has been too much—it has broken

MY FIRST DEER HUNT.—"THE INFURIATED CREATURE MET HIM HALF WAY, AND WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS ANTLERS THREW HIM A DOZEN FEET."—SEE PAGE 294.

And then he resigned himself, and we set off on our walk to the scene of my former adventure.

When we came to the spot where we left the lake on our right, and the paths became intricate, he paused once more, and adjured me solemnly not to go on.

"If you persist in going to-night," he said, "we may both be made very miserable. Wait till to-morrow, and I will take you there! Wait until you are my wife, and I will tell you all there is to tell; but do not go there to-night."

"Herbert, I must! I must, indeed! I'm driven on to go!"

"Wrestle with that demon of curiosity, and cast it out!" he pleaded.

But I only shook my head, and said I must go on. And then we went on in absolute silence until we came to the door of the cottage.

It was shut, and a shadow was cast upon it obliquely from some one standing inside the window. Peering eagerly through the coming gloom at this person, I made out the face and form of a most lovely woman, and at once I relaxed the firm hold I had on Herbert's arm.

her heart, sir!" the old woman said, taking the fair young form tenderly off the ground. And I stood by while they bathed her forehead and laved her hands, and waited with a bursting brain and a breaking heart for an explanation to be offered to me.

When she opened her eyes, at length, they rested on him—on *my* Herbert—with a look that nearly maddened me; and the groan that broke from my lips brought him to my side, and directed her attention to me.

"Who is that lady, Herbert?" she asked, gently. "My mind is too dark still to know all my friends; but I knew you at once, my darling, my own!"

Those words to him! and he listened to them! Why did I not die then? The truth, the miserable truth came in upon me by slow degrees. This beautiful woman had been mad, and was sane again; and Herbert was her love—not mine any more. I saw this. I felt it in every fibre of my being. He was torn to pieces by conflicting emotions, but honor seemed to call him to that woman's side. My agony culminated when she who had cast the black shadow over me called him to her side, and flung her arms round his

neck, and bade him "thank Heaven, with her, that he had been patient to wait for her recovery! That he had not married another!"

How I was got back to Clyst-Elliot, and how I had to struggle for hours with such dark pain that my brain was threatened, need not be told here. In the morning his mother came to me, and I implored her to tell me all I ought to know, and to say at once whether I might think of Herbert as mine still.

"It is half-killing him, poor boy, this truth that I am going to tell you," she said, mournfully; "but you must hear it, and you both must bear it. Herbert is bound in honor to relinquish you, and to marry Dora Lyne!"

And then she told me how, five years ago, she, finding it dull at Clyst-Elliot, had advertised for a companion, and had had her advertisement answered by this young and beautiful woman.

"It was only natural," she said, "that Herbert and she should have loved one another, and, after a time, I gave my consent, and they were to have married soon. Just when the day was fixed for their wedding, Herbert caught a bad fever, and I nearly lost my son. Dora was half-distracted, but she nursed him devotedly and skillfully. When he was out of danger, she fell ill; and, when the fever left her, we found that her mind was gone!

"The blow nearly killed him. But in time his youth and health reasserted themselves, and he saw you, and loved again. From the moment I heard of your engagement, I have had the dread on me that something sorrowful would happen. His love for Dora was gone, I knew; but, if Dora became sane, where would his honor be, if he did not marry her? Over and over again I implored him to tell you everything. But he would not until you were his wife, he said. A few days ago, when you heard that first scream, that old woman had just tried the experiment of telling Dora that Herbert was going to be married to some one else. That news aroused her faculties. The sight of him, yesterday, restored them completely. My child! my poor child! you now know all."

So, the black shadow fell and blotted out all my hopes in life.

THE STOCKING-MENDER.

Among the extinct trades of Paris, is that of stocking-mending, which used to furnish employment to many, too old and infirm to pursue any other means of earning a scanty subsistence. As will be seen by our engraving, it required no very extensive capital to set up in this line of business—an old hogshead, with a covering to protect the head from the inclemencies of the weather, a chair, a pair of spectacles, a darning-needle, and some cotton thread; these were all that was necessary.

The stocking-menders frequented the vicinity of market-places, and after choosing a spot in which to locate, became fixtures.

But the various machines for the manufacture of stockings at a low price, and more especially those which add new feet to old tops, carried a deathblow to this now extinct trade. Besides, as the market-places became more pretentious in architecture, size, and general appearance, the poor old women felt that they were no longer in keeping with their surroundings, and ceased to struggle with the tide which was setting against them, and which soon floated them on to the almshouse and a pauper's grave.

Good nature, like the bee, collects honey from every herb.

MY FIRST DEER HUNT.

The first experience I had in hunting was a memorable one, and a vivid remembrance of it will remain by me during all my life.

It is something over twenty years ago that Burt Smith and I, who were clerks in a wholesale establishment in Broadway, made our arrangements for spending a week in the Autumn among the Adirondacks in Northern New York. It was our great ambition to "kill a deer," and we made numerous boasts that we were going to bring one of those animals back with us.

With such an exalted idea of our abilities, we set out without any dog, and, after reaching the mountains, we informed the Indian guide, who proffered his services, in our most complacent manner, that we proposed to be our "own guides."

"Veree well," he said, with an impudent grin, as he walked away.

We struck into the mountains with the intention of being absent about a week, and to live off the country while so employed. For two mortal days we tramped the woods, with not a particle of food to eat, except a few dry biscuits, which we had brought with us.

On the first night we both slept in a tree, or attempted to do so, for we had scarcely closed our eyes, when Burt lost his balance, which displaced me, and we both fell sprawling to the ground, where we lay, shivering and terrified, until daylight.

On the second night, when nearly famished, we reached a half-breed's house, where we procured lodgings and something substantial in the way of food. In the morning we started out with a considerable rise in our spirits, and with a renewed determination to bag a deer before nightfall.

Thus far we had not caught a glimpse of anything more than a few birds. We imagined, when on the ground, that there were any number of bears all about us, but we saw nothing of them, and I have since come to the conclusion that they existed only in our imaginations.

Had we consulted our feelings, we would have bidden an eternal farewell to the Adirondacks, and made all haste to our employers in Broadway, but we could not bear the thought of going back empty-handed, after all our boasts of what we were going to accomplish.

About noon, as we were walking rather languidly along, we suddenly met a huge stag face to face. The frightened animal raised his head, returned our amazed stare, and then wheeled about and ran.

At this juncture we thought of our rifles, and, raising them, fired at the swiftly vanishing animal. The effect of the bullet or the report was simply to hasten his speed.

"By Jove! I hit him!" exclaimed Smith, starting off on a run after him.

"No, you didn't. It was my bullet!" I added, as I hastened after him.

In a few minutes we overtook the stag, he having entered a sort of gorge, which closed at the opposite end, and shut off his escape altogether, except by the way he had entered.

Finding us so close in his rear, he turned, and now stood at bay, awaiting our attack. We had not yet learned that

"A stag at bay is a dangerous foe."

"He's mine! he's mine! I hit him first!" called out Smith, excitedly. "Stand back, till I knock him in the head."

And the fellow dashed forward, with his gun upraised.

The infuriated creature met him half way, and with one sweep of his antlers threw him a dozen feet.

Burt landed on his feet, without suffering any material injury; but his experience was sufficient, and not once looking behind, he gave utterance to a regular Cayuga yell, and broke away at the top of his speed, shouting to me to do the same.

As for me, I concluded that the opportunity was too good a one to be thrown away in such an idle manner. I merely ran a short distance until the infuriated animal gave over the chase, when I halted to decide upon the next step that was advisable.

Like all young hunters, neither of us had reloaded our guns after first firing them, so that we were totally unprepared for this change in the tactics of our fugitive.

I now proceeded to charge my piece. When I had finished, I carefully scrutinized the stag, who still stood defiantly at bay, and I was somewhat surprised when I failed to discover the slightest wound upon him, proving conclusively that both our shots had missed him.

But I was resolved that my second effort should be more successful, and I took deliberate aim at the stag.

When I fired, the sudden spring which he made in the air proved that he had been struck.

This shot brought matters to a crisis. If the animal was hit, he was not disabled, and, lowering his head, he came plunging toward me like a thunderbolt.

There was no time to think of reloading, so I dropped my gun and dashed for a sapling, up which I made my way with a celerity which would have astonished the Hanlon brothers. I had scarcely drawn myself a dozen feet from the earth, when the antlers of the stag struck the trunk with a violence which nearly shook me from my seat; but I clung to my perch with the tenacity of death itself, for I had no desire for another bout with the raging animal below.

The stag, after making his charge, backed off from the tree, looked up at me, and snuffed, as if to say:

"I've got you there, young man, and I can wait till you come down!"

The afternoon was now well advanced, and I was treed by an angry stag, that looked as if he meant to keep me there. My gun was on the gronnd, a hundred yards away, and I was fortunate in being beyond the reach of my enemy.

Once in a while he struck his antlers against the tree, at which times I had to hold on pretty well to prevent being shaken off.

As the only thing that I could do under the circumstances, I yelled for Smith to return to my assistance. But, although I shouted until I was hoarse, no response came. The unchivalrous fellow cared nothing for me, so that he secured his own safety.

As the afternoon wore away, I took a careful view of my surroundings. The sapling which I had climbed was interlocked at the top with the limb of a large tree, into which, if I chose, I thought I could make my way; but, as there was nothing to be gained by doing so, and as it was attended with considerable risk, I concluded to "let well enough alone."

There was such a round, full moon in the clear sky, that I really was unable to tell when twilight ended and moonlight began. But night came at last, and my cruel sentinel still watched me from below.

Once or twice, when I became cramped in my position, I shifted to the opposite side of the tree. The slightest move at such times caught the ear of the stag below, that started up, as if he was certain I was about to fall into his power.

When we were well into the night, I began to ask myself what was to be the end of all this. Suppose that infernal stag should take it into his head to watch there for a week, what would become of me?

Being satisfied that my last shot wounded him, I had strong hopes that he would soon fall to the ground, and collapse.

But, as hour after hour passed, he displayed an astonishing amount of vitality. The truth of it was, that my shot had succeeded in rousing all the fury of his nature, and very little, if anything more.

At this distant day I can afford to smile at the predicament in which I was placed, but it was no smiling matter to me then. It was a serious matter, indeed.

Necessity is the parent of invention, and, somewhere about midnight, a brilliant scheme came into my head. As it was the only one which offered me any chance of escape, I acted upon it at once. Carefully removing my coat, I adjusted it on a limb, and then placed my cap over the top. I debated a moment whether I should also remove my pantaloons, but, on account of the chilliness of the night, concluded not to do so, except as a *dernier ressort*.

I worked very silently and stealthily, and, when everything was ready, gave a violent shake to the tree. Instantly the stag was on the alert. I repeated this fully a dozen times, until there was reason to believe that my enemy had become weary of it, when I made a leap for a limb of the adjoining tree. I barely succeeded. Remaining at rest a few moments, I cautiously clambered to the opposite side of the larger tree. Here the great difficulty presented itself.

After considerable manœuvering, the large trunk was placed between me and my enemy, and, with a painfully throbbing heart, I dropped as lightly as possible to the ground.

The stag started, as though he suspected foul play, but a glance at my hat and coat evidently satisfied him that I was still in the sapling overhead, and he was content to bide his time. Fairly on the ground, I began moving stealthily backward, all the time keeping the tree-trunk between me and the motionless body of the stag. The time soon came when even this failed to hi le him, and I sank down upon the earth, and crawled away on my hands and knees until a safe distance was reached, when I rose to my feet and *ran*.

Once I thought of turning back in search of my gun, for the purpose of paying the animal for his persecution, but there was too much risk, and I kept on.

Providence directed my footsteps, and at daybreak I found my old friend the half-breed's, and where also Smith was quietly sleeping, as though there was no such thing as danger threatening me.

A solemn council of war was held, and the result was that three days later we were back in Broadway, and neither of us has ever visited the Adirondacks since.

HENRY THE FOURTH AND LA BELLE GABRIELLE.

By Henry Barton Baker.

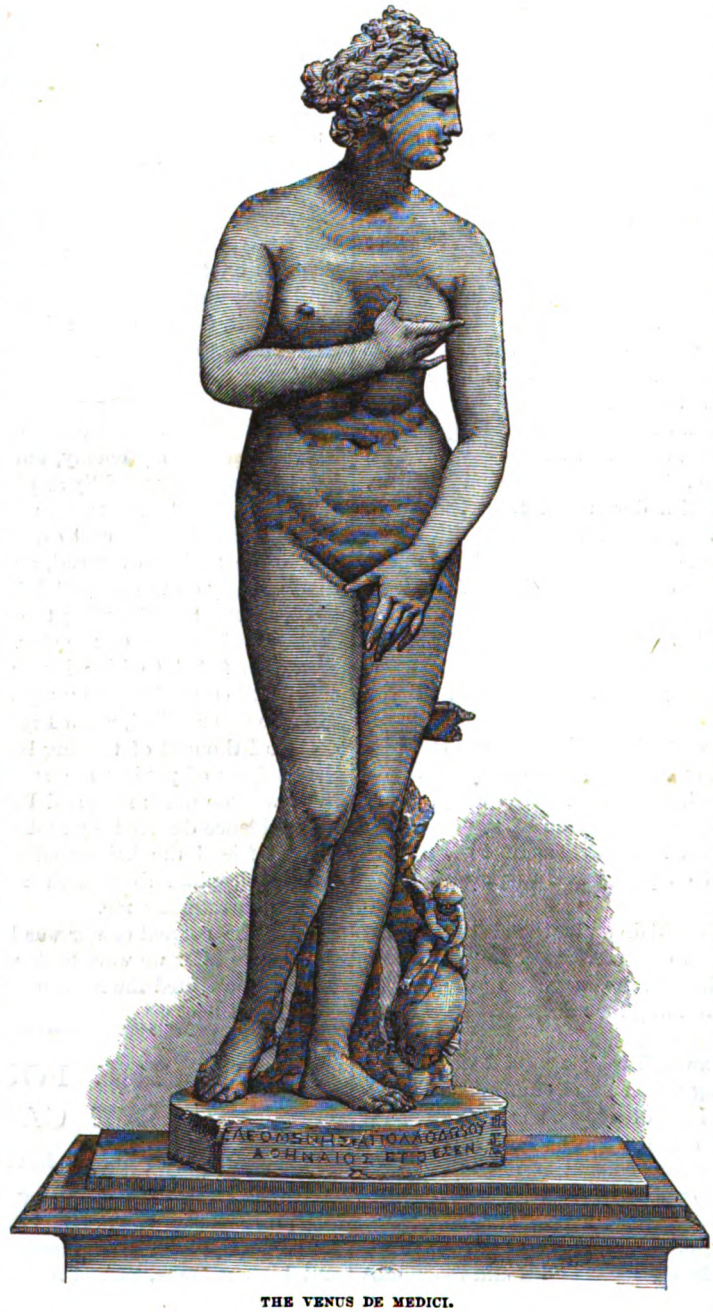
Amongst the train of young nobles who, as *pages d'honneur*, formed part of the Court of Anne of Brittany, queen of Louis XII., was a tall, handsome youth, of noble bearing and high courage, named Antoine d'Estrées, the heir of a family of ancient lineage, in Picardy, whose ancestors had intermarried with the *quasi*-royal house of Courtenay.

Most of the young men of family of that day, who were ambitious of distinction, sought it in the desolating wars that France for so many years carried on in the very heart of Italy. Young d'Estrées, therefore, thirsting for military fame, crossed the Alps with Francis I., and, from the gallantry and daring he displayed in the battlefield, was shortly promoted to the command of the Albanian company, which had been raised by Francis, and was maintained in his army throughout his Italian campaign.

With this small corps of 150 men, no less remarkable for bravery than picturesqueness of appearance, Antoine d'Estrées took part in the engagements that led to the victory of Marignano. In the subsequent reign of Henry II., the appointment of grand master of the artillery was conferred on him, for the great ability with which he had personally directed the siege of Calais. He afterward inclined to the Huguenot cause. The son of this brave soldier, also named Antoine, succeeded to his father's post in the artillery, and, inheriting also his attachment to the cause of the King of Navarre, became one of the most influential of the "*parti du milieu*"—composed of moderate Catholics and reasonable Calvinists—who desired to put an end to religious strife and to the warfare that harassed and impoverished France, and who believed that the interests of all parties would best be served by insuring the succession of Henri de Béarn to the throne. On these advocates of a system of fusion of interests, the extreme sections of the two opposing faiths had bestowed the taunting *sobriquet* of "*les politiques*," and their adherents at first were few. But as it became more apparent that the only results of this war of creeds were rapine and bloodshed, and unutterable misery to the people, the "*parti du milieu*" gained strength and importance. The number of Henri de Béarn's partisans increased; and not only did he gain some advantages in occasional skirmishes, but decided victories in well-contested engagements.

The family of d'Estrées resided at the fortified Château de Cœuvres, and in 1589 the fair *châtelaine* was Antoine's beautiful daughter—"*La belle Gabrielle*," as she was afterward called, and as she still lives in song. Endowed with all the grace, fascination and sweetness of temper of her mother, Françoise Babou de la Bourdonière, she had also the noble beauty and force of character that distinguished the paternal line. She was then in the bloom of youth, in her eighteenth year.

Like many ladies of high family in the sixteenth century, Gabrielle had been trained, in case of need, to defend her home against the attacks of straggling and lawless parties of marauders, who, in those turbulent times, would often seek to surprise and plunder a château from which the *seigneur* and his retainers were known to be absent. Her father had taught her to apply the match to the *culverines*, to fire off an *arquebuse*, to defend herself with a dagger. A daring and graceful horsewoman, she was his constant companion in the grand hunting and hawking parties that then formed the favorite recreation of the *vie de château*—often a boisterous one of wild rusticity, though in most cases tempered by a courtliness of manners induced by the great pride of birth of the feudal lords and ladies of that day.



THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

The young Duc de Bellegarde, a gallant cavalry officer, reputed one of the handsomest and bravest men in France, had fallen passionately in love with the fair Gabrielle. With the romantic ardor of sweet sixteen, she had responded to the love of the young soldier, and promised to become his bride. But the times were not propitious for marrying and giving in marriage; for the country was in arms, civil war prevailed throughout France, and Captain de Bellegarde must away to his troop. Vows of eternal constancy were exchanged, and the young lovers parted—he to be soon after taken prisoner and banished to Poland; Gabrielle, to dream now and then of her absent Adonis, to whose memory she heaved a soft sigh when she heard of the unexpected blow to her youthful hopes. But her bright, laughing eyes were not dimmed by much weeping, and the bloom did not fade from her soft, rounded cheek.

Such was the passing emotion that fluttered the breast of the youthful Gabrielle; but, like first love in general, it died away in the absence of its object, and left neither scar nor ache behind. But, two years after, taller in stature, in beauty of form more perfectly developed, full of animation, and with a heart wholly unscathed, she first met, fatally for her, the man to whom the one love of her life was given—Henri de Béarn, King of Navarre. A king without a kingdom; for Pope Sixtus V. had excommunicated Henri, given Navarre to Spain, and declared him unworthy of the French crown.

For some years past, Henri had led a life of adventure, but

one of much hardship and fatigue. Urged by his faithful follower and friend, the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné, he fled from the Court of France in 1576, to head the Huguenot bands, who, naturally, looked to him as their leader. Renouncing the Catholic faith, which he, and his brother, the Prince de Condé, had accepted at the instance of Charles IX.—that they might escape the fate that befell so many thousands of Huguenots during the St. Bartholomew massacre—he again made profession of the Calvinist doctrine.

Gabrielle had heard the many stories that were told of his wonderful prowess, of his daring feats of arms, of his gayety and joyousness of temper under difficulties and privations, and of the courage and endurance with which his example inspired his troops. Troops often utterly destitute, ragged and footsore, hungry and shelterless, yet ever devoted to their gallant leader; and who, being further buoyed up by fanatical zeal, and a belief that their cause was that of God, as opposed to that of the devil, fought with a desperation that generally ended in the discomfiture of their foes.

After these victories—for Henri de Béarn was as poor as his followers—they were let loose on the towns and villages to find food and shelter, by force or otherwise, according to the fear or favor they inspired in the inhabitants. For himself, Henri would seek the hospitality of a neighboring château, perhaps that of some noble but not over-zealous Catholic family, to whom he would write very humble but very insinuating letters.

HENRY IV. AND HIS MINISTERS.

When he wanted money, which was no rare occurrence, he was driven to all sorts of expedients to obtain it. "He would send," says Péréfixe, "to *les seigneurs et dames* who, he thought, were his friends, promissory notes, written and

signed by himself, and would entreat that either the notes or the sum named in them might be sent back to him." Rarely, it appears, these friends failed to send him the sum. But the chief object of his visits from château to château was to gain over the moderate Catholic nobles to join the "*parti du milieu*," of which he was the armed expression. It was to follow up some negotiation of this sort that, on the evening following a successful battle, he rode over from his camp to the Château de Cœuvres, where he became acquainted with the family of d'Estrées, and deeply enamored of the young and beautiful *châtelaine*.

Henri de Béarn was then thirty-six, just double the age of Gabrielle, and his appearance by no means attractive. He never was handsome, but at nineteen or twenty is said to have had a noble and an open countenance. At thirty-six he is described as so worn and aged by the hard life he had had, by the excessive fatigue and disquietudes of the civil war, the perpetual clash of opinions, and the religious strife in his camp, that, but for the buoyancy of his spirits, he might have been taken for an elderly man. His face was deeply furrowed with wrinkles, the skin rough and hardened by constant exposure to all weathers, and his complexion *basané*, almost to blackness. He had a hooked nose of such immoderate length that it almost touched his chin, and left but small space for his mouth, which was shaded by a heavy mustache.

During his last campaign he had undergone, besides extreme bodily exertion, so much mental anxiety that his hair, beard, and moustache had become quite gray. But under his gray, bushy eyebrows there sparkled a pair of keen, sprightly black eyes; his face wore a bantering yet good-humored smile, and in his whole bearing there was a frank, jovial, dauntless, devil-me-care sort of air, which, with his wide-spread reputation for being as gay a gallant as doughty a knight, might well win for him the favorable notice of the fair *châtelaine*, notwithstanding all personal disadvantages.

When the ugliest gentleman in France, who was also the bravest of knights, first presented himself at the Château de Cœuvres, his gray felt helmet had been considerably damaged; the famous white plume, conspicuous in every fight, was draggled and dirty, and his doublet and trunk hose, that already had had many a patch, were torn and soiled. Yet from that evening, the *château* had no more assiduous guest than Henri de Béarn, and probably none more welcome. For he was *spirituel*, and his conversation full of jest and anecdote.

He told many good stories too, both of love and of war—wide had been his experience of both. And they were listened to with delight; for he told them well, with that playful exaggeration, or vaunting, that has been deemed peculiar to the Gascon. And of the careless, intrepid, reckless, joyous Gascon of that day—great in all manly sports and games, in love-making, war-making, drinking, and gaming; mirthful, contented when fortune frowned, magnificently generous when she smiled—Henri de Béarn was no unfavorable type. Even when his cause seemed to droop and the friends who sheltered him were inclined to despond, *his* spirits did not flag; he could still keep the dinner-table lively and the old baronial hall resounding with laughter at his sprightly sallies and pungent wit.

Frightfully ugly as he is acknowledged to have been—though art has embellished his portraits—yet there were moments when his weather-worn face was lighted up with so much animation, and fun gleamed and sparkled so merrily in his eyes, as in conversation jest succeeded jest, that an impression was left on the minds of those who saw him that he was handsome in spite of his ugliness.

And Gabrielle probably felt thus, when Henri—though not venturing to speak of love, yet, with an eager earnestness that gave force to his unstudied eloquence—strove to interest her in the success of his cause and the operations of the war. He told her of his perilous campaigns in the Rouergue and Languedoc; of the heroism of the little army that had fought so valiantly for the fugitive King of Navarre; of his own hairbreadth escapes, both in assault and repulse, till, like Desdemona and Othello, she "loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them." For, by his own confession, her gentleness and sweetness of temper were ever to him greater attractions than even her dazzling beauty.

His love for her detained him at St. Quentin, in spite of the hazards he and his troops were exposed to by it. To see her, he would steal away from his army and, in the disguise of a peasant, pass through the midst of the enemy's guards, running the risk of being taken prisoner. This inaction raised some murmurs in the Huguenot camp, where the cause of it was soon known—Henri's weakness being no secret there. But his indefatigable industry and bravery soon made up for his loss of time, and his frankness and bonhomie dispelled the discontent that had begun to appear.

When in pursuit of the Prince of Parma, he secretly and in disguise left his army, and rode with incredible speed to the Château de Cœuvres; dismounting at some little distance, to avoid the chance of meeting d'Estrées and raising suspicions in his mind, he sent a message to the *châtelaine* to implore her charitable aid for a poor, passing wanderer. With her own fair hands she brought him bread and butter, which he ate at the gate. He then bade her adieu, saying she "should soon hear of all he had performed through love of her." Regaining his army ere his absence was noticed, he gave the word of command "*en route*," but yet another parting word must be sent off to *la belle*—it was hastily written, and despatched by a trusty messenger:

"Si je suis vaincu, vous me connoissez assez pour croire que je ne fuirai pas; mais ma dernière pensée sera à Dieu; l'avant-dernière à vous. HENRI."

This gallant, gay deceiver wrote charming letters.

Political motives had induced Catherine de Médicis to marry her daughter, Marguerite de Valois, to the Huguenot Henri de Béarn, who was then but in his nineteenth year. And a most uncongenial pair they were. The habits of the jovial, hardy mountaineer were quite incompatible with the specious refinements of the voluptuous court in which Marguerite had been reared, and her feeling toward her husband was one of repulsion; his toward his wife, indifference. The love affairs of "*la reine Margot*" were scarcely less numerous than Henri's, but he regarded them with as little concern as she did his infidelities.

By the laws of the reformed faith, his union with Marguerite had long since been annulled by her levities, and his austere Calvinist fellowers would gladly have sanctioned his marriage with some Protestant princess, whose connexions would have aided their cause. But it was not that he might take a German princess to wife that Henri de Béarn desired a divorce. His right of succession to the throne of France could not be contested; but his Protestant profession lay in the way of his obtaining his right, and he saw that he would be adding but another obstacle to it by attempting to free himself from the marriage-yoke without the aid of the Pope. Marguerite also knew that Henry would marry no princess, but one of his mistresses, and pride would not allow her to consent to give place to a successor who was not of royal birth. Simply at her request, the Pope would have dissolved the marriage had she so willed, Henri being under the ban of excommunication. The ceremony, too, had not been performed according to the rites of either religion, and no dispensation had given validity to it:

"A lofty scaffold," says Le Grain, "was erected in front of the principal gate of the church of Notre Dame, and upon it the young couple were betrothed. Immediately afterward they were married, thus making—contrary to all custom—of the double ceremony one single act. When it was concluded, the bridegroom went to a Calvinist meeting-house to hear a sermon, while the bride entered Notre Dame to assist at high mass. After which they both went, but arrived separately, to the entertainment provided for them in the great hall of the Palace of the Louvre."

A report of the death of Marguerite had reached Henri shortly before his visit to the Château de Cœuvres. Had it proved correct, he would then, in all probability, have married the Comtesse de Guiche, the widow of Philibert de Grammont.

He had met her, as he had met Gabrielle d'Estrées—though at a time when his fortunes were even more desperate — while seeking a temporary asylum at her château, in the neighborhood of which the fortune of war had thrown him. The Comtesse received him with noble hospitality, and with much address succeeded in greatly promoting his interests with those Southern Catholic families it was his policy to gain over to his cause.

Henri de Béarn's letters to the Comtesse (preserved in the Bibliothéque de l'Arsenal) give detailed accounts of every combat, and of the part he took in them. He sends her, we learn, the standards taken from the enemy, and lays his share of the spoils of the camp at her feet. She, in return, supplied him with money, and sent men to his army, equipped at her own expense. She sold the timber from her forests, and mortgaged her estates to enable him to carry on the war.

His gratitude was, of course, unbounded, his love he declared to be the same, and while it lasted no doubt it was. Free, he would have offered her marriage; he was not, so he offered, as usual, a promise to marry, and a chance of some day being Queen of France. Henri, in his letters, calls the Comtesse, whose name was Diane, his "*belle Corisandre.*" This *amour*, one of many similar episodes in the story of his adventurous life and campaigns—for he was so constantly engaged in fighting his enemies, that his love affairs hitherto were all of the same furtive kind—came to an end when, pressing toward the North, he strove to reach Havre and Rochelle, to profit by the aid he hoped to receive from Elizabeth of England.

A correspondence, touching less on politics — gayer, sprightlier, with the freshness of youth in it, with many *phrases piquantes* of a charming *tournure*, under which the ardor of love seems to lurk—was now carried on with "*la belle Gabrielle.*"

Antoine d'Estrées thought it time to marry his daughter, and accordingly Nicholas de Lamerval, Sire de Liancourt, was forthwith selected for her husband. Contemporary chroniclers (and among them even Rosny-Sully) have declared that this marriage was a mere conventional one, arranged by Henri de Béarn; his friend Liancourt—of a rich and influential family, residing at their château, near Creil—consenting to lend himself to the furtherance of Henri's object, which was to release Gabrielle from parental control. Others have said that her father connived at it. But what will not evil tongues say? At all events, Mademoiselle d'Estrées became Madame de Liancourt. And though her husband kept himself almost entirely in the background, it is pleasanter to believe, and it also seems more likely, that her father accepted this advantageous *parti* for his daughter with the view of putting an end to the increasing assiduities of Henri de Béarn; who was then poor, and being an excommunicated relapsed heretic, had little reason to expect that he would ever reign in France.

The throne of France at this juncture was, by the French, considered vacant. The League, infuriated by the murder of the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, had declared Henry III. deposed, and the États de Blois and the Sorbonne had confirmed it. He fled from his capital to the Huguenot camp, and joined his army, commanded by Marshal Biron, to that of his heroic cousin, to whom he proposed to march on Paris. He had sworn when he fled, not to leave of the city one stone upon another whenever he should regain possession of it; and, as the royalist troops came in sight of Paris, he apostrophised it thus (this was in 1589):

"Paris, chef du royaume, mais chef trop gros et trop capricieux, tu as besoin d'une saignée pour te guérir, ainsi que toute la France, de la frénésie que tu lui communiques! Encore quelques jours et on ne verra ni tes maisons, ni tes murailles, mais seulement le lieu où tu auras été."

He took up his quarters with his army round St. Cloud. The hardier Huguenots and their warlike chief encamped on the rocky heights of Montmartre. But the days of Henri de Valois were numbered. It had been publicly preached in Paris that to free the earth from such a monster would be a meritorious act, and a young Dominican priest, named Jacques Clément, resolved that his should be the hand to do the deed. He gained access to the King by feigning to have a letter to deliver, and stabbed him in the stomach as he extended his hand to receive it. "Ha," he exclaimed, "le méchant moine! Il m'a tué, qu'on le tue!"

Clément was seized and instantly killed by many stabs of the same dagger he had used to kill the King. His body was thrown out of a window and torn to pieces. The King died the same day. Paris resounded with tumultuous rejoicings, and songs and festivities celebrated the triumph which Clément had won for the League in freeing France from her tyrant. The Huguenot army decamped, and hastened toward Normandy, for Henri de Béarn—who now assumed the title of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre—had been informed of the landing at Havre of 9,000 English and Scotch troops, under the command of the Earl of Essex, sent to his support by Queen Elizabeth.

As Paris would not open her gates to him, he intended to return with his reinforcements to renew the siege in regular form. But Philip II., from the side of Flanders, had begun to take part in the war, and Henry IV. found it necessary to oppose his English and Scotch allies to the veteran Spanish troops. They were repulsed, and the skillfully arranged plans of the valorous Duc de Mayenne were also defeated. Throughout this war Henry displayed so much personal valor, and ability in handling his troops, that he acquired everywhere a great increase of military renown.

His adoption of the *fleur de lis* and the title of *Sa Majesté très-chrétienne*, availed nothing whatever with the Parisians; they refused to acknowledge him as king; and then, as in more recent times, where Paris led, the provinces followed. The priests thought, or at least they preached to the people, that it was a horrid profanity in a relapsed heretic to call himself *très-chrétienne*, and that the judgments of Heaven would fall on those who ventured to give him that sacred title. The siege was, therefore, vigorously renewed, and again the Huguenot army covered the heights of Montmartre.

Whether M. de Liancourt, who has somewhere been called "*un brave capitaine,*" accompanied his friend Henry IV. throughout his last brilliant campaign, is not quite clear; but it is perfectly so that Madame de Liancourt did; and that during Henry's second siege of Paris she occupied first the little pavilion on the summit of Montmartre—a commanding position, embracing on all sides a wide tract of country—and afterward a dwelling on the opposite extremity of the hill, and looking over the plain of St. Denis, then known as Clignancourt—now, or lately, as Le Château Rouge.

Means had been found to annul, by mutual consent, Gabrielle's marriage, and, on the faith of the King's promise to marry her, in the event of the long-desired divorce from Marguerite de Valois being obtained, she became his acknowledged mistress. There would seem to be no doubt that he had a very great affection for her, and would have made her his wife and legitimatized her children, but for Marguerite's continued refusal to consent to set him free, except for a royal bride.

Gabrielle's first son she named César, to remind him of the great courage his father had displayed in the battle that had occurred at about the time of his birth. "César, Monsieur," was the title or designation by which he was generally known. The King renewed at this time his promise of marriage, and conferred on Gabrielle the title of Marquise de Montceaux, together with the château and grounds of that name, near Meaux, in Brie.

Meanwhile the defense of Paris was carried on no less vigorously than the siege. All classes took part in the effort to save the city. The *bourgeoisie*, the priests, women as well as men, all worked with a desperate energy to repel the heretic king and his Calvinist soldiers. Famine did its work in vain; the usual horrors occurred; the people died of starvation, but died rejoicing in their sufferings. To relieve Paris, the Duc de Mayenne made a diversion on the flank of the Huguenot army, and besieged Rouen. Henry hastened to its assistance, and in the campaign of Normandy, gave further proofs of his daring valor and skillful generalship. It was then that the old royalist chant was composed:

"Vive Henri quatre,
Vive ce roi vaillant:
Ce diable à quatre,
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d'être vert galant."

When not fighting his enemies, Henry's whole thoughts were absorbed by his love for Gabrielle. And she was proud of her hero. She possessed much courage, firmness and ambition, and qualities of mind that were wanting in Henry. His position was then a most difficult one; he turned to her for sympathy; confided all his perplexities to her, and the advice she gave him was often most judicious. Though he had a wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances, he yet clung tenaciously to the desire to reign, and Gabrielle no less earnestly wished to see her gallant lover a more than titular king of France. She counseled him, therefore, again to embrace Catholicism. Even the uncompromising Calvinist, Rosny-Sully, thought it expedient, and Henry III. had said on his deathbed, "Mon bon frère Henriot, tu ne seras jamais roi de France, si tu ne te fais Catholique." He, too, now perceived that he must either renounce the crown or adopt the predominant faith of the people he would reign over, and "a crown," he declared, "was worth a mass."

Most unexpectedly, therefore, it was announced that the King had assisted at the conferences with the bishops, at Senlis and Surennes, and had solemnly and freely abjured Calvinism and declared his adherence to the Catholic faith. Yet it was not without some hesitation that he decided to adopt this course.

"On the 13th of July, 1593, he writes to Gabrielle: 'Je dois faire demain le saut périlleux, près de cent personnes m'entourent. Je hais St. Denis.' In another letter he tells her 'when I first attended mass, a pleasant adventure happened to me at church. An old woman eighty years of age seized me fast by the head and kissed me. I was not the first who laughed at it. To-morrow you shall make me amends. The people here are very eager to see a king make confession of his errors.'"

This step, however, had very little weight with the more ardent of the Leaguers. "Who could believe," it was said, "in the sincerity of this new abjuration, when he had so easily shaken off the first?" But the moderate party longed for peace. They urged Henry's hereditary rights, and asked why they should be denied to him. "Did not he now go to mass? The chiefs of the League did no more. Philip of Spain did no more. Henceforth, then, Vive Henri Quatre!" But it was neither his victories nor his re-conversion to the Catholic faith that opened the gates of his capital to him. Their unbarring was simply a costly bargain between the King and the party weary of the struggle. Two financiers acted for him, and had to drive bargains all round.

Henry IV. entered Paris the 22d of May, 1594, and by his side, *en reine*, and magnificently dressed, sat La Marquise de Montceaux—"La belle Gabrielle." This was looked upon as an evidence (imprudently made public at that juncture) of his wish or intention to raise his passionately-loved mistress to the throne. In any other age it would have been considered a flagrant offense, both against good taste and morals. But it should be borne in mind that, in such a case as this, little room could have been left for indignation in a court over which the House of Valois had reigned for nearly eighty years. During that period there had been, no doubt, a *renaissance* of the arts, but most decidedly none of morality.

No act of rejoicing on the part of the people marked the restoration of Henry IV. It could not be popular, as it had not been desired. Paris had been "*vendu*, not *rendu*," as the King himself said on the following day, in the presence of those who had struck the bargain for him. And again, jestingly alluding to the subject, he exclaimed, "Ventre Saint Gris, quelle carte à payer!" Never, indeed, had Paris been more *triste* or the people more miserable. Famine and sickness had thinned the population; provisions were enormously dear; the streets were thronged with beggars in the last stage of disease. The League had caused much of this wretchedness; but the people believed that the vengeance of Heaven was wreaked upon them for yielding obedience to an excommunicated, relapsed heretic. Some pious devotees were so terror-stricken that they died of fear of the consequences of this supposed iniquity. Among other convincing signs of God's anger, it was reported that, after the entry of the King and the Marquise, the sky became dark, and from that time until the end of June, it rained almost incessantly.

The King attended mass, vespers and complines with much assiduity; he followed the processions of monks and the relics of saints in the populous streets of Paris. He even touched for the King's-evil, thus reviving an ancient custom of the Kings of France. 'Tis true that the undignified, irreverent manner, the jocose and jesting air with which he went through these ceremonies, destroyed the effect that his outward show of piety was intended to produce on the people.

But many attributed the King's shortcomings to a supposed leaning of Gabrielle toward the Huguenot cause; while the Huguenots themselves believed that her evil influence as a Catholic had induced his second defection from Calvinism. Henry's sister, Catherine de Bourbon, was a very rigid Calvinist, and as she took up her residence at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, surrounded herself with Calvinist preachers, and received the sacrament according to their forms, the religious feud was kept up with even more bitterness in the palace than elsewhere. The King one day, attempting to sing with his hoarse, harsh voice one of the Calvinist hymns, Gabrielle playfully laid her hand on his mouth. Madame Catherine, perceiving this, indignantly exclaimed, "Voyez donc cette vilaine; comme elle empêche le roi de chanter les louanges de Dieu!"

But the report of the march of a Spanish army on France, and that the vanguard had advanced as far as the forest of

Compiègne, summoned the King to more congenial pursuits. After declaring war against Spain, he returned to Paris, and, booted and spurred, just as he had arrived, went straight to the Château d'Estrées.

"With the Marquise (Gabrielle) were some ladies, the Comtes de Soissons, de Saint Pol, and other nobles, who, dropping on one knee, saluted the King. He, stooping to raise them, was wounded in the mouth by the stroke of a knife. His lip was cut and a front tooth broken; but the blow had been intended for his throat. The perpetrator was a youth of nineteen, Jean Chastel, a pupil of the Jesuits. He had slipped into the palace unobserved in the bustle that ensued on the King's arrival. '*Au diable soit la folle, elle m'a blessé*,' he exclaimed, for he thought it the act of the 'fool of quality,' who was still deemed a necessary appanage of royalty. But the real culprit being seized, the King pardoned him, and desired he might be allowed to go free. 'He had heard,' he said, 'that the Jesuits did not like him, and now, out of his own mouth, they had convinced him of it.' The Society of Jesuits was banished the kingdom, and Chastel's punishment was terrific, according to Sully, though he was pardoned by the King."

When Henry IV., after this occurrence, went to Chauny, accompanied by Gabrielle, the famous Huguenot general, Agrippa d'Aubigné, to whom the King showed his wounded lip, remarked, almost prophetically:

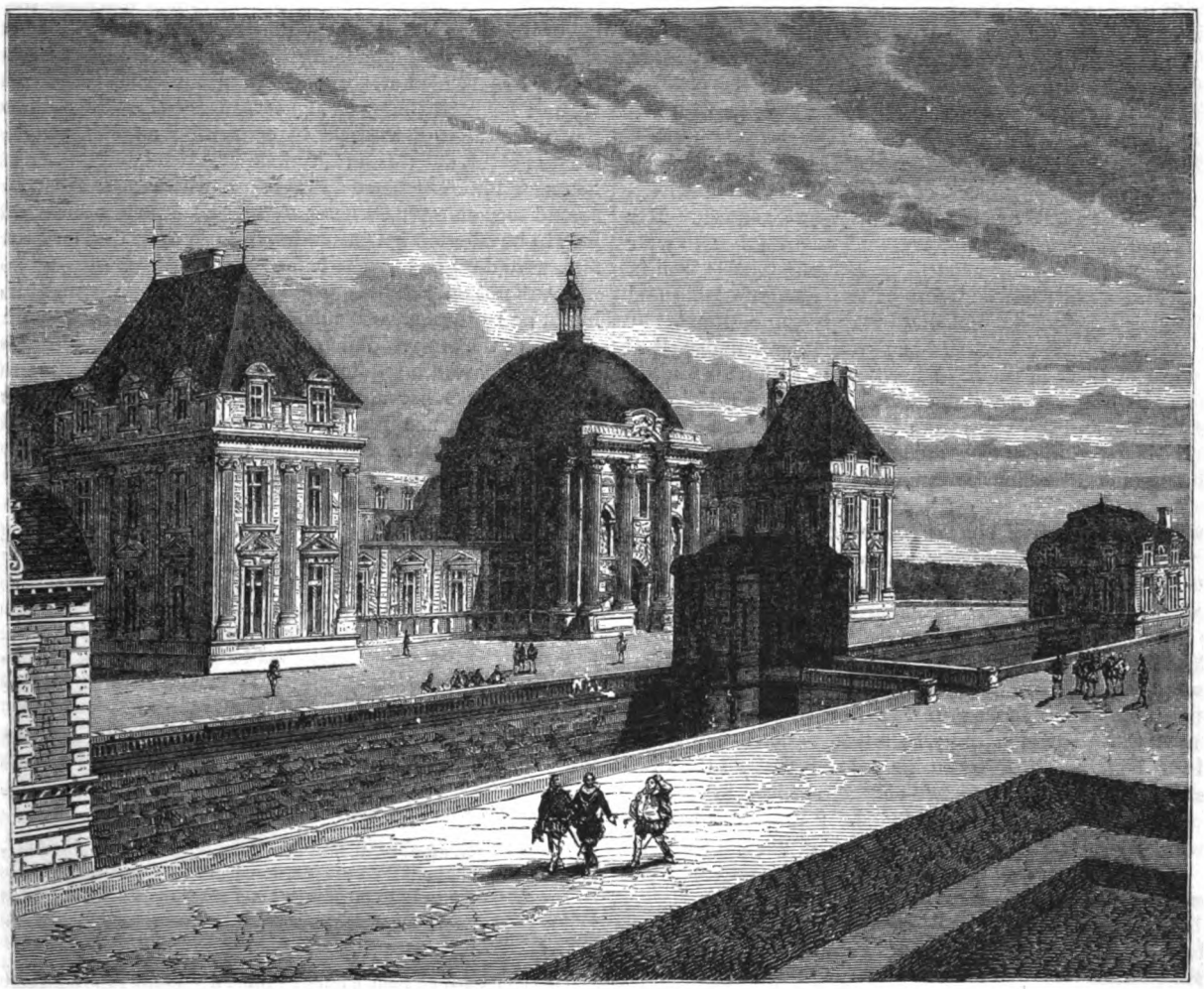
"'Sire, you have yet renounced God only with your lips, and He is satisfied with piercing your lips; but if it should ever happen that you renounce Him with your heart, He will then pierce your heart.' 'This is a fine speech, Monsieur d'Aubigné, but an unreasonable one,' replied Gabrielle. 'Perhaps so, madame,' he answered, 'yet it is a true one.'"

The noble frankness of character that distinguished this brave general—the champion of the Huguenot cause—was no less appreciated, it appears, by Gabrielle, than by Henry IV. himself.

"De Beaumelle relates that when d'Aubigné was waiting 'amongst the flambeaux' to receive the King at Chauny, the latter on seeing him said jestingly, '*Ah! voilà Monseigneur d'Aubigné*,' and held out his hand to him; then honored him with the command to hand *la belle dame* from her coach, she in return being desired by the King to unmask and salute his friend."

The King was making strenuous efforts to obtain from Pope Clement VIII., the removal of the excommunication, and his Holiness's full absolution.

"The Pope, though desiring greatly to grant it, yet continued to withhold it, and would not receive the King's ambassador, the Duc de Nevers. Father Seraphim urged him to do so on the King's behalf; but Clement, with an angry air, refused. The good father, fancying that the Pope's anger was rather feigned than real, said, pleadingly, 'Holy Father, if the devil himself were to come and ask an audience of you, and you had any hopes of converting him, you could not, in conscience, deny it him.' His Holiness could not restrain a laugh, and forthwith the ambassador was admitted."



THE CHATEAU DE MONTCEAUX.

Plenary absolution was granted in September, 1595. Many solemn ceremonies were needed on the occasion, and fortunately for the mocking, laughter-loving King, these penitential services were gone through by his representatives at Rome. Henry being freed from ecclesiastical censure, the revolted provinces gradually submitted to him, also many leaders of the League party, and amongst them the valiant

general, the Duc de Mayenne. Gabrielle was now treated quite *en reine*. She occupied the royal apartments set apart for the queen-consort at the Louvre. She was fond of magnificence and luxury, and to her extravagance in dress the people attributed all the misery and distress that a long period of civil war had brought on the country.

Their soldier-king, contrary to the custom of his predecessors of Valois, disdained for himself all *faste* in the matter of toilette. He liked to be as much at ease in his palace as he had been accustomed to be in his tent when he reposed after the fatigue of a hard-fought battle. And he still affected a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a plain cloth coat of the same quiet color—his favorite one of the *gris perle*—and he wore them well out; not disdaining to have them repaired. But for his "*belle Gabrielle*" nothing was too magnificent or expensive. She was dazzlingly fair, with brilliant dark eyes, and an abundance of beautiful hair, which she wore, as was the fashion of the day, brushed back from the forehead and temples and encircling the head; the plaits or rolls twined in with rows of pearls, or studded over with diamonds, etc.

We hear of her rich brocades ("standing alone," of course), of her marvelously fine laces, of exquisite Flemish and English point, the latter being then in great renown. Her figure was perfect in symmetry, and enabled her to wear with advantage the long-waisted, close-fitting *corsage* then in favor, which, with the addition of the uncomfortable and disfiguring Elizabethan ruff, was a very trying costume.

Thus she is represented in her portraits, and under all of them are distichs in praise of her beauty. She was fond of wearing rich black satin and embroidery. At a christening at which she and the King were the sponsors, her robe and train of black satin are described as elaborately worked over with pearls and precious stones, which had a very brilliant effect and admirably set off her beauty. The embroidered handkerchief she carried on that occasion had been displayed the previous day, as a marvelous piece of skilled needlework, at the house of the *brodeuse* of whom it was bought. Its price had been 2,000 *écus;* but Gabrielle, by a little bargaining and by paying ready money, had got it for 1,900.

When "*la belle Gabrielle*" appeared, her grace, loveliness and fascination of manner made everywhere a great impression. They looked in her face, then forgave all. At least the gentlemen did; as much, perhaps, cannot be said for the ladies. She once, on hearing that all the troubles in France were laid to her charge, resolved to retire to a convent. The King was dismayed. "What was a kingdom, what was the world worth to him, if the sun that was the light of his eyes were withdrawn?" Every convent should be razed to the ground!

Her influence over the King, was, doubtless, immense, and there is very little evidence of her having ever abused it. It was Gabrielle who suggested to Henry IV. that his long-tried friend, Rosny-Sully was the proper person to appoint minister of finance. He had complained of the irregularities in this department, and of the difficulties resulting from them to the Government. She replied that "he would never be served with fidelity till he employed a man who did not fear to draw upon himself the hatred of the financiers, but would regard only the public good." Sully himself tells the story, and says he went to thank her for the appointment. Yet he was her most persistent enemy.

When the Duc de Mayenne made his submission to the King, Gabrielle was deputed to receive and welcome him, and to assist the King to entertain him at Fontainebleau. At the grand banquet given there on the occasion, she was seated with Henry at a raised table apart from the guests, like a queen, the Duke at the table next below them. At the hunts or riding parties in the forests, she rode with the King, and on those occasions she wore a green riding-dress. It was generally supposed that the dispensation from Rome alone was waited for to announce their marriage. Her two sons, César, Monsieur, and Alexandre, Monsieur, were treated as "*fils de France*," and so great was the King's affection for them, that those who desired to obtain any concessions from him would assail him on this weak point. The council of Huguenots at Rochelle voted a gift of the worth of 2,000 *écus*, "pour être offert au charmant fils du Roi, César, Monsieur."

After the birth of the second son, Henry created César, Monsieur, Duc de Vendôme. César appears to have been the favorite son. Henry would take him to the fair of St. Germain, and leading him by the hand, buy bonbons and toys for the child, whose little caprices and infantile prattle amused and delighted him greatly. It was his hope that, being legitimatized, César would succeed him on the throne; and with a view of obtaining some insight into his future career, he had his horoscope drawn up under his own supervision; for both Henry IV. and "*la belle Gabrielle*" followed the superstition of the age in consulting astrologers. By letters patent, dated from Gabrielle's Château de Montceaux, he created her Duchesse de Beaufort, with remainder to the second son, and 40,000 *livres de rentes*. The armorial bearings to be adopted by Alexandre, Monsieur, as Duc de Beaufort, were designed by the King himself.

It was not only at banquets, at parties of pleasure, at the hunts and other amusements, that Gabrielle was the companion of the King. When affairs of state and questions of serious importance required his presence in the parliament, he would have her accompany him. Behind a screen or draped curtain she heard all that passed, for he liked to have her opinion on the subject discussed. When Henry harangued the États Généraux de Rouen, in rather soldierly fashion, *la belle Duchesse* was present.

"In reply to his question of how she liked his speech, she said she had never heard him speak better; but that she had been much surprised when he told *les Etats* that he was there 'pour se mettre en tutelle entre leurs mains.' 'Ventre Saint Gris!' replied the King, 'c'est vrai; mais en tutelle avec mon épée au côté.'"

Of the mutual attachment of Henry and Gabrielle there can be no doubt. His affection for and devotion to her were as conspicuous in the tender regard and attentions he showed her in public, as in the letters he wrote to her during his occasional short absences. She had been seven or eight years his mistress when he wrote:

"Mes chères amours, il faut dire vrai, nous nous aimons bien; certes, pour femme il n'en est pas de pareille à vous; pour homme nul ne m'égale à savoir bien aimer; ma passion est toute telle que lorsque je commençais à vous aimer, mon désir de vous revoir encore plus violent qu'alors; bref, je vous chéris, adore, et honore merveilleusement. Mon Dieu, que cette absence se passe comme elle a commencé et bien avancé. Dans dix jours j'espère mettre fin à ce mien exil; préparez-vous, mon tout, de partir dimanche, et lundi estre à Compiègne, si vous y pensez estre à ce jour. . . . Bon soir, mon cœur, mon tout; je vous baise un millier de fois.

"HENRI."

Alexandre was christened with much pomp and, like his brother, was named with reference to the exploits of Henry IV., who, in the prints of the day, was represented under the figures of Hercules, Cæsar and Alexander.

In the warrant requiring Sully's signature, Alexandre, Monsieur, was styled "Enfant de France." Sully rightly objected to this. He hastened to the King, and said, "Your Majesty has now only to declare yourself married to Madame de Beaufort." He was desired to show her the warrant—which had not been prepared by her—and explain the error that had caused the refusal of his signature. But la Duchesse received him haughtily, and the King was again

appealed to. This put him into an ill humor; but he returned with Sully to St. Germain.

Rosny, Duc de Sully, was an excellent minister of finance. His character was a compound of honesty and harshness. "A man," he said, "called to regulate public affairs should have no passions. But he, at least, had one passion—a passion for money-making—and he possessed the requisite talent for it. He was stern, haughty, laborious. In boyhood he had been as demure and steady as he was severe and frigid in manhood. A strict Calvinist, he had faithfully served Henry IV., with both his sword and his purse, during the long and harassing civil war. But in doing so, he believed that he also served the cause of the Huguenots. The interests of his party, the aggrandisement of his fortune, which was immense, and the strict carrying out of the system of order he had established in the administration of the finances solely occupied him. To a man of Henry's character he was invaluable, as he took as good care of the King's interests as of his own, and was as rigid with regard to the King's expenditures as though he supplied him from his own resources. He had neither liveliness nor imagination; the most simple pleasures and distractions were to him mere waste of time and money, and he was generally regarded as both avaricious and exclusive. No considerations of fear or favor could tempt him to depart from the strict line of his duty; and some merit is due to Gabrielle for observing and appreciating this quality in him, and for reminding her royal lover of the fitness of this faithful adherent to his cause for the post of minister of finance.

Sully relates a misadventure that occurred while he was escorting the duchesse from Rouen—the King having been obliged to make the journey more speedily. The horses of the great, lumbering coach in which her women traveled, took fright in a narrow road, on one side of which was a hanging valley. Onward they dashed, overturning the baggage mules, and threatening to come into contact with the litter that bore the *belle dame* some little distance in advance of the rest of the cavalcade. Sully rode on wildly, exclaiming, "What will the King say if harm should happen to her!" The women screamed, and Gabrielle, perceiving she was in some danger, added her screams to the general uproar. Sully's "heart leaped into his mouth." But suddenly the huge coach came with a crash to the ground. The horses broke the traces and galloped off furiously; but, as if aware of the preciousness of its burden, they gave the litter as they passed it as wide a berth as the road allowed. Sully "breathed again."

When relating to the King the danger his beloved Gabrielle had been in, he noticed that he turned pale and seemed much agitated. Sully had business to transact with him, but Henry must first see Gabrielle, and "devote some minutes to tenderness."

The King still anxiously sought a divorce, and Sully was directed to promise Marguerite that her debts should be paid in the event of her consenting to it. This was a great temptation, as she was recklessly extravagant; but, as she wrote to Sully, *elle était "résolue de ne céder pas à cette Gabrielle."*

Henry then sent the Duc de Luxembourg on a special mission to the Pope, to urge him to consider the necessity of a divorce, in order that the succession to the throne might be continued in the Bourbon line. But Gabrielle, suspecting that Luxembourg was unfriendly to her views, induced the King to recall him, and to send in his place the Comte de Sillery. She urged him also to give orders for his appearing at Rome with great pomp and magnificence. Sully remonstrated, but in vain. Equipages of great splendor were prepared, and Sillery promised Gabrielle to use his utmost endeavors to bring about her wishes.

Henry fretted a little under the firm hand with which Sully restrained his expenditure. He, therefore, took into his confidence and favor the banker Zameti, a no less capable man of business than Sully. He had a feeling for art, which was wanting in the minister, and, fond of pleasure himself, he readily furthered the King's inclination that way, by facilitating for him the negotiation of loans with the great Italian financiers with whom he was connected at Genoa and elsewhere.

With him Henry met with neither objection nor difficulty, nor did Zameti trouble him, as did Sully, with long lectures, remonstrances and admonitions. The Duchesse de Beaufort also confided in Zameti, and he promised her all the influence he possessed to further her interests at Rome. His faith in the power of money to remove obstacles was great, and it was no less powerful at Rome, he told her, than elsewhere. It was Zameti who arranged with M. de Brissac the price of the surrender of Paris—that fatal blow to the power of the Leaguers.

He had built himself a fine *hôtel* in the new Quartier des Marais, with Italian gardens extending to the banks of the Seine. There he gave splendid entertainments, and there Henry IV. and la belle duchesse were his frequent guests. There, too, the King often won large sums of money, for he was no less adventurous as a gambler than as a soldier, and usually the same good fortune attended him with the dice as with the sword.

Reckless prodigality and luxury began once more to prevail in the French Court, when, at a grand ball, the news was brought to Henry of the surrender of Amiens to the Spaniards. Without a moment's delay he sought Gabrielle. "Ma maîtresse," he said, "il faut quitter nos délices et monter à cheval pour faire une autre guerre."

She had hoped the wars were ended, and at the thought of these new perils burst into tears. She begged that she might go with him; but he did not consent, and she retired, with her children, to the Château de Montceaux. There she received the well-known "Chant de Départ," composed by Henry IV. before setting out for this war:

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars,
Cruelle départie,
Malheureux jour,
Que ne suis-je sans vie
Ou sans amour!
L'amour sans nulle peine
M'a, par vos doux regards,
Comme un grand capitaine
Mis sous ses étendards.
Cruelle départie," etc.

There are extant some lines in reply to the above, said to have been written by Gabrielle. It was the fashion of the day to write complimentary rhymes, and to give expression to joy and sorrow in such stanzas.

The King laid siege to Amiens with so much vigor that the Spaniards were soon anxious to capitulate, and through the mediation of the Pope and his legate, Cardinal de Médicis, a treaty was signed at Vervins that put an end to the warfare between France and Spain. Henry writes to Gabrielle:

"Mes belles amours, deux heures après l'arrivée de ce porteur vous verrez un cavalier qui vous aime fort, que l'on appèle roi de France et Navarre; titre certainement bien honn ureux, mais bien pénible: celui de votre sujet est bien plus délicieux. Tous trois sont bons à quelques sauces qu'on veuille les mettre, et pas résolu de le céder à personne; mais c'est trop causer pour vous voir sitôt. Bon jour, mon tout. Je baise vos beaux yeux un million de fois. HENRI."

The peace of Vervins led to the submission of Brittany and to that of the Duc de Mercœur, of the family of Lorraine, who had long set the King at defiance in that province. Deprived now of the support of Spain, his duchesse besought Gabrielle to intercede with the King on the duc's behalf, and induce him to accept his submission. She did not plead in vain. The King, too, was disposed to be generous and forgiving toward his enemies. One condition, however, of their reconciliation was that the little César, Duc de Vendôme, then four years of age, should be betrothed to the Duc de Mercœur's equally youthful daughter, Françoise de Lorraine. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de Joyeuse, at Angers, on the 28th of March, 1598, and in the presence of the Duc and Duchesse de Mercœur, Henry IV., and La Duchesse de Beaufort. Their daughter, *la petite* Henriette, then in her cradle, was also betrothed to Henry II., of the royal House of Lorraine. On this occasion, it is said that the King, as a further assurance of his love and of his intention to marry Gabrielle when his divorce should be obtained, gave her the "anneau du sacre, cet annean dont il avait épousé la France." He may have done this with a view of fortifying himself in that intention, for there was a want of force and firmness in his character that often prevented him from carrying his intentions into effect.

The Cardinal de Médicis, who had come from Rome with monk Bonaventura to negotiate the peace, had been entertained at Fontainebleau, Henry's favorite residence. The King had there availed himself of the opportunity of urging on the cardinal how necessary it was that the Pope should formally release him, whether Marguerite consented or not, from an engagement which, from the near relationship of the parties who had contracted it, had actually always been null in the eyes of the Church. Cardinal de Médicis admitted that it was desirable, but said the succession to the throne in the Bourbon line would still be unsecured though the divorce should be granted, if the King died without posterity. As the King made no reply—his thoughts were, no doubt, with "le petit César" at that moment—the cardinal suggested a marriage with the Spanish Infanta; but Henry did not admire "cette noire," as the fair Gabrielle had named her. Nor much more to his taste was Rubens's fat, florid Marie de Médicis, whom the cardinal next proposed—a relative of his own and a niece of the reigning Pope, Clement VIII. To her he did not, and could not, of course, to the cardinal, express any repugnance. But he did not dare to be frank in the matter. The ecclesiastics, therefore, left France, promising the King that they would use their influence with his Holiness to obtain this long-desired divorce. The King immediately sought the opinion of the most able *jurisconsultes* as to the eligibility of his sons, when legitimatized, to succeed to the throne, and found it adverse to his wishes.

Conversing with Sully respecting marriage with a foreign princess, Henry said that royal birth and riches would not satisfy him unless united to "beauty, prudence, gentleness, fruitfulness, and wit." Sully named in succession the princesses of Europe he thought most eligible; but Henry found them all wanting, from the accounts he had of them, in one or more of these qualities. He added that without seeking further than his own court he could name a lady who, though neither royal nor rich, possessed every charm of mind and person

Sully, of course, understood well to whom the King alluded, but affected surprise, and declared that this phœnix was unknown to him. The King, not too well pleased at this, was obliged to name *la belle Duchesse*, and seemed to cling to the idea that her sons, after her marriage with him, would be received as his lawful heirs.

That the negotiation going on at Rome was in any way connected with the suggestion of a marriage with Marie de Médicis had been carefully concealed from Gabrielle. It, however, came to her knowledge that such was the case. She was alarmed, anxious, her spirits drooped. The King re-assured her, redoubled his attentions, wrote the most passionate letters to her, if absent but a single day. "Je vous ai peint," he writes, "en toute perfection en mon âme, dans mon cœur, dans mes yeux." Yet she was oppressed by melancholy forebodings. To dispel them the King took her to "ses beaux déserts," as he was fond of calling his favorite Fontainebleau.

The Holy Week was approaching, and the King's confessor recommended that la Duchesse should perform her Easter devotions in Paris. This was inflicting penance on the King, but he yielded to his spiritual director, and wrote to Zameti—whose château he thought would be a less lugubrious residence, under the circumstances, than her own—to receive her. Though their separation was to be one of a few days only, the King was as much distressed as she. He accompanied her as far as Melun, where she was to embark in the King's barge.

"Here they several times renewed their parting endearments. Some secret presage of evil seemed to be in the minds of both. She earnestly recommended her children to him, and her domestics at her Château de Monceaux. The King, overcome with sympathizing grief, listened without attempting to comfort her. Again they took leave, and again some secret emotion drew them to each other's arms. Henry could not leave her. The Duc de Roquelaure and another of the nobles in attendance on him, led him away by force. His last words were to desire La Varenne, the superintendent of the household, to conduct her in safety to the house of Zameti, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of one so dear to him. Zameti, anxious to please the King, received the Duchesse de Beaufort with the utmost courtesy. On Maundy Thursday, 10th of April, 1599, after partaking of a most exquisitely prepared dinner, she had a fancy to attend the evening service at the Petit St. Antoine, where she went with Mademoiselle de Guise and the Duchesse de Retz. During the service, she was seized with fainting fits. Recovering a little, and suspecting she had been poisoned, she desired to be taken to Madame de Sourdis, her aunt, in the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Fearful convulsions were soon followed by symptoms of approaching death. La Rivière, the King's physician, came in all haste to see her; but on beholding the distortion of her countenance, he turned away with horror, saying, 'It is the hand of God!'"

And thus, it would seem, this pious quack left her to die. La Varenne had written to the King when first she was seized with fits. On receiving the letter the King mounted his horse and set off for Paris. He was not halfway there when a second messenger met him.

Much agitated, he dismounted to read the letter now brought to him. It was short, and at a glance he learned the fatal truth—his belle Gabrielle was dead! In the madness of his grief he threw himself on the ground, and gave way to the violent emotions of his agony and despair. "Heroes have their weaknesses like other men." The dauntless Henry IV., saying he would at least "look on her loved face once more," was about to remount his horse, when he swooned, and fell powerless to the ground.

The messenger informed the cavaliers who accompanied the King of the disfigurement the convulsions had occasioned to the beautiful face of Gabrielle. Taking advantage, therefore, of the King's swooning they conveyed him back to Fontainebleau, "to spare him the further agony of seeing the beauty of the woman he loved turned to hideousness." Sully was sent for He found the King walking in the gallery, in excessive grief. He strove to comfort him.

But the fond hopes of Gabrielle were blasted, and the struggle between Henry's love for her—deep and sincere—and what was due to the legitimacy of the future sovereigns of France, was thus abruptly ended.

A FIRE HEROINE.—"I SAW MY YOUNG FRIEND DASH OUT FROM THE BLAZING DOORWAY, WITH SCORCHED AND SHRIVELED GARMENTS, SAFE AND SOUND, BEARING THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE YOUNGSTER."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

A FIRE HEROINE.

By Juan Lewis.

MISTY haze hung over the Canadian woods.

For days the sun had been obscured by the smoke of burning forests—the air filled with a thousand odors from burnt vegetation—yet, still the fires continued, and loss and suffering followed in their wake.

"Colonel!" said a cheerful voice, outside the door of the room where I was writing—"Colonel, may I come in?"

Of course I said "Yes" directly, for I recognized the cheery voice as that of Miss Frank, the favorite of the household and neighborhood—a young lady with less of the fashionable follies of the day clinging to her, and with more of good sense, than it has been my everyday experience to meet.

By this I mean she was *not* one of those gushing young girls of the period who, in effect, invite your enforced attention from the insipidity and general inanity of their faces to the quantity and quality of the fashionable goods displayed upon their backs.

Enter, then, Miss Frank, bright and cheerful as a cloudless morning, in marked contrast with the out-of-door world.

As I recall her now—figure, slightly above the medium height; form, full and rounded, giving an impression of strength and solidity; eyes dark; hair the same, of glossy texture, abundant, and not depending on dyes nor market price for color and continuance; dress, neat and tasteful, and so harmonizing as to be unnoticeable; and the step, elastic and free—I bring to mind as pleasant a picture as one could see in a day's ramble among the art-galleries of New York city.

I looked at her inquiringly.

"Colonel," she said, vivaciously, "there is to be a picnic to-day, at——" some place, the name of which I have forgotten—"and if you would like to go, a dozen invitations have been extended, with urgent solicitation to me 'to bring you.' A boat leaves the other side of the river at nine, I understand, and there would be just about time enough for us to reach it, if we hurry. Will you go?"

The temptation was strong—but how about the work, already behindhand, upon which I was engaged?

Dare I postpone it further?

To which suggestion came the laughing response, Dare I refuse? Experience leads me to think that it is never safe to *dare* a person of my temperament to any course, unless something more than mere courtesy—say, equivalent to a challenge—is intended; and I laid down my quill,

"Nature's noblest shaft,"

(Byron's words, not mine!) and shook hands with my cheerful young visitress—not, I hope, after the stereotyped manner of the challenged party as known to the code, but as indicative of my acceptance and readiness to proceed at once.

Behold us, then, a few minutes thereafter, on our way across the broad, swelling bosom of the St. Lawrence to the place of rendezvous on the Canadian side. Thence boats with the gala party were to steam down the river, to an island, if I remember rightly, where the day was to be spent, and where, it was confidently expected, the smoke of the burning forests would fail to penetrate.

We had reached, perhaps, the middle of the river, and I was just remarking on the density of the clouds of smoke drifting slowly down from the north, obscuring here and there the opposite shore, as tending to throw some doubt on the expectations alluded to—when a shrill whistle, thrice sharply repeated in that direction, told me, what I had already feared, that we were too late.

"The last boat, I suppose?"

"Yes; the other started two hours ago," said my companion—her cheerful face slightly clouded—after referring to her watch. "What shall we do?"

"Do this," I replied, promptly. "Believe in the wisdom of being left, firstly; invade the New Dominion before deciding, secondly; and get as much enjoyment in some other direction, lastly. Return we might, but resumption of work is entirely out of the question, so far as I am concerned, Miss Frank. I am already one complete and perfect chrysolite of idleness. Thus ye philosopher expresseth himself."

Miss Frank laughed with a ringing cheerfulness that brought around us some half-dozen disappointed acquaintances with inquiring faces, to whom her humor became contagious; and, by the time the steam-ferry had landed its passengers, the picnic and its anticipated enjoyments had become merely a matter of jest, which no one—so they assured each other—would, on any account, participate in willingly.

Persons of ordinary observation will scarcely find difficulty, under any circumstances, in passing an hour or two pleasantly or profitably in an old Canadian town, such as was now under our notice. Its low stone stores or shops, walled dwellings, many churches, narrow streets, and the quaint and ancient architecture can never be without a fair degree of interest to the stranger; but I knew the town well already, and had formed a resolution, which soon became a definite purpose, to penetrate into the interior in the direction of the burning forests, and to see for myself something that could not fail to be new to all my experience of life.

Woods on fire—thousands of acres of choicest timber! Huge old trees that had withstood the blasts of centuries of fiercest Canadian Winters, falling an easy prey to their less time-honored enemy.

Yes, I would see it at its worst, or best. Where there was so much smoke, there must be fire—as the adage hath it—and a great deal of it; for, from one quarter, I had noticed the clouds had drifted darker and darker, and from the same direction the wind came heat-laden and oppressive.

Very briefly I stated my purpose to my young companion, who in turn imparted it to her acquaintances. By them it was received with rather sober faces, in spite of Miss Frank's favorable acquiescence.

Without pausing to discuss the project, we went at once to the railway station, and there heard and saw enough within five minutes to have dissuaded almost any one from even an attempt to visit the fire district, as the station agent termed it.

The faces of our friends lengthened to the expression of a decided negative, after listening very briefly, indeed, to the reports coming in from the burning townships, and they declined to go. In this they were doubtless right. Probably on any other occasion I should have desisted. But this, I considered, promised an experience too valuable to be lost, and, as fate or fortune would have it, just then an engine and tender, with one or two construction-cars and a freight-caboose attached, came steaming up to the station, bound for the burnt region, with a number of laborers to assist in preventing, as far as might be, the further spread of the fires, and perhaps save some of the threatened outlying property.

I saw the conductor at once, and stated my desire to go with him. At first he demurred to taking passengers, but, glancing at my companion, said that I could have the caboose

if such accommodation would answer, and I chose to assume (as I must), all responsibility.

I closed the arrangement at once, assisted my fair companion on board, waved hat and handkerchief in a cheerful farewell to those left behind, and we were off with a rush.

For some miles we saw no indication of fires, save that the smoke grew more and more dense, as it drifted down to meet us, as it were, half-way; but at length we came to burnt lines of dark ground, where every living blade of grass, shrub, tree and insect had perished, and only a blank desolation reigned.

It had crossed the track and road-bed in many places, and some of the ties were charred and blackened, and not unfrequently burned nearly to ashes. Occasionally the giant trunk of a huge old forest tree, denuded of bark, foliage and branches, could be seen still smoking, like some grim giant of a past age, whose heart yet holds out against the utter extinguishment of all hope.

Here or there were the charred remains of some wild animal, overtaken by smoke and flame in its flight; and less frequent the cooling stones and smoking embers of what had once been the home and habitation of a happy family. This last the saddest sight of all, for these homes, though humble, had not been wrested from the wilds and the wilderness without steadfast and persistent labor; they were, in fact, the vanished monuments of human lives—not great, not even noted, it is true, but the life-work, in many instances, of those who had reared them. And if the cottage only sheltered contented minds, what palace could do more?

Further on, fires still blazing came in sight, and huge parks of cordwood, piled near the track, flamed up as we shot past them. We were evidently getting into close quarters.

I had heard some talk among the men on the construction-cars in reference to a covered bridge, which, though built in part of iron and stone, was in the burning section, and, of course, endangered.

I was just wondering how much further off it was likely to prove, when we suddenly turned a slight curve in the line, and came full in sight of it.

It was already on fire.

Beneath it, all the more distinguishable from the burnt and smoldering vegetation that lined its banks, lay the sluggish stream of dark water which it spanned.

A house that had been occupied as a guard-house for the man or men who had charge of the bridge, was also in flames. No effort, so far as I could observe, was being made to save either bridge or house. Probably the guard, worn down by exhaustion in previous efforts to save outlying effects, had been unable to continue the struggle against the destroyer's approach, and had gone up the line for assistance. But too late to be of any service, evidently.

The train ran as near the bridge as was consistent with safety, and came to a halt.

"If anything can be done, it must be in the direction of the bridge; but I fear even to save that is now impossible," said the conductor, hastily, as he came to a pause a moment beside me.

Fortunately, they had brought buckets with them, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, a line was formed from the point nearest of approach to the river's edge, and a stream of water scarcely less in effect than if it was thrown by an engine, was dashed on the burning timbers.

It was no part of my natural disposition to be an idler at such a crisis, you may be sure, where every arm was needed; and I think I may say with certainty that I was *one* of the first to mount the blazing bridge.

No apology had been offered or needed, other than that afforded by the emergency, at my summary departure from the side of my fair companion, whose eyes, eloquent enough at all times, spoke louder than words of the direction wherein lay duty.

I had left her leaning out of the car-window, watching the progress of the fire and the efforts we were making, and thought no more of her until the sudden appearance of a female figure dashing up the bank beyond the bridge, and on to the burning structure, rushing toward me through smoke and blazing cinders, with wild cries and excited gestures, caused me to hesitate and falter, bucket in hand.

I had seen but one female figure—that of my young friend—since our arrival on the ground, and now at this sudden and strange apparition in my front, I naturally enough glanced backward to where I had left my companion.

She was no longer there, but the same sweeping glance showed me, further to the right, where stood the burning dwelling, her moving figure in rapid flight toward the half-open door.

The same glance revealed at a window-sill just above it the tumbled locks of a little child, which appeared and disappeared in a cloud of smoke even while I gazed.

I looked at Miss Frank in apprehension and terror, for, while there seemed to us onlookers, a hundred yards away, no hope whatever for the child, her resolute purpose to attempt its rescue appeared in every step and gesture.

Shouts of remonstance and warning arose on all sides, for fire was dropping from the coping, all about the entrance, and the roof seemed falling in. A dozen men sprang up to restrain her, or to assist her in her efforts.

But the young girl did not seem to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Snatching off her shawl, as she ran, she dipped it into a tub of water beside the path in passing, whirled it about her face and head, as a slight protection, dashed under the blazing arch, and into the house.

"She will save him, sair!" cried a shrill voice at the same instant, and the female figure I had seen rushing on to the bridge tumbled heavily against me. Limp and motionless, it would have fallen through the open ties into the stream below but for my restraining hand.

"Poor mother! It is Tommy, the guard's, wife," muttered a sympathetic voice, that of one of the brakemen, to whom I yielded her.

For me, I was voiceless. Life or death; which would win the victory in this fierce encounter? The seconds seemed lengthening to minutes, the minutes to hours, as I gazed, rooted to the spot, at the burning doorway. I would have moved in that direction, would have flown like the wings of morning, but had no power nor volition of my own. God! would she never reappear? Must smoke and flame drink up that young life in the full tide of a noble endeavor? No, thank God! Not yet!

The leaden wings that have weighed me down fall away like flashes of light, as I leap from the bridge and rush toward the house.

But ere a dozen steps are taken, a shout goes up that makes the echoes ring.

"Saved! saved! Bairn and lassie! bairn and lassie, both!" and I saw my young friend—God bless her!—dash out from the blazing doorway, with scorched and shriveled garments, safe and sound, and bearing the frightened little youngster, whose head we had seen that one terrible instant above the window-sill.

"To none but me, young leddy—and bless ye till yer dyin' day!—to none but me!" cried the poor mother, rushing forward and dropping on her knees to receive her darling; and to none but her was the darling given.

Her husband, the guard, had, as surmised, gone up the line, at an early hour, for help she had become alarmed at

A STORM IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. CHAMPOD.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

the progress of the fire in the woods near by—had feared for the house—had hurried to overtake and bring back her husband, in vain ; had become alarmed at the smoke arising behind her, and returned as we saw.

There were expressions of self-reproach on the part of some for neglect to examine the house, but congratulations on the part of everybody ; and, after it was all over, we fell to work with renewed energy on the bridge, already well under control, and so effectual was our labor, in the light of the bright example set us, that we soon placed it beyond all danger.

How, afterward, we made a rapid run homeward, arriving safely, with alarming appetites for an early tea, deponent saith not; and how the story of our Fire Heroine, and the incident that made her such, formed something more than the usual nine days' wonder, I leave to your conjecture and to the fate that meets all personal records of *pure unselfishness*. They seldom lose in interest, however simply (or often) told. And well it is for humanity that it is so.

A STORM IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

THE Bernese Oberland, with its wonderful peaks, its glaciers, and its high-perched lake, is the favorite resort of tourists. The Aletsch glacier, which is overhung by some of the grandest peaks of the Oberland, and the Marjelen Lake, which washes its side, are in themselves sufficient to repay the tourist ; but while to the traveler all this is inspiring, to those whose lot has cast their life amid these mountains and glaciers, the case is different. Agriculture is attended with great difficulties and despondencies ; there is seldom a day free from all anxiety ; not only avalanche and landslide, but the sudden tempest, gathering with a fury almost inconceivable, will at times force a perfect river down the mountain-side, to which the ordinary mountain-torrent is but as a trout-stream to the St. Lawrence.

Early in June, 1864, the Oberland was swept by such storms, that carried devastation on every side.

From a contemporary sketch by A. Champod, we give the fearful view of the destruction of a Bernese village at that time. Its church and mill and scattered houses, neat, attractive, and thriving, were swept before the down-rushing river ; and in its sudden burst many perished, as bridges gave way and houses sank into the seething waters. All was confusion and terror, the noble and brave who strained every nerve to save others often paid the penalty with their lives, and amid all, nought seem unmoved but the Stone Bear, the emblem of the Canton, found in every village, which, firm, fierce, and as if the demon of the storm, stood mocking its power and rejoicing at the desolation.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

MANY years ago, in the village where I then resided, a dwelling, commonly called "the old stone house," together with the small but fertile farm on which it stood, was offered for sale. This property had descended in the family of its original owner for nearly a century, and the departure of the last heir gave me the opportunity I had long desired of becoming its possessor.

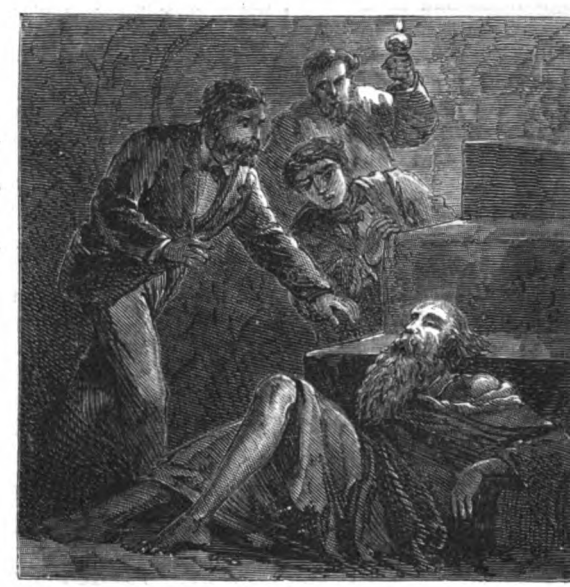
The place was handsome in itself, while the rapid rise of real estate in its neighborhood would, I knew, soon cause it to double in value. I was not to be deterred from so desirable an investment by certain unpleasant rumors which had lately attached themselves to this ancient home of the Wardlaws. The foundation for these had, no doubt, been afforded by the following circumstances:

The blood of the family just named had been tainted with insanity for several generations, and its last two surviving members had come to sudden and mysterious ends. These two were uncle and nephew—both single men, and residing almost alone together in the family mansion.

Somewhat late in life, the former had been visited by the hereditary curse of his race, and, in consequence, was removed to an asylum. The nephew, of course, succeeded to the virtual ownership of the estate.

After the lapse of a year, however, the elder Wardlaw unexpectedly recovered his reason, returned home, and resumed his former position. A few months later, he suddenly disappeared. He was never afterward heard of, nor was any clue found to his fate, excepting that some weeks subsequently a strange man called at the house with a hat, which, he said, had been taken from a milldam ten miles off, whither it must have been conveyed by the swollen waters of the creek that ran through our village.

This hat bore Mr. Wardlaw's name, and was recognized as his by the nephew. The latter stated that his uncle had for



THE OLD STONE HOUSE.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD MANIAC.

some time previous given tokens of returning mental disorder, and was therefore watched as closely as possible without arousing his suspicions. He must have contrived, however, to escape unnoticed during the stormy Winter's night, and had, probably, either committed suicide or fallen into the stream by accident. The nephew's reputation being unblemished, the authorities had no alternative but to accept the theory thus offered, and the matter appeared to be set at rest for ever.

A few months after these occurrences, the nephew himself passed away, even more completely and inexplicably, from human sight and knowledge. Not the slightest trace of him was ever recovered, nor could even a plausible conjecture be hazarded concerning his fate, except that he too had strayed away in a fit of insanity, though never known to have been thus affected.

His affairs were left in a very disordered condition, the house and grounds being heavily mortgaged. A foreclosure quickly took place; and thus I was enabled to become their proprietor. I wished to take up my abode in the picturesque old mansion; but my wife, who was in a delicate state of health, was so strongly opposed to the idea that I was compelled to relinquish it.

Then I sought for a tenant, and soon found one in the person of Squire Goodrich, recently arrived in our neighborhood. He staid twenty-four hours on the premises, and then gave up his occupancy, declaring his willingness to forfeit a year's rent rather than face the terrors of another night in the old stone house.

By his account, and that of his family, nothing unusual had been *seen*, but he and his wife had been kept awake all night by screams and curses, seeming to come from beneath the floor of their room, together with sounds as of "pounding and hammering" on the walls.

I released the squire from his contract on very easy terms—only requesting him to keep as quiet about the matter as possible. His successor was Deacon Trowbridge, whose eminent piety, I thought, would surely render him proof against all diabolical assaults and visitations. In this belief I was sorely disappointed.

On the third morning after beginning his residence, the good man called on me in a high state of alarm and indignation, protesting that I should pay dearly for inveigling him upon premises which I must have known were already occupied by the Evil One or his emissaries. In vain I affirmed my ignorance and incredulity; the deacon was not to be pacified until I had not only canceled our agreement, but paid him a considerable sum by way of indemnity, and to prevent further exposure.

So far as I could gather, his experience had not varied much from that of Mr. Goodrich, the nightly disturbances still consisting merely of sounds.

By this time I was naturally a little discouraged as to the prospect of finding a good, permanent tenant for the old house. The unfavorable reports concerning it had gained additional force and currency, and few, indeed, for miles around, were those who could now have been induced to spend a night under its roof. To sell the place at present would involve a heavy sacrifice. I was beginning to think of tearing down the house, and dividing the farm into building lots.

Just then my wife, whose health rendered a change of climate advisable, accepted an invitation from a former schoolmate who was settled in Florida, to spend the Winter with her at St. Augustine.

My business made it impossible for me to accompany her, and when she had left me, I was at liberty to enter upon a personal investigation of the mysteries which threatened to affect seriously the value of my new acquisition.

I at once proceeded to shift my quarters to the old house; but, as I had expected, no one could be persuaded to share them with me at night. If I persisted in my enterprise, I must face my ghostly adversaries alone. The prospect, I confess, was not an agreeable one; but I was not to be daunted.

I began by providing myself with an excellent six-shooter; next I made a thorough exploration of the premises, without finding anything remarkable. When night came, I retired to the large chamber on the second floor which had been occupied by my predecessors.

This room was built and furnished after the quaint fashion of a long-past generation. Its walls were wainscoted in heavy oak. The bed—a huge four-poster of funereal aspect—stood in the middle of the floor, facing a large bay-window which was deeply shaded by ivy, which was trained over the front of the house.

Altogether, the apartment, though far from comfortless, wore decidedly an air of gloom. I sat up reading for about two hours without being disturbed in any way; and then, feeling half inclined to laugh at my previous apprehensions, prepared myself for bed.

I looked carefully to the priming of my revolver, and laid it within my reach on a small stand beside the bed, together with a lamp, which I kept burning. Thus prepared, I fortified myself spiritually by reading a chapter in the Bible, and soon fell asleep.

I dreamed, and my dreams in the beginning were of an agreeable character; but at length I seemed to be wandering in a forest, where I was surrounded and taken captive by a band of Indians. I was bound to a stake, and, as a hideous old squaw advanced to apply a burning brand to my shrinking flesh, my appeal for mercy was answered by a malignant warwhoop. At this moment I awoke.

The moon had risen, and her rays, streaming through the ivied and diamonded panes of the bay-window, fell in a fantastic pattern on the bare, oaken floor. Everything wore the same air of sombre repose; yet still the notes of that barbarous outcry were falling, fully and distinctly, on my astonished ears. They ceased—could I have been dreaming with my eyes open? No! Again the shout arose, shrill and appalling, as if from the bowels of the earth.

Every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, and I grasped convulsively the handle of my trusty weapon. The sounds died away, and then came a dull, muffled noise, as of blows against the paneling of the walls. I fired in the direction thus indicated; a deep groan followed, and all was still again.

As may be supposed, I slept no more that night. With one hand on my revolver, I lay for some time peering vainly into the surrounding darkness. Neither sight nor sound disturbed me further. Having regained composure, I began to reflect upon the circumstances, and finally resolved on a plan of proceedings for the morrow.

When morning came, I rose early, partook of a hearty breakfast, and met the inquiries and congratulations of my neighbors with a degree of coolness which, I could plainly see, rather disappointed them. I merely said that a revelation had been afforded me last night which might lead to an important discovery, but that, in what I was about to do, I should require to be accompanied by three stout, courageous men, if such would volunteer their services. These were soon selected from a number who offered themselves, while the wiser portion of the assembly openly manifested their opinion that the terrors of the previous night had unsettled my reason.

I at once led the way with my chosen auxiliaries, all others being excluded, to the haunted chamber. There we proceeded to sound carefully with iron bars the oaken paneling

of the walls. All seemed firm and solid, except at one spot, behind which it was easy to detect that an empty space existed. The board was broken into without ceremony, when we found that it had been a sliding door, fastened with a spring, and opening directly on the head of a narrow, precipitous stone staircase, constructed in the thickness of the wall, and winding down into utter darkness.

Lights were procured, and we descended, but soon encountered a most dreadful and overpowering odor. This grew stronger until we reached the foot of the staircase, as low down, apparently, as the foundation of the building. There we stumbled over an object which proved to be a dead body. It was that of an aged man, covered with blood and filth, and emaciated to the last degree. His only garment was a shirt of the coarsest tow-linen, and his gray hair and beard were long and matted. Death appeared to have been recent, as the body still retained a trace of warmth, and a deep wound on the back of the head seemed to show that it had either been caused or hastened by a fall down the flinty steps. These steps, we found, led directly into the cell which had evidently been the abode of this unfortunate. What here met our gaze is almost too horrible for belief or narration.

The cell was of stone, scarcely eight feet by ten in dimensions, and lighted high up by a single aperture resembling the grating of a drain. Its bare walls and floor, as well as the rough wooden bedstead, which comprised all its furniture, were thickly besmeared, or rather plastered, with clotted blood, mingled here and there with pieces of half-putrid flesh. The disjointed bones of a human skeleton were strewn in every direction, so that it seemed as if we had penetrated to the cavern of some carnivorous beast.

In one corner an earthen pitcher lay overturned and broken, and near it was a wooden platter, which had once contained food. As we gazed, the hideous picture of madness, crime and retribution seemed to rise before us in all its imaginable details. The corpse we at once recognized as that of the elder Wardlaw—the insane uncle—imprisoned in this unsuspected den by his only relative, while supposed to have wandered forth and perished long ago.

Startled, probably, the night before, by the report of my pistol, he had fallen down the stairs and fractured his skull. The bones—the blood—the mutilated flesh—what was to be inferred from these, save that the nephew, while visiting his victim, had been accidentally caught in his own device of the sliding panel, with its secret spring, and had expiated his crime by death at the hands of the maniac, *and partial interment in a living tomb!* We gazed a few moments on the accursed sight, and then, as by a common impulse, turned away, and sought the upper air without a word.

Assembled in the chamber above, we pledged each other never to reveal to the world the truth of what we had witnessed. No good purpose could be served by dragging before the general gaze those desecrated relics of humanity, or subjecting them to the idle formalities of an inquest. The panel was securely fastened up, and the dead were left as we found them. There, for aught I know, they still remain, awaiting the dread summons which shall arouse from their graves the innocent and the guilty, and lay bare the secrets of the "Old Stone House."

CHARLES PHILLIPS'S PORTRAIT OF CURRAN.

"I caught the first glimpse of the little man," says Mr. Phillips, "through the vista of his garden. There he was. On a third time afterward, I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands on his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon; and the important step and the eternal attitude, only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room: it was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me, he took me by the hand, said he would not have any one introduce me; and with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarized me at the Priory.

I had often seen Curran, often heard him, often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched upon everything, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease as he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor.

It is said of Swift, that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence it himself.

Curran had no conversational rule whatever; he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanor. At the time I speak of, he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

PUNCTILIOUS ECONOMY.

Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of James II. and William III., was a rare economist.

One day while dining by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back-stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back-stairs*, and bring him up my *front-stairs*."

Roderic in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was conducted down one and up the other pair of stairs, his Honor Sir John Trevor removed the bottle and glasses!

A HARD HIT AT POPE.

Pope was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a Latin manuscript, in which they had found a passage that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who heard their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," said Pope, sarcastically, "by all means; pray, let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuscript, and, considering it a while, said there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible; which was really the case. "And pray, master," says Pope, with a sneer, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "is a little *crook d thing* that asks questions!"

THE CHAPEL OF THE ZANCARRON, CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA.

A DAY IN CORDOVA.

SPAIN has her famous and attractive cities. Irving has endeared Granada, with its elegant reminiscences of Moorish rule, to all Americans; Madrid, as the capital, invites many; Seville has its Southern charms that few travelers neglect to seek. Yet Cordova is, perhaps, a city which a tourist will find it worth his while to linger in awhile and study its past and present.

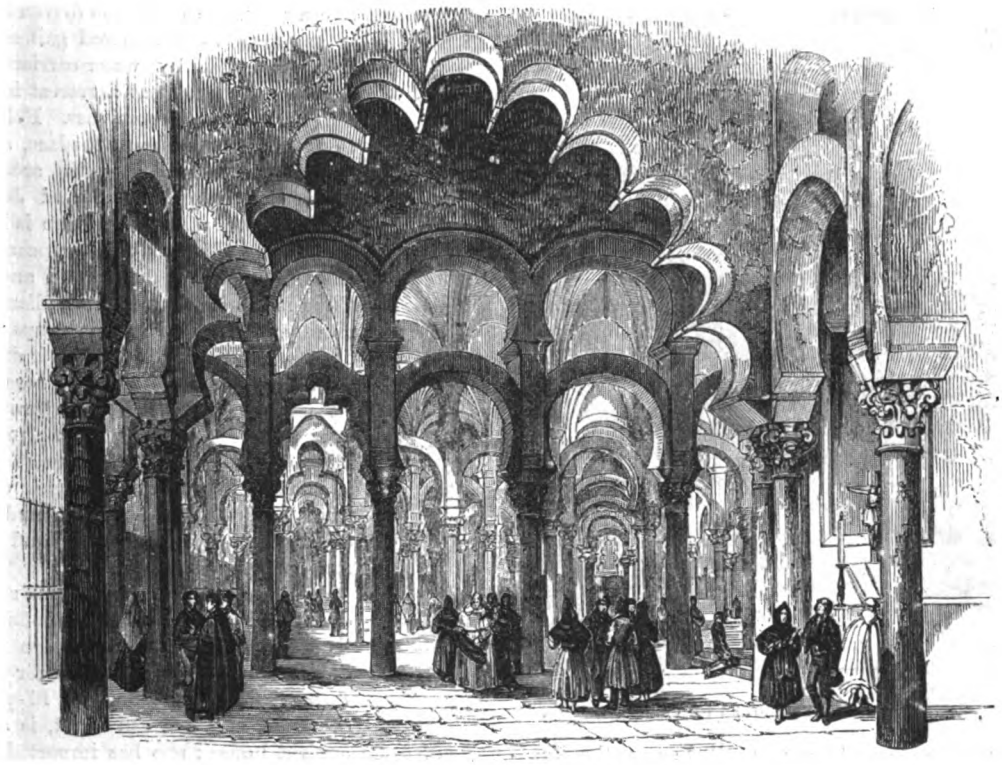
It was an ancient city in the days of Rome's power. It existed so long before the Christian era that the very etymology of the name is lost, and we know not whether to look to Celtiberian or Phœnician for its explanation.

It is certain that this once famous town existed long before the birth of our Saviour. Silius Italicus refers to it in his poem on the Second Punic War, as having rendered aid to Hannibal, and several other early historians make mention of it. It was the first city of Spain elevated to the rank of a Roman colony, when it was called by the name of "Patricia," on account of the great number of Roman patricians who, having become impoverished, repaired with their families to establish themselves in Cordova. To this day it prides itself on the bluest blood in Spain, and the Great Captain is credited with saying: "There are cities I would, perhaps, rather live in, but none that I would rather have been born in than Cordova." At a very early day, it became famous, and many monarchs made it their capital. Hence the city soon became enriched with architectural beauties, temples, theatres, amphitheatres, and celebrated schools, as also remarkable for its gorgeous palaces, whose adornments were unsurpassed for brilliancy and splendor. It gave to classic literature Lucan and the Senecas.

After the invasion of Spain by Tarik, in the year 711, Cordova suffered a three months' siege; then it surrendered, and became the capital of the Western Caliphate.

Abderahman, who reigned under the Caliphs of Damascus, declared himself independent in 756, and adopted the title of Prince of Believers. He did much to beautify the capital, and proofs remain to this day; for it was under the reign of this prince that the great Mosque of Cordova was commenced. Abderahman induced the most learned and the most remarkable men in every department of science to take up their abode at Cordova. He then established the famous schools which made Cordova a centre of intellectual progress, at a time when Europe, generally, was plunged in darkness.

Under Abderahman's successors, Cordova reached the zenith of her prosperity. Arabic poets and historians extol her splendor, her learning, the brilliancy of the court, the happiness of the people, where, beneath Moslem rule, Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew lived under equal protection. The Christians were allowed to retain many of their own churches, and others in part. When the building of the great mosque was projected, the site selected was one of these temples used by the two faiths. The Christians were not dispossessed by the strong hand of power; they were fairly compensated for their rights in the old building.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA, SHOWING VARIOUS STYLES OF ARCH.

While she was the rival of Damascus and Bagdad, the population of Cordova amounted at one time to nearly a million souls. It contained 200,000 houses, 300 mosques, 50 hospitals, 80 schools and 900 public baths; but civil wars and invasions destroyed by degrees her splendor and her glory, and she succumbed to the power of Ferdinand III., on the 29th day of June, 1236.

Under the new rule its decline has been constant and rapid, and Cordova now boasts only 50,000 souls.

Such was the ancient city which we entered. The railroad made us regret the day of diligences. In those times you arrived, indeed, dusty and bruised, after sixty hours tossing in a lumbering coach over the worst of roads, but the view as you approached more than compensated. It was superb. Leaving behind you the Carrahola, a majestic crenellated

A CATTLE-DROVER OF CORDOVA.

tower of the fourteenth century, you rolled across the Guadalquivir on a beautiful bridge of sixteen arches. On the right and left you beheld the ancient ramparts of the city, surmounted by Moorish towers; the tall, graceful palms swaying above them their leafy crowns, which looked down upon the calm waters of the great river. At the other end of the bridge you passed through a triumphal arch, reared by Herrera in the days of Charles V. The imposing pile of the Arabic mosque, crowned by a heavy Christian dome, rose above the terraces and flat-roofed houses.

This grand impression you lose when you enter by rail, and you need it, at first, to give you an exhilaration; for when you strike into the city you find a network of narrow, winding, deserted streets. Grass grows in its streets untrodden, and not only in the warmer hours of the day, but at all times, the footfall of man is seldom heard.

We expected to find Cordova an old, mediæval city, like Toledo or Avila; we expected to find many Moorish monuments in the ancient capital of the Western Caliphs. We were disappointed. There is nothing or very little of all this. The houses, uniform in style, have a modern look; iron gratings as artistically wrought as those of Seville give you a glimpse of a patio studded with flowers, and a tiny fountain playing within their midst. The barred windows have vines hanging out by the blue and white curtains. The charm of these little windows is that they are often the framework of a magnificent pair of eyes that dart their glances on the passers-by.

All this and the cleanly look around charm the eye, and we are fain to believe that if the Cordovans show themselves as little in the streets, it is because they find it pleasanter at home, and prefer home life to the streets.

We have no time for a reverie—a string of donkeys laden with paniers containing merchandise and fruits of all kinds; live fowls hanging down, a dozen together tied by the leg on one side and two or three little lambs on the other, thrown across a donkey's back like a sack, the cavalcade driven by muleteers in gay sashes, embroidered gaiters, and velvet hats; followed by water-carriers, men and women—make us beat a retreat into the nearest doorway to let them pass. Following them to the "Plaza," or market-place, a large, neglected-looking square, with arcades chiefly appropriated to tinkers' and Jews' clothes-shops, we see what little there is left of native costume in Cordova. Its appearance, to tell the truth, is most dilapidated and "seedy"—there is no better word. Italians are much more picturesque than the groups we see here, and are more consistent in their dress.

The Señoritas wear a red rose or sprig of jessamine in their hair, and throw a mantilla over their heads (because, we presume, they know, intuitively, that it is more becoming to them than a bonnet); but their dresses come from Lyons or Marseilles; and the poorer classes imitate their betters and buy all the modern finery they can.

A few of the old nobility still reside in Cordova and its environs, and it is fair to presume that the old lady that we see nearly every day, bumped and jolted over the stones through the few wide and ill-paved streets of which Cordova can boast, is a representative of some ancient house; she has imported a new open carriage from Madrid, and it is evident that the cobble-stones and the rather unscientific "whip" who is belaboring the mules that complete the equipage, will make short work with the springs. She is going to take her daily ride on the "Alameda," and promenade alone by the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Everything about the city had a dreamy, forsaken look, and a forsaken sound. Even at Toledo we sometimes heard the tones of the guitar, but at Cordova scarcely ever.

Ancient monuments are rare in Cordova, but it possesses the famous mosque, the Mezquite, as it is still called. It may be said to stand unique in the world, for you must seek in vain for its counterpart elsewhere.

The Alhambra at Granada and the Alcazar at Seville are architectural wonders, but even these great palaces give no idea of the Mosque of Cordova, which antedates them by five or six hundred years. It was in the year 770 that Abderahman undertook to erect a mosque which should surpass in grandeur and magnificence those of Damascus, Bagdad, and other oriental cities. The work was pushed

with extraordinary activity, and Abderahman, who himself drew the plans of the building, took so great an interest in its construction that he labored one hour daily with his own hands at the work. Nevertheless, he was not destined to see its completion, which was accomplished under the supervision of his son. After his father's death, that prince continued to push the work, which was finished near the end of the eighth century. It has often been asked how the Arabs could finish so gigantic a monument in so short a time, but it must be remembered that they were well advanced in the arts and sciences, and besides, instead of cutting and polishing marble pillars for the edifice, they employed all that could be found in a perfect state in the temples and other ancient edifices of Spain and Africa.

This wonderful building was, of course, our first object of interest, after a night spent in a comfortable, little old-fashioned inn, with a *patio* full of orange trees, leading to a public *sala*, which, with its alcoves and fountains, gladdened our hearts when, travel-weary, we reached it.

Passing down the narrow, ill-paved streets, we crossed the Patio de los Naranjas, a vast court planted with orange and lemon trees of enormous size, with palms and cypress that make a green vault above, while the air below is cooled by the numerous fountains.

The Orange Court of Cordova, like that of the Cathedral of Seville, is the pride and boast of Andalusia. It was laid out by the Caliph Almansar. Before clearing away the houses that occupied the ground, he sent for the owners, and asked them to consent to sell the property to him. The prices asked were paid, and other houses erected for them. One old woman had a little house and in the yard a palm tree, to which she was so attached that she would not give up her heritage, unless her new home had a palm tree as well. The Caliph directed that her desire should be carried out, though it should cost him a million of dinars, and the old soul sat once more beneath a palm.

You can enter the mosque by seven different doors of moderate height, surrounded by carvings in a pure and sober taste. The exterior walls, crowned with cut battlements, unhappily exhibit that light yellow color which is too often noticed in ancient edifices. There is no monumental façade, no imposing portals as may be seen in the churches of the middle ages. One would think that the idea of the architect was to exaggerate the simplicity of the exterior in order to increase by contrast the effect of the magnificence of the interior. Indeed, the plan as originally laid down, was particular to insure this simplicity.

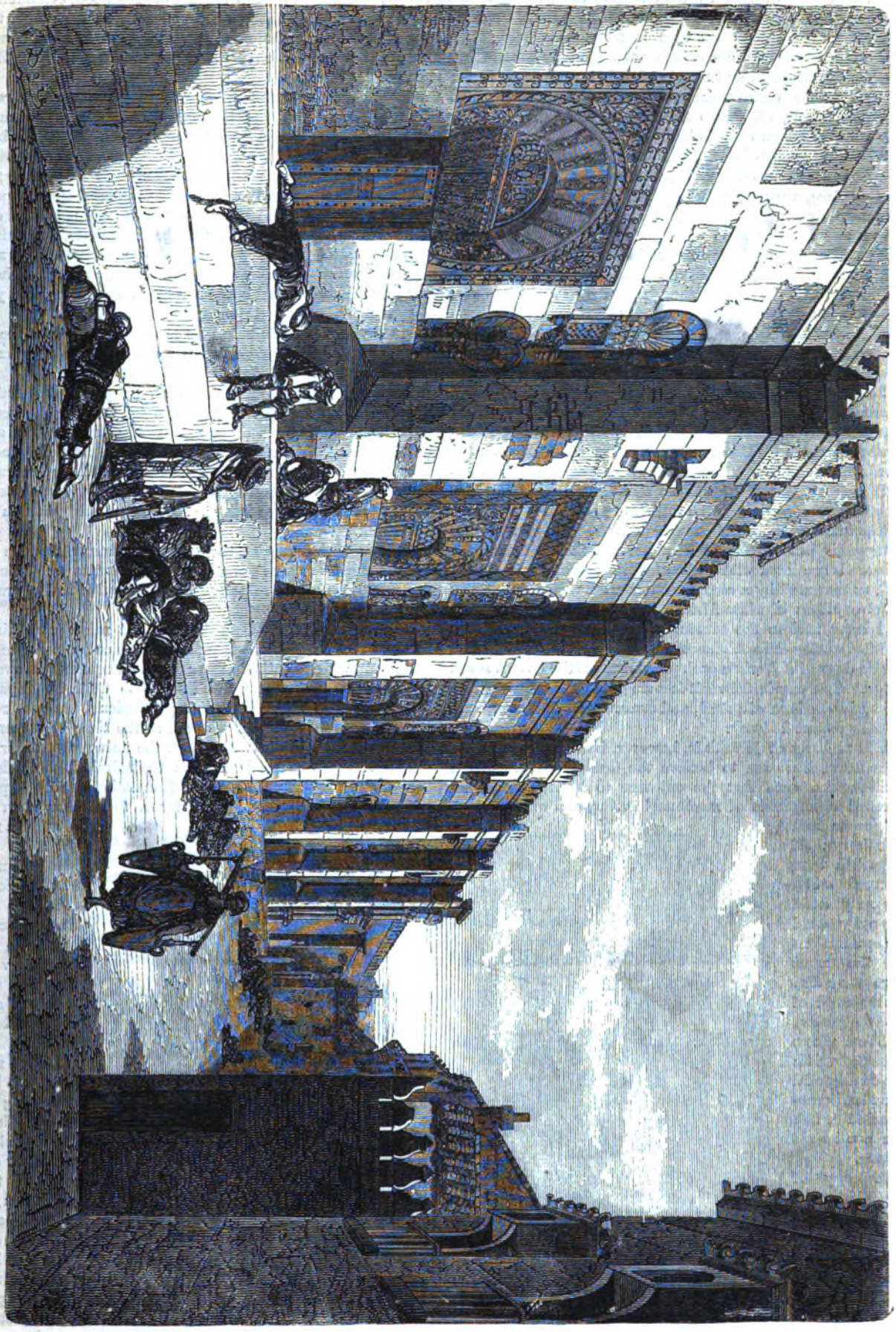
It is impossible to describe the impression one receives on entering for the first time the Mosque of Cordova. The many columns which support the vaulted roof intermingle as the trees of a forest, the long perspectives changing to the eye as you advance into the interior. The dim, religious light which prevails in all Spanish churches, affords additional charms to poetry of its marble aisles.

The columns originally numbered 1,200, but of these there remain standing but 860. According to tradition, they were obtained chiefly from the Temple of Janus, which occupied part of the site of the Mosque. Sixty were brought from Tarragona and Seville, a hundred and fifteen belonged to the monuments of Nismes and Narbonne, and one hundred and forty were contributed by the Emperor Leo, who reigned at Constantinople. Quite a number of them were taken from the temples of Carthage and from several other cities of the African coast. The capitals of the majority of these columns are of excellent Corinthian design, the others are either Doric or Arabic. They were originally each of them gilded, and traces of the ancient goldwork still remain upon them.

The arches which spring from the columns present forms of a very varied character; some are a pure arch, but the majority of them are of the horseshoe design; among which quite a number are carved and worked and ornamented with lobes in uneven numbers, varying from three

MOORISH KNOCKER ON EXTERIOR DOOR OF MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

THE PASS OF DESPEÑAPERROS IN THE SIERRA MORENA, BETWEEN CORDOVA AND CARDENAS.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

to eleven. These arches are in double tiers, rising above and crossing each other; a plan which imparts to the massive structure a lightness that is truly wonderful. The naves formed by the inter-crossing of these columns number nineteen in breadth, and twenty-nine in length.

The Spaniards gave them the name of streets, such as St. Nicholas Street, St. Pedro Street, etc., naming them after the saints to whom chapels had been dedicated.

At the extremity of one of the naves, is found the Mihràb, in past times the consecrated and holiest part of the Mosque. In this place, a narrow space opened in the wall, the Koran was formerly kept, and here the Caliph offered up the public prayers.

The Mihràb, which was the richest part of the Mosque, has, by rare fortune, escaped the successive restorations, that is, in plain words, profanations, which mar so many other portions of this grand temple. It is entered by a horseshoe arch, upheld by elegant marble columns, surmounted by the most exquisite mosaic that can be conceived. It is composed of small cubes of glass, and presents inscriptions in cufic letters as well as ornaments of pure taste, on a background of blue and gold. Rome herself, Venice and Ravenna, fail to rival it. Though Moorish in style, it was doubtless made at Constantinople from the designs of a Cordovan architect. The great Arab geographer of the eleventh century, Edrisi, informs us that the Emperor Romanus II. sent it as a present to the Caliph of Cordova.

The interior of Mihràb, which is in the form of a regular octagon, is but 14 feet in diameter and 28 feet in height. The walls are lined with slabs of white marble, veined with red, surmounted by a cornice ornamented with inscriptions. Twelve pillars of white African marble, with white capitals and bases, inclose the sanctuary. The pavement, worn by the feet of the devout, shows how this spot was frequented in the days of old, when each pilgrim made the circuit seven times. The wonderful vault is a single piece of marble, hollowed in the form of a shell, and ornamented with sculptures of the greatest delicacy.

The richness of Mihràb is, however, far from what it has once been, if we are to believe the description of Arabian writers, who state that the entrance to Mihràb was ornamented with marble of inestimable value, and with columns of jasper and porphyry; all of which were covered with ivory and ebony and incrustations of the most rare woods, composed of 26,000 pieces, which were fixed with solid gold nails, ornamented with precious stones.

A copy of the Koran, written by Othman, was preserved in a golden box, lined with silk, ornamented with pearls and rubies, and placed upon a bracket of aloe wood, ornamented with nails of gold. It was believed in the olden time, that the jawbone of Mohammed was enshrined in the Mihràb; from which fact this chapel is styled the Chapel of the Zancarron.

In Moslem times the Makssurah, paved with silver, with doors of mosaic and gold, led to the Zancarron. Thousands of lamps lit up the splendid temple, some of them bells from the Church of St. James, at Compostella, and other shrines of Catholic worship, here reversed to act as lamps.

The vaults were, in the old time, wonderful specimens of sculpture, painting and gilding, but these have nearly all disappeared. Charles V., who, while at a distance, authorized the removal of part of the original ceiling, heartily cursed their obtuseness when he entered the Mezquite. "You have put in," said he, "what could be put in anywhere, and you have removed what had no equal in the world."

Modern tombs contribute also to disfigure the Mosque of Cordova; but it is grand, and its effect on the traveler is never forgotten.

Leaving this wonderful structure, we passed by Ruiz's Tower and the Puerta del Perdon, a tall structure, covered with hexagonal plates of bronze richly ornamented, and bearing the Arabic words, "Blessed be the name of God." Two magnificent bronze knockers, one of which we illustrate, complete the decoration of the Puerta. They are, as usual in Arabic structures, at a height to be reached by a man on horseback.

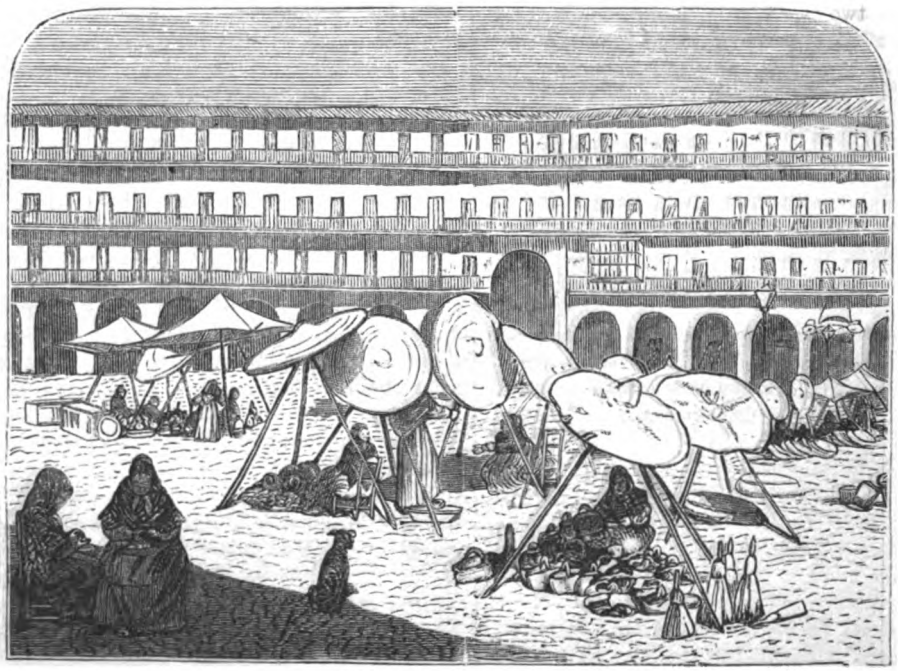
Outside of the mosque, the ancient monuments which remain of Cordova are of a secondary character, and we become somewhat spoiled for minor objects after a visit to that grand edifice.

The treasures of the Cathedral are not many or striking. The most remarkable is a fine monstrance or ostensorium, in silver gilt, with beautiful emeralds, and exquisitely carved; it is the work of Arphe, the Benvenuto Cellini of Spain. There are also some beautiful processional crosses, reliquaries, chalices and pax, secreted at the time of Dupont's French invasion, and so saved from the universal plunder.

The bishop's palace, near the Cathedral, is a modern building in very wretched taste. It contains a series of portraits of the bishops. It was for a time the prison of Ferdinand VII.

The Church of St. Nicholas is famous as that where Gonsalo de Cordova, known as the Great Captain, was baptized.

Having spent the morning in the cathedral, our travelers wandered down to the fine Roman bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Guadalquivir, looking upon some picturesque Moorish



MARKET PLACE, CORDOVA.

SCENE AT VALDEPEÑAS, IN THE VICINITY OF CORDOVA.

mills and orange gardens. To the left is a statue of St. Raphael, the guardian angel of Cordova; and close by is the Alcazar, now in ruin, formerly the palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father was Duke of Cordova. Nothing can be more melancholy than the neglected gardens, the broken fountains and statues, the empty fish-ponds, and grass-grown walks, despite the palms and orange-trees and luxuriant creeping roses, which seemed to be striving to conceal the desolation around. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the Moorish King Abderahman, who brought it from his much-loved and always regretted Damascus.

More than one happy surprise will greet the visitor who may be able to devote two or three days' time to a leisurely stroll through the winding streets of the city. The Foundling Hospital, founded in the latter part of the fifteenth century, affords an impression of rest and calmness to the admirer of its beautifully and substantially ornamented front.

Everywhere the ruins of ancient magnificence impress one with a feeling of thoughtfulness and solemnity, and more so indeed than can the mosque, whose great merits are in the wonderfulness of its workmanship rather than in the moral effect of its architecture. Great walls standing alone mark the sites of former palaces, half-demolished buildings of marble and stone, in and out of whose unglazed windows sweet-singing birds fly unchecked; tenantless convents, deserted churches, squares overgrown with grass, silent streets, markets where naught is sold, shops where no hum of industry is heard, an inactive, torpid, impoverished population, such is Cordova.

Cordova is a singularly quiet old town, resembling Toledo in the rarity of its carriages, and narrowness of streets, many of them being mere alleys with a watercourse in the centre, into which the deep eaves of the houses on each side discharge, during rain, a stream so copious that it requires a very robust umbrella to bear up against it. It used to be celebrated for its leather (hence our legal term, Cordwainer), and silver filigree, both being creations of Moorish skill. No town certainly stands more in need of good leather, were it only to protect the feet of its inhabitants from the vile pavement; but the art has been carried off by the exiled Moors over the sea to Morocco, where it still flourishes, and the only specimens we saw of "Cordovan," were a few pigskins, tanned, for holding wine. Silversmiths, however, still abound in Cordova, and in their shops we spent a good deal of our spare time and money. Spanish filigree, though perhaps scarcely equal to the Indian in delicacy and elegance, is much more adapted to the vicissitudes of a traveler's portmanteau, from its remarkable firmness and strength.

Our hotel, being constructed for the exclusion of air and light, on account of the intense heats in Summer in Andalusia, was wofully dismal, and ill adapted for the brief November days, which during our visit fell.

We were almost as destitute of resources for passing the time, during our four days' sojourn in Cordova, as Washington Irving in his story of the Stout Gentleman; and when books, letters and journals had each in turn been exhausted, not a few of our odd moments were employed in watching the clerk of a diligence-office, over the way, with whom, from the narrowness of the street, we might almost have shaken hands, had each party been simultaneously disposed to do so. Morning, noon and night, there sat he at his desk under the window, writing away with unflagging industry and perseverance. This, in a Spaniard, quite excited our curiosity, and having nothing better to do, we wondered what could be the cause of so remarkable a devotion to business. On the third day our speculations on the subject were happily terminated by the appearance of another actor on the stage, who looked like an inspector, severe and official, and commenced a grand overhauling of accounts, and examinations of ledgers. The result was never communicated to us, so, in default of more accurate information, let us hope it was perfectly satisfactory to all parties. At any rate, when I looked again through the deepening twilight, the writing had ceased, the scribe, with his velvet cap and red tassel, had disappeared from his accustomed place,

"And left the world to darkness and to me!"

Next day, having obtained special permission from the archbishop, our party started off in two carriages for the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, stopping first at a picturesque ruined villa, called the "Arrizafa," once the favorite residence of the Moorish king. The gardens are beautiful; the passion-flowers and jessamine hung in festoons over all the broken walls, and the ground was carpeted with violets, narcissus, and other Spring flowers.

The view from the terrace is lovely; the town, when seen from a distance, being very like Verona. Here the road became so steep that the party had to leave their carriages and walk the remainder of the way. The mountain-path reminded them of Mount Carmel, with the same underwood of cistus, lilac and white, and heaps of flowering and aromatic shrubs. Beautiful wild iris grew among the rocks, and half way up a rushing stream tumbled over the boulder-stones into a picturesque basin, covered with maiden-hair fern, which served as a resting-place for the tired travelers. After a fatiguing climb of two hours, they reached the postern gate of the hermitage, into which, after some demur as to their sex, the ladies, by special permission of the archbishop, were admitted. There are at present seventeen hermits, all gentlemen, and many of high birth and large fortune, living each in a little separate cabin, with a patch of garden round it, and entirely alone. They never see one another but at mass and in choir, or speak but once a month. In their chapel they have a beautiful oil painting of St. Paul, the first hermit, whose rule they follow in all its primitive severity.

CASA DE LOS EXPOSITOS, FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, CORDOVA.

He that lends to all shows good will, but little sense.

LORD LYNDHURST'S GENEROSITY.

In or about the year 1834, one of the most violent Radicals of the day addressed a long letter to Lord Lyndhurst, detailing the distressing circumstances in which he was placed through ill health and the infirmities of old age, and soliciting charity. His lordship read the letter attentively, and handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make out a check on my bank for five pounds, for this poor man." The secretary, on looking at the signature, exclaimed, "My lord, are you aware who this man is?" "No," said his lordship; "I do not recollect having before seen the name." "Why, this is the notorious G—— J——, who has been for many years so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship." Lord Lyndhurst stretched out his hand for the letter, looked again at the contents for a few seconds, and then observed to his secretary, "Oh, never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition; get the check ready, and send him the money."

A number of years since, when Mr. Cleave, the news-vender, was tried in the Court of Exchequer on a government information, he conducted his own case, and was treated with much indulgence by Lord Lyndhurst, the judge. Cleave began his defense by observing, that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage—"that he who acted as his own counsel had a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, with great pleasantry—"ah! Mr. Cleave, don't you mind that adage; it was framed by the *lawyers*." Lord Lyndhurst was of American origin, his father, the celebrated painter, Copley, having been a native of Boston.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

LA PETITE.

THE old Château des Sapinières, in the pleasant province of Anjou, stands looking across its broad terrace and the garden which has replaced the old court-yard, down into a landscape with green trees, grass with sheep feeding, a flash of water beyond, and a distance full of lovely, varied tints. It is a water-color picture, waiting for an artist to carry it away; soft and clear, the light masses of foliage lying peacefully on the blue air that surrounds and peeps through and shadows them.

But Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire was no artist at all, and she was not thinking of the view as she stood on the terrace that afternoon, gazing into the distance, with the silent, old house behind her.

It was early in September, and a great sun was baking down on the weather-beaten walls. All the pink-and-white sun-blinds were down, shading the lower windows, and the white shutters were close above. Now and then a sound of voices made its way from the saloon to the girl's ear, as she stood by the balustrade of the terrace, quite out of hearing of any words—a solitary figure, with a short, straight shadow on the gravel, in a light buff gown and a large, shady hat. In a yard to the left of the house a carriage was drawn up near the coach-house, under the shade of a large chestnut tree. The coachman on his box might have been asleep, he sat so still, and the horses stood hanging their heads; they were old and fat, and glad of a rest in the middle of their journey.

THE GIRL TOOK UP HER GRANDMOTHER'S HAND AND TOUCHED IT WITH HER LIPS.

But a clock in the house struck four, and, as if a spell was broken, everything began to move. The horses woke up suddenly, came round at a slow trot, and stopped before the broad terrace steps; a poodle with long, gray ears rushed out of the house and barked; Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire started, turned round, and hurried in with quick, graceful movements. After a few minutes two ladies appeared, still deep in talk, and advanced slowly across the terrace toward the carriage. They were both elderly women. The visitor was the younger of the two, short and plain-featured, but with something about her both pleasant and distinguished.

"Then I am not to see *la petite* to-day?" said she. "Well, perhaps it is better that we should not meet again till things are decided. I leave the affair in your hands—it could not be better placed—and I shall anxiously expect an answer."

"I think I can promise you a good one," said Madame de Saint-Hilaire She was a tall, thin, upright old woman, who carried a long stick, and wore a black straw hat on her thick,

gray hair. "I have always found my granddaughter reasonable enough. She will feel as I do, that monsieur votre fils does her a very great honor."

"*Du tout, du tout.* You are very amiable to say so," said the younger lady. "And when do you expect your English relations?"

"This afternoon. They will be here in an hour or two."

"Indeed! I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing them. I have seen so little of the English—a very interesting nation. Are they handsome, these young people that are coming to you?"

"I really cannot tell you. I have not seen them since they were children."

"Ah, *par exemple!* Adieu, madame—*à revoir!*"

The visitor got into her carriage, and the horses went trotting slowly off round the sweep and away through the trees in the direction of the high-road.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went back into the house, followed by her poodle, and called "Marie!" on which her granddaughter came stepping lightly down the wide oak stairs into the hall.

"Come out to the bench. The sun is not so hot now, and I want to speak to you."

Some of the large trees that grew below the terrace were beginning to throw a kindly shade across the yellow gravel and the white bench under the house wall. Any one at the library window above could have heard all that was said here; but the old lady and her granddaughter lived alone at the château, and their servants were all safe at the other end of the house.

"I told you that I had exchanged letters with Mme. de Rochemar about you," said the Comtesse, stroking her dog's curly head with her stick, and glancing at the girl beside her with a little anxiety.

"Yes, grandmother," said Marie, quietly.

She sat with her head and eyes drooped, smiling faintly; a slenderly made little person, with delicate, aquiline features, and soft, pensive, dark eyes. She looked like the last of a long race of fine ladies and gentlemen, with the shadow of their sins, perhaps, on her devout Catholic conscience, and the brightness of their wit lingering about her finely-cut lips.

"She has a very high opinion of you," Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went on. "She proposes that you should be married to her eldest son. She assures me that it is also his wish, that he has the most agreeable recollection of you, and hopes earnestly for your consent. You have not forgotten him, I suppose?"

"I remember M. le Marquis very well," said Marie. "He gave me a very pretty *bonbonnière.* I have it still. But is he come back from Algeria?"

"No; but his mother expects him very soon. You are fortunate, my child, to meet with such a good *parti.* Mme. de Rochemar tells me that this has been her intention for years, and nothing but your bad health, *mon amie,* kept her from speaking to me sooner. One must be glad to be connected with such a family as hers. There are few that hold a better position. Their fortune is large, their châteaux are fine, they are loyal and religious, and there could not be a person of more excellent character than Louis de Rochemar. You accept his offer, then, *mon enfant,* with gratitude?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire talked on with great satisfaction, but there was a shade of doubt, too, in her strong, handsome face, and she still looked anxiously at the weak, slight girl beside her. Perhaps she knew that Marie's chief weakness lay in her delicate looks. A girl with the blood of the old *noblesse* in her veins, and whose ancestors had died in the Revolution, was not likely to be without strength of some kind—if it was only self-will.

"Mme. de Rochemar loves you, *ma petite,* as if you were her own daughter," said the comtesse.

"She is very good," said Marie, gently. "Yes, if I must be married, grandmother, if you will not let me stay with you, M. de Rochemar pleases me as well as any one I have seen. If it *must* be," she repeated, suddenly looking up into her grandmother's face.

"Yes, it must be," said the old woman, in answer. "You are my only heir, and those other Saint-Hilaires shall never have my estates. *Allons!* the affair is settled. *Embrasse-moi,* Marie."

The girl took up her grandmother's hand and touched it with her lips. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire laid her other hand on her shoulder, and kissed her affectionately on both cheeks.

"I shall have great pleasure in writing our answer to Mme. de Rochemar," she said.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE AT LE MANS.

WHILE the sun was shining down on Les Sapinières in its quiet cheerfulness, and while little Marie de Saint-Hilaire's thoughts were quite taken up with the prospect of being Marquise de Rochemar one of these days, her English connections were on their way from Paris, and, having a couple of hours to wait at Le Mans, had wandered off to look at the town and the cathedral. Notre Dame de la Couture attracted them first, with its two unfinished Norman towers, its great open west front, the graceful arcade above, and the noble stone carvings in the archway.

Frank Wyatt pulled out his sketch-book, and stayed in the court leading up to the bare, strange, rather sad old church, while his brother and sister went in, walked up the nave and round the silent chancel, dived into the crypt, tried to study the history of that Jeanne whose tombstone is set against the wall there, poked and peered about in the darkness in true English fashion. They decided that after all there was not much to be seen, and hurried off to tell Frank so, and to drag him on to the cathedral. As they came out under that great, open archway, leaving the dark, shady church behind them, and advancing into the white sunshine that glowed on the paving-stones, they met two ladies face to face. Behind these ladies was the intense blue sky, hard, clear, like the background of an illumination. The younger lady's beautiful fair hair escaped in some curls under her hat; the light shone through them, and they glittered like an aureole as she walked into the church with free, decided steps; a tall, upright, noble-looking girl, like an angel in some old Italian picture.

"Johnny, what a lovely girl!" said Miss Wyatt.

"Yes," said Johnny, rather absently. "Her mother was very handsome too," he went on, after a moment.

"How do you know it was her mother?"

"By the likeness, of course. Look, there's Frank with a priest talking to him."

When they reached their brother the priest had turned and walked off in another direction, his black skirts clinging to his legs.

"What is the use of staying here?" demanded Frank. "That little abbé says the cathedral is magnificent. We must get on there at once. It is an immense distance."

"Then you can't walk," said his sister.

"Thank you, I can."

The three marched off together through the narrow streets, passing all kinds of quaint shop-windows, at which the young men would stop and look in, though their wiser sister begged them to remember that time had a limit and trains would n t wait; across baking little "places," paved with round stones, climbing up, up, higher and higher, with at last a glimpse of the cathedral to help them on. Oh, that last delicious bit of street!—beetling, dirty, picturesque; painted figures, carvings on the houses, doorways with the touch of grace and beauty that those old builders gave to everything; perfect old women screaming to each other from the doorsteps, equally appropriate children playing in the gutter.

Frank Wyatt, standing still in the middle of this street, tried to say something on sanitary matters, but broke off to admire the nearest house-front. His sister, less theoretical and more practical, hurried up the street as fast as she could, exclaiming, "How delightful, how quaint! Johnny, do come along; let us get out of this. We shall have no time for the cathedral."

It was strange to see how all that dirt and squalor crept up to the very brow of the hill, crouched under the very eaves of the great cathedral, as it stood crowning the height, a dream in stone; its graceful flying buttresses cutting the sky, its windows and arches, roofs and gurgoyles and pinnacles soaring very near heaven, breathing praise, gathering the prayers and sighs of its poor neighbors, and carrying them with its own rich offering into a purer air.

These young English people, as they walked up the stately nave, were making a pilgrimage to the grave of an English queen. Berengaria, Cœur de Lion's dear and beautiful wife, lies in the south transept of the cathedral. Standing by her effigy, one looks up the narrow side aisles of the choir; they are full of rosy light. There is silence in the church, except a distant footfall echoing on the stone. It is a fit and peaceful resting-place for the noble Plantagenet queen.

There were sure to be some lines, or arches, or effects of light and shade, that had to find their way into Frank's book. His sister, who was hot and tired, came and sat down on a straw chair beside him, looking over him, while their younger brother wandered away by himself. These three agreed very well in their journeys together. Frank settled their plans and directed everything; Agnes, who was the eldest and plainest of the three, carried out the plans and took all the trouble, except when Johnny woke to the necessity of helping her. She admired her brothers heartily, especially, of course, Frank; though I suspect that she loved Johnny the better of the two.

The time stole away in the solemn cathedral. Frank's clever pencil worked on; the pink light changed and faded a little. Very soon it was time to go back to the station, and the two walked out together to the porch; but no Johnny was to be seen. Frank sat down there, while Agnes hurried back into the church, calling him in a low voice, flying with quick steps up and down the aisles. As she approached the choir, a priest, with a round, good-natured face, came down and asked her if she had lost anything.

"I am looking for my brother, monsieur," said Agnes.

"He is not here," said the priest. "I think he is gone out, madam. I saw him—a young English gentleman, with a blue coat and curly hair. You will find him, no doubt, in the street."

"Oh, merci, monsieur!" said Agnes; and she went back to the porch, thinking that the fat young priest had described Johnny as if he liked him, and with even a little regret in his tone that no part of the same description could ever apply to himself.

They walked slowly down the nearer streets, looking about them, but Johnny was nowhere to be seen. Only the sunny pavement, which had been so quiet before, was now covered with groups of people, chattering and gesticulating. Shop people had come to their doors, women were leaning out of the windows. At one place, near the deep cutting that was being made right into the centre of the hill, quite a little crowd was gathered; they were pointing and describing and exclaiming. Frank asked a woman who was passing what it was all about. She had just stopped to listen, and was nodding her white cap and staring with her big brown eyes.

"Ah, dame," said she, "a terrible accident;" and she went on with a quick, confused history. The horses of Mme. la Marquise de Valmont had been frightened, had run away; "le cocher de madame" had been thrown off the box; the horses, with the great carriage behind them, had rushed through the streets, and would have precipitated themselves into this cutting; but fortunately, at the last moment, somebody stopped them. They dragged him a few yards, but he kept his hold upon them; and as soon as they were stopped he disappeared. Mme. la marquise was "désolée"; for he had saved the life of her and mademoiselle, and she wished to reward him, but he was gone.

"Le petit Pichard says it was no one of the town, but a saint out of a church window," said the good woman, showing her teeth. "C'est possible. What do monsieur and madame think of it?"

"Is madame la marquise a good Catholic?" asked Frank, gravely.

"Mais oui! No one could be better."

"Then probably it was a saint. Bon jour, madame."

"I wonder if those were the ladies we saw in the other church?" said Agnes.

They went on down the steep street, making inquiries here and there for their brother; but no one had seen him pass, and every one had been thrown into a state of distraction by Mme. de Valmont's wicked horses. The curly head and the blue jacket did not appear round any corner. Frank, however, declined to fuss himself or be anxious, and was quite sure that Johnny would turn up at the station before the train left.

"We have nothing to do but to take care of ourselves," he said, consolingly, to Agnes. "If a fellow who has been several times round the world can't get on alone for an hour in Le Mans, there's no more hope of him."

They arrived at the station, and were penned up with their fellow-travelers in the waiting-room.

"But if he does not come," said Agnes, looking despairingly at her elder brother, as he walked up and down in the middle of the room, the object of admiration to two young Frenchwomen in the corner, "Frank, are we to go on without him?"

"Of course. Do you think we can frighten your Welsh great-aunt out of her senses, and keep her carriage waiting at the station? He must get on as he can—stupid fool!"

"What can he be doing?"

"Probably he has lost his way among some of those streets, and is somewhere about three miles off at this moment. At any rate, he is too late, for here is the train."

The waiting-room doors were flung open, they walked out on the platform, and, after lingering till the last moment, got into the train; but no Johnny appeared. Frank had spoken to one of the officials, and left a message for him; there was nothing more to be done.

So it came to pass that, as the sun was getting low that afternoon, and as the shade of the great chestnut and walnut trees was creeping higher and higher on the front of the old château, its inhabitants heard the far-off jingle of harness-bells on the road, coming over the hill into the village. Past the church with its white spire; over the bridge, where

the slim poplar-stems lay reflected on the clear water; into the avenue; out again into the sunny meadow, where the shepherdess was collecting her flock to drive them homeward —nearer still, past the little corner towers of the old courtyard, round the grass and the pink geraniums, came that merry and sweet jingle, till the good horses stopped in front of the steps, where the gray-haired *valet-de-chambre* was waiting, and the two English visitors got out at Les Sapinières. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was standing with Marie on the terrace, and came forward to welcome her young relations. She kissed Agnes, and put out her left hand to Frank; then she introduced them to "my granddaughter, Mdlle. de Saint-Hillaire;" and Marie made a deep, graceful courtesy, her two hands, in long, yellow gloves, in front of her.

"But there are only two of you," said the old lady. "Where is your brother John?"

"Indeed, I wish we could tell you," said Agnes, who was looking quite peaked and anxious; her pleasure was sadly spoilt by the Le Mans adventure.

Frank, who had very good manners, began to make his brother's excuses, setting him down as an absent, queer sort of fellow, who never did things quite like other people. He begged that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would not disturb herself, or think about John at all.

"But it is very unfortunate. We must not lose him altogether. Auguste," to her coachman, "you must go again to the station to meet the next train. M. Jean Wyatt has not arrived."

"Bien, madame la comtesse."

Johnny's brother and sister both interfered eagerly. He would walk, he could find his way, he would be shocked at giving so much trouble.

"The distance is nothing at all, and it will do my horses good," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "Come, let us go into the house. I am very happy indeed to see you, and to welcome you to Les Sapinières. I hope, my dear Frank, that you have recovered from your illness. You look tired; it is a hot day for traveling."

Frank, hat in hand, answered these inquiries most politely. They all followed the comtesse through the glass door into the hall, and turned into the great, brown saloon, where Marie pushed forward old tapestry chairs on the polished floor, and begged them to sit down. She herself sat down by Agnes, and asked little questions about her journey, thinking in her heart that this English cousin was rather dull.

"How was it you lost monsieur votre frère?" she asked, smiling.

And Agnes told her all about it, still looking a little sad and distraite.

Johnny lost! It seemed like a horrible dream. Not to know where he was, when two or three hours ago he had been walking by her side in that funny, narrow street, and under the glorious arches of the cathedral!

Little Marie was very kind and sympathizing; threw up her hands and nodded her head while Agnes told her story.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, as she entertained Frank, glanced from one to the other, and came to her own conclusions. She had a very great fancy for good looks, and a young man with a face and figure like Frank's did not much need any further recommendation. The best type of Englishman, she decided; and who should know better what an Englishman ought to be; for her first cousin and great friend had married these young people's grandfather, one of the handsomest and most charming of men.

This descendant of his was very like him; tall and upright, with a sort of easy grace about him; a regular, handsome face, fair hair with a decided dash of yellow, clear, quick blue eyes, and quite the air of what he was—a soldier and a gentleman. Frank had walked over the course, and won the old French lady's heart without any trouble or exertion.

His sister was scarcely so fortunate. Certainly she had a good figure, dressed well, and looked like a lady; but her face was plain, her complexion nothing particular, and she looked sad, puzzled and downcast, and almost as if she wished herself somewhere else.

"Stupid!" thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I thought they told me she was full of intelligence. But perhaps the poor thing is anxious about her brother."

CHAPTER III.

JOHNNY.

THEY were sitting on the terrace after dinner in a flood of moonlight. The old, white stone balustrade, with the masses of ivy hanging over it, gleamed like marble. The moon looked down at them over the trees on the left; she and all the stars seemed to shine with an intense brightness unknown in more northern skies. The owls hooted in the still, clear air, answering each other from tree to tree. Peloton took no notice of them at all, but sat wisely on his hind legs beside Mdlle. Marie, who fed him with bits of sugar soaked in coffee, as a reward for the tricks he had been displaying for the strangers.

Old Jacques had brought out coffee on a little table under the library-window; and there, where Marie had heard her fate that afternoon, she was sitting in the midst of the group, smiling and very cheerful, trying, as Frank and her grandmother did most of the talking, and all Agnes's senses were absorbed in listening for bells in the distance, to remember exactly what M. de Rochemar was like. Short, she was afraid, and altogether a very different-looking person from this tall Englishman; but, after all, what did that matter, and what business had she to be comparing the two? Somebody had told her once that people with titles and fine estates need never trouble themselves about the want of good looks, and of course that was true.

Englishmen, she believed, were generally poor, and more or less "bourgeois" in their extraction; if that was the case, poor things, what good fortune for them to be handsome! She glanced across at Frank, who happened just then to be looking at her. The moonlight gave a charming refinement to his handsome face, which was a little thinned and softened by recent illness. Marie returned to Peloton with affection, taking his curly head between her hands, and gazing into his good, brown eyes.

"Peloton, tu es mort!" said she then, trying weakly to make him resume his tricks; but the sensible dog knew she did not mean it, and took no notice whatever.

"Are your brothers like each other, Agnes?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"No, ma tante, not at all. Johnny is not so tall as Frank, and a good deal darker. I don' think any one would ever know they were brothers. But I heard you saying that Frank was like a soldier, and I am sure you will think Johnny like a sailor. Ah, don't I hear the carriage coming?"

"What quick ears you have! Yes, but it is not nearly at the church yet. Now, suppose he does not come?"

"We must go back to Le Mans to-morrow and look for him," said Agnes.

She got up and walked to the top of the steps, standing there to listen. Marie and Peloton followed her, and the poodle plunged down the steps and rushed barking into the bushes, in pursuit of some imaginary trespasser. The bells

came presently jingling up. Jacques appeared from the house, the horses stopped; stout, good-humored Auguste looked down smiling from his box.

"Ah! C'est ça—le voici!" said old Jacques, as he opened the carriage-door.

Johnny jumped out, quite awake, and hurried up the steps.

"Here you are!" said Agnes, seizing his arm to make quite sure of his reality.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire came forward to meet him. She could not be anything but kind and hospitable, and she accepted the young man's earnest apologies with a smile. Not that Johnny said much, but what he did say he evidently meant; and I think Mme. de Saint-Hilaire understood this, though he did not make half so many excuses for himself as his brother had made for him.

"I beg your pardon. It was extremely kind of you to send for me. I'm so sorry you did. I managed to miss the train, you see."

"Don't speak of it. It does not matter in the least," said the comtesse, kindly. "We were a little anxious about you, that was the worst of it; and I am afraid you have distressed yourself a great deal with very little cause."

"But how on earth did you manage to do it, Johnny?" said Frank.

"Oh, I lost my way;" and Johnny turned round to make a low bow to Marie.

"Let me present you to my granddaughter," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Johnny!" said Agnes, coming up behind him. "My dear, what have you done to your coat?"

"My coat?"

"It is torn half across the shoulders. Have you been fighting?"

Everybody laughed, gently and politely, for Johnny began to laugh himself.

"Oh, an accident. I'll tell you about it some day."

"Now you must come in and have some dinner; and, in the meanwhile, you can tell us your adventures," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

Johnny began protesting, like a sailor or a schoolboy, that he did not want any dinner; but she took him into the house, and presently left him with his sister and Jacques to take care of him in the *salle-à-manger*.

The old servant went in and out. Agnes sat with her elbows on the table, and gazed smilingly at her brother.

"I am uncommonly hungry, though," he said. "What a jolly room this is!"

It was picturesque, with its brown, painted walls and shiny floor, and long curtains of rich mixed colors at the two windows. A shaded lamp was hanging over a round table heaped with fruit and flowers. Old Jacques brought in dish after dish, and handed them to the young traveler, who did justice to everything.

"Johnny, now do tell me what happened to you, and how you managed to tear yourself like that?" said Agnes.

"It's a long story. I don't know where to begin."

"At the beginning, of course. What did you do when you went out of the cathedral?"

"Walked down the street. Do you remember seeing some photographs in a shop window? There was one of that old church we went into first."

"Yes. What has that to do with you?"

"Well, I thought I'd go and get it. I can't sit for hours in a church, like you and Frank. I suppose I dawdled about, rather. At any rate, I never got as far as that shop—not then, at least, for I went afterward. Here it is."

He pulled out a photograph of the west front of the old church, and threw it to his sister.

"That's nature, you see. I call that better than Frank's pencil-sketches, don't you?"

"Well, as to that—it is a very good one. Go on. What did you do?"

"As I went down the street," said Johnny, slowly and quietly, going on with his dinner, "I met a carriage and horses coming up at full gallop. Two ladies inside, and nobody on the box, and some people running behind. I thought I might as well stop the horses, so I ran and got hold of them. They were difficult to stop just at first; and I suppose in hanging on my jacket got torn."

"That was you," said Agnes, under her breath, half laughing, and yet with her eyes full of tears.

"It was awkward for the ladies," Johnny went on. "They sat like two Britons, without saying a word. Who do you think they were?"

"Those two we saw going into the church?"

"Yes. That was clever of you. Did you see them afterward?"

"No; but we heard of the accident as we came down from the cathedral. Nobody seemed able to imagine who stopped the horses, unless it was one of the saints out of the church-windows. We heard that the ladies were dreadfully vexed at not being able to thank him. What became of you, Johnny?"

"I cut away as soon as I possibly could, down one of the streets, and managed to lose myself somehow. Did you happen to hear their names?"

"Madame and Mademoiselle de Valmont."

"Well, whatever their name was, they behaved most grandly."

Johnny seemed quite happy and satisfied in his admiration of the two brave Frenchwomen, and his sister knew better than to say anything more about his part in the business. They went back together into the *salon*, where they found the others. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was sitting in a large chair near the piano, and Frank and Marie were turning over a heap of music. Just as Agnes and Johnny came in, Marie took her place on the music-stool, and began playing a polka. Her small fingers jumped in a funny staccato style from one end of the keys to the other. Frank stood and watched her, his tall figure reflected in several mirrors; Agnes took a chair close by; and Johnny sat down by the round-table in the middle of the room, and began turning over an illustrated paper that was lying there, not at all conscious that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was inspecting him, as the lamplight fell on his face.

Decidedly plain, she thought; and yet there was a certain picturesqueness. A squarish face, with short and by no means handsome features; a skin burnt by all possible weathers to a dark reddish-brown, a tinge of brickdust red on his mustache and the ends of his hair; broad shoulders; a figure awkwardly strong and square, and not tall enough, though by no means to be called short. Then came the redeeming features of this rough exterior. Large, gentle gray eyes, with long lashes curling like a girl's—beautiful eyes, if they had not been too sleepy and indifferent; and a quantity of soft, waving brown hair, with a red light on it, as if it had been just caught by the sun.

Madame de Saint-Hilaire saw all this as she looked at Johnny, and a little modified her first estimate of him as an ugly, awkward, boorish young man. Still, of course, no one could help feeling his vast inferiority to his brother. Here was Frank, with a charming smile, taking Marie's place at the piano, and singing with a very fine accent, for an Englishman, the "Valse des Adieux."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire turned round in her chair to give her whole attention, and listened with a great deal of pleasure and approval.

Marie, sitting by Agnes, exclaimed, "*Charmant—charmant!*" half under her breath, and gently clapped her hands.

CHAPTER IV.

ON MARRIAGES.

MADAME DE SAINT - HILAIRE'S château lay on the eastern slope of one of the pretty valleys of Anjou. From the road that passed through the village, on the other side of the river, you saw its square, solid towers, with their steep gray roofs standing up among surrounding trees. Green meadows, full of wild flowers, went sloping down to the stream. Along its banks, and all about the lower ground, there were rows and plantations of poplar, Swiss, black, and white, their tall, slim stems and light, silvery foliage brightening up the green all round as they stood against the background of the larger and darker trees. There were plenty of these, too—oak, elms, chestnuts, walnuts, and the graceful-leaved acacia, and the ailanthus with its bunches of red keys.

On the other side of the château were several large old yards, with long ranges of white buildings, and great square gateways connecting them. Here there was always something going on, for the comtesse farmed her own estate, and employed a great many people. Behind the house was the old "allée de plaisance," where apple and walnut-trees grew in great numbers; but the grass was rough, and the old pleasure ground was chiefly used now as an approach to the walled fruit-garden at the further end. Up on the slopes beyond were the "sapanières" themselves, the fir and pine woods, covering many acres; below them, and round behind the farmyard, lay the vineyards, sloping to the south and southwest.

It was altogether a picturesque old place, with the remains of former strength to be found everywhere—in fragments of wall, foundations of towers, all gone now except the two corner tourelles with round, pointed roofs, thick walls, and gun-holes, between which you now drove up to the front of the house.

Agnes opened her window wide that morning, and looked out into the Summer brightness and peacefulness. The flowers were all shining in the sun, that came to them over the farm-buildings and the acacia branches; a dog was barking somewhere; a woman in a round white cap and a short blue jacket and petticoat, with a long stick in her hand, came driving some cows across from the yard to the lower meadows. One of them tried to run up among some trees by the side of the road; she shouted out an inquiry why it always persisted in going where it ought not; the creature was ashamed of itself, and hurried back to its companions. Then Mme. de Saint-Hilaire appeared on the terrace, and Agnes took her hat and went down-stairs to join her. Her aunt, as she called her, received her very kindly.

"You can come with me to my garden," she said. "I am going to gather fruit."

So Agnes took a large basket out of her hand, and they went off together through sunshine and shade along the wild *allée* to the garden at its further end.

As they went, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire asked Agnes a great many questions about her home and her family. She considered herself quite perfect in her knowledge of English life, having once spent two months with her cousin, soon after she married these young people's grandfather.

"She was married in the year '19," said she, "and I was with her in '24, when your father was a child of four years old. We were very gay; we went to many parties, danced at balls, enjoyed ourselves. English life has many pleasures for young girls; I had a great fancy for it then. I thought there was no marriage like an English marriage. I can well remember all I felt on that subject.'"

"My grandmother's was an English marriage, was it not?" said Agnes,

"Yes, indeed. She met your grandfather in Paris, in those happy days when we had a king. They met at a ball; and I may tell you, my dear, as you are English, and accustomed to such things, that they loved each other at first sight. M. Wyatt contrived to inform Mlle. de Magny of his devotion. She, in answer, begged him to address himself to her parents, which he did; and after a little delay they consented. He was only just in time, for they were on the point of arranging a marriage for her with M. Paul de Jolivet. But they were affectionate parents, and not unwilling that she be happy in her own way. I was much attached to your great-grandfather, my uncle De Magny; but I must confess to you that I had a prejudice against M. Wyatt. I had no sisters, and Léontine, my dearest friend, was taken away from me to another country. I liked him afterward, however, and visited them with great pleasure not long before my own marriage. I saw them again, with your father and mother and yourselves, when you were all staying at Boulogne."

"Yes," said Agnes, "I have always so much wished to see more of you."

"You are very amiable, my dear child. It is a great happiness to me to have you all here. And now tell me about your very charming elder brother. Has he quite recovered from his illness?"

"He is not really strong yet," said Agnes. "It was rheumatic fever, you know. But the doctor said that such a change as this would be of the greatest use to him. He had a year's leave, and he has got six months' extension because of his illness, so I hope he will get thoroughly well. He is a very nice invalid, for he can always amuse himself; he is so clever in all sorts of ways. I don't think I could mention anything he cannot do."

"You are very proud of him, no doubt," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "And your brother John, he is not quite so remarkable?"

"I am not sure," said Agnes, thoughtfully.

The old lady glanced at her, with a slightly incredulous smile.

"Here we are at the garden," she said. "Open the gate, if you please. Now you shall cut what fruit I tell you, for I am not young enough to stoop much. The peaches are this way."

There was a fountain in the middle of the garden, and round it grew great beds of zinnias, scarlet, purple, crimson, orange, with their silky leaves and gold centre crowns turned up to the sun. The apple and pear trees in the garden were loaded with fruit; there were tall castor-oil plants growing, and a tobacco plant or two, and several other strange things unfamiliar to English eyes

The white, trellised walls all around were covered with fruit: peaches, red and golden; great, heavy bunches of purple and white grapes, on which happy insects were already beginning to feed themselves; bright nectarines; figs, hidden among their leaves.

Agnes and her aunt went round the walls. The comtesse pointed out with her long stick, and Agnes gathered obediently into her basket, and grew so lively and

enthusiastic among the wonderful fruit that madame was quite pleased with her, and thought, after all, she had a bright face, and her hair was a pretty color and beautifully dressed.

Somehow they did not go on with the subject of Johnny, for Agnes was not quite at home with this old French relation of hers, and felt inclined to let her take all the lead in the conversation. But when, the basket having become tolerably heavy, and a bunch of zinnias having been laid on the vine-leaves above the fruit, they were slowly making their way back to the house, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went back to the subject of marriages, in which she naturally supposed that a young Anglaise must be interested.

"My friends will not believe me," she said, "when I assure them that the English never marry except for love. It astonishes them wonderfully."

"But is it so," do you think, ma tante?" said Agnes.

"Mais, certainement! When such a thing happens in France, which, of course, it does now and then, we call it a marriage Anglaise. There are merits, no doubt, in both. We must follow the fashion of our country. In a French marriage all is carefully arranged; and if the demoiselle herself has not so much voice in it, everything is done for her by those who know her and love her best. Now, in England, where a young girl settles these things for herself, how many mistakes are made!"

"Perhaps so. But there is much more happiness."

"That depends upon what we call happiness. Now my little Marie, I have not a doubt that she will be happy, for it has been my object to make her so. I have made a marriage for her with the eldest son of my friend the Marquise de Rochemar."

"Indeed!" said Agnes, much astonished, for it had never occurred to her that the odd little demoiselle, with her pale, curious face, could possibly be engaged to be married. And does she like him? Is she happy?"

"She does not know much about that yet," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, smiling. "It was only arranged yesterday, and she has not seen M. de Rochemar for some years. But she must like him. He is very amiable and very sensible. I have the highest opinion of him."

"You let me say what I please, my dear aunt, and you understand that I take an English view," said Agnes, bravely. "I must confess that such an engagement, if it were to the greatest hero on earth, would make me very miserable."

"It is possible. But, my dear, you must also forgive me for saying that you Englishwomen have not well-regulated minds. It is not your fault, but that of your bringing up. You have not our strong sense of duty. With us a Christian woman loves her husband as a matter of course, because he is her husband—loves her children because they are her children, and does her duty to all. Some *malheureuses*, of course, go astray, allow their minds to wander to other objects. That, however, is no one's fault but their own."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire laid this down with some decision.

"On the contrary," thought Agnes, "it is the fault of those who marry them to the wrong person;" but they were reaching the house, and as Marie was just engaged, she considered that argument would be useless. So she held her peace.

Breakfast was at eleven o'clock. The polished walnut table reflected the fruits and flowers, which seemed to be piled upon it as if there was no room for them all. The shutters of the front window were closed, and into the half-darkened room the inhabitants came one by one, in different stages of liveliness.

Frank looked pale, and confessed that he was tired. Johnny let out quietly that he had been all round the place, and had caught some fish in the little river. Mdlle. Marie seemed to her English cousin, who had just heard such interesting news about her, to look rather wistful and indifferent, even, perhaps, a little cross. Her dark hair grew low on her sensitive, white forehead, which she wrinkled up in a distressed sort of way. Old Jacques's ways seemed to fidget her; she would eat scarcely any breakfast, and sat looking small and pensive in her buff cambric gown. Her grandmother did not notice this at all, and entertained her guests with a healthy cheerfulness which one sees almost oftener in the old than in the young. At seventy, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had more spirit and more strength than Marie at twenty-four.

Poor Marie! Agnes Wyatt, who was very romantic, quite put herself into those little, high-heeled shoes, and was filled with immense pity and sympathy at the thought of how she should feel in such a state of things. She supposed her mind was ill-regulated, as the comtesse, with something less than French politeness, had told her. But however that might be, she was certainly old enough to have a mind of her own of some sort, and opinions of her own, though in some people's eyes they might be wrong ones; and she was pretty sure that her mother in England would agree with her in thinking this a dreadful thing.

"I am sure she is unhappy," she thought. "She looks quite pale and sad. How can I save her?"

The answer to this question did not at once arrive.

In the meantime, Marie was almost cross to old Jacques who, after handing her several dishes in vain, half appealed to his mistress: "Mademoiselle ne mange rien."

"Merci! Non, vous dis-je!" said the young lady, as she impatiently waved away the approaching *petrineux*, which seemed inclined to persevere. "Non grand'mère, je n'en veux pas," she said, with a faint smile across the table.

Mme. de Saint-Hillaire did not attempt much remonstrance, and afterward told Agnes that Marie had been in bad health for years, and that it was a wonder to see her eat anything at all, especially at breakfast.

As they stood in the great, darkened *salon*, where long lines of light streamed through the nearly closed shutters across the floor, throwing rays into the mirrors, and catching the old china and the quaint carving of the chairs, the comtesse called Frank, and asked if he was inclined for a drive that afternoon, to see some of her neighbors. "I can take you all four," she said, "if your brother will sit on the box with the coachman."

Frank thanked her very much, but thought he had better keep quiet to-day. It was a great disappointment to him, but he had been foolish in dragging up the hill at Le Mans the day before.

"Agnes should have kept you in better order," said the old lady. "Do as you think best for yourself. Agnes, Marie, Jean, will you be ready at three o'clock?"

Marie followed her grandmother out of the room; Johnny, who had already made friends with the cook, went off to talk to her about his fish; and Agnes went up to her elder brother, who had thrown himself into a chair.

"Did you hear how Johnny tore his jacket?" she said.

"Not a word."

"I wonder we did not guess it at the time. That boy is always doing brave things, and getting no credit for them;" and she told Johnny's story, at which Frank smiled.

"Of course, just like him. A great piece of luck for Mme. Who-ever-she-was that happened to be there. However, I think the sooner he gives up stopping other people's runaway horses, the better for him. One of these days he will get something worse than a torn jacket."

"He wouldn't be Johnny if he did not do those things."

"Would he?" said Frank.

"I have something else to tell you, Frank," said his sister.

But just then Marie de Saint-Hilaire came back into the room, and the news of her sad fate had to be kept and brooded over for the present in the sympathizing soul of Agnes.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHATEAU LAURON.

They drove in an open carriage along a magnificent road, wide, smooth, and perfectly firm—not a loose stone was to be seen on its fine brown surface. It ran like a line of light between thick dark woods, in the deeper part of which Mme. de Saint-Hilaire told them that there were wolves and wild boars and deer of different kinds. Johnny wondered if he should come in for any hunting; but she said it was very unlikely at this time of year, though one of the gentlemen in the province had the right to kill wild beasts all the year round, being in special charge of them, with the title of "Lieutenant Louvetier."

Beyond the woods there came a hill, and a great wide view with more woods in the distance, with two or three church spires and villages, and here and there the towers of a château standing up, clear and bright, among green fields and vineyards. In that transparent air, they could see a long way to blue hills in the far distance; and all the nearer touches of color—trees, flowers, cottage roofs, yellow pumpkins, grapes already purple—stood out in the sunlit landscape as if it had been a great pre-Raphaelite picture. Now and then they passed people on the road, walking, or driving the long carts of the country, sometimes drawn by strong oxen with bent heads and a yoke across their horns. The people looked up and nodded a friendly "bon jour," and Johnny, seeing that it was expected of him, pulled off his hat diligently to everybody they passed.

"What nice-looking people you have about here!" said Agnes.

"They are not nearly so handsome as in some parts of France," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but they are very good people. Of course, we have some bad republican characters, but they are not worth thinking of. They are black sheep, not at all respectable, and nobody takes any notice of them. Do you see all this wide plain! It was formerly a great forest, and was destroyed in the wars with the English. That old stone cross in the middle of the vineyard yonder, marks the site of a battle."

"This has not been a peaceful country," said Agnes.

"No, indeed. And even now no one ever knows when the Red Republicans may rise, and bring another deluge of misery over our poor country. I could almost say that they would be worse than the Germans."

Agnes was beginning to ask some question about the war, but Marie, who had recovered her temper by this time, leaned forward and seized her with both hands.

"You must not talk about the war," she said. "It was like an awful dream. It makes my grandmother ill to remind her of it. Some time, when she is not with us, you may ask me questions, and I will tell you about it."

"Thank you," said Agnes.

Past the great bare hill, and the plain, they came into a quieter, more homelike country; passed through a little, quaint village, then between gardens and meadows where cows were feeding by the side of a stream. The meadows had no gates, and women and children sat watching the cows as they grazed. Sometimes dogs, with rough, bristly hair, rushed out and barked fiercely at the carriage. Then the road went winding along a shady, green valley, with wooded green slopes, the same little stream running, and poplar and chestnut-trees growing on the banks. Beyond that, there was a poplar avenue by the water-side, such an avenue as one sees in a dream. The trees stood close together in an unbroken row along each side of the road, which was narrow here, though still smooth and good. The gray stems and the delicate foliage went up, up, tapering straight and slender to the sky, so tall that their tops, as you looked up, seemed close together, with only the narrowest line of blue between; the carriage and horses were like small things creeping on the ground as they went under them.

"This is something like a cathedral," said Johnny, as he sat and looked back along the receding avenue. "It gives one an idea of one's real size."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "It is on my friend M. de Valmont's property. He is very proud of it, and wishes it was nearer to his house."

A flash of life and interest sprang into Johnny's eyes. He glanced at Agnes, who began to regret that she had not made an opportunity to tell their aunt about his adventure yesterday. She did not dare to do it now in his presence, and thought that, as things had gone so far, it would be fun to wait and see if the rescued ladies told the story themselves, and if they would recognize Johnny as their rescuer.

For the last two or three miles the country was wilder again, the fields were steep and rocky, here and there rough little commons, covered with bracken and gorse, stretched away from the road, and heather just beginning to fade from its purple richness lay like a sunset cloud on the sides of the hills.

Then they saw a great, dark wood in front of them, and standing up before it, with arched avenues leading to it and green lawns about it, was an immense building, with towers and soaring roofs and many windows, like a castle in a fairy tale, high exalted and gazing alone over the vassal country that lay humbly sloping up to its feet.

"There is Château Lauron," said Marie, leaning forward.

"It is magnificent!" said Agnes. "What an immense house!"

Johnny said nothing, but looked silently at those great towers.

"You do not often see anything so fine as that in England," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "What do you think of it, Monsieur Johnny?"

She was a little provoked by his quiet way of taking things, and put it down to that thoroughly English frame of mind which, feeling the value of its own opinion, won't rashly give it in favor of any new thing, however beautiful.

"It is a very fine old place," said Johnny. "No, I never saw anything quite like it before."

They drove up the avenue, and round the wild, open lawns, uninclosed, and looking as if the wolves from the woods would come down when they pleased and prowl about the house-door. There were no flowers, except a few blossoming shrubs that clustered under the great, rugged walls, and under the double flight of steps that went up in a curve to the door. There were three square, high-roofed towers, and *corps de logis* between them, and extending beyond them in a long, uneven line.

The whole family belonging to this stately old place was standing on the steps as Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and her party drove up; M. and Mme. de Valmont, their daughter, and two sons in shooting-coats. The gentlemen came with their hats in their hands to open the carriage-door and help the ladies out. Johnny Wyatt, who had jumped out first, also stood hatless, and gravely returned such bows as were directed to him. Seeing M. de Valmont bend over the comtesse's hand and raise it gently to his lips, he was not sure whether he ought to observe the same ceremony with Mme.

"BEG, SIR!"—FROM A DRAWING BY PELISSIER.

de Valmont, but she put him at his ease with a smiling bow. She was a very handsome woman, tall and fair; and, though she had no longer the delicate lines of youth, there was something very attractive in her frank, kindly expression.

Of course it was the same lady who had walked with her daughter yesterday into the old church at Le Mans. This daughter, now standing behind her, had a much graver look on her noble young face. Her complexion was pale and clear; and there was a simple, straightforward dignity about her twenty years which gave every one who saw her the feeling of being in the presence of a high-born maiden of the olden time.

The English sailor, waiting in the background at the foot of the steps, looked up at her, and she looked down at him in her quiet way. Then she opened her brown eyes with a sudden surprise, and put her hand on her mother's arm, as she was just turning round to mount the steps with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Mon Dieu, maman, c'est lui!"

"What do you say, Cécile? Where? Who?" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont. "Ah, c'est bien lui! Pardon, chère madame; it was monsieur votre neveu who saved our lives yesterday. Monsieur, how can we show you our gratitude?"

Everybody turned round, Agnes biting her lips and smiling with irrepressible delight; Marie and her grandmother utterly mystified.

"It was a noble action," said M. de Valmont, who was a slight, dark, pleasant-looking man, with very demonstrative manners; and going up first to Johnny, he took him by both hands and squeezed them affectionately.

Johnny was half afraid of being embraced; but M. de Valmont knew better than that.

"Max! Pierre!" he cried, "where are you? Shake hands with this noble Englishman, and offer him your thanks for saving the life of your mother and sister. Thanks are less than nothing. We owe him our whole happiness—all that makes life worth living. Ah, it is a debt that can never be paid!"

Under this shower of gratitude, poor Johnny behaved beautifully. He smiled and said nothing, his sunburnt skin taking a still darker tint as he shook hands with the gentlemen.

When Mme. de Valmont came and offered him her hand, with very sincere tears in her eyes and all kinds of pretty speeches chasing each other from her quick, expressive lips, he just stooped and kissed the soft, white fingers, still without saying a word. But when Cécile, with the wonderful life and light in her eyes, that very few, even of those who knew her, were privileged to see often, held out her slim young hand too, looked at him, and gravely smiled, Johnny pressed the hand in English fashion, and said, in a low voice, looking at her;

"Merci, mademoiselle."

"De grâce, ma chère," began Mme. de Saint-Hilaire to Mme. de Valmont, as they went into the house, "explain all these wonders to us. Marie and I are dying of curiosity. Where and when did you make acquaintance with my nephew, John, and how had he the good fortune to save your lives?"

"I was going to tell you the whole story," said Mme. de Valmont, "and how grieved we were to have lost sight of our deliverer. But is it possible that you do not know it already? Your nephew has not told you of his brave action?"

"Neither my nephew nor my niece has said a word to me on the subject. I hear now for the first time that your life and Cécile's have been in danger," answered the comtesse, slightly aggrieved. "When did this happen?"

"Yesterday, at Le Mans. I have not yet recovered from the shock. Would you not have thought that after such a drive as that the horses would have been quiet? But no! Had it not been for the heroism of your nephew, we should have all been dashed to the bottom of the new cutting."

"Agnes, my dear child, why did you not tell me?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Ma tante, we were not with Johnny at the time. It was after we lost him. I should have told you, but I knew he would not like it to be talked of. And till we were driving along to-day I did not know that Mme. de Valmont was a friend of yours."

"You are very happy to have such a brother," said Mme. de Valmont—"as modest as he is brave. Does he follow any profession, this hero of ours?"

"He is in the English navy, madame."

"And has French blood in his veins," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, as she climbed the stone steps in the hall.

Johnny had another ovation when they had crossed the pretty parqueted hall above, with its low, arched roof, and gone on through the library into the great saloon, with its immense chimneypiece and painted ceiling, its tapestried walls and dark oak furniture. Here they all sat down in a circle of large fauteuils, and listened to Mme. de Valmont as she thrillingly described her adventure of yesterday. There was much throwing up of hands, and many exclamations; more showers of grateful admiration on the head of the unfortunate hero.

Mdlle. Cécile said nothing, like a correct young lady as she was, but sat with a smile in her eyes and a lurking look of fun which sympathized with Johnny's discomfort under this mountain of thanks. Marie de Saint-Hilaire asked a few questions, smiled kindly at Johnny, and made complimentary remarks to Agnes. M. de Valmont, who had been in the French navy in his youth, began asking the young man something about his life on board ship. The two "jeunes gens" listened and held their peace.

After some time spent in this way, M. de Valmont asked Johnny if he would like to see his horses, a proposal which Johnny jumped at; and this ended in all the young people going out with him at the other side of the château, where the drawbridge crossed an old moat thirty feet deep, with trees growing in it.

"Now that they are gone, ma chère, I have something to tell you," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, moving a little nearer to the marquise.

"Some news about la petite?"

"Yes. The affair with M. de Rochemar is arranged. I cannot tell you," said the old lady, clasping her hands, "what a relief this is to me. I have been very anxious about Marie, for, as you know, she has never been quite like other young girls—always difficult to manage, though the most charming child possible."

Mme. de Valmont nodded and acquiesced, and then listened with great interest to the history of Marie's affairs. In her heart, perhaps, she did not quite regard her as the most charming child possible; but she was far too good a friend and too polite a woman not to take her quite contentedly at her grandmother's valuation. Any faults that long acquaintance had spied in little Marie were quietly buried in the Marquise's own knowledge. She offered many congratulations, and spoke with the greatest kindness both of the girl and her fiancé.

"The Marquis de Rochemar is so good, so amiable," she said. "I only hope that Cécile may be as fortunate as her friend."

"Have you any plans for her?" asked Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"She had several offers, you know," said Mme. de Valmont, shrugging her shoulders and flourishing her fingers in the air. "Mais je ne sais pas—I tell them all that Cécile is too young; and, as you know, one only daughter is different from a dozen. There is no hurry, and her father and I will give her to no one till we are perfectly satisfied. She has a right to expect as good an establishment as any young girl in France. And, besides, her education is scarcely finished. I cannot part with my Cécile yet. The other day I had a letter from my aunt D'Altin, proposing a gentleman of her acquaintance, Monsieur Jules de Marillac. She says he is a fine young man, and heir to his old uncle, M. le Comte de Marillac. That sounds well, and I think it is just possible that if I see him in Paris, and if I like him, I may permit him and Cécile to have an *entrevue*. But I am not at all sure. Now that we are alone, I seriously must congratulate you on your charming nephew, to whom we owe so much. I admire mademoiselle your niece, too; elle a l'air très-distingué. But as to him—such fearless courage, such presence of mind, such devotion! You are happy in having such a relation, dear madame."

"I am extremely glad that John behaved so well," said the comtesse; "in fact, I am astonished. If it had been his brother I should have felt no surprise whatever. Frank is the flower of the family; and so you will confess when I have the pleasure of presenting him to you."

"Is it possible."

"It is so, I assure you. As handsome as an angel; clever, accomplished, with manners that might have been learnt in Court. I am proud of him as my relation indeed."

"And why did you not bring him with you?"

"He has long been suffering from a severe illness, and was tired after his journey. The next time we meet I hope he will be quite himself."

"You and all your young people must dine with us very soon," said Mme. de Valmont.

While these ladies were talking them over in the saloon, the young people were following M. de Valmont all about the place. His stables were well worth seeing, to begin with. He had beautiful English horses, and they lived in stalls with brass headings and pink marble mangers. The saddle-room, where the harness and the whips were so various and in such perfect order as to be quite an exhibition, had a polished floor, with little green mats laid upon it here and there. The young De Valmonts were very anxious to know whether such arrangements as these were commonly seen in England; and Agnes and Johnny assured them that such perfection was very seldom reached, or even tried for.

"Mon père est grand amateur de chevaux," said Max de Valmont, a good-natured, good-looking young man of two-and-twenty.

They went next to see some deer-hounds, which had a house in the outbuildings; and then wandered round the courtyards of the old château. The present house was, perhaps, not much older than François I.; but there had been a strong castle here for hundreds of years before that. Six round towers defended the old inclosure, inside which there were now three or four large yards and a good-sized kitchen garden. There were ivy and climbing roses on the battered old walls, and great walnut-trees leaning over them. Agnes was very much interested, and pleased M. de Valmont by asking all kinds of intelligent questions about the fortifications and the history of the château. Cécile talked to Marie, and helped her over the heaps of stones and the uneven places which were in their way now and then. The young men and Johnny lingered a little behind, but had not very much to say to each other; however, there were two fox-terriers to be played with, which came racing after them.

"Now follow me," said M. de Valmont, as they crossed the kitchen-garden, "and I will show you one of the causes of the Revolution. Take care, mademoiselle; the descent is very steep."

They all followed one another down something which had once been a staircase, and now was a chaos of stones, and tumbling earth, and dead leaves, with long grass and weeds hanging over it. At the foot of this they mounted a broken step into a little doorway, and stood inside a round tower very oddly constructed. There were openings at the top, under the penthouse roof, and to the height of at least three-and-twenty feet there were tiers on tiers of pigeon-holes in the old white wall—thousands of them. In the middle of the tower there was a great upright beam, with arms stretched out, to which were fastened two ladders. The arms turned round, and by their means the ladders could move from nest to nest.

"This is a funny place!" said Johnny.

"C'est le colombier," said Cécile de Valmont, turning to him with a smile. "One of the old rights of the noblesse. My father keeps it as a curiosity."

The marquis, in the foreground, was explaining to Agnes that before the Revolution the nobles alone had the right to keep pigeons, which lived in this tower, and flew out all over the country for their food, taking the best grain of the peasants, who had no business to complain if all the food belonging to them and their children went for the use of the seigneur.

"How wicked that was!" said Agnes, earnestly.

"Oui, mademoiselle," said M. de Valmont, smiling. "That and other wickednesses were swept away so roughly that one almost forgets to be indignant. My grandfather and grandmother, and many other of our relations, paid dearly for their colombier with their heads."

"Ah," said Agnes, shivering a little, "I think I never realized the Revolution before."

They climbed silently back out of the old tower, and were soon laughing in the garden sunshine, but Agnes's thoughts still lingered in the darkness of the Revolution. In more ways than one she could understand it now. In Mme. de Valmont, with her sweet, easy manners; in Cécile, with her grave nobleness brightened by girlish fun, and the straight, fearless look of her brown eyes; even in Marie de Saint-Hilaire, with her small frame and delicate features, and air at once spirited, careless, gentle, and a little sad, she seemed to see the ladies who had kept up their traditions in all the terror of the prison, who had smiled and laughed sweetly, and prayed earnestly; who had not dreamed such a thing as cowardice possible, and had gone on to their terrible death as if it was indeed the gate at the end of the "thorny path that leads to glory."

Agnes was quite right; the times are not so changed but that it still means a good deal to have noble French blood in one's veins.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

When his relations had driven off, Lieutenant Frank Wyatt took a cigar, and wandered round about the old place—into the yard, down the avenue, about the meadows, where pretty pale crocus-flowers carpeted the ground. Indian corn grew there, too, with its long stalk and leaves, and the great head pushing its way upward. The poplars rustled beside the river, the fish dived and darted along under the shadow of the weeds. The whole place lay perfectly still in the afternoon sun, like "a haunt of ancient peace," a silent, sleepy Arcadia.

Unless one is brought face to face with them by some personal experience, it is almost impossible to believe that these

French country landscapes can be the scene in present times of war and revolution. Old feudal struggles there may have been; that old château on the hill may have sent out smoke and fire from the gun-holes in its walls; but all that was hundreds of years ago. Now, the place lies open and secure, without even the protection of a single gate, from the entrance of the avenue to the terrace and the house-door. Yet, within the memory of children, Prussian soldiers have clattered down through the village of Sonnay-sous Corillon, which lies close to Les Sapinières; and within the memory of men there have been burnings and revolutions; and those who live now confidently expect to see more of such things before they die.

Frank wandered about very agreeably to himself. His artistic mind understood and enjoyed the beauty round him. Perhaps it needs as fine a faculty to see and appreciate this kind of beauty as to sit gazing in rapture at mountains or the sea. The poplars by the little river, with their silver stems and light leaves that shadowed and flickered and rustled with every softest breath of air; the blue, clear sky shining through them; the slowly running water, blue, silver, brown, green, in its gentle reflections; the meadows emerald green.

Frank found several lovely subjects for sketches down here in the low ground, and also discovered a pretty view of the château, and another of the church-spire rising among trees. He had an idea, which, I think, shows that there was something in him of the true artist, that Nature in her everyday work is even more worth copying than in her grand efforts. Poets and wise men have said very truly that we miss the beauty that lies about our feet. It is true concerning more things than water and grass and trees; but as far as these went, at least, Frank was not one of the blind.

Presently he walked up into the meadow near the house, where the shepherdess had just brought her flock for their afternoon graze. This was not one of those bergères proper to Arcadia and the Muses, with a round straw hat and a crook. La Mère Chapin was a little, withered, old woman, active, upright and shrewd, with a tight white cap, a short jacket and petticoat, bare, brown legs like two sticks, and dark-brown worsted socks under her sabots. Her rough-haired dog was in attendance; and as she watched the sheep, she was hard at work all the time with her distaff and spindle.

"Bonjour, monsieur," said she, with a laugh in her black eyes, as Frank, in his gay clothes, looking very fair and languid, came sauntering up the meadow.

"Bonjour," said Frank, taking off his hat with a smile.

"Monsieur has recovered from his journey? Ah, dame! those railways are tiring enough in such weather as this. And monsieur came from a great distance."

"From Paris, yesterday; but before that I came from England. That is a long journey."

"England! Yes, indeed, I have heard the name of that place before. And the sheep in England, monsieur, are they as fine as these?"

"There are many different kinds," said Frank, "some larger, some smaller. Where do these come from?"

When once La Chapin had started on the subject of her sheep, nothing could stop her. They were her children, her darlings. She ran on for some time about them, giving Frank, who was not learned in sheep, more information than he chose to show. As soon as he could get a word in, he began asking her about the place: had she lived there long in the service of Mme. la Comtesse? This was another of La Chapin's pet topics. She had lived at Sonnay all her life, and her parents before her. They were there all through the great Revolution; but monsieur must understand that they were good people in those times when all the world was wicked.

"Madame's family was not here then?" John suggested.

"Certainly not. M. le Baron de Sonnay and his wife and daughter—voilà tout. Ah, dame! ce pauvre monsieur, it was a terrible time for him. He sent the ladies out of the country, and remained himself at the château with his valet-de-chambre — and that was my uncle, Jean Pichard, my father's brother. But perhaps monsieur has heard the story?"

"No, never," said Frank.

"M. le Baron was rich, and the best master and the best friend in the world. He had also great treasures of silver and gold, dishes and vases, spoons and forks, and all kinds of things that monsieur can imagine. Allons! he determined to hide all this, and, in fact, he and Jean Prichard buried the whole somewhere about the château. He wrote to madame his wife, and told her that he had done this. He said it was quite safe, for no one but himself and Pichard knew the place. Ah, it was safe indeed! A few weeks after, ce pauvre Monsieur le Baron was guillotined. And, as if that was not enough, my uncle Pichard was shot by some wicked soldiers that passed through the place. So both of them died, and neither knew of the death of the other."

"That was strange," said Frank. "And the treasure?"

"The treasure, monsieur! It lies where Monsieur le Baron and my poor uncle buried it."

"And no one has searched for it?"

"Si," said La Chapin, laughing. "Everybody has searched for it, but nobody has found it. If Madame la Comtesse would take the advice of her servants, she would dig over the whole estate. But she does not trouble herself about it, any more than I do about the stones on the road yonder."

"Who lived here after M. de Sonnay? Did his wife and daughter ever come back?"

"Never, monsieur. Their property was taken from them, ces pauvres dames, and they both died at some place a long way off. Julie Robert, the femme-de-chambre, came back here and told us that they were dead. I remember that myself. But the château was sold to a little farmer of the neighborhood, un homme de rien, and he lived there, little miserable, till M. le Comte, the husband of madame, bought the place."

"If the treasure was found, it would belong to madame," Frank half soliloquized.

"Ah, dame! oui," said the shepherdess, nodding her head violently.

"A couple of francs would not do her any harm, I suppose," thought the young man, and he pulled them out accordingly.

La Chapin's gratitude was almost tearful; she promised to pray for him; and Frank, very well satisfied, wished her "bon soir," and walked off toward the house.

He waited for his friends on the terrace, but they did not arrive till nearly dinner-time; and at dinner they were full of Château Lauron and the De Valmonts.

"We have a great many neighbors in this country, and a very agreeable society," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but only two of these families still retain the property they had before the Revolution. Les Rochemars live still at the Château de Rochemar, and Lauron has always been one of the châteaux of the Valmont family. They lost the old Château de Valmont in Touraine; in fact, it was burnt to the ground, and the property was taken from them."

"Are they rich?" said Agnes.

"Yes, they have a good property; but they have spent a great deal in restoring their château and other ways. M. de Valmont's father was an extravagant man, and lived a great

deal in Paris. He thinks himself very prudent, for he has undertaken several strange things. He has a share in a ship-building firm at Brest, and in a great bank somewhere else."

"I did not know that a French gentleman would have anything to do with such bourgeois concerns as those," said Frank, laughing.

"M. de Valmont has many English ideas," said the comtesse. "Not that he would ever go so far as some of your noblesse, who turn their sons into merchants, if what I hear is true; but he thinks that a man of his birth can do anything that is not sordid, without in the least affecting his position. You think him right, do you not?"

"Perfectly right," said Frank.

"I thought he seemed to have a great deal of sense," added Johnny.

"You may well say so. Ah, Frank, your brother has won all the De Valmont hearts. You ought to have been there; you have lost your chance. He kissed Mme. de Valmont's hand as if he had been born a Frenchman."

"That was Johnny in a new light, certainly."

"I couldn't help it," said Johnny, in an undertone.

"Cécile thought him very gentil," said Marie. "She told me so."

"I thought her very pretty—very beautiful," said the sailor, with the slow, quiet decision which always made his brother laugh.

"Yes, she is charming," said Marie. "I suppose her mother will soon marry her. Do you know, grand'mère?"

"At present there is nothing beyond an idea," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "A young M. de Marillac has been proposed to her lately; but the affair will not be settled in any way till they go to Paris. He will have a large fortune, they say. But you must not say a word about this, my children."

"It will be strange if little Cécile is married," said Marie; "only the other day she was a child. But I think she will love her husband and be very happy."

Agnes watched Marie as she spoke, but could not discern any particular horror at the prospect of her own fate. Evidently her view was that one must be married, and as to loving one's husband, that was an additional blessing to be hoped for.

After having their coffee on the terrace, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and Peloton were inclined for a turn in the moonlit avenue, and Frank walked off with them, leaving Johnny to entertain the two girls.

Frank had a talent for amusing and making friends with old ladies, which is sometimes a very amiable talent, but at other times has a decided background of selfishness.

I do not wish, however, to judge him before the time, or to say that he did not walk after Mme. de Saint-Hilaire for her own sake. He told her about his doings in the

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—JOHNNY PLAYS THE HERO.

afternoon, and alluded to the shepherdess's story of the buried treasure.

"La Chapin's favorite story," said the comtesse. "Ah, yes, they want me to pull down the terrace, to undermine the house, to dig holes and burrow in all my fields—in fact, to spend the treasure before I find it. But I am not rich enough for those amusements."

"Still it would be worth finding," said Frank.

"That is very likely. But you have no idea how many stories of this kind there are in the country—legends of the Revolution. At any rate, it must remain hidden as long as I live. When the place goes to Marie, she and her husband can do as they please."

"I could not live here without certainty of some kind," said Frank.

"You English are so curious, with your active minds and bodies," laughed Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, her quick wits failing, for once, to follow the train of thought in her companion's mind. "However, M. de Rochemar is already so rich that I think he will be contented with the estate, and what chance may bring him beyond it. He is of a quiet nature, too, and would not care for the trouble of setting people to dig for a chimera."

"And who may he be, this M. de Rochemar?" asked Frank, rather wonderingly.

"Tiens! Nobody has told you? What silent young people these are! Your sister Agnes might have been brought up in a convent of Dames Carmelites. M. de Rochemar is Marie's fiancé."

"Indeed! Has she been engaged to him long?"

"Since yesterday. His mother and I have arranged it for them. The marquis himself is in Algeria with his regiment, but he is expected home soon."

"They are acquainted, I suppose?" said Frank.

"They saw each other some years ago; but most of the acquaintance is yet to come. His mother is a friend of mine, and we have always known the family."

Frank paused a minute, and then laughed.

"I hope it is a very happy arrangement for her," he said. "Your marriages in France are a little startling, when one is not used to them."

"It is very possible," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but in this case, I assure you, nothing could be happier."

CHAPTER VII.

SETTING SUNS.

IN spite of buried treasures and marriages de convenance, these young English people managed to make themselves very happy in this French life, so delightfully different from their own at home. Everything was free, picturesque and natural, and without the stiffness which so often spoils English country society. In that charming part of France, at this time of year especially, everybody is enjoying château life, visiting friends without formality, riding, driving, dancing, shooting, taking walks in the beautiful valleys, sitting out at night in the clear, warm, dry air; dressing as one pleases, without any trouble of bonnets or kid gloves.

Agnes Wyatt accommodated herself to all this very easily, left her new bonnet in its box, and bought some comfortable *gants de Suède* in the little town of Carillon—did her best, in fact, to turn herself into a Frenchwoman, and gained great credit from the neighboring ladies for her pretty toilets and nice, attentive manners. Her brothers, also, became very popular; Frank, of course, without any effort of his own. Johnny brightened up wonderfully, partly from his intercourse with the De Valmont family, whom he thought the most delightful people he had ever met in his life. He might well think so, for Mme. de Valmont, who was a woman of the world, and knew courts and their ways, paid him more amiable attention than she would ever have thought of bestowing on a young countryman of her own. Johnny was quietly devoted to her and her daughter, though he had not much to say to Mdlle. Cécile, who, like a French girl, withdrew herself and kept silence, listening to her mother's agreeable conversation, with laughing eyes of fun and sympathy.

Marie de Saint-Hilaire, being older, was much more talkative, and, in her small way, shared the rule of house and village with her grandmother. She got her own way in things by showing little tempers whenever she was opposed; but she was generally very lively and amiable, though easily upset and annoyed, and inclined to be fussy. Her face in repose had always a tinge of sadness; perhaps this was owing to delicacy of health. But she was extremely charitable; the servants loved her, though she scolded them, and her kindnesses in the village were unnumbered. Of course her education had been most carefully looked after, and thus she had read very little of her native literature. Her ideas did not stray far beyond "La Femme Forte," "La Femme Sainte," "La Femme Chrétienne," "Lives of the Saints," Mme. Craven's books, and those wonderful, exalted French biographies which seem to be written on purpose to keep young women like her in the right way. Of course she was also a passionate Legitimist, and would have given all she possessed to help on the Carlists to victory. But this enthusiasm of hers was not roused to action, and at present her chief interest was the establishment of two Sisters of Charity in the village—one to visit and nurse the sick, and the other to teach the children.

She walked down nearly every day, now generally taking Agnes with her, to the little house in the village street. There she went in and talked to the Sister in the midst of her small flock, made remarks on this and that little girl—the boys went to the communal school—then climbed the narrow staircase to the kitchen. Sœur Lucie, if she was there, would come forward in her black gown and great flapping cap, set chairs for the ladies, and give her report of the sick and old and needy, for whom she did all sorts of nice little cookeries on her small stove.

Very often Marie and Agnes brought a basket of fruit with them from the château garden, which the Sister unpacked with her quick and neat fingers, pleasantly smiling and chatting all the time. Agnes watched and listened, and thought it all very good, and sighed as she remembered English villages where there was no Sœur Lucie or anybody else to look after the poor, except those euphuistically called their "guardians."

The fat old curé, with his honest face, went about the village, and beamed with benevolence on Marie when he met her. Just now a mutual anxiety bound all these people together. A dear little girl of eight years old was very ill; she had caught cold in harvest-time, and now seemed to be in a rapid consumption. Her name was Anaïs Robert. She was a saint, never known to be naughty, and what made her approaching death sad was that she was the only child of one of the greatest reprobates in Sonnay, a Republican, and a person altogether good for nothing. This child never ceased trying to convert her father, who listened to her and to no one else. Actually she had brought him once to church, just before she was taken ill—a thing never accomplished by her mother, who, though a good Christian, was a poor, weak woman.

Agnes heard a great deal of talk about this little Anaïs,

and one Sunday she saw a whole row of young girls, who sat on the front bench of the church, kneeling through part of the mass with their heads bent and scraps of lighted taper in their hands. One by one the tapers went out, and they rose from their knees.

"Ah," said Marie, afterward, "they were praying for that poor little one. I am afraid she is dying."

In the afternoon, after vespers, they heard that the child was dead, and Marie cried a little, not, as she explained to Agnes, for the happy young saint, but for "ce pauvre Robert," who would have no one now to bring him to church.

These things seemed to interest Marie a great deal more than her engagement to M. de Rochemar, though one afternoon her grandmother took her alone in the carriage to pay a visit to her future mother-in-law. They brought back an invitation from the marquise for them all to dine with her one day in the following week. The De Valmonts were to be there, too, and Mme. de Rochemar, who was fond of society, hoped to have some of her relations and friends staying at the château.

In the meanwhile, the days passed on pleasantly at Les Sapinières. Frank, who had begun by being lazy and dawdling about the neighborhood with his sketch-book, or reading in the high, cushioned windows of the library, where he found a very fine collection of French books, took it into his head to teach Marie to ride. She was rather nervous, though not really afraid; so he mounted her on the quiet, old white mare who used to go shopping to Carillon, her maid Louise took the bridle, and away they went together about the lanes and woods and vineyards in those clear, golden afternoons, Blanche stepping deliberately with the light, little figure on her back, and Frank walking by the side, ready to guide her over any difficult place.

Johnny was away on his own concerns, or, perhaps, fast asleep somewhere, and Agnes was attending on her aunt as she walked about the farm and superintended her people. Nobody thought of interfering with Marie's doings; she was no longer a child, and the young Englishman was her cousin; and, besides, her grandmother and every one else was accustomed to her independent ways.

A low wind rustled through the pine woods that afternoon, bringing out their health-giving scent, making music in the upper branches, that sighed at its least breath. As that little cavalcade from the château turned into the wood, the stems were all glowing red in the sinking sunlight, and the carpet of purple heather glowed, too, as if all the ground was blushing.

They went along the soft path, across a corner of the wood, till they suddenly came out beyond it into a full view of the western sky, where the sun was slowly descending, and clouds of all shapes, sharply cut upon the clear background, some all red or gold, some dark, with a gold edge, lay stretched along the sky. Down from their feet fell the steep slope of a vineyard, golden green; then there were masses of trees, with the bright thread of a river in the valley; then poplar-tops, all rosy, woods and slopes again, and a glimpse of a distant country, through a break in the high ground, fading away into a mist of glory.

Blanche pricked her ears as Frank laid his hand on the bridle and stopped her in face of this view, just where the wood-path ended and the road through the vineyard began. Louise nodded and laughed, and turned back into the wood to gather a bunch of heather.

"Ah, that is pretty," said Marie. "I assure you that I never saw this before."

"I am not very much astonished," said Frank; "but I am glad you like it. I never heard you admire nature before. What does this view make you think of?"

He stood stroking the mare's neck and looking up at Marie, with his back to the view. She brought her eyes from it, and met his, smiling and hesitating a little.

"But, Frank—I don't know," she said. "Paradise, perhaps; but that is not what you are thinking of."

"No. The effect of a beautiful sight like this on me is always to make me think of what I love best in the world. If it is a long way off, so much the worse; it is nothing but a dream. If I can turn round and look at it, so much the better. What do you think of that?"

"Very pretty, only I am not sure that I understand you," said Marie.

But her eyes were gone back to the clouds, and Frank did not explain himself. Only he muttered under his breath, "Tant mieux!"

"We don't care for the view after all, do we?" he said, in quite a different voice. "At least, I see that it takes your thoughts far enough away from here. Where are they gone; tell me? To Paradise, or to Algeria, or only as far as Rochemar?"

"You are very strange this evening," said Marie, suddenly looking him straight in the face. "Is that the way you talk in England?"

"Not at all. Forgive me," said Frank. "But certainly it is a roundabout way of talking, and I have to do something which is difficult to me, my dear cousin. You may not believe me, but it is very difficult. I have to offer you my best wishes on your engagement. Will you accept them?"

"Thank you," said Marie, gravely.

The congratulation had been oddly put, certainly, and at that moment, drooping a little over Blanche's mane, with her pensive eyes and pale face, she did not look as if any great happiness was shining before her.

"You will see Mme. de Rochemar on Wednesday," she said. "She is so good to me! And the château is beautiful."

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY LOT.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Bless'd is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire;
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his worldless prayer.
O from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May Pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast
And occupation, and alternate rest;
And dear to care and thought the usual walk;
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk;
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain;
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again.
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Bless'd beyond fear and hate, if bless'd by thee,
And hears, O Love! of thine Eternity.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know, to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

THAT RIGHT FOOT.—"THEY LIFTED HER INTO THE BOAT, AND, WHILE FENTON HELD HER, HIS ACCOMPLICE PUSHED OFF, AND PADDLED DOWN THE STREAM."

THAT RIGHT FOOT.

Chapter I.

Noah Blosburg's right foot was swathed in yard upon yard of linen bandages, and over all was a thick, red-and-black woollen shawl. Moreover, Noah Blosburg's right foot was lying in two cushioned chairs, while Noah Blosburg himself occupied another chair, also cushioned.

Sitting or lounging on the sofa, just ten feet from Noah Blosburg's right foot, was Timothy Blosburg, otherwise known as Tim Blosburg, young Blosburg, Lawyer Blosburg, and Noah Blosburg's nephew. He had dropped in to see how the right foot was getting on.

"Plaguy uncomfortable, Tim," said the old gentleman, with a look that asked for sympathy. "And what makes it worse, Tim, the left one begins to twinge. I sha'n't get out of this for a month yet."

"Oh, yes, uncle," said Tim, looking over at the red-and-black bundle, as though he were calculating the probable number of chairs Mr. Blosburg would need, if the other foot didn't stop its twinging. "This lowery weather will soon be over, and then you will come out all right."

"If that is your —oh-h-h—candid opinion, Tim—oo-oo-ugh!"

"Which foot, uncle?"

"Right one.—ugh!—if that's your opinion, Tim, I'll set it at two months—oo-o o-o o o o-ugh!—for you never did come nearer than that on a guess—ugh! confound the foot! There, it's better now."

"I am heartily glad of it!" said Tim, much relieved; for his agony at the sight of his uncle's horrid faces was scarcely less acute than Noah Blosburg's rheumatic misery "But, as I cannot do you any good, I will go——"

"No, you won't!"—Mr. Blosburg's manner sometimes approached abruptness—"I've got business for you."

Tim settled back on the sofa quite contentedly. It was not often that Noah Blosburg had business for Tim, and the young man thought he could see a good fee in prospect.

"Now, if those plaguy twinges will stay away while I tell you," said Mr. Blosburg, with little faith. "You see, Tim, we had a good customer out West—a plaguy good one he was, too, until he died——"

"No blame attached to him for dying, uncle?"

"No, Tim; but he left his affairs slightly mixed, I fear. His daughter—his name was James Merton——"

"His daughter?"

"There, there, boy! His daughter wrote to me to come out—old friends, you know—but this dreadful rheumatism is on to me, and I want you to go for me."

"I don't believe I have the least objection," said Tim, languidly. "Well off, uncle?"

"Snug property, boy."

"Good-looking?"

"What on earth!—Are you talking about the girl?"

"Certainly. I believe you said Mr. Merton died?"

"Yes, I did!"—quite short—"but I want you to understand that it is the business which needs looking after—not the girl!"

"I certainly hope to find the girl all right," remarked Tim.

"All right! of course she is! But, as I was saying, Merton's partner is giving Myra some trouble."

"Myra? Who is Myra?"

"Why, the girl! As I was saying, Myra being alone——"

"Where's her mother?"

"Dead, Tim, years ago. More's the pity; for, if there ever was a nice woman, she was one. But, as I was saying, Myra being all alone, Fenton—that's Merton's partner—is having everything all his own way; and I want you to go out and tell him what is what. Can you do it, Tim?"

"Uncle, that is a hard question to put to a bashful young man, but as you undoubtedly expect an answer, I will say that I do believe I can tell Mr. Fenton 'what is what.'"

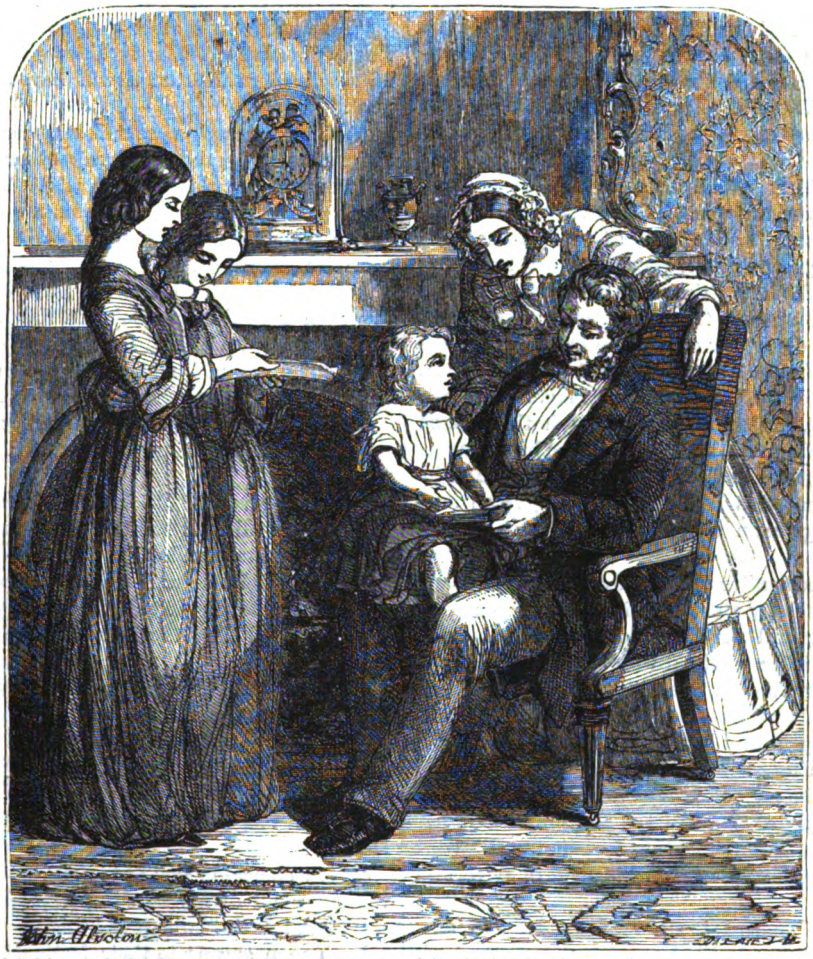
"Of course you can, Tim, and——"

What Noah Blosburg intended to put after the "and," will never be known, for the entrance of a servant, with a letter, interrupted him; and the reading of the missive drove all previous thoughts from his mind.

"Tim, there's no time to waste," said Mr. Blosburg, quite anxiously. "It is from Myra. Here! read it."

Tim cast his eye over the letter, and became interested. It was very brief.

"Mr. Noah Blosburg—*Dear Sir:* I am in trouble. I fear that Mr. Fenton is a villain. Please come out, if only for a day, for I cannot trust anybody else. Myra Merton."



THE HAPPY LOT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 335.

"Well, Tim——"

"I'll take the next train, uncle."

"That's right, my boy! And Tim, bring her back with you. You know her mother was a very dear friend of mine."

"Oh! I understand," said Tim, elevating his eyebrows. "You missed it, perhaps?"

"Terribly, Tim! terribly! And all on account of a lameness in this plaguy same foot. Made an appointment; didn't keep it; and—she married Merton. If Myra looks anything as her mother used to, I——"

"Wouldn't miss it again, uncle?"

"I don't believe I would, Tim."

Chapter II.

THE residence of the late James Merton was situated on an eminence, about a mile from a thriving Western village—perhaps we should say city—on the banks of the Missouri.

It was a beautiful place; for James Merton had been a man of taste as well as wealth. Trees set out by his own hands around his home had grown into a beautiful grove, meeting the heavy timber that skirted the Missouri, a hundred rods or more from the dwelling.

Through this strip of timber an avenue had been cleared to the river, and no more delightful promenade could be found in all the great West. It was Myra's favorite retreat. She loved nothing better than a stroll through this almost natural arbor, or a seat upon the banks of the broad river. And, after death's shadow had fallen upon her home, she still sought this place—this solitude—as being more consonant to her feelings than any other spot on the broad earth.

One day, several weeks after the death of her father, Myra sat in her favorite seat by an old, white-limbed sycamore. It was nearly sunset; still she lingered, loath to leave the loved spot. All alone, she reclined with charming *abandon* against the old, weather-beaten tree. The setting sun threw a golden radiance all about her—falling softly upon her dark-brown hair; touching lightly her beautiful face—beautiful even in sadness; peering gently into the depths of her violet eyes; paling beside the red ripeness of her lips; enveloping her perfect form; brightening up the sombreness of her robes of black, and revealing one tiny foot and well-turned limb, which had escaped the accustomed shield of skirts and dress.

Yet she lingered—lingered too long, for a long shadow fell across the leafy ground just before her—Wayne Fenton's shadow.

Myra started, with a woman's first shame at being surprised in her negligence. Then came alarm, as she saw Wayne Fenton standing just across the path, gazing in undisguised admiration at her ravishing loveliness.

"A beautiful sunset, Myra," said Fenton, in soft, measured tones, as he approached her.

"I have watched it too long already," said Myra, striving to speak calmly. But her heart was beating wildly, and her limbs seemed to have lost their strength; for there was something in Wayne Fenton's eyes that she never saw before—a hard, cruel, passionate look that would have made any pure woman fear his presence.

"Stay, Myra," said he, with a detaining gesture. "I came here to find you. You remember our conversation of yesterday?"

"I do," she coldly answered; "and I hope it will not be repeated."

"That rests partly with you," he said; "for I must make the same demands I made yesterday. I want those papers. They are absolutely necessary to my welfare, and yours. I can do nothing without them. It will ruin my business and fall heavily upon you. Can I have them, Myra?"

"You cannot have them, Mr. Fenton," she firmly replied. "I have written to Mr. Noah Blosburg, and, when he comes, I shall be guided by his advice. Until then, I hold everything."

She sought to pass him, but he rudely caught her arm.

"Not so fast, dear, beautiful Myra! I have tried gentle means, and failed. Now I shall try something else."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Myra, struggling to release her arm, while her white face and terror-fraught eyes told of the agony she was enduring.

"I mean that I shall compel you to do my bidding. Those papers I *will* have! Your wealth I will have! And beautiful Myra Merton I will have! Here, Dick, I want you!"

At this command, a great, loathsome villain stepped out of the bushes and grasped Myra's other arm. She shrieked; but Fenton soon closed her mouth. They dragged her, half fainting, to the river, where a boat was drawn up on the sand. Into this they lifted her, and, while Fenton held her, his accomplice pushed off and paddled down the stream.

About four miles below the boat was run to land. The two men helped Myra out, and led her to a rough cabin, thirty or forty rods from the river.

"I hope you will make yourself as comfortable as possible," said Fenton, pointing Myra to a stool.

Myra sank upon the seat without a reply.

Fenton smiled triumphantly, and turned to his companion:

"So far, all right, Dick. And now for the rest of our work. You think it will be safe to leave her here, while we go back for the plunder?"

"It might be safer if one of us could stay and keep an eye on her; but it ain't anyways likely that anybody will be poking round here to-night. We can tie her up while we are gone."

"Yes, we shall have to bind her!" he sneered. "Beautiful Myra, don't you wish you had listened to me?"

"No! A thousand times, no! Now I know you, villain! If I escape this time, you shall have justice, if there is any to be had!"

Fenton laughed, provokingly, at Myra's outburst of feeling.

"How charming you are in anger! I believe I shall provoke you half of my time! What glorious eyes!"

"Hark! hark!" whispered Dick.

Both men sprang to their feet, and drew their revolvers. A step outside had alarmed them.

"Take her back into the corner, and I will see who it is," said Dick. "I must have a lantern."

The man lit his lantern, and stepped to the door. Just as he put his hand to the wooden latch, there came a rap on the door.

"What do you want out there?" shouted Dick.

"Well, I did think I would stop with you to-night; but I've changed my mind. Good night, sir."

"Hold on! Who be you?" cried Dick, hastily opening the door, and holding the lantern so that the light fell upon the face of the tall, well-dressed stranger.

Dick only gave one look, and exclaimed:

"I swear it's Jack Hague, or my name ain't Dick Rocher! Hurrah! Give us your flipper, old Jack! Spruce as ever! But, then, you always was a neat one."

The new-comer put out a hand as white and soft as a woman's.

"Dick Rocher, or I'm a liar!" he exclaimed, after a furtive glance into the cabin. "What the deuce brought you out to this hole?"

"What are *you* here for?" returned Dick, with a grin and a wink. "Come, let's go in."

"That's just what I've been waiting for you to say," said the new arrival, as he followed Dick into the hut. "Live here alone, old chap?"

"Mostly; but I've got company to-night. Mr. Fenton, allow me to introduce you to my friend and pal, Mr. Jack Hague." Adding, in a low tone, "He's all right, Fenton. He's one of us."

"Happy to see you, Fenton," said Mr. Jack Hague, carelessly extending his hand to Wayne Fenton. "Deuced hole you've got here, though, Dick——" and Jack inclined his head toward Myra.

"Ha! ha! ha! Old Jack, you must excuse me! Miss Myra Merton, my very esteemed friend Jack Hague, the celebrated champion cracksman of America."

Chesterfield himself would have found no fault with Mr. Jack Hague's bow to Myra. His words, however, were scarcely up to the standard.

"So pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Merton; but deuced sorry to meet you in such a confounded place as this! You are deucedly handsome!"

The hot blood mounted to Myra's face and neck; but she deigned no reply.

Dick Rocher spoke up quite hastily:

"Jack! Jack! She's Fenton's property?"

"Ah! Excuse me, Fenton; I've not another word to say, only to congratulate you. But, Dick, old boy, what have you got to eat?"

"Not much, Jack, I tell you," said Dick, placing some coarse food before his friend. "I've got too big a job on hand to bother my head about grub."

Mr. Hague was excessively dainty. He ate quite sparingly, but was a long while about it. Meanwhile, Dick and Wayne Fenton were conversing in low tones that could not be heard across the cabin.

At length Dick arose, and went to the table with Jack.

"Which way are you traveling, Jack?"

"Well, Dick, I'm rusticating. It was growing pretty warm back there, so I lit out. It don't matter much which way I go, so it's cool."

"You don't want to take a hand in with us, Jack?"

"Not to-night, old boy. The fact is, they followed me pretty close, and I'm fagged. All I want is rest, and plenty of it. I might talk with you to-morrow."

"But you wouldn't mind doing me a good turn, provided it didn't interfere much with your rest?"

"Out with it, Dick."

"Well, Jack, Fenton and I are up to a little business. It will take us both to do it—*safe* business, you know. But we've got the gal on our hands, and can't take her along."

"Spit it out, old chap."

"Why, we want you to keep an eye on her while we are gone. What do you say."

"Well, I might, Dick. I've done worse jobs. You'll make it worth while?"

Dick turned to Fenton.

"How much, Fenton?"

"How much will do, Mr. Hague?"

"Well, I suppose that nothing less than a fifty would keep me awake. It's low, but I don't want to be too hard on *friends*."

"You shall have it!" said Fenton.

"All right, Fenton. When do you go?"

"Right off. Just as soon as we can get ready."

Mr. Hague drew a stool to the window, elevated his heels to a level with the sill, took a cigar-case from his pocket, and passed it to Fenton and Dick.

"Prime ones, gentlemen."

"I know they are, or you wouldn't have them!" said Dick, proud of his pal.

"I calculate to have as good as there is a-going," said Jack. "Miss Merton, will you have a cigar?"

Dick grinned and Fenton scowled. Myra took no notice of the question.

"Oh, you don't smoke! Excuse me, Miss Merton. I hope the smoke will not be disagreeable to you?"

Myra still remained silent. Her heart was too full for utterance, even had she been disposed to resent the insult.

Mr. Hague waited a moment for Myra's reply, and then coolly lit his cigar.

Fenton and Dick Rocher followed the example, and then commenced their preparations for the "safe business" contemplated.

Mr. Jack Hague sat and smoked, and watched the two men,

"Push it through, Fenton," said he, as they passed out of the door, "for I'm deucedly sleepy. I ought to have charged you a hundred."

"Back by three," said Dick, while Fenton pushed on toward the river.

Mr. Jack Hague sat by the window, watching the light, until he knew, by the distance and motion, that the two men were in the boat, and rowing up the river. Then he threw away his cigar, and went over to where Myra sat, bowed down with grief and despair.

"Miss Merton!"

She suddenly raised her eyes to his face, for the sound of his voice was so much different.

"We have no time to waste in words," he went on; "yet I *must* ask your pardon for my seeming rudeness. I am your friend. That miserable wretch calling himself Dick Rocher, detected in my face some real or fancied resemblance to one Jack Hague. Reading the villainy in his face, I decided to humor him, and assume the *rôle* of Mr. Jack Hague, the cracksman. You may guess how hard it was to do it, when I heard your name. But, fortunately, I had sufficient self-command to carry me safely through it, and I believe the rascal never thought of suspecting me. My name is Timothy Blosburg."

"Blosburg!" exclaimed Myra, joyfully.

"Noah Blosburg is my uncle. He was confined to his room, and I came on instead. I am glad I did, too, for *your* sake."

"Oh, I could not believe you to be one of them!" exclaimed Myra. "How shall I thank you?"

"I am well repaid by this opportunity to serve you," was Tim's reply. "But we must be going. I will take you to some house, and leave you, while I hasten to the village, and have the villains arrested. Do you know what safe they have designs upon?"

"My father's. There are some papers in it, which Fenton wants. I refused to let him have them, and he has taken this cowardly way to get them. Is there time to prevent it?"

"I think I can reach the village before they do, for they have the current against them," replied Tim.

Twenty minutes of rapid walking took them out of the woods, and in a short time they reached the main road and a farmhouse.

Tim was quite loath to part from Myra, for she had proved herself a very pleasant companion during the brief space that he had known her; but, reflecting that he should be

THAT RIGHT FOOT.—"TWENTY MINUTES OF RAPID WALKING TOOK THEM OUT OF THE WOODS, AND IN A SHORT TIME THEY REACHED THE MAIN ROAD AND A FARM-HOUSE."

with her again in the morning, he wisely put aside his half-formed intention of taking her with him that night, and left her with the good people at the farm-house. He then procured a horse, and pushed on to the village, which he reached without mishap.

He lodged his complaint with the authorities, and formed one of the party to surround the Merton mansion. Though he had made good use of his time, he had not been too expeditious; for scarcely were the men posted about the house, when the two rascals came creeping up from the river. They were allowed to effect an entrance, and then their capture was an easy matter.

Mr. Dick Rocher was very indignant at his "pal"; but Tim soon mixed a little surprise with his indignation by acquainting him with the sad mistake he had made. Wayne Fenton, Esq., was also somewhat haughty in his manner; but public opinion had changed wonderfully since Tim's arrival, and the unfortunate Wayne Fenton, Esq., soon gave up his *rôle* of injured innocence, and went to his new quarters at the county jail without a murmur.

Quite early the next morning, Tim Blosburg might have been seen on the road to the farmhouse where Myra passed the night. He drove one horse before a buggy, and led another behind it—the one he hired of the farmer.

The good people were at breakfast when Tim drove up; but they all left the table, and flocked to the door with Myra.

"Did you nab 'em?" was the good farmer's first question.

"Both of them," answered Tim, as he gave the led horse to him, and hitched the other to the fence.

Tim now turned to Myra, who stood back, somewhat shy of Noah Blosburg's tall and handsome nephew, and, greeting her pleasantly, gave her a detailed account of the capture.

After breakfast—the good farmer would have Tim "set up and take a bite"—Tim and Myra went back to the village.

Tim found his hands full. Wayne Fenton, Esq., had got the affairs of Merton & Fenton "slightly mixed"; but, as Myra was willing to share Tim's labors, he found it not an unpleasant task, and settled down to it with becoming fortitude.

Chapter III.

Noah Blosburg waited quite impatiently for Tim's first letter. It came, at last, and it was brief, but to the point:

"Dear Uncle—Arrived safe. Have told Fenton 'what is what.' Am now helping Myra to straighten matters. How is the foot?
"Yours, Tim B"

"Helping Myra?" muttered Noah, glancing at the red- and black bundle on the end of his right leg. "I don't quite like that, but I guess it's all right—perhaps."

Another letter arrived during the following week. Noah Blosburg opened it with some trepidation.

"Dear Uncle—Progressing finely. Fenton did not like his prison quarters, and attempted to escape. Guard shot him down, and that's the end of him. Still helping Myra. Take a long time. How's the foot? Yours, Tim B."

"Plague take him! I don't like it at all!" said Noah. "How's the foot? I do believe he's making game of me!"

And again, the next week, another epistle came from Tim.

"Dear Uncle.—Getting on first-rate. Take a long time to fix up things as they should be; but I will do it, if it takes a year. So don't worry. Wish I could spare you Myra; but it must not be thought of. How's the foot? Yours, Tim B."

"Drat that boy!" exclaimed Noah. "I wish he would send Myra along. If it wasn't for my foot! Plaguy provoking! I suppose Tim is all right, but—I wish the foot was well."

But all the wishing would not help the foot a bit. In fact, the more he fretted, the more his foot wouldn't get well. It was "plaguy obstinate."

All the while, Tim's letters were coming, coming, coming, and not a bit of comfort in them, until the one that told of Tim's return with Myra. The letter was delayed, and, while Noah Blosburg was reading it, Tim and Myra appeared at the door.

"Here we are, uncle," said Tim; "but I'm afraid that right foot of yours has played you another shabby trick."

"Why?" gasped the old gentleman, gazing at the beautiful Myra, so like what her mother had been.

"Well, uncle, I found out, when about half through out there, that I could not possibly fix up affairs as *I* thought they *ought* to be, unless I married Myra, Allow me to introduce my wife."

"O-o-o-o-h! my foot!" shrieked Noah. "O-o-h! what a twinge it did give me!"

And Tim smiled, and wondered whether the twinge was in the foot or in the heart.

Ambitious Question.—Whitelocke, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, accidentally meeting with Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in November, 1652, was requested by him to "walk aside, that they might have some private discourse together." In the colloquy that ensued, Cromwell put this short, pithy but characteristic question: "What if a man should take upon him to be a king?"

BY THE SEA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 313.

THE MAN I "TOOK A DISLIKE" TO.—"AS THE DOG FLEW AT THE CHILD I CAUGHT ITS THROAT. I HELD IT WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE MADNESS OF THAT TERROR, FOR THE LITTLE CREATURE'S SAKE, THAT HAD COME UPON ME."

THE MAN I "TOOK A DISLIKE" TO.

My name is Lulu Ferris, and I am called a belle; and though I suppose "modesty" ought to forbid me to mention this—if serenades, bouquets, crowded dancing-lists, myriads of invitations to opera, promenade and ride go for anything in the proving one to *be* a belle, then I may say that, like Hamlet, I "know not *seems*."

Eyes? Well, of course I have pretty eyes. Eyelashes? Ditto. Nose straight; teeth white and even. My hair is my own. I do not chalk and vermilion myself till I look like an Indian squaw that has stolen her papa's war-paint. I prefer not to do so. It's *nasty*.

Figure—oh, figure! that is where I shine! Small waist, but not too small; well-rounded bust and shoulders; arms good, with handsome hands. I am a blonde, but not of the dim and washed-out sort. I sing the best kind of French music. *Of course* I croquet. And there you have me!

Things being, as Artemus Ward would say, *thusly*, my aunt Julia, Mrs. Roberts, thought it would be a good thing for me, and, on the whole, livelier for her, to have me with her this Summer at E—— Springs, near Saratoga. I "jumped," as the phrase is, at the invitation.

We arrived. Three days after, *the man* arrived. What man? you naturally inquire. Hem—well then, if you must know, *the man I took a dislike to.*

Wore his hair rather long. Had a velvet coat. I suppose some persons would have called his eyes fine, and his nose fine, too, for that matter. Some persons, like Aunt Julia, for instance, would have thought that his coat was becoming to him. I suppose it was becoming, and that if I liked him, I should have thought so; but I did not like him, conceited fellow, and so *I* did not think so. Dear me! I presume everybody has a right to their own opinion.

Then, I was little better than a baby, only sixteen, and ought he not to have known better than to stare so? That is, he did not exactly *stare*, you know, but *looked*. When I caught his eye, he would look down at his plate—he sat opposite us at the *table d'hôte*—and looked confused. Aunt Julia said that if I had not looked at him, I should not have known that he was looking at me. Well, Aunt Julia is a person that I am attached to, but sometimes she does say things—well, never mind.

He drew pictures; he was an artist. I presume he thought that what with his hair, and eyes, and portfolio, and melancholy expression, we girls had only to look at him to fall right in love. Conceited thing!

Then his sister! She was "musical." Had a sweet, full voice, you know, and sang, oh, divinely! Gave a concert. We went. And what did Henry do—if there is a name that don't amount to anything, it is Henry—but sit near us, and look at me? But this is not all.

I suppose that he knew that boat—we went boating—was going to upset, or else he would not have followed us in another boat.

I am sure I did not ask him to jump into the water after me and pull me out. I should think not! If he had known what a dislike I had taken to him, he would not have done it. Placing me under such an obligation! Of course, *after that*, I was obliged to bow.

"Aunt Julia," said I, "you can say what you please—he must have known something was going to happen. There now!"

"I don't see how he could possibly have known, my dear," replied Aunt Julia.

"Then, why did he follow us in that boat?"

You see, I had her there! She "could not say, really," she replied. And she smiled to herself in such a provoking way, you can't think. Oh, I was *so* angry!

Sixteen. Well, Aunt Julia need not be always saying to me that I'm *only* sixteen. I don't care if it is so, I have refused three offers—Captain Walford de Grasse, of the navy; Lieutenant Baker, of the Ninth, and Mr. Belfairing, the banker's son. De Grasse, they say, is a gambler. Baker is a widower, and there is an ugly tale of his first wife's dying of a broken heart on account of his lively flirtations. Belfairing does not look as if he knew enough to go in when it rains. And there you have my three suitors. De Grasse is a painful instance of the "Roman warp."

If anybody thinks that I would marry any one of that *trio*, that person is mistaken.

I felt too foolish for anything, to return to Henry Carling—did I mention that his last name was Carling?—after being fished out of that lake. It is too ridiculous! Why I must needs fall in the water just at the very moment when there was a person about that I had such a dislike to, is really more than I am able to say.

Wrote poetry, too! Showed it to his sister. Sister set it to music, and sang it at her second concert. It was a covert allusion to *me*—to me in the water; pale, dying, hair all down, and clasped in his arms in the waves: Did you ever? *There were no waves!*

Aunt Julia says—but she *will* laugh when she says it—that there being *no waves* settles the question. "The man," she says, "must be an impostor, if, as you say, Lulu, there were *no waves*."

But this is not all.

Next day after I was half drowned, and Henry Carling pulled me out of the water, his sister paid me a visit.

That hateful Belfairing was there. He is a species of being that will not take "No!" for an answer.

He drawled out in his horrid way that he "pweesumed" I should feel obliged to "mawwee"—he meant *marry*—my "pweserver." By that he meant *preserver*.

At this, Henry Carling's sister turned crimson, and said, quietly:

"Henry is not a person to try to marry a rich man's daughter because, by a mere chance, he saved her from drowning. My brother was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl, who died of consumption. That is her picture in his studio near the lake"—there was such a place in a little cottage—"and I am not sure that he ever got over it."

Aunt Julia came into my room that night at midnight. I was disrobing after the hop. I was crying. What I was crying about I am sure I cannot imagine. But if Aunt Julia thinks that it was on account of what that disagreeable, perked-up, singing sister said about Henry and that consumptive girl—I'm sure I don't think her picture is perfection, by any means—why, then, Aunt Julia's mistaken.

But this is not all.

About a week later, what did I do but go out to walk alone.

I had never gone out quite alone before.

I am sure I did not know that Mr. Henry Carling was prancing after me; I cannot imagine what he could possibly want. Why didn't he stay in his studio with that ugly picture? I'm sure I did not ask him to come out to walk.

I walked, and walked, and walked. Presently I came to a cottage, outside of which a beautiful little child, with long hair, was playing. The pretty thing ran after me, laughing.

I held out my hand to him.

We walked on toward a clump of wild flowers that hung over the road in a graceful way that I'm too stupid to describe or draw, though Henry Carling can do both. I presume that, though I may dislike a person, I'm able to do that person some sort of justice.

We—the child and I—were seated together on the little rock I had chosen as a resting-place, when suddenly there came in sight an object I shall never forget—no, not to my dying hour.

It was a dog, mad, it was easy to see. It ran on, hanging its head, but with wild eyes, and foaming at the mouth, hideous and furious. It flew at the little child.

I only remember one thing. As it flew at the child, I caught its throat. I held it with the strength of the madness of that terror, for the little creature's sake, that had come upon me, and there I stood. I did not tremble.

The horrible saliva ran from the dog's mouth. It did not touch my hands. Fortunately, too, I had doeskin gloves, to keep my hands from freckling and tanning.

I stood so—and ages seemed to me to pass—when Henry Carling came up. With him were three men.

How they mastered the dog I do not remember. After that I fainted.

When I revived, I had been carried, I found, into the cottage of the little child's mother. She was kneeling beside me, and saying all manner of things to me about "saving her boy's life."

As for Henry Carling, he was crying.

The idea of crying like a baby, a grown man!

And all because a girl held a mad dog! I suppose he would have had me think of nobody but myself, and run off! I hate such people!

Two days afterward his sister came to see me. I had to keep my bed. I was overcome by something or other. Fright, I suppose; for when it was over, I could not but admit that I *did* feel strangely.

Miss Carling was not quite so perked-up as usual.

She remarked that she was "glad to find one unselfish being in the cold world of fashion."

I believe, on the whole, I rather like her.

When she was about to leave the room, she turned and said:

"You must be aware of my poor brother's attachment. I hope you will be kind to him. Of course, I do not expect any rich girl to marry a poor artist like him. But, oh, Miss Ferris, do not trifle with him! Don't lead him on! Don't break his heart!"

With this she left me.

Lead him on! Trifle with him! Break his heart!

I might have answered, with perfect truth:

"My dear Miss Carling, he never gave me the chance."

* * * * * *

Next day I went downstairs. Of course, the first person in the parlor had to be him.

He looked pale, and had tears in his eyes, and when he tried to speak to me, he seemed to choke, and could not do it.

Then, what do you think, of all things, that he *did* say?

He said he loved me.

To-day week we are to be married. Papa made a little fuss at first; but Aunt Julia, who has taken a mother's place to me ever since my poor, dear mamma died, advised him not to thwart me.

"What is the use of being rich, my dear Charles," said she, "if you cannot let your child follow her own inclinations? Carling is a fine artist, and a gentleman."

There's that horrid man calling now. He is in papa's library. He wants—a kiss! He says it is three weeks since he has had one. Does he suppose for a moment that I am going to him to give him one? I am in the sitting-room writing all this. I presume that if he must have such an indulgence, he is big enough, and old enough, and ugly enough to come for it himself.

Aunt Julia says that "it"—meaning my story—shows that we should never take unaccountable dislikes to people. But she laughs unmistakably when she says this to me, and I am told by good authority that she quotes Hal and I as an instance of "love at first sight *on both sides.*"

Well, I presume that when I am married she will not undertake to make fun of me that way. Hal says that he should like "to see her do it."

BENEVOLENCE does not measure its charities too nicely. The clouds never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they rain for the relief of their own full bosoms.

BY THE SEA.

I STAND alone by the beaten shore,
My heart attuned to the restless sea;
Its chords are swept by the mystic past,
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

The sea rolls on with its restless surge,
Its lips are white with the angry foam;
The starry sky hears its mournful song,
And views itself in the liquid dome.

The crescent moon, thro' the ether waves,
Is delving its way—a golden bark—
And far beneath, on the deep afloat,
Its twin in beauty illumes the dark.

The years, impelled by the hand of time,
Return to-night as an echoed bell;
And sadly sweet, on this starry eve,
The past rolls on with the ocean swell.

No voice of friend breaks the mystic air—
No dulcet song wings the tuneful sea—
No merry laugh cheers the solemn hour;
Ah! these will never come back to me.

The winged winds in their airy flight,
With immortelles sowed this rugged spot;
And round these rocks and dewy nooks,
Shall ever bloom the "forget-me-not."

I stand alone by the beaten shore.
My heart attuned to the restless sea.
Its chords are swept by the mystic past
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

TYROLESE WILD-HAY GATHERERS.

THE whole Alpine ridge is divided into three distinct parts, of which the easternmost is situated wholly within the borders of the Austrian monarchy, and extends in a broad belt through the provinces of Tyrol, Styria and Carinthia. To the south of the River Save it branches off into two other mountain systems, which form the main ridges of the Balkan Peninsula.

The Tyrolese Alps, though very remarkable for their scenery, are not so celebrated for their beauty as the Swiss Alps, and in their outlines do not exhibit the bold forms of the Franco-Italian ridges. Owing to a peculiar configuration of their valleys, the mountains of Tyrol do not possess, like Upper Bavaria and other neighboring countries, the precious ornament of large and picturesque lakes. The territory of this province comprises the valleys north and south of the watershed, and the Brenner Railroad now connects them both.

The close contiguity of Tyrol and Lombardy has, in the course of time, produced a curious medley of Italian with German characteristics in its interesting population, which, at least on the north side of the watershed, may be considered to be of pure German stock.

The German dialect of the north is full of Italian, the Italian dialect of the south side largely mixed with German words, and the intermixture of both nationalities is perceptible also in the dress and the habits of the people. The pointed high hat worn by both sexes of the Tyrolese is the same hat which, in the south of Italy, goes by the name of calabrese, and as the Greeks and Romans wore sometimes hats of this shape, it is undoubtedly not of German, but of Southern, origin.

The Tyrolese are most faithful adherents to the Roman Catholic Church and to the Austrian dynasty, and their rugged country has formed one of the most ancient parts of the Austrian Empire. They are a hard-working, sturdy and

ALPINE WOMEN IN THE HAY HARVEST.—SEE PAGE 343.

robust race of men, and those inhabiting the roughest parts of the interior manage to eke out, by the hardest exertions, a livelihood devoid of any comfort, but, nevertheless, answering to their easily satisfied wants.

The outside world has not exercised yet much influence on their way of living and thinking, and the number of their schools must be greatly increased before they can be put on a level with other nations of Central Europe.

The strong attachment to their native country with which they are inspired, has never been shown in a more splendid light than during the first Napoleon's reign, when, for many months, they repulsed, with the most astonishing bravery, the attacks of the combined armies of the French and the Bavarians.

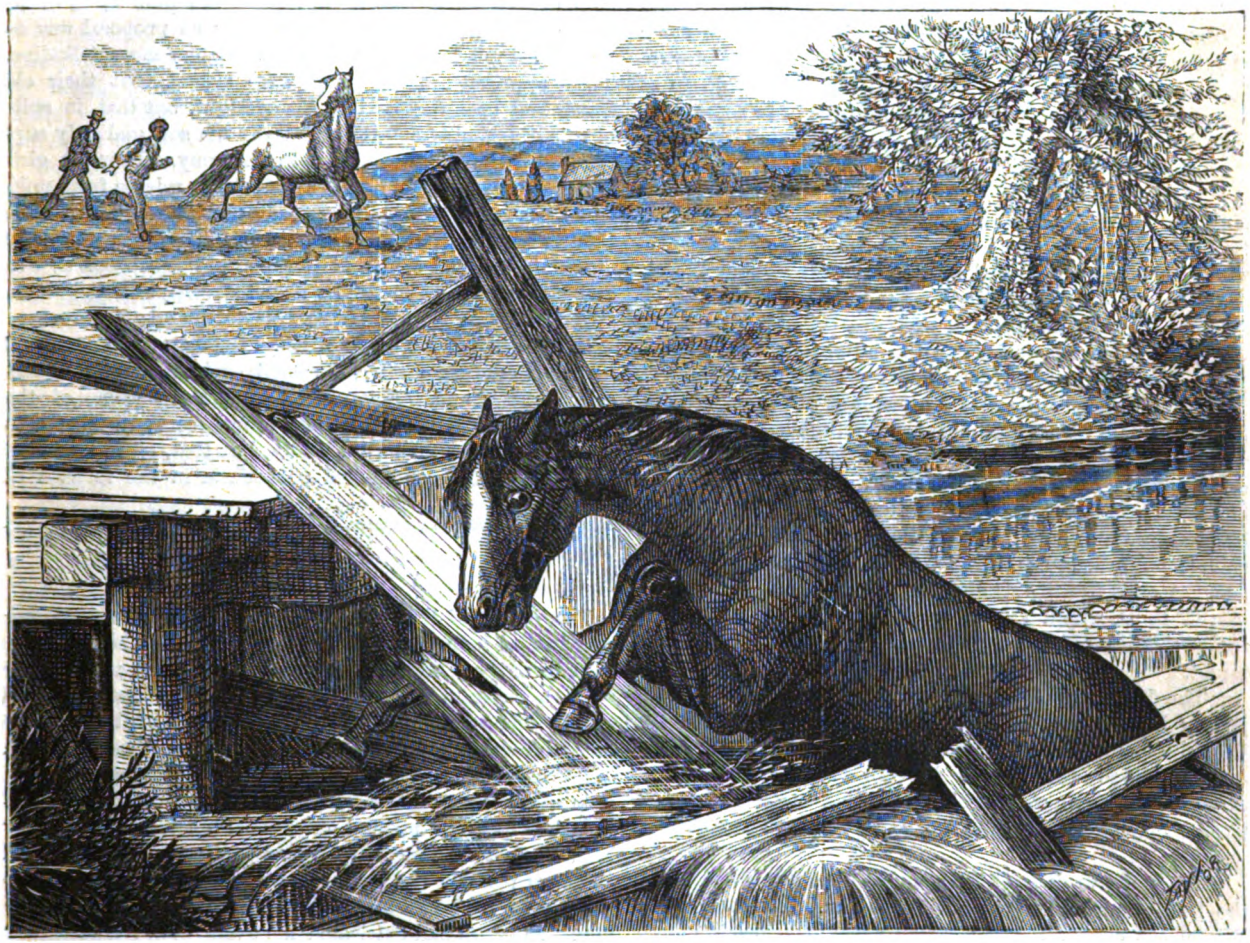
The frugal habits prevailing in Tyrol will appear best from a description of one of the most characteristic traits of many Alpine villages; we mean the gathering of hay on the steepest slopes and most perilous cliffs. Men who are wont to make a part of their living in this way, will probably not be much frightened when, on a sudden, a torrent carries away their modest home, or when an avalanche or rock-slide scatters heaps of stone and rubbish over their carefully kept gardens and fields. By patient labor he will finally clear away all these obstructions, and, unmindful of a repetition of such a disaster, he rebuilds his block-house on the very same spot where it stood before.

A student, who recently visited some valleys in the central parts of Tyrol, recounts in the following strain what he observed among these simple-minded mountaineers:

"Last Summer I devoted some leisure time to studying and exploring the Oetzthal group of mountains and glaciers, which is situated between the Tyrolese capital of Innsprück and the watershed of the Stelvio Pass, which connects the valley of Upper Adige with the Valtelline and Milan. This group forms the centre of all the high, level tracts in Tyrol, and is the most extensive and most elevated part of them. I followed the pathway leading to the scattered houses of Zwieselstein village, and soon found myself in a deep ravine which exhibited the boldest and most surprising scenery to be found anywhere in Europe.

"In a perpendicular cleft of more than three hundred feet the roaring torrent of the Aach pursues its course to the plain, and in the middle height of this abyss the narrow pathway winds itself along in close contact with the overhanging rock. From time to time it crosses on a bridge to the other ledge, and then the traveler finds himself suspended between heaven and earth on this frail wooden structure. These crossings do not inspire much confidence, for of many of them the only support is the rotten stump of a larch-tree or a fissure in the rocks.

"After a while the path slants down into the vale, which at this spot widens sufficiently to allow a village to spring up there. Here I intended to close my day's walk, and so I entered the first cabin on the way, and found all its inmates in a joyfully excited state of mind. I met the proprietor before his door, and asked for a night's lodging. Slowly he withdrew from his mouth his short tobacco-pipe, and, perhaps surprised by my late arrival, examined me from head to heels with a rather stern countenance. He apologized for the hard quality of the only bed which it was in his power



A SAGACIOUS HORSE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

to offer me, and for the fact that my rest could not last longer than a few hours, for at daybreak he would start with all his people to a distant valley to gather mountain-hay; everything was now packed and disposed of, and so he could scarcely offer me a piece of bread. He gave me the advice to start further on to a house about two miles above his, where I could fare much better.

"I declared myself perfectly satisfied as I was, since I intended to follow his route the next day. So I concluded to stop for the night in his humble cottage, and, before retiring, he gave me all the particulars of wild-hay making.

"On the slopes of the highest mountain-peaks, green patches are found where a fragrant grass grows rank, but is too difficult of access for the horned cattle. Between the sowing and the reaping of the crops, after Ascension Day, every mountaineer who is the happy owner of any such patch or patches, will emigrate there with his family and servants, shut up his cottage, or leave it in charge of some old man who is unable to stand the fatigue. He will stay on the mountains for a few weeks, and enjoy this sojourn as thoroughly as we do a trip to the seashore or to some fashionable resort. This nomadic life relieves him and his people for a short time of all the home cares.

"At dawn I joined the joyful crowd of men, women, and children, and with them climbed the steep pathways leading to the peasant's mountain-meadow. There was not one whose back was not loaded with milking-stool, kettle, rake, or scythe, or with a sack holding utensils of minor size, as hatchets, frying-pans, spoons, jew's-harps, and guitars. A big goat, which was to furnish the milk, joined the procession. Our meadow was found between some of the steepest and highest rocky walls, and the access at points proved difficult, not only for us, but even for the nimble goat.

"The structure which was to shelter us in this cold climate, was a rough-looking châlet, without any partitions, and evidently constructed from the rocky fragments scattered on the meadows. It was destined to serve as kitchen and sleeping-room, as stable for the goat and as barn for the hay. A good fire was kindled in the centre, and a flat stone moved to it, which served as support for the pan; the smoke was allowed to escape through the door and roof as it might.

"The daughters of the family were adepts in making flapjacks, which they turned over by simply throwing them up from the pan and catching them again with the cooked side up. Evenings were passed in company round the fire, everybody in turn story-telling, chatting, making puns, or parties reaping the neighboring meadows were received as guests.

"When the work is all done, most of the hay is housed in the hut or polled around stackpoles, and left there until Winter has come; for fresh-fallen snow furnishes the most convenient and safe way of transporting it on sledges into the valley. Even the boldest of all adventurers would become frightened when sitting for the first time on such a hay-sledge rushing homeward.

"On the mountain I was treated in a very friendly way by the family, and the peasant accompanied me to various points, where a fine view could be enjoyed on the neighboring valleys and surrounding peaks, as the Wildspitz, the Similaun, the Ramol, and from where all the mysteries of the glaciers and icefields could be overlooked at a glance.

"On one of these petty excursions, I noticed on a precipitous, rocky ledge some dark points moving to and fro, and inquired of my guide if they were eagles. 'No, sir,' said said he; 'those are poor people, who do not own any mountain meadows of their own, and have to pick up their hay where they can. At some spots they have themselves lowered down by a rope to some good patch on a projecting ledge, and are then drawn up again. Some of them get killed or badly bruised; it is more pleasant to stay at home, but people must undergo what God has ordained for them."

"On the fourth day, I took leave of my new friends and descended into the Passeier Valley by a mule-road which crosses the Timblerjoch. During this walk, which was not free from imminent dangers, I met a party of mountaineers—men and women—carrying hay. The two women I could not at once recognize as such, for, like the men, they were dressed in wide pantaloons, had on heavy shoes with projecting iron points, and (as seen in my sketch) were carrying heavy loads, the scythes tied to them, using their rakes as walking-sticks, and puffing clouds of smoke from their short pipes.

"I thought it might be of interest to learn the motives that impelled the two young women to undergo the hardship of making hay on these rugged mountains; I, therefore, offered them some tobacco, and this proposal was so readily accepted that they at once became more talkative. They apprised me that they were sisters, that their old father had been deprived of his eyesight, but that, in spite of this, the Emperor had taken away his son and only support from the family to serve in the army. Now the girls had resolved to earn money to effect his release from military service a few years before the usual term, and to attain this had become wild-hay gatherers. They were fond of mountain-life, and said that if the crop was as good as this and last year, they would be able to redeem their brother Jack next year.

"The same day I safely reached the valley and returned home. Some time after, I passed again through the Passeier Valley, and, on inquiring what had become of the sisters, I was told that they had, in fact, earned sufficient to restore their brother to the family, but that, on the point of being released, he had died of malaria in the fortress of Mantua."

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* tells the following anecdote of one of his horses: "A few days since, as we were leaving our residence, on our usual morning visit to the office, a chestnut horse belonging to us galloped up, and caught our arm, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction we wished to go. He then left, and went off at a quick gait toward a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did, and when we reached the pasture we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge that had broken through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger came up, and rubbed his head against us, showing great signs of satisfaction."

Lively Retort.—Mr. Garrow, in examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

SANDY.

CHEERLESS night out on the desolate marsh, whose inky pools had a scum of glistening ice upon them, whose unwholesome tufts of damp grass had stiffened in the fierce wind. Not a sound of beast or bird broke the ceaseless monotony of the whistling blast. A treacherous surface-hardening of the spongy ground had come with the frosty night, but woe to the wayfarer who trusted it. Yet, in the half-glimmer of the cloud-darkened moon, a figure could have been seen, if you or I had been so unfortunate as to have been there, slowly staggering, plowing through the slough, breaking through the thin crust of ice, sinking knee-deep in slime, drawing himself slowly and painfully out, struggling on, falling, lying prone and helpless for a while, then trying again, with the persistency of a drunken man, to make for the lights of the town.

For the man had been drunk, to begin with. But so many semi-immersions in ice-cold water and the struggle for life had sobered him again. He swore at himself for having wandered off the road in such an imbecile way. Then he began slowly to remember what had gone before. His child was dead—little Robbie—and he had shown his grief by getting dead drunk.

Well, what else was there for him—what cheer? what hope? He had loved the little fellow. No one could contradict that. Even Polly, who sneered at him and rated him, and, he verily believed, hated him, would not deny that fact. It was something to see that little golden head lighting up the dingy room where they lived, and now never again.

And the baby loved him too, the miserable, drunken wretch that he was; its heavenly blue eyes lit up when they rested on him, and the pretty rosebud mouth had learned to form the word "papa," as fondly as if he had sheltered the little treasure as other fathers are wont to do.

A thorn pierced the wretched man's heart with this thought, and he stumbled blindly forward. Covered with slime, which dripped from his rags, with wild, haggard face and unkempt hair, he stood at last, faint and worn, by the last wretched house of the town, and stared up at the dim light from one window, which told that the watcher was there.

"I can't face Polly," he muttered, slinking away again, but still lingering about, till a kindly neighbor who had been sitting with his wife, offering those consolations which the poor offer to the poor, came down and saw him.

"Go up, Sandy," she exclaimed, in a half-commiserating, half-angry tone. "Go up and comfort your poor wife in this 'ere tryin' time. I've been a-coaxin' her to take a cup of tea, but not bite or sup has passed her lips this day; and you off carousin'! Shame on you! Have you no heart at all?"

Sandy hurried by, then up the rickety staircase, to the little room that was their only home, and opened the door timidly. Yes, though there were six feet of him, a great, yellow-haired giant, with childish blue eyes, and a child's weakness shown in the lines of his mouth, he stole in like a frightened schoolboy. He tried to form some word, but his dry lips refused. He glanced at the bed, the one bed they owned. It was covered with a decent white sheet, and beneath—oh, beneath! clearly, rigidly defined, the baby form, covered from sight.

The last brands of a poor fire were burning away on the hearth, and by them sat a woman, slowly rocking herself to and fro in a dull monotony of motion that was half-unconscious. She was wretchedly clad, but her dress was clean and neat. Her dark, handsome face was turned to the fire, and, spite of her grief, you could see that her eyes were fine, though they were fixed in a stony stare, that her hair was silken and purplish black, though it was dragged carelessly back from her forehead. She never looked up nor spoke when the door opened and shut. She felt who had come in, and that his great, wistful eyes, like those of a beaten hound, were seeking her face anxiously.

And what an object he was for that room, poor as it was! It had been made as clean as its wretchedness would allow—fit for the presence of the Angel of Death. Sandy, looking about helplessly, saw this, and how the muddy water was running down and making dirty puddles on the floor. But he had no other clothes to put on, so crept nearer the fire, humbly too, as one who had no right.

At last he could bear the silence no longer, there seemed such a deathly hush in the room, the very hush of death.

"I say, Polly, won't you have a cup of tea now? Mrs. Simmons has left the teapot here, I see. I'll take some with you, for I'm soaked through, and all of a shiver."

Still no answer.

"Are you hard on me for going off, Polly?" he went on. "I'm a wretched fellow, weak, weak as water. I couldn't stand it, I couldn't. I loved him."

"Yet you murdered him." She was roused now, and turned her flaming eyes upon her husband. "It's too late now to talk or to cry maudlin tears over him. His death is on you!"

"As how?" faltered Sandy, shivering as with a more deadly chill than the soaking slime could give. "Polly, you're excited, and don't know what you're saying, or you wouldn't be so hard on a cove now."

"Now is the time," the woman went on—"now, when my child lies there dead—dead of want, of cold, of hunger, while you have loitered away your time with boon companions, and we have starved on the pittance I have earned. Oh, my darling! oh, my Robbie!"

"Not—not starved, Polly," muttered Sandy, his lips quivering. "Don't say starved. You never were without bread."

"Bread! My child needed other things—jellies, beef-tea, chicken, all those delicacies which other fathers work to give. They would have raised him up. 'Insufficient nourishment, the doctor said."

Sandy groaned.

"Don't pretend that you were ignorant of it," she went on. "I told you weeks ago."

"So you did, Polly, so you did. Oh, what a miserable wretch I am!"

The woman turned to the fire again, and began rocking.

"I'll turn over a new leaf now, Polly," the man began, looking at her eagerly; "I will, so help me God! I've been thinking it over as I came through the marsh."

She made no sign.

"I'll—I'll kneel down by—by the darling's bed, if you like, and take an oath, that never—never——"

"No, you need not. It makes no difference."

"No difference?"

"No, not to me. I shall not be here to see the reformation. If you stand or fall, it is to yourself now."

"Why—what—what can you mean, Polly?" Sandy faltered, turning paler, and shivering more and more.

For the fire had nearly gone out now, and its fitful light fell faintly on the two faces.

"I mean that when my darling is laid in the ground, I am going away. I mean that I never wish to see your face again."

Sandy recoiled as if he had been struck a great blow. He gasped a moment, but could not speak.

"Did you think this could go on forever?" she said, more fiercely. "Did you believe that I would let you drag me down lower and lower into the mire, because I was mad and blind enough to think I loved you once? Can you not see that you have killed my love, and now you have killed the child?"

"Oh, don't say such cruel words, Polly!" faltered Sandy. "I've—never—never used you bad, have I? Never! I've been weak. I can't stand temptation or a friendly glass. I've been unlucky, deuced unlucky, but cruel, never! Why, I never lifted a hand against you, even when I was dead-drunk. I've loved you always, Polly. I know you're too good for a miserable cuss like me, but if you'll only forgive me this once——"

"I'll never forgive you—never!" she interrupted, the fitful flash of the fire illuminating her handsome face and shining eyes as she spoke. "If you lay dying before me, if it was your last prayer, I would not forgive you."

Sandy then shrank into silence. Big, burly giant that he was, the spirit and fire of the slender little woman had always cowed him. He had no more to say. The unforgiving wrath of Polly's last words could not be answered. He saw that no pleading or praying could avail. No friendly hand would be stretched out to keep him from going to the dogs. In a half-troubled doze he sat there, starting up now and then to see his wife sitting near, motionless, with wide, staring eyes, which burned on tearlessly. And near them lay, in the everlasting peace of death, the little child who belonged to both—the bond that had held together these dissonant souls. How far he was removed from the storms that compassed them, lifted straight out of the dingy room into the sunshine of God's smile, into the city of the golden streets and gates of pearl! Ah, it was well with the child! it was well!

SANDY.—"'YOU CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING TO ME AGAIN. I TOLD YOU THAT DREADFUL NIGHT THAT YOU KILLED MY LOVE. THERE IS NO RESURRECTION FOR A DEAD LOVE—DO YOU KNOW THAT?' SHE SAID."—SEE PAGE 346.

Something like these thoughts swept with others through the brain of the dry-eyed woman who kept that dreary vigil. She thought, too, of her own past, of the time when she had invested the wretched object before her, who had sunk into the dead sleep of exhaustion, with ideal charms. His handsome blonde, innocent face, his kindly blue eyes, had won her, spite of the rumors of his habits. She had scorned all warning; she had chosen for herself, and had reaped a harvest of wretchedness ever since.

But the end had come. Thank God, the end had come! She felt no remorse as she thought of it, no sudden tenderness, no faintest remnant of her old love. Her heart was dead. Sometimes her thoughts, as the hours went on, projected themselves into the future. She had some dreams for that, stricken and wretched as she was. She knew that she possessed a voice of purest tone and quality. She would go on the stage; she could make a living that way, once free from the horrible clog that had dragged her down. She would rise; socially and by education she had always been above him. People had wondered at her choice. Bitterly she wondered at it herself now, as she sat by the fireless hearth.

Poor Sandy woke, shivering still, yet feverishly hot at times, from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen. For day had dawned—a bleak day, with a clouded sun and a breath of frost in it. Some neighbors began to come in. They had collected money among themselves for the poor pine coffin, and one had borrowed a black dress for the mother; but no one troubled himself about Sandy and his rags. They were dry now, and the mud stiffened upon

them, as he sat there listening, with half-dazed face, to the minister reading over Robbie, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Better, better for him," thought the wretched man. "If he had lived, he might have got far enough off from that place—as far as I am."

But when he heard the coffin-lid screwed on, he could bear it no longer, but slunk away out of the room, out into the desolate country, where he staid all day.

And the child was laid in its last resting-place. The sky looked leaden above, and the ground frost-blackened below, when the broken blossom was laid there; and the wretched mother did not look beyond, did not remember that her flower was but transplanted to the garden of the Lord.

She turned away hurriedly at last, and, with feverish haste, reached the room that she had called home. She declined all kindly invitations from pitying neighbors. She was going away for a while—to friends, she said, with a faint and bitter smile.

The poor bundle of clothes was soon made up, the black dress returned to its owner, and the woman looked about the wretched room, and bade it farewell forever. That part of her life was finished, and the "amen" said. She would forget that she had ever married. Ah, could she forget Robbie? She found a broken plaything that had belonged to him, and kissed it passionately. Then she saw his little, worn shoes. Oh, how worn and poor they were, for he had never had but that pair, and her tears burst forth! But she took no memento of him but the little golden curl she had cut from his dead brow, and so she went out beneath the sunless sky, and into the frosty air.

Three years had passed, and brought the same season again; this time a white earth, robed as in costly ermine, decked with diamond coronets, lay beneath a sky of cloudless blue. Through the white streets of the city sleighs of all forms and colors flew like birds, and the bells rang a ceaseless chime. The urchins who had no sleds watched the others with hungry eyes. Some, with artistic longings, were devouring the bills at the door of a concert-room.

"Stunnin' singer, you bet, Joe," said one. "A lady as mother washes for guv her a ticket, and she hain't time to go, and I'm goin' instead. My eye, won't it be a lark, for I've five cents for oranges, too!"

"Ho!" returned one, cynically, who had no chance of admission to this paradise, and so, naturally, derided it, "kin she sing 'Carry the News to Mary,' or 'The Prairie Flower,' ekil to that gal in Slimmin's Saloon? Wot's her name, now? Jest spell it out, if ye kin. Golly! what a name! Ought to be boiled, it's so tough."

But the other read it, with a feeling of great educational superiority, "Madame Pauline Montmorency. First appearance in M——. The great cantatrice."

"Stop," interrupted the other. "Wot's that, now?"

The reader was "stumped," as they say in college.

"I've seen," said the questioner, thoughtfully, "something like that word. Won't swear 'twas the werry same, but it meant some wenomous reptile. Do you think she brings it with her?"

"Oh, cork up, youngster!" cried the other boy; "she's a singer. That 'ere word means a singer."

While this discussion took place, a sleigh like a sea-shell, pale-green, with crimson lining, glided by, but the boys who stared at it had no idea that it contained the great singer herself. Yes, wrapped in sable and velvet, with handsome tiger-skin over her knees, came Madame Pauline Montmorency herself, looking around keenly, yet with little human interest in her eyes, on the town she had left on foot three years ago. The gorgeous splendor of this diamond day, and the cold, wan dreariness of that, were as much in contrast as her life.

With a sigh, which was for the little grave which she knew was piled high with snow-drifts now, Polly dismounted at the door of the hotel where she was to stay, and walked up to its best rooms, which had been assigned her.

They were very pleasant, too, Pauline thought, as she looked into the pretty parlor, with its velvet carpets and lace curtains, and the beautiful flowers that filled the vases. People had already sent bouquets to greet her.

She sat down in the great arm-chair before the blazing fire, with a sense of comfort stealing over her. She had

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF EUROPE.

OLD FOGY—*"Going to Europe this Summer?"*
LITTLE MISS SHODDY—*"Oh, no! It costs so little to go, and Europe is really getting so decidedly Republican and low, that ma couldn't think of it."*

accepted the invitation from M—— with some hesitation. It stirred up the ghosts of the past unpleasantly. Not that she ever forgot. Oh, no! In her greatest triumphs she had never been able to forget. In the glow of lights, with music and laughter about her, how often, as at a wizard's touch, all had floated away, and instead rose a vision of that bare and wretched room, with Sandy's weak, handsome face, and her dead boy! Or, more wretched still, the tiny grave in the frost-blackened earth.

She had come partly to put a gravestone to that little, neglected grave, and to engage some one to keep it neatly—to plant flowers on it when the time came. As for Sandy, he had drank himself to death long ago. There was no doubt of that. And she grew impatient that her thoughts would linger unpleasantly about that imaginary death-bed, with no friend near; or was it a death-bed at all, and not a more wretched death upon the desolate marsh, frozen by insensible degrees, or some blind fall, that had dashed life out of him? Ah, she was glad she had been spared that sight. She would hear something, probably, before she left M——.

She started uneasily, though, and began to lay out her dress for the evening. It was the softest tulle—like a Summer cloud with endless flutings. She wore it with coral of the palest rose-tint, and she knew she was beautiful in it. No one would recognize in her the worn and haggard woman who had gone away in a faded calico dress. Of course no one had known her then. Now all delighted to do her honor.

Of course Sandy would have known her, if he had been living. She had quite decided that he was dead. In any guise he must have known her, but——

Well, who could be knocking now? The manager, perhaps, or some one from him. The trim servant-maid opens the parlor-door, and Pauline goes in expectantly.

"A gentle——a— a man," she murmured, hesitating about the term.

And Pauline, looking at her wonderingly, sees behind her the face of Sandy!

Well, it was not so very wonderful that she should see it here. She might have expected it. Yet she started back as if she had seen a ghost, for she had so resolutely believed him dead. He, meanwhile, stood dazzled at her splendor, at her rich dress with its costly lace, at the banded satin-smooth braids of her splendid hair, at her glowing beauty, that outshone all. Very, very humbly he stood there, not offering to come forward, not expecting any greeting, only devoured with a great longing to see her once more. He had put on his best, too—a homely suit, but not ragged. His face, paler and thinner, was handsome still, but the old dissipation told on his trembling lips and nervous hands, or rather, the results of the past.

"Why—why, Polly!" he ejaculated.

"What brought you here?" she asked, sharply. "How did you find me out?"

"I watched for you," he answered, simply. "I found out long ago that you were my—Polly, and I've been reading papers and hearing of you. When I knew you were coming, I hung about, and learned all I could. You might have seen me at the door of the hotel, when you came up, if you had looked."

"And what was your object in watching for me?" she inquired, in a cold, indifferent voice.

'Object? Well"—the pale face flushed—"I reckon it is to see you again—just to see you again. You won't understand that, Polly?"

"No, I do not understand it," she answered, with decision. "As I had left you for ever—as I never wished to see *your* face again—I cannot understand it."

Sandy stood still just where he was when he entered the room—he made no further advance into it, but looked at his wife with a silent, wondering gaze. Was this the fond young girl he had married—who had defied her friends for him—or was it all a dream? It seemed so now. He rubbed his eyes and looked at her, half buried in the crimson velvet depths of the arm-chair, with one white hand, sparkling with rings, resting on the arm of it, and her cold, shining eyes fixed on his face.

"Well"—he hesitated—"I had one more object in coming. I thought you might care to hear it—that it might make a difference. I have not tasted a drop of liquor since little Robbie was buried."

"Ah! I am glad, for your sake, to hear it."

But the face did not change beneath Sandy's eager look.

"Only for my sake, Polly?" he asked.

"Only for your sake," she echoed. "It can make no difference to me—none."

Sandy's face fell. He looked at the floor. His hopes were so utterly dashed. He had lived all those years with the fond belief that his struggle and victory would be rewarded one day. It had been hard, too—a hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness—and he had been proud of his success. Now it proved all in vain. The pretty little home he had imagined—the handsome face that he had pictured at his hearth, all vanished, leaving not a vestige. A whirling chaos swallowed up all, and Sandy's brain seemed whirling away, too.

He snatched at the nearest chair to steady himself, for the solid earth or floor seemed heaving under his feet.

"I was mortal sick after you left me, Polly—at death's door, with a long fever. The neighbors were good, too; but I had many a lonely, weary hour, that put me back a long time; but when I was well I got work. I am not very gifted, Polly; but now that I am steady I make enough. You should never suffer again. I know a nice little cottage—white, Polly, with roses over it in the Summer. If you could overlook the past. I've never ceased to love you—never."

It was a long speech, made with much hesitation, and Sandy seemed to hear his heart beat like a muffled drum while he was speaking. He knew that the law gave him a right to compel this beautiful woman to go with him, but he never thought of compulsion. If she would not go of her own free will, why, then, he must go on his way alone.

He saw his answer in her face before she spoke.

"If you offered me a palace instead of the white cottage," she answered, looking calmly at him, "it would be all the same. You can never be anything to me again. I told you that dreadful night that you had killed my love. There is no resurrection for a dead love, do you know that?"

"I—I think I understand you, Polly," answered the poor fellow. "You were always cleverer than me, and grander in your language; but I gather your meaning, although there is such a buzzing in my head. Don't be afraid. I'll go away quietly, now I've got my answer. No one knows that you're my wife, and I'll not make them any wiser. Good-by."

"I'm glad you take so rational a view of things," Pauline answered. "Good-by."

And the slow, heavy step echoed along the hall, showing in its very sound a heavy heart.

And Polly turned back to the pretty white dress, with its vaporous folds, with a shiver, as if her coldness had made the very air chilly. The dress looked like a shroud.

But that night, in the lighted hall, the glow had come back again. Her cheeks and lips were like her coral ornaments. Her voice soared up clear and sweet as a bird's; flowers fell around her, cheers rang about her, and the

triumph seemed to sweep away every vestige of the dull pain which had been gnawing at her heart.

To go back to that poor, dull life, it would have been madness. To put aside the full, sparkling draught of flattery, which had become the wine of life to her, for the common drink of water. No; even if Sandy did all he promised, she could not be content. And then he was so weak—who knew that he would not fall again?

Yet, somehow, when the songs were over, and the surging crowd had poured out into the street, and she was wrapping the furs about her in her sleigh, the plaintive voice and simple words echoed on in her brain, instead of the cheers of the crowd. She had just seated herself, and the driver was helping to tuck in the warm robes, when some street-boys, who had waited to see the last of the songstress, set up some unearthly yells, meant for cheers. The horses did not so understand them, but started at once, frantically, and dashed off with Pauline alone!

For a moment she did not comprehend, and then she saw the danger. The reins were dragging on the ground; she could not reach them. Madly they flew by the houses, over the white, shining streets, on, on, while Pauline, with white lips, murmured a prayer. She did not dare to jump. She sat still, trembling convulsively, for she felt that she was dashing straight on to her death.

The town had grown since she had left it, and improvements were being made all the time. The frightened horses were making straight for an embankment now, and one plunge there would be fatal. Pauline did not know how near death was to her, but her frantic shrieks had brought many out, who tried to stop the horse in vain.

At last, almost on the dizzy verge of the embankment, one man, plunging through the snow, caught the reins, and hung on them. He was dragged a few paces. He fell on his knees, but still he held on.

The sleigh was stopped. Kind-hearted ones pressed around. There were a hundred helpers now.

Pauline stepped out, dizzy and faint.

"Where is he," she asked—"the man who saved me?"

"Oh, he is all right," answered a gallant gentleman. "You must think of yourself now, madame, after such a shock to the nerves."

"No. I cannot go home without thanking my deliverer. I think he is not all right. I believe he was hurt."

Some inquiry was made in the crowd. Yes, the man had been hurt a bit. Tim Sanders had helped him into the store yonder.

So Pauline made her way into the "store yonder." She looked around as she entered, for some men stood there talking, and she saw no one else. She was recognized, however, and her object divined.

"He's in a room within," said the proprietor. "I've had him made comfortable, and sent for the doctor, but I fear he's mortal bad hurt."

Pauline went through the open door, feeling sick and faint. Some one hurt in saving her! Oh, how terrible!—with wife and children, perhaps, to be left alone in desolation. Ah, her life was not worth so much—she who had no one to leave. But she must see the poor man, and do what she could.

The room was neat and comfortable. A white bed stood in the corner, and, on a table near, a light threw a ray upon that bed and its occupant. A woman stood near, bending over him. She looked up, as Pauline entered, with a surprised air.

"I am the lady whose life he saved," she said, simply.

Then, with a glance at the injured man's ghastly face, with the pain convulsing it, she shrieked, ran forward, and knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, Sandy!" she cried, "did you do it for me? Oh, I have not deserved it—I have not deserved it!"

"Polly, I am glad," he said, a smile chasing away the pain in his face, and a look of content shining in his childish blue eyes—"I am glad God let me do some good thing before I died—glad that He let me do it for you. You'll forgive me now, Polly, all the evil things I ever did before—won't you, Polly?"

"Oh, Sandy! forgive me; I am the one who needs it. I have been so cold and hard."

"You know you said, Polly"—he spoke slowly and with effort—"you said that night, 'I'll never forgive you—if it was your last prayer, if you lay dying before me, I would not do it!' Those words have haunted me, Polly; and now——"

"Impious wretch that I was to speak them!" Pauline cried, seizing the hand of Sandy, and covering it with kisses and tears. "Only get well, dear, and we will have that white cottage and the roses, and forget all the bitterness of the past."

"Ah!"—what a look of sick longing came over the still handsome face!—"it can't be. Maybe it would not last if it could come. You know me of old, Polly; you could never trust me. God is doing the best for us both to take me away now, before I have broken my vow, and fallen away from His grace."

Silence for a moment, while Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"How did you come to be there, Sandy?" she said, at last.

"Well," answered Sandy, slowly, as if to recollect were an effort, "I went in to hear you sing. Yes, I saw you, Polly, beautiful as an angel in that white dress, and your voice—well, I'd heard it often before, when you sung little Robbie to sleep, but never like to-night. It stung me to the heart, somehow, it was so beautiful, and I could not bear the great pain of it, and so went out and wandered about the streets, in a sort of aimless way, till I heard a great hue-and-cry, and saw you, my Polly—I knew the sleigh I had watched bringing you to the hotel—dashing by at that mad pace. And my heart gave a great leap, for I knew the embankment was so near. I think God led me to that very spot—I think He meant me to save you, dear."

"And the hurt, Sandy? Oh! why don't the doctor come?"

"Ah!"—in pain; the words came slowly—"the horse kicked me in the breast. I can scarcely breathe now. Do not weary for the doctor. He can do no good."

Pauline sat there a moment, thinking of the man's true heart and constant love. He had counted for so little in the times past. He seemed so great now. How coldly, a few hours ago, had she cast them away, trampling on her vows before God and man at the same time! For had she not vowed to cleave unto him, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, till death us do part"? Ah, the memory of that broken vow would haunt her forever. She had cast him away, and he had laid down his life for her.

"Sandy," she whispered, for his eyes were closed, "it has all been wrong. I should have staid with you, and tried to help you to do right. I hope God will forgive me. I think I can never forgive myself."

"Never mind, Polly," murmured the dying man. "He has made it all right now. I was a miserable wretch. I am glad He gave me grace to do better, and He did not let me fall. What! is that Robbie? Why, he's dressed in white, Polly, as you were to-night—all in white."

And with this vision of beauty, poor Sandy's eyes closed on every earthly sight forever.

The doctor, coming in a moment after, saw a smile on that still face, which illuminated it into rare beauty.

"He could not have suffered much when he died," he said, turning to Pauline.

And the doctor went out, wondering at the great emotion of the lady, till he heard the truth a day or two after—the truth embellished by various additions, as truth is apt to be. Robbie and Sandy rest side by side, and Pauline's time is frequently occupied in making visits to the quiet churchyard.

EUNICE DART.

Chapter I.

Sprays of ivy, blushing scarlet at the Winter's kiss, shot over the stone walls of Lishey Manor like tongues of flame. A woman's hand drew aside the velvet window hangings, and a pair of cold gray eyes drank in the mellow October sunlight that lay like a benediction over all. A gust of wind sent the scarlet leaves whirling through the open casement across the room, and the invalid, lying so pale and still upon the bed, slowly opened his eyes.

"Eunice."

His voice had all the double petulance of age and suffering, and his companion dropped the purple curtain hastily, and stood beside him. She was a tall, fair woman, graceful as a willow, with cold, metallic eyes, and a face like Diana.

Amid the sumptuous elegance of velvet and dead-gold she stood, with her dress of soft gray falling away from her perfect form, and no ornament save a mass of glittering hair coiled low upon her neck.

The sufferer gazed at her a moment with mournful tenderness.

"Diedrich will not think you beautiful," he said, fretfully. "You are too pale, and your lips are thin, like a scarlet thread. He has seen thousands of lovelier women since he left Lishey. Do you remember Diedrich?" he added, abruptly, looking her full in the face.

If the old man's sight had not been dimmed by age, he might have seen the thin lips grow thinner, and a look come into the calm gray eyes that would have made a stronger heart tremble. She answered him softly, disregarding all but his question.

"Oh, yes, quite distinctly. You know I was almost eighteen when he went away."

"Almost eighteen," the old man repeated, musingly. "That was the Summer before Berenice died. Berenice was your grandmother, child. She was a faithful soul. If your blood were half as good as your heart, you might wed the flower of the land."

The weak, complaining voice died away, and the speaker sank into a doze. His companion returned to her watch by the window, and stood motionless as a statue.

No one understood this fair, still woman, who moved about Lishey Manor like a shadow. She had been brought there when an infant, they said, and grown to womanhood beneath the shelter of the rare old house.

It was whispered among the servants that there was better blood in her veins than that of her plebeian grandmother, the old housekeeper, who had served the Chetwyndes of Lishey so long and faithfully. But it was not Chetwynde blood; for they were a swarthy, passionate race, and this

EUNICE DART.— "A TRAVELER, WAN AND DUST-COVERED ENTERED THE IRON GATE, AND CAME SLOWLY UP THE SLOPE."

woman was as cold and passionless as a frozen lily. Diedrich Chetwynde had called her his "Wintry Star" seven years ago, and only once had he seen a flush upon her cheek. She had grown colder still since Diedrich went away, and the weary, silent years had left their traces on heart and brow. He would be home to-morrow.

She turned the tiny gold band upon her finger slowly, and looked away across the landscape to where the broad acres of Lishey melted into mist. "There are the two things I love above all others, Eunice—you and Lishey Manor."

The words came floating back to her with the memory of the man who had drank her young soul like wine, and she curled her proud lip, and set her white teeth defiantly as she thought of his return.

He had written that a friend would accompany him, and the old mansion was echoing to the sound of busy preparation.

Before many months a funeral train would move down the long avenue, and Eunice Dart would be homeless.

She turned her eyes toward the pale, withered face upon the pillow. Disease had lent a helping hand to time, and the sufferer looked older than he was. Death had been trifling with his victim so long, she had almost ceased to expect him.

GRETCHEN'S TOILET.—SEE PAGE 355.

There was a strange, hard look in the woman's eyes as she turned from the sorrowful picture within to the lavish beauty of October's carnival without.

"Let him come back," she muttered, between her set teeth, "and overflow the old house with song and laughter for a time; let him bring his gay visitors, and play the host while he may. There are strange things in store for Diedrich Chetwynde."

And he did come back—brought his guest to Lishey Manor, and welcomed her royally. No one saw the face that looked from the diamond-paned window that day as Diedrich bent low and gazed with passionate tenderness into the soft brown eyes that were uplifted to his as he stepped from the carriage and gave his hand to his companion.

Eunice grasped at the heavy oaken casement, while wave after wave of anguish surged over her face, leaving it ashen and rigid.

Merry laughter, and the sound of young voices floating in at the open window aroused the old man, and his childish, trembling voice broke in upon her stupor.

"Has Diedrich come?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "Diedrich has come at last."

"Eunice—Eunice Dart?" he said, questioningly, when they met, starting a little to see how grand and fair she had grown.

"Yes, Eunice Dart," she said, with stately sweetness. "Time and travel play sad havoc with our old playmates. Your uncle has waited anxiously for your coming."

"Diedrich," said the old man, fretfully, "come to me, my boy. It is seven years since I saw a Chetwynde."

He held out his trembling hand, and felt the firm grasp of youth and vigor. The withered lip quivered childishly.

"We are the last of the race, my lad. You should have children playing up and down the long halls of Lishey ere this—you and Eunice—for you will marry Eunice, Diedrich. She must be mistress of Lishey. I cannot die in peace unless she is."

The young man started, and glanced over his shoulder. She was standing with her back to them, gazing into the fire, her hands clasped behind her. She did not raise her head nor move, and Diedrich thought the old man's words unnoticed. When she turned, the pure, proud face was as calm as ever.

He beckoned her from the room as he left, and a moment later she stood beside him in the dimly lighted hall. She bade him good-by there seven years before, and now he looked into her face and said, hurriedly:

"I have brought my wife to Lishey to-day. My uncle seems very weak; perhaps it would be well to spare him the shock. Will you arrange the matter, Miss Dart?"

The words fell upon her brain like lead, yet she did not scream, nor faint, only held out her shapely hand and said, quietly: "Your bride! Let me wish you joy. I am sorry we must withhold the happy tidings from your uncle. But it shall be as you have said."

There was no tremor in her voice, and Diedrich felt that the old dream was forgotten. Somehow, the consciousness nettled him. He turned upon his heel abruptly, and strode down the long corridor without a word. His companion stood still where he had left her, and the haughty lips melted into a bitter smile.

"Does he think to dupe me again?" she almost hissed, gazing after the receding figure. "He little dreams how well I know his scheme."

The old man's words were ringing in her ears—"Eunice must be mistress of Lishey, Diedrich; I cannot die in peace unless she is," and the calm, steel-gray eyes had read her old lover's face like an open book.

"He would keep his young bride a prisoner below until the worst is over; till he is master here, and I am homeless. Though I hated every inch of Lishey soil, I would give up life, honor, everything, to snatch it from him."

The words came with a deep intensity of bitterness from her lips, and the delicate, colorless face was full of unutterable hatred.

A moment later she smiled down upon Diedrich Chetwynde's wife with melting tenderness. The soft-eyed, girlish bride looked after her with wondering gaze.

"She is so grand and sweet, Diedrich, yet her voice sounds like a shattered icicle, and her eyes make me afraid. Must I try to love her? Who is she?"

* * * * * *

November moaned the Autumn's requiem, and Winter wrapped her in her winding-sheet. Still the fluttering pulse had not ceased to beat, and the feeble, querulous voice greeted Diedrich Chetwynde's ear as shrill and petulant as ever.

"You will make Eunice your wife, my boy. I will have no other woman's children playing about my grave. Make her your wife. You will find no fitter mistress for Lishey!"

Diedrich bent low, and whispered in the old man's ear.

"Not now? And why not now? Would you deceive me, lad? Remember a Chetwynde's curse outlives all other curses. Make her your wife, I say!"

The sweat stood in great beads on Diedrich Chetwynde's swarthy brow, and he looked in helpless agony toward the stately, placid woman standing there as fair and immovable as marble. Could he trust her? The white eyelids did not droop; the clear gray eyes looked into his unflinchingly. He could have knelt at her feet and kissed the remotest hem of her garment in awe and adoration.

Chapter II.

Weeks lengthened into months, and still those two, so strangely met, hung over the sufferer's couch. Still, Diedrich Chetwynde's childlike, trusting wife, wandered up and down the stately halls of Lishey Manor like an imprisoned fawn. Her husband rarely left his uncle's side, and then his words were few, though tender, and his restless eye strayed toward the sick man's door. Ere long the steady strain on nerve and heart began to tell upon the manly form, and one day they carried him, pale and fainting, to his young wife, who hung over him with white, scared face and tender, ministering hands, through long days and nights of suffering.

The wind howled madly amid the oaks and turrets of Lishey Manor, moaning through the long corridors like a dying spirit, and sending shrill, death-like whispers through every crevice. Within, the firelight played softly over the hangings of violet velvet, lighting up the dead-gold paneling with a fitful, wavering light, and falling gently upon the invalid's silver hair and troubled, twitching face.

"Eunice."

She stood beside him instantly. The withered, trembling hands wandered helplessly toward hers, and the piteous, wavering voice came faintly and at long intervals.

"Eunice—my child—my more than daughter—you will be Diedrich's wife—promise me."

The lithe, slender figure bent low over the dying man, so low that the firelight struck upon the parted lips and glittering hair coiled like a great yellow serpent about her stately head. Her voice fell clear and evenly upon his ear.

"No, my lord, I cannot promise, for Lishey has a mistress now. Diedrich brought his bride home long ago—a fair, girlish bride, with tinted cheeks and lips like a scarlet berry. When you are gone, my lord, Eunice Dart is homeless!"

"Homeless!"

The old man started up and sat erect. The blood that had flowed pure and clean of all deceit for centuries surged through his veins once more, and the Chetwynde fire flashed from his sunken eyes.

"Homeless! Can this thing be? Has the stripling dared to deceive me thus? Let him learn that while a Chetwynde breathes, he can do justice. Bring me my will, Eunice, and summon witnesses. Make haste, child; I have not many hours to live, and you shall be mistress of Lishey," said the old man, in a determined voice.

The work was done. The heavy doors had closed upon them all. The sound of footsteps died away in the corridor.

Eunice Dart stood holding the icy hand and smoothing the damp white hair from the sufferer's brow. The fluttering eyelids fell, the troubled, sunken face sank into rest, and the haughty, silent woman stood alone with her dead.

* * * * * * *

A funeral train swept down the long avenue, and an hour later the three young mourners were gathered in the lofty parlor of the old manor-house. Diedrich sat, haggard and gloomy, with one arm about his trembling wife, who sobbed convulsively upon his shoulder.

Eunice Dart paced slowly up and down the dimly lighted room, her black dress trailing over the carpet, and her eyes bent upon the floor. Suddenly she stopped before them, and looked into Diedrich's face.

"The Chetwyndes hate deceit," she said, with mocking sweetness. "Your uncle hated it even till his death, and I, who have lived so long upon their bounty, have learned to hate it, too, and strive to be clean-handed like the rest. The past is buried and forgotten; you and yours will always be welcome at Lishey Manor."

Her voice was full of withering scorn and triumph, and Diedrich started up as if he would have struck her. But she glided from him, and smiled back at them as the oaken door closed behind her.

* * * * * * *

Ten years of storm and sunshine had left no trace upon the gray towers of Lishey. The ivy ran riot over the stone walls, and hung itself in gay festoons from the heavy eaves,

and the gorgeous October sunset flooded the diamond-paned windows with light, and threw the long shadows of the towering oaks athwart the hill, just as of old. Eunice Dart stood gazing down the long avenue, the same shadowy, spirit-like look in her face, and the heavy, serpentine coil of yellow hair as glittering as when she watched the heir of Lishey leave his birthplace. But the passionless gray eyes had lost some of their steadiness, and the delicate mouth had learned to quiver with remorse and pain.

A traveler, wan and dust-covered, entered the iron gate and came slowly up the slope. There were streaks of silver in his hair and beard, and his sunken eyes wandered over the old house hungrily. At last they fell upon the silent woman's figure standing there. He went up to her and held out both his hands.

"Eunice, there are two things I love above all others—you and Lishey Manor. Will you let me die here, with your hand upon my forehead?"

She took his wasted, feverish hands in hers, and the lonesome, yearning soul leaped to her eyes and voice—the woman's soul that had been hushed, beaten back so long.

"Diedrich—Diedrich, my darling, forgive me!"

The cry so long repressed came with a deep intensity of pain and tenderness, and when its echo died away, they two, who had so loved and wronged each other, stood with clasped hands and tender, restful gaze, beneath the shadow of the gray stone turrets that had well-nigh wrought their ruin.

GRETCHEN'S TOILET.

Pretty little Gretchen, kissed by the sunbeams! pleasant little maiden, waked from her fond dreams! whitely her arms show, goldly her hair gleams, as the bright morn ray o'er her sweet head streams; while with good-humor her bonny face teems, and, in her clear eyes, Love quite at home seems.

IRELAND'S SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES.

Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several tours. One of them consisted of an excursion upon the River Avon, during which he explored, with ardent curiosity, every locality associated with Shakespeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakespearean mania. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his parent attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own, in the language and manner of Shakespeare's time. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS. said to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers.

The young man, being articled to a solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in the first instance, the deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Fraser. The ecstasy expressed by his father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse; and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of "Vortigern," which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with the paper of the period (being the fly-leaves of old books), and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *éclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world, and all England, was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised.

The house of Mr. Ireland, in Norfolk Street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of the highest rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The MSS. being mostly decreed genuine, were considered of inestimable worth; and at one time it was expected that Parliament would give any required sum for them. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain of the newspapers and public journals; notwithstanding which, Mr. Sheridan agreed to give £600 for permission to play "Vortigern" at Drury Lane Theatre. So crowded a house was scarcely ever seen as on the night of the performance, and a vast number of persons could not obtain admission, The predetermined malcontents began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and the skeptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was, accordingly, withdrawn.

The juvenile author was now so beset for information that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet, wherein he confessed the entire fabrication. Besides "Vortigern," young Ireland also produced the play of "Henry II."; and, although there were in both such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakespeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality.

The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland was the dupe of his zeal upon such subjects; and the son never contemplated at the outset the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakespeare (among them Drs. Parr and Warton), that they fell upon their knees before the MSS.; and, by their idolatry, inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm, which at that stage it was not in his power to check. Sir Richard Phillips, who knew the parties, has thus related the affair in the "Anecdote Library."

In the catalogue of Dr. Parr's library at Hatton (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the doctor:

"Ireland's (Samuel) 'Great and impudent forgery, called,' Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakespeare, folio 1796."

"I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of 'King Lear,' and a fragment of 'Hamlet.' Ireland told a lie when he imputed to *me* the words which *Joseph Warton* used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor.—S. P."

Mr. Ireland died about 1802. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances, about the year 1840. The reputed Shakespearean MSS. are stated to have been seen for sale in a pawnbroker's window in Wardour Street, Soho.

FLOGGING IN A TURKISH SCHOOL.

A MOSLEM SCHOOL-ROOM

By Thomas W. Knox.

On my first day in a Mohammedan city, I came upon something which puzzled me considerably.

A room, ten or twelve feet square, contained about twenty-five boys and a man. The door was open, so that I could look inside and see the entire party. My attention was attracted by the noise of many voices, that reminded me of my school-days, when our teacher used to put a dozen of us on the platform, and have each one read or recite whatever he liked best. One would repeat "The Burial of Sir John Moore," another "Casabianca," another something from Shakespeare, and so we went on, each one according to his fancy. We used to think it very funny, and had many a laugh over it.

Now this noise that came to my ears in that far-off Moslem city, was exactly like the noise we boys used to make when we recited together. I asked my guide what it was, and he said it was a school. I stopped and looked into the room I have described.

AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOLBOY.

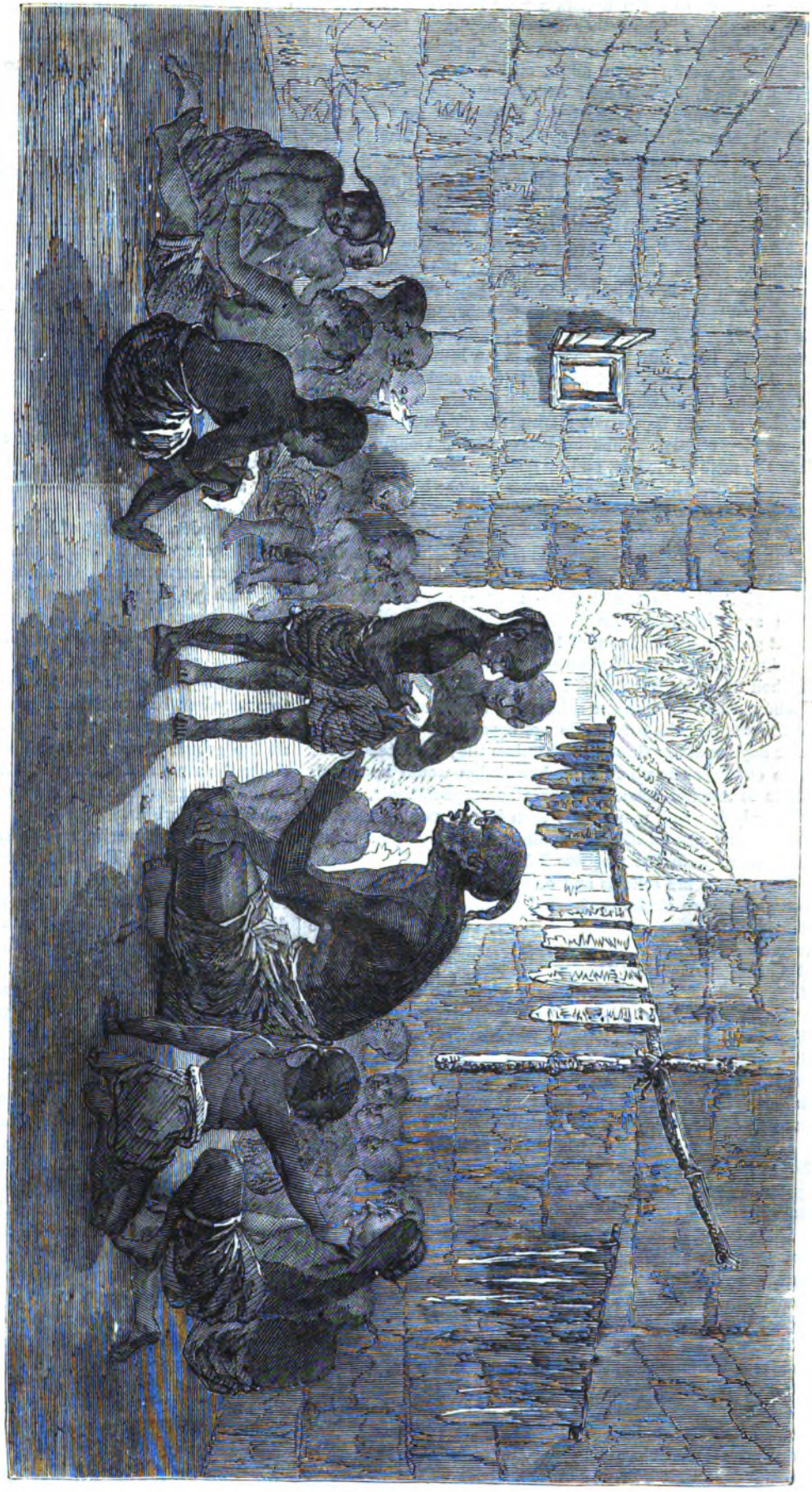
The boys were seated on the floor, and they had no desks nor benches. Some of them had tablets like large slates; these tablets were of wood, painted white, and the lessons were written upon them with a coarse pencil, and in a very large hand. Other boys had boards, or loose leaves, and all were hard at work over their lessons. The master was seated on the floor at one side of the room, and there was a sort of desk in front of him, consisting of a board about a yard long, and raised not more than a foot above the floor.

The noise that I heard was made by the boys. In an Arab school every boy studies aloud, and he repeats his lesson again and again, till he has committed it to memory. You can imagine what a confusion they must make! And at the same time that the boy repeats his lesson, he rocks his body backward and forward, very much as if he were sitting in a rocking-chair. The habit thus formed in youth is continued through life. You will often

see merchants sitting in their shops, and reading the Koran or Mohammedan bible; they accompany the reading with the rocking motion, which is thought to assist the memory.

Every Moslem village has at least one school, and in the cities and large towns, there are a great many schools. They are generally attached to mosques and sometimes to drinking fountains, a single room being provided for the school. The schoolmasters are appointed by the authorities of the place or by the chief priest of the mosque, and they are sometimes very ignorant. There is a story in Cairo that a man who could neither read nor write, managed to obtain the appointment of schoolmaster. He could repeat the whole of the alphabet and the Koran, so that he could hear the boys recite their lessons, and he employed the head boy, or monitor, of the school to write the lessons, pretending that his own eyes were very weak. It was some time before his deception was found out.

The schoolmaster does not have a large salary. Most of the schools have endowment funds, and from these funds the master receives a suit of clothes once a year, and each boy receives a cap, a pair of shoes, and a piece of cotton cloth large enough to make him a frock. Sometimes the



A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL.

master gets five or ten dollars a year from the fund, but oftener nothing. The father of each boy gives the master four or five cents every Thursday, which is the last day of the Moslem week. Then, about once a month, the master writes on each boy's tablet a statement of its owner's progress. He sends it to the boy's father, and next day the tablet is returned, and with it five or ten cents. The schoolmasters in these countries do not get rich.

The schoolboy in the Orient begins, like all other schoolboys, by learning the alphabet. When he has learned it, he goes on with short syllables, and with the numerical value of letters, as the Arabic letters are often used to represent numbers. When he has learned all this, the master writes some simple words for him, such as the names of men and places, and particularly those of his friends and schoolmates. He is also required to learn the names of God, of which there are no less than ninety-nine. Then he learns the Koran, and does it in a way that will seem very curious.

The first lesson which is given in the Koran is the first chapter, and the boy is not allowed to go on until he can repeat it perfectly. Then he learns the last chapter, and then the next to the last, and he goes on in this way so that the last chapter he learns is the second in the book.

There are a hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran, most of them very short, when compared with the chapters of our Bible. For most boys, the common school education ceases when they have learned to read and recite these chapters, and it is not often that the masters are able to teach them anything else. An Arab schoolboy knows nothing about geography, and cannot tell the population of his own country or anything else concerning it. His education is finished when he has learned the Koran.

The master of a common school does not teach writing or arithmetic, and the parents do not consider it necessary for their boys to study these things unless they are intended for some employment where such knowledge would be useful. There is another school for these accomplishments, where the study is much more quiet than in the reading schools. The teacher has an official appointment, and is paid something more than the teachers I have described.

Then there are schools and colleges attached to the great mosques, where students of religion and the professions go to complete their instruction. Some of these schools are very large, the one connected with the mosque of El Aghar, at Cairo, having nine thousand students, and more than three hundred professors. The students do not pay anything for their instruction, and the professors receive nothing but their food and clothing, which are given to them by the mosque. For their other wants, they depend upon copying manuscripts and giving instruction in private houses. Sometimes the students make them small presents, but this does not happen very often.

Somebody will ask why I have said nothing about schools for girls. I could give several reasons for neglecting to speak of them, but the first will be sufficient—there are no such schools.

The girls of poor parents receive no instruction, and it is not generally considered worth while to teach them to say their prayers. Among the wealthy people, teachers are sometimes employed to instruct the girls and women how to repeat the Koran, and in rare instances they learn to read and write. There are many schools for instructing girls how to sew and embroider, so that most women of the middle and upper classes are quite skillful with the needle.

Of late years, the rich inhabitants of Constantinople and Cairo have their daughters taught to speak and read French in addition to their own language, but this is not the case in Damascus, Bagdad, or any other inferior city, where there is very little foreign influence.

"MEN ARE BUT CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH."

By Leigh Hunt.

Standing too near the fire the other day in a morning gown, a little girl admonished us of our peril; and upon our expressing a suitable remorse, and making our tone more and more serious for fear of producing a wrong effect respecting a point so dangerous, she said, with an exquisite mixture of archness and tenderness, "Good boy!"

This set us upon thinking what sort of a boy we should really make, if some supernatural circumstances or other were at once to keep us in our grown condition and yet reduce us to a state of childhood in comparison with certain new creatures our superiors; if a finer set of human beings, for example, were to visit the earth from another planet, and become to its present inhabitants what ourselves are to the children around us; people who should be as much our masters in wisdom and strength as Shakespeare compared with Tomkins, or a Cornish wrestler with an infant; who should good-humoredly smile at our little profundities in ethics and science; say, "Look at 'em!" as we sat in Parliament, playing at legislators; and put aside our army and navy as parents do "popguns"; in short, Brobdingnagians come to conquer and refine us.

Dear reader, what sort of a boy or girl should *you* make? a self-interrogation to that end might not be without its use as well as amusement. Of one thing you may be certain, and perhaps have anticipated it by thinking what sort of a child you *were*. The impulse was just. Your grown childhood, be assured, would be very like your ungrown; nay, is so. It is said that no man's nature is different from what it was at two years old, or at "two hours." We know not how that may be; but we think it would be very unaccountable if the case were much the reverse; and certain we are that all the grown people we ever knew in childhood were precisely the same individuals at both periods, modified, more or less, by experience and good sense. The tendencies had not altered a whit.

Among our domestic and school acquaintances, for instance, there was F., thoughtless, luxurious, and good-natured; P., didactic and authoritative, yet full of jest; M., conventional and lover of power, but with a manliness; B., dispassionate as to taking a part from the clearness with which he saw all sides of a question, and yet easily inclined this way or that by a friend; S., scholarly but violent; C., correcting his impulses by a sympathy with grace; G., a born gentleman; T., loud and generous, etc.

All this they were to a tittle in their early days; and precisely such they remained ever afterward, as far as we knew them. How should it be otherwise? Their fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, ancestors, nurses, servants, diet, breeding, health, sickness, and a thousand other circumstances, contributed to make them what they were; and how were they to get rid of all this, by a jerk, or by the substitution of habits to which they had no tendency for those to which they had been bent from the very first? Oh, happy are we, if, with assiduous cultivation of our better qualities, we can but succeed in keeping down our worse, without quarreling either with others or ourselves!

To this happiness we most assuredly have all the right which our original dependence can give us; and in sweet thoughts does a due consideration of it terminate; first finding nobody to blame and all to sympathize with. The discoveries of society may help the whole of us forward, and thus modify individuals hereafter far beyond what has been done yet, though ourselves have to struggle in harder nets of circumstance.

But we are getting out of our subject. An imaginary bit of Boswell shall bring us round to it. Supposing him asking

Dr. Johnson what sort of great, grown man-boy he would have made under the circumstances above imagined. If the doctor were in ill-humor, worried, perhaps, by a bit of skepticism or veal pie, he would angrily cry out, "Sir, why tease me by supposing what is impossible?" or worse, "Sir, why remind me that I am not a child—not innocent, sir?—nay, as to that matter, when was I? when are any of us innocent? Sir, I should doubtless be a very bad boy; peevish, sir, disobedient—violent. Sir, I shouldn't go to bed when I was told. I should be a thief and a liar; steal pie, sir, and say I hadn't done it; and I should neglect my prayers till I was frightened—I do it now. Let us have no more of this."

But if he was in a good humor, going to a capital dinner, perhaps, or just come from a successful argument with Burke, or thinking of the poor woman he relieved last night, he would very likely say, with a smile, "Why, sir, I should be a very *fair* boy; nay, sir, not pulcher—not flavicomous" (observing me smile at thinking of him as a pretty child with blonde ringlets); "but I should be decently good. Orderly, sir, if treated with love; though with outbreaks of sullenness. And yet, if the supernatural beings were infallible, or if I thought them so, I should be good always—I hope so." (Here he looked meditative and bland.) "For what do we require, sir, but certainty, to enable us to act like rational beings? Sir" (smiling), "I should go to bed without giving the supernatural beings the trouble of telling me twice. I should exchange my wig for a nightcap, sir, too happy to lay aside the pride of a man for the felicity of an infant, and to repose on the bosom of an infallible Glumdalclitch."

(Here Boswell, by dint of pushing the bottle, suppresses an immense desire to laugh at the idea of his illustrious friend taking off his wig and brown suit, and reposing with nightcap on the lap of a nurse from Brobdingnag.)

"And Cæsar, now, sir. What sort of a boy do you think Cæsar would have made?"

"Why, sir, Cæsar would have made as good a boy as any, if he thought his new masters infallible; but if he did not, I should not wonder if he ran away, sir. You know his ambition was to be chief everywhere, and that he would rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome. He would have broken out of bonds, sir, and gone to head the Lilliputians."

"Mr. Burke, sir, would have said his lesson well?"

"Why, yes, sir. And perhaps have suggested an improvement in the new *quæ genus*. Nay, sir, there would be no end to Burke's mind, even in Brobdingnag. And he has a tendency to innovate, sir, has Burke; and in a degree, too, which would not be quite respectful to superiors in a less man. Except, indeed, when others show a like tendency, and then Edmund is for putting them down. His confidence in himself is naturally greater than it is in others. He knows what he knows, sir—a vast knowledge."

"Our friend Garrick can scarcely be said to know what he knows."

"Yes, sir, 'by heart,'" (laughing). "He would be whipped for making your men-boys laugh at his grimaces. Don't let us talk of Garrick, sir, when we are talking of mind!"

"Poor Goldy, however, sir, I may mention him. How would he conduct himself?"

"Why, sir, poor Goldy, as you call him, would very likely be one of the happiest and most honored boys in the school. He would not be quite cured of his failings. He would give away all his money to others; unless Glumdalclitch kept it for him. But, sir, he would not only know superiors in others, but they would know *him;* and Goldsmith, sir, is a ready-made innocent child with such man's wit as beings like these would honor."

Boswell is silenced at this; and Johnson, pitying him, does not proceed to show what sort of a boy *he* would have made.

Well, now, dear reader, have you made up your mind by this time as to yourself? For our part, we do not choose to say publicly what kind of bad-and-good boy we ourselves should be; though we should not much mind to confess it to some very charitable friend. Can you venture as much? Can you state candidly to the person sitting next you your opinion of your own puerile self? Are you too bad to confess it, too good, or too modest? And what is your opinion of those about you? What sort of little girls and boys do you think your grown kindred? Would your married brother shine in his pinafore? or your aunt in her bib and tucker?

Then again, to look a little more widely, what sort of boys would our leading statesmen make? Imagine a playground full of Wellingtons, Peels, Broughams, Lord John Russells, Spring Rices, O'Connells, Roebucks, Molesworths, and Humes; all, too, in their new Brobdingnagian jackets, coming in to breakfast or to school, or saying their lessons (for our new masters would have to re-educate us all; wonderful is the quantity of things we should have to unlearn!). How would they all behave? And the new ladies' boarding-school (we should like to go to school near it), containing the Blessingtons, Gores, Opies, Halls, Landons, Nortons, and Morgans? What would Glumdalclitch say to them? Which of these would have surreptitious pie for supper, or scramble over the garden wall?

It is no mean test of the characters of grown people to consider which among them you would *like* under this new aspect of children? With whom you could be most easy, sincere, loving, and independent. Or, suppose the whole race of mankind could come back to be retaught, all at once, whom would you pick and choose for playfellows?

Alexander the Great, methinks, would be but an overbearing "sort of chap." We should prefer Epaminondas, who loved his father and mother; or Cæsar, who would be all things. Washington would be well-behaved to a pitch of the provoking. It would seem as if he had not feeling enough to run out of bounds, or draw a face on his slate. If you asked him to come and play, he would say it wanted "two minutes to eleven." Addison, we should fear, might think it his duty to go and "tell the master." Steele, however, would never peach; he would be flogged first. Homer would be a "good fellow." Shakespeare, Cervantes, Ariosto, Sir Walter Scott would be capital playmates and companions; fine tellers of stories out of books; with a love of robust sport, while they were about it. We should admire Bacon prodigiously for his attainments in the new "Analecta Majora," but should not much like him. He would be one of the ushers. Chaucer, in the most compulsory of verses, speaks

"Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates";

three such personages as were never before brought together! Our favorite acquaintances at the English ladies' boarding-school (were we so happy as to know their brothers) would be

Godiva, Nancy Finch, and Eleanora.

The first, the famous Countess of Coventry, everybody knows. The second (so familiar becomes the language of love!) is another Countess, not so famous, nor indeed very well known to any but a few lovers of poetry—Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, authoress (beside the poems in Mr. Dyce's collection) of a charming one entitled the "Petition for an Absolute Retreat," which shows her to be just the sort of woman to our taste, of a spirit at once social and sequestered, and fit to have lived in Arcadia. We do not

mean the Greek Arcadia, which is not the place it is taken for; but the real one—far more touching than your land of rocks and wild beasts—the Arcadia of Claude and the poets. As to Eleanora, she was a queen in times ante-Brobdingnagian—the wife that sucked the poison out of the wound of Edward I.

But we do not go upon that circumstance, though it was a right womanly action, for it was probably as safe as it was touching; though it may have required in that age a particular courage to venture upon it. We take it only as an evidence of those many congenial actions, those habits of love and beneficence, which made the fond Edward raise a cross in her honor wherever her body stopped on its way to Westminster, as though it rendered the ground precious. Which it did. For even our prosaic and matter-of-fact nineteenth century has not been insensible to the claim of this heroic woman of ages past, and in a spirit of poetry has done its meed to keep her memory green, by restoring her memorial at Charing Cross. Now the said Eleonora would make a fine hearty boarder in our Brobdingnagian school, with very little to learn over again, and willing to undergo any punishment for a friend.

Godiva would be much such another. She would get up on Winter mornings without her flannel petticoat, to hurry up the rest of the school when late. We do not know that Lady Winchilsea's public virtue was ever put to the trial, but her good-will was unbounded, and she would be an especial lover of walks in the neighboring forest; which amounts to a virtue in our eyes. But all the new schools would be taught a love of Nature. Not a leaf nor a color would be lost upon them. And they would be as great singers as the birds.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 362.

We shall again, however, be getting too serious for our readers.

"Up, Charles William Augustus Maximilian Smith, and vindicate our facetiousness. Up on the table, Smith, and let the company see you."

Smith (as you will see the moment you look at him) is no Smith of any mark. He is not James nor Horace Smith, nor one of the Sidney Smiths, nor a Southwood Smith, nor any Northern, Eastern, or Western Smith of the least un-Smithianism; he is not a man of wit, nor of valor, nor of virtue; he is not any way original, not one who can turn a common name into uncommonness. But we have given this sort of caution before. Look at him, however. What a different opinion he evidently has of himself! How far superior he thinks himself to all the numerous and highly-respectable though not famous multitude who bear the Smithian cognomen. And yet, nevertheless, conceited as he stands there, Smith is at this present moment in a very puzzled state of mind; as indeed you may guess when you see what he has come to in his middle age—a pinafore!

Yes; Smith, aged five-and-forty, and some five feet eight inches in stature, is a little boy in a big tail-coat and pinafore, in the new school of the Brobdingnagian visitors. He is, or rather was, under the old dispensation (for he is beginning to be at a loss what to think of himself), as proud and sulky a fellow as he was a shallow one; and as the usher happens to have set him on the table to say his lesson, and has just gone out of the school to speak to somebody, we are taking advantage of his absence (not very wisely, I fear) to plague Smith, and to catechise him a little—he not answering a word, but looking very red and savage. But we have a vindictive recollection of the way in which he used to lord it over us upon the strength of his being *an epitome of commonplaces, except the good-natured ones.* This exception is the only thing we quarrel with him for, or with any one. But, situated as he is, the temptation is irresistible. All the livelier part of his schoolfellows are "having at him."

"Smith, I say, Smith, you'll have to go to bed before your time. You're a naughty boy, Smith; a bad middle-aged chap, and have been very sulky. Why didn't you learn your lesson, instead of doing nothing but make dumps all day, and stuff yourself? Look at his neckcloths and bibs, and how big he looks! and yet he does not know Brobdingnagian for 'charity,' nor 'modesty'; no, nor for 'sense.' Take your hand out of your pocket, and don't stand cluttering your dumps.

"Shall it then? Shall it have no more pudding and turtle-pap? Did they vex it, poor middle-aged thing, and expect it to have a little sense, and know a man when it sees one? Never mind 'em, Smith. Don't stand swelling so, and thinking of your 'gig,' poor respectable little fellow. Shall have another, it shall, and then all will be well. Shall ride in it to Banbury Cross—and look as big as you like, and speak loud, and be a man again.

"Here, see what I've got for you—a nice plaything, Smith; and a pretty watch. Come to me for it over the table—never mind your boots. Shall hold it to your ear, and see how time goes for little Smithy. Why, with a watch, and his dumps, and his gig, Smithy will be quite a little man again, and nobody shall plague him about 'sense' and 'modesty.'

"Ah! he! he! Say *ta* to the gentleman, Smith—oh, say *ta*.

"Be a good middle-aged little boy. What, stamping, Smith?

"Oh, fie!—stamping on the nice mahogany table, and in boots! Hist, Smith! here's the usher coming."

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

By Barry Gray.

I had been to see my mother, leaving my husband in charge. I took the children, of course. For three entire days, after my return home, I was without a single servant in the house, and it took me from daylight to dark, during the whole of that time, to get things to rights. How in the world my lord and master, and his boon companions, contrived in one evening to disorganize the house as they did, is past my understanding. The first thing I did, on the morning following my arrival, was to look for a broom, but I might as well have looked for the proverbial needle in the hay-stack. Now a broom cannot be thrust into a hat-box, and shoved out of sight under the bed, or shut up in the side-board, or put into the stove-oven, unless, indeed, it is broken into several pieces. So, for several hours, I searched for a broom, but not one of the three which I had left when I departed to visit my mother could I find. Nor did I find them for a week, when, coming home one day from a visit to Fair and Forty, I discovered that they were doing duty as lightning-rods, above every chimney on the house. They made a pretty appearance, with their broom-end relieved against the sky, and were slightly suggestive of witches. When I asked my lord and master who placed them there, he replied he presumed it was the cook. Now the cook weighs two hundred, and is not given to climbing house-tops. Nor would Katie be likely to do such a thing, and I told him so. But he only shook his head, and said it was very curious, adding, "Perhaps they drew up the chimney through the fireplaces."

Some days elapsed after I discovered them before I could find a man willing, even for five dollars, to risk his life in attempting to get them down. But, one day, a sailor came along, who said that for a glass of grog he'd undertake the job, though it was a pity to house them. When he was in the Dutch navy, ever so many years ago, and sailed with Admiral Van Somebody—I've forgotten whom—they always had a broom at the mast-head, for luck, so that they might sweep the sea.

"This was all very well," I said, "for the sea; but, as I didn't propose to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky, I would rather have the brooms 'housed,' as he called it.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "remember it's a glass of grog."

I told him I didn't think I had any grog, but that if a glass of rum or gin or brandy would answer, I would give it to him.

He said that, as we had no grog, he would compromise the matter by taking a glass of each of the drinks I had mentioned—"one for each broom, you see—that's fair, ma'am."

And I acknowledged it was.

"Would it be convenient, ma'am," he asked, as he removed something from his mouth, which he dropped into his jacket-pocket, "to let me have a tumblerful of grog before I go aloft?"

"But you forget," I replied, "that I have no grog."

"Dash my eyes, ma'am, begging your pardon for using so strong an expression," he said, "but I'm a lubber to forget it. We'll call it a tumbler of brandy on deck, a tumbler of gin in the foretop, and a tumbler of rum, with lobscouse, in the cook-house."

"Just as you like," I said. "I'll agree to anything you propose; but I confess I don't exactly understand your language."

"My lingo, ma'am, I'll explain," he said; "a tumbler of brandy before I start, a tumbler of gin on top of the house, and a tumbler of rum, with something to eat in the kitchen, when the job is done."

SINBAD THE SAILOR.—"'HE CAN'T DRINK IT NOW, TO SAVE HIS LIFE, MA'AM—NOT TILL HE GETS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE IRON POT, WHERE THE POTATOES WERE BOILING.'"

"Certainly," I answered; "but how am I to get the glass of gin to you when you're seated on the roof?"

"Oh, I'll come down for it, ma'am," he said.

"But wouldn't that be giving you too much trouble?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it; it will give me pleasure, ma'am."

"But," I said, "it wouldn't be in accordance with our contract. You must have it on the house-top."

"Couldn't Biddy bring it to me, ma'am?" he inquired.

"I think not," I said. "Biddy would not like to leave the kitchen for fear the dinner might burn."

"Could you toss it up to me, ma'am?"

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"And you wouldn't trust me to carry it up myself, ma'am?" he asked. "I wouldn't spill a drop of it till I got to the top."

"Well, really," I replied, "if you will run the risk, I don't know that I have any objection."

So I gave him his glass of brandy, which he took down at one swallow, and handed him the glass of gin to carry up with him. He pretended to put it carefully in the pocket of his jacket, but a motion of his elbow, as he turned from me, satisfied me that he had drained the glass before putting it into his pocket.

Then, with the agility of a monkey, up the lightning-rod, hand-over-hand, he went; and running along the roof-tree, from chimney to chimney, he tore the brooms from their fastenings, and threw them down to the ground. Then he danced a hornpipe around the chimneys, and climbing to the top of one of them, where he looked like an overgrown cherub keeping watch over the fate of poor Jack, he sung, in a most boisterous voice, a sea ditty, from which I gathered the fact that:

"The boat Caroline was a-rolling on the main."

Suddenly his voice grew feeble, and looking up to ascertain the reason, I observed his heels disappearing down the chimney; and in a second or so thereafter, a loud scream from the cook in the kitchen, announced his arrival in that favored region.

"What's the matter, Biddy?" I asked, as she put her head out of the window and screamed.

"Oh, it's the divil himself, ma'am, or Santa Claus—I don't know which, I am sure—who's just come down the chimney, as black as soot!" she replied; "and he's asking for a tumbler of rum."

"Give it to him, by all means, Biddy," I said. "I'm so glad the poor man hasn't broken his neck!"

"But he can't drink it now, to save his life, ma'am," she said, wringing her hands—"not till he gets his head out of the iron pot, where the potatoes were boiling. Bad luck to him for spoiling the potatoes—we can't have any for dinner."

"Unless we take them mashed," I suggested.

"But what business had he, whoever he is, to mash our potatoes in this way; and we never have them mashed, but always take them with their jackets on?"

"But, Bridget," I asked, "hasn't the poor fellow got his head out of the kettle yet?"

"Yes, ma'am, he has," she answered; "and he's such a sight! and he's calling for his glass of rum. Shall I give it to him, ma'am?"

"Yes," I said; "two, if he wants them."

"And I'll take one myself, for the fright," she said.

When my old sailor had cleaned himself, he begged to see me, and apologized for the manner in which he had gone to the kitchen.

"But it was an accident, ma'am, and I didn't intend it; the chimney, somehow, gave a lurch, and down I went. I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am."

My old sailor staid to dinner—so as to eat, he said, the potatoes he had mashed. As he could not eat them all that day, he concluded to stay all night, and finish the balance of them in the morning, fried; and the result is, that, finding the potatoes agree, and the chimney corner he occupies so comfortable, he has remained ever since. Nor do I think Bridget is at all displeased at having his company. She makes him draw the water, scour the knives, pound the clothes, bring in the coal, and fifty other things. My only fear is, she may insist upon his mashing more potatoes, and that thereby—for no man could successfully do the same thing twice—he might break his neck; and a broken-necked sailor would not be an agreeable person to have in one's house.

My lord and master calls my old sailor Sinbad, and keeps him busy, when at home, blacking his boots and shoes, and those of the children. The old sailor takes much pleasure in arranging these articles along the side of the room, and then counting them. But he seldom is correct in his enumeration, and never records the same number in any two successive counts. He uses one of the boots as a mirror, and arranges his hair and pulls up his shirt-collar before it.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

By Robert Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

THE BOBOLINK.

"Birds of a feather," says the old proverb; but it must have reference to some other kind of a bird than the one of which we treat, for of all birds, the bobolinks can, with the least regard for accuracy, be described as birds of a feather. In fact, the bobolink may be said to be two distinct and entirely different birds in one. When he is among the rice fields of the Carolinas, for instance, his name is rice-bird. He is then a common-looking bird, of a dusky brownish-yellow color in parts, and a yellowish-brown in others; his only song is a sort of unmusical "clink, clink," and his food, as his name indicates, is rice. He does immense damage, in fact, by visiting the rice fields, and devouring and destroying great quantities of that grain, so that he is by no means a welcome visitor. Not entirely unwelcome, however, for his being so good at eating gets him into excellent condition, and makes him very good to eat, and eaten he is accordingly by great numbers, being strung with others, like fish, on a string, and exposed for sale at the markets.

When, however, he makes his appearance amongst us, he gets himself a new suit of feathers, and appears in a showy uniform of jet black, relieved by cream-color, and picked out with white and pale yellow.

His diet, too, is changed, and he now luxuriates on such

small game as beetles, butterflies, crickets, grasshoppers and spiders, and so does as much good to our farmers as he does harm to the Southern planters. He now obtains his gift of song, and bursts into that rapturous incoherence of harmony, as if there were a dozen birds trying to sing out of his one throat, so characteristic of the bobolink.

If the name he is best known by is now changed from the rice-birds of the swamps into our bobolink, he has various other *aliases*, besides some three or four Latin names. Every naturalist well knows that reputation in his profession is much enhanced by having his name tacked on at the end of a long Latin appellation, newly applied to some poor, unpretending little creature, that has, perhaps, already several others.

The ostensible object of giving Latin names to plants and animals is, that they may have one name by which they can be known all over the world; but if every new botanist, entomologist or ornithologist that comes along is to hang an entirely new set of names on everything he meets, I don't see how that object is to be attained.

Little cares bobolink, however, whether his name be called *Dolichonyx Oryzivorus*, after Swainson; *Emberiza Oryzivora*, after Wilson, or *Iœus Agripennis*, after Bonaparte. In the joy of his heart, as long as the substance of sunshine, food, mate, nest, eggs and brood are with him, he cares nothing for their names. "Mounting," says Mr. Alexander Wilson, "and hovering on wing at a small height above the field, he chants out such a jingling medley of short, variable notes, uttered with such seeming confusion and rapidity, and continued for a considerable time, that the ear can scarcely separate them."

The bobolink generally makes his appearance amongst us about the 10th of May. As is usual with many birds, the males are the first to arrive, an interval generally of about a week elapsing before they are joined by the females. The nest is not built before the end of the month. It is concealed beneath a tuft of grass, a bunch of weeds, or any shelter of the kind, and is little more than a bed of loose grass, upon which, in due season, repose four dirty-gray or light-brown eggs, splashed and blotched with darker color. But one brood is reared in a season. In the month of June the color of the male begins to change, gradually becoming like that of the female, until in August it becomes difficult to distinguish the sexes. About the first week in August the old and young birds collect in large flocks, and early in September they all depart for the South.

HOW FRANK DENNISON WAS CURED OF HIS "TURNS."

"Molly," said Dan McElroy to his young wife. "I have been sent for to sit up with Frank Dennison to-night; he has one of his turns; so let me have a hearty supper, like a good little woman, and I will be home to an early breakfast."

Molly answered, "All right, Dan," and she lost no time in preparing that supper.

Dan was surprised. The last time he had sat up with his friend, he had come home with a splitting headache, and his wife had declared that he should not go again—that next time Frank might call on some of his other friends. When he made this announcement, he expected to see her chin in the air, and to hear her little heels clattering over the floor; for the "gray mare" was a nigh stepper when excited. But nothing of the kind occurred, and he sat down to table well satisfied that things were going on smoothly.

Frank Dennison was a jovial bachelor, who lived about two miles from the village. He was a general favorite; but when it was known that he had a billiard-table in the garret, and smoking and card-playing, the women objected so stoutly to their husbands attending his suppers, that, on the principle of "anything for a quiet life," they remained at home.

As I said, he was a general favorite, and when he was taken suddenly ill, his *turns* excited great sympathy.

All his friends offered to sit up with him. Their wives volunteered advice to the old colored woman who was his cook and housekeeper; it stood to reason he would rather have one of his own color to keep him company, and—"nuss him."

The doctor was very attentive, and never grumbled, though he was frequently summoned about bedtime to grapple with one of these attacks. Before leaving in the early morning, he invariably prescribed, "Indian meal gruel, not too strong of the corn," and Romeo grinned from ear to ear, as he replied, each time, "Jes' so, doctor, 'zackly, sah."

But the jovial Dr. McElroy did not make as hearty a supper as usual, though his wife pressed the different viands upon him. He assured her he would make it up at the next meal, and named something tempting for breakfast. She accompanied him to the gate, told him he should never go again, and that she expected to see him home early.

"You may reckon on my being at home in time for breakfast at sharp seven o'clock," he replied; "but, Molly, what is the flag flying for?"

"I thought it needed freshening, like myself," she said "Take good care of yourself; steal a nap if you can, and remember that this is your last night of watching up at that house."

As soon as her husband was out of sight, Molly went up to her room. First she took a handsome lavender silk out of the press, then laid it upon the bed; then a delicate lace collar, with rose-colored ribbons, was laid beside it, with a pair of white kid gloves. Then she went to the kitchen, and told Cynthia that she was going out to spend the evening, and expected some ladies to call for her.

While she is making her toilet we will discover the secret of her amiability.

She had had her suspicions for some time; and when Romeo came to her house on an errand, a few days previous, she determined to satisfy her doubts. So she called him into the parlor, and told him she was going to give him a new sensation.

He stood twirling his hat in his hand, and wondering what she meant; but he replied:

"Jes' so, missus, that's what I've been wanting some time."

She opened her case of homœopathic medicine, and took out a little bottle, and poured some of the contents into her hand.

"Do you see these little sugar-plums, Romeo?" she asked.

"Yes, missus," he replied, "an' dat's jes' all about I can do. If they was a speck smaller, they would be nowhers."

She put two or three into her mouth, and bade him hold his hand for the remainder.

He put them into his mouth, and his good-natured face wore a puzzled expression.

"What's this you said you were gwine to gib me, missus?"

"A new sensation, Romeo."

"Oh, yes, 'zackly, I see now, missus. When will it be along, for I must be gwine."

"In a few moments now, Romeo—and I want you to understand before it comes that I am your friend, and the only person who can save you; and, unless you speak the

honest truth, you are doomed; and, as a proof that I have the power to annihilate you, I command that you be seized with a racking headache."

Romeo passed his hand over his brow.

"I've neber had a headache in my life, missus; I dunno what he's like."

"The knowledge will soon come to you," replied Molly, in a solemn tone.

Suddenly she noticed his expression change, and his eyes were fixed in horror upon something her sailor-brother brought with him from the African coast. She remembered now that he had told her that their conjurers used it in their incantations; and she saw by the fear depicted in Romeo's face that she had here a powerful ally.

She took it in her hand, and advanced toward him, when he dropped upon his knees in abject terror, exclaiming:

"O Lord, missus, come no nigher! come no nigher!"

"I am not going to hurt you," she said; "all will be well if you only tell me the truth; if you do not, you see I have the power to compel it."

"Yes, missus, I see it—leastwise, if I hab power to see anything; for I'se gone dark, and sumfin' is knockin' in my head as ef it wanted to get out. Oh, oh! I'se dyin' now, shuar!" And he fell in a heap upon the carpet.

Molly muttered some gibberish over him, and then said:

"In five minutes you will feel better, Romeo, and I will talk to you; but you must remember that I have power to compel the truth, so, for your own sake, do not try to deceive me."

"No, missus; I'se jes' gwine to 'fess de whole trufe, if you only stop dis knockin' in my head 'fore I go crazy."

"Begin now, and tell me all about these 'turns,'" said Molly: "and as you tell the truth, the knocking will stop."

"Is that so, missus?" And Romeo straightened himself up, and began: "You see, you ladies would not let your gen'elmen come to my massa's suppers; and he felt bound to hab 'em, so he hit on this 'spedient, and the doctor lent hisself to it, and they was all mighty jolly. You see, two gen'elmen would be sent for to watch along of him, and Mr. Hopkins would be summoned on jury duty in the next town, and hab to be there the night afore, for the case would be called early in the morning, and Lawyer Downing would hab mighty urgent law-business in de city, or sumfin' of that 'scription, and it all worked to satisfaction."

And poor Romeo passed his hand over his forehead and scalp, and appeared to be assuring himself that his head was properly placed upon his shoulders.

"Very well," said Molly. "And when is the next attack expected, Romeo?"

"I dunno, missus. Massa has not had any symptoms yet. Can't say when he may be took; p'r'aps, suddenly."

"What are the symptoms like, Romeo?"

"Provisions, missus, and a basket of champagne, and such-like."

"Ah, I see!" replied Molly. "As soon as you see any symptoms you are to come and let me know. If you fail to do so, you will be seized by violent pains—much more violent than those you have just experienced; and as I will not be near for you to confess to me, and the pains will increase in violence if you tell any one else, there will be no help for you. Now, I will give you something to make your head feel better, and if you are deceiving me, and keeping anything back, you will find out before you get to the turn of the road that this has told me all about it." And she laid her hand upon her brother's gift.

"Yes, missus—sartin shuar I 'fessed all I had to say; an' I won't disremember to let you know, missus."

And Romeo put the tiny sugar-plums in his wide mouth, and shuffled out of the house, mentally determining never to set foot in it again.

THE BOBOLINK.—SEE PAGE 362.

Molly watched him as he passed through the gate at a swinging pace, and on toward the turn of the road. Suddenly he came to a standstill, seized his head with both hands, and, uttering a yell which startled the grazing cattle in the meadow, he sprang over the fence, and made a bee-line for the house.

Cynthia heard it, and saw him coming. She rushed to the kitchen door and secured it, screaming to her mistress:

"Lock up the house, Mrs. McElroy, for your life; that nigger of Dennison's has gone crazy, and is coming straight here!"

"I don't think he will hurt us," replied Molly; "probably he has forgotten something.."

"I'll not risk it, ma'am. For the love of heaven, don't

open the door! Just look at his eyes; he looks more like a mad bull than a human creature."

And, as her mistress put her hand on the lock, Cynthia rushed upstairs, and secured herself in an upper room.

"Come inside out of the sun, Romeo," said Molly, as she opened the door. "Why did you make it so hard for yourself? *It* was just telling me about you."

Romeo looked up, and, as his eye fell on what she held in her hand, he gave a howl which curdled Cynthia's blood, in the upper room, and sent her to her knees in mortal terror.

"Begin, Romeo," said Molly; "tell me the whole truth, and the pain will leave you."

"Yes, missus, yes. I jes' got dere by de meadow, when I done remembered dat massa would be took *Friday night*, missus, and I came back to say so, missus: and I 'clare to mercy I'll never keep anything back any more."

Molly dropped some medicine into a tumbler of water.

"Drink this, Romeo," she said; "and then I will tell you what you are to do."

"Bress you, missus! and stop de knocking, or my head will pop, shuar."

"It will stop by degrees, as I am talking to you, and as you answer truthfully," replied Molly. "When does your master sit down to supper?"

"Jes' as de clock goes ten, missus."

"Very well. I will be at the house ten minutes before ten. You are to be watching for me at your pantry-window, and to admit me quietly. I will give you something for the dog, which you are to see that he takes at half after nine. It will not kill him—only make him sleep. Is your head better?"

"Yes, missus. T'ank de Lord!"

"I shall be very sorry for you if you have a return of the pain for the third time—it will be very severe; but if you do exactly as I tell you, it will not return. Only remember, if you ever speak of this to any one, I would not give a button for your life."

"You can count on me, missus—'deed you can. This darkey will neber 'varicate any more. Leastwise, not to you, missus."

And Romeo shuffled off again, and Cynthia descended from her voluntary imprisonment, to learn that the poor fellow was only suffering from a bad pain in his head, and had come back to see if Mrs. McElroy could not give him something to relieve it.

That afternoon Molly spent in making calls. Her spirits seemed to rise with every visit, and as she shook hands at the door with her friends, the parting injunction to each was, "Look out for the flag!"

There it was waving now over her head, and she knew while she made her toilet that her fair friends were occupied in the same way, and her heart was very light, and overflowed in merry snatches of song, as she thought of the tableau she was preparing for the lords of creation.

Not so poor Romeo. His heart was proportionately heavy; and Dinah's curiosity was excited and patience worn out. At last she went to her master with the intelligence that "if that boy was not seen to, he would be no account at all to wait on table in the evening, and that she suspicioned he had been drinking, or had had confusion sent in his mind, somehow or another, she couldn't say how."

So Romeo was summoned to his master's presence, and

HOW FRANK DENNISON WAS CURED OF HIS TURNS.—"'GENELMEN, I HAB HIM NOW,' AND AS THE BLUE FLAME OF THE MATCH ROSE TO THE CHANDELIER, ALL EYES FOLLOWED IT; AND THE ILLUMINATION WHICH SUCCEEDED DISCLOSED THAT EACH MAN'S WIFE STOOD BEHIND HIS CHAIR."—SEE PAGE 363.

went with teeth chattering, and knees knocking together like castanets.

"Why, the poor fellow is ill, Dinah," said his master; "he has a chill on him now. Go to bed, my man, and I will send you a strong toddy. I dare say you will be all right by evening."

"Yes, sah; I s'pects I will, ef my head don't pop, and I keep myself quiet."

So Romeo went off to lie down, and Dinah, who had her own ideas on the subject, quietly tossed off the toddy prepared by her master, and mixed another for Romeo out of a little bottle which she kept for emergencies, excusing herself by saying:

"Ef he's sick, it's a pity to throw away good liquor on him; an' ef he's well, it will sarve him right for playing 'possum."

Meanwhile, the evening wore on, and precisely at nine o'clock Squire Hopkins's carry-all stopped at Mrs. McElroy's door, and in a few moments a merry party were on their way to Mr. Dennison's mansion.

Molly explained her plan of attack, which was approved of, and she was unanimously elected leader of the party.

Fortunately, there was no moon. The ladies left the carriage at the gate, and told the man to wait there twenty minutes, and then drive to the stable. The shutters were closed, but a light could be detected in the billiard-room. Molly led the way to the pantry window, where Romeo was awaiting her. In a tremulous voice, he whispered:

"Is dat you, missus? and is all dese yer you too?"

"No, Romeo. These are the wives of the gentlemen who sup here to-night. Open the door, and I will explain what you are to do."

So they stole softly into the house, Molly leading the way to the butler's pantry, where, through the glass door, they could see the position of each one when seated at the table.

"We must be careful not to let our dresses rustle," said Molly.

"Humph!" said the doctor's wife, as she saw one delicacy after another deposited upon the table by Romeo's trembling hands. "If I had known as much as I do now, I should not have worried myself about coaxing the doctor's appetite after the fatiguing nights he had spent up here."

Poor Mrs. Ransom said nothing, but her thoughts went back to the night when little Arthur was born, and she was left to the care of the doctor's assistant, as Mr. Dennison was in such a critical state that the doctor could not possibly leave him.

"They are coming!" whispered Molly.

And in they came, bright and joyous, all unconscious of the surprise which was awaiting them.

"Well, Romeo, my boy," said the doctor, "how goes it? Your master tells me you had a *turn* to-day."

"Yes, sah, I believe I had. I never wants to 'sperience anoder."

They took their seats at the table, laughing and talking.

"Now for the regulation toast," said Mr. Dennison, as he passed round a decanter.

Glasses were filled, and "Our absent wives" was drank, standing, which the present wives enjoyed very much, of course.

Romeo stepped into the hall, turned off the gas, and returned unnoticed.

"Get ready!" whispered Molly.

"Why, thunder and Mars! what the dence are you about, boy?" roared Mr. Dennison, as the party were left in total darkness.

"Excuse me, genelmen," stammered Romeo. "It was a mistake. I light him in one second—hab matches right here in my pocket"; and he began to scrape the wrong end of a match, as Molly had directed, upon the carpet.

"Are you going to keep us in the dark all night, sir?" roared his master.

"No, massa, no. Genelmen, I hab him now," and as the blue flame of the match rose to the chandelier, all eyes followed it; and the illumination which followed disclosed that each man's wife stood behind his chair!

They sat like so many petrifactions.

"Mr. Dennison and gentlemen," said Molly, "allow me to introduce myself—Dr. Molly McElroy, and her medical staff. As this is such an obstinate case, I propose to change the practice altogether—under my treatment it will yield readily, and my first prescription is, *a wife!*"

"Three cheers for Dr. McElroy!" exclaimed the host.

And they were given with hearty good will.

"Our present wives," said Dan, as he glanced deprecatingly at Molly's face.

It was drunk with all the honors.

And now the ladies were seated, and the host was calling for Romeo to make the necessary additions to the table; but no Romeo appeared, for that demented creature, as soon as he had relighted the gas, had rushed into the kitchen, where Dinah had just settled herself to enjoy a quiet smoke, seized her around the waist, and was now executing the wildest kind of a war-dance about the room; and, as if to assure himself that his head was all right, he brought it down repeatedly, with full force, upon her neck and shoulders.

"Out o' dat, you ill-conducted, heathen nigger! What d'ye mean, I say, knocking de bref out ob a decent woman dis a way? Stan' still, I tell ye! Dere goes my new pipe Lem me go, I say! I'll holler for massa!"

But Romeo's frenzy seemed to increase instead of subsiding, and old Dinah never went over a kitchen floor as rapidly as she did that night.

Finding that scolding was of no use, almost breathless, and fairly frightened, she began to coax him.

"What's got you, honey? Tell ole Dinah. Hab de dog done bite you? Oh, sakes, my bref is gone!" and she seized the edge of the dresser as he whirled her past.

This brought him to a standstill, and they stood looking at each other. At last he gasped:

"It is the last turn. They are all in there. The wives, and *it* is in my pantry."

"Last turn! wives! *it* in the pantry! What is *it?*" asked the bewildered Dinah.

Romeo stooped forward, and whispered something in her ear.

"Not in dis yer house!" exclaimed the trembling woman.

"Yes, Dinah, and de Lord knows I've been witched for tree days."

Dinah sank upon the floor, and, in answer to a peremptory summons from his master, Romeo made his appearance in the dining-room.

"Fear nothing, Romeo," said Molly, taking compassion on him. "Your master has forgiven you for admitting us and turning off the gas."

"Yes, that is all right," said his master; "you could not have done otherwise. Now get some more plates."

"Yes, sah; thank you, sah; but——" and he made an imploring sign to Molly, which she understood.

"I believe I have left something of mine in his pantry; as it may interfere with the performance of his duties, with your permission I will remove it, and give you the history of it some other time."

The doctor was the most uncomfortable member of the party. He did not relish the glance of his wife's eye, and he suspected what was in little Mrs. Ransom's mind. So it was a great relief when Molly turned to him and said, in her

winning way, that after supper they would consult together upon this critical case, that there might be no after heart-burnings.

Mr. Dennison made a neat speech after supper, acknowledging his miraculous cure. Then Dan called for a speech from Dr. McElroy, and Molly rose.

"Gentlemen and ladies: I do not belong to the ranks of the strong-minded, and I confess I am something of a coward; but where the welfare of those I love is at stake, I will dare anything. We have been obliged to meet artifice with artifice. We have much to forgive, therefore we should be forgiven. Let us keep our secret, and bury the hatchet. Let us be generous, for we have won the victory; and, above all, let us be grateful that our host is cured of his 'Tupps'!"

THE AUSTRALIAN DICÆUM.

THE beautiful little dicæum, although very common throughout the whole of Australia, and a remarkably interesting little bird, was, when Mr. Gould wrote his animated description, so little known among the colonists that there was no popular name for the bright little creature.

This tiny bird is fond of inhabiting the extreme summits of the tallest trees, and habitually dwells at so great an elevation that its minute form is scarcely perceptible, and not even the bright scarlet hue of the throat and breast can betray its position to the unaccustomed eye of a passenger below. The song of the dicæum, although very sweet and flowing, is very soft and faint, and seems to be an inward warbling rather than the brilliant melody which is flung so energetically from the vocal organs of many singing-birds. The little bird, however, is possessed of considerable endurance, for its strain, although weak, is long continued.

The dicæum is mostly found among the thick foliage of the casuarinæ, and Mr. Gould relates that he frequently saw it flitting about the branches of a remarkably beautiful parasitic plant termed scientifically the loranthus, which it seemed to visit either to eat the soft, viscid berries, or for the purpose of preying upon the little insects that come to feed on the flowers. Mr. Gould prefers the latter supposition.

The flight of the dicæum is very quick and darting, and it makes more use of its wings and less of its feet than any of the insect-hunting birds. The nest is remarkably pretty, being woven, as it were, out of white cotton cloth, and suspended from a branch as if the twigs had been pushed through its substance. The peculiar purselike shape of the nest is shown in the illustration. The material of which it is woven is the soft, cottony down which is found in the seed-vessels of many plants. The eggs are four or five in number, and their color is a dull grayish-white, profusely covered with minute speckles of brown.

The two sexes differ considerably in the coloring of their plumage, the male bird being much more brilliant than his mate.

The head, back and upper parts of the adult male are deep black, with a beautiful steely-blue gloss, the sides are brownish-gray, and the throat, breast and under tail-coverts are a bright, glaring scarlet. The abdomen is snowy-white, with the exception of a tolerably large black patch on the centre. The female is more sombre in her apparel, the head and back being of a dull, sooty-black, and the steel-blue reflection only appearing on the upper surface of the wings and tail. The throat and centre of the abdomen are buff, the sides are pale grayish-brown, and the under tail-coverts scarlet, of a less brilliant hue than in the male. In its dimensions, the dicæum is hardly so large as our common wren.

THE DRACHENFELS.

THIS famous ruin, situated on the Rhine, and nearly opposite Bonn, is one of the most picturesque spots on that beautiful river, which has always been so precious to the German heart. There is a legend that, in the olden time, there dwelt on the banks of the Rhine a terrible dragon, who carried off a beautiful damsel and all her treasures, and that he hid both the beauty and the gold in these rocks, hence the title of the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock; but that a gallant knight slew the monster, and carried off the maiden. The fact is, doubtless, that this is an allegorical way of stating that there was once an avaricious old father who would not let his lovely daughter marry, but kept her closely guarded in his baronial castle, from which she eloped with some adventurous lover, by the aid of a rope-ladder, or a devoted handmaiden.

This is the most celebrated of the Siebengebirge, or seven-hill range, on the right bank of the Rhine, near Bonn. The ascent of the mountain, which is 1,056 feet high, is fatiguing, from its steepness, but amply rewards the traveler by the majestic beauty of the scenery of the river and valley beneath, and of the adjoining panorama of the ruin-clad mountain. Upon the summit of the Drachenfels are the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century; a monument, erected in 1814, by the Siebengebirge militia to their leader, Genger, who died on the battlefield; and another, in August, 1858, in commemoration of the German war of independence.

The beauty of this far-famed mountain has been a fruitful theme with poets of every land, but to English readers it is familiar chiefly from the well-known verses of Byron:

A SCENE ON THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
  Frowns o'er the wide and widening Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
  Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
  And fields which promise corn and wine;
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
  Whose fair, white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
  And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
  Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
  And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
  Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
  Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must wither'd be,
  But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
  Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
  When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
  The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
  Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
  Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
  To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

FORTUNEE.

A Fairy Story.

There was once upon a time a poor husbandman, who, feeling himself at the point of death, did not wish to leave behind him any subjects of dispute between his son and daughter, whom he tenderly loved. So he said to them:

"Your mother brought me as a wedding-portion two joint-stools and a straw mattress. There they are, with my hen; also a pot of pinks, and a plain silver ring, which were given me by a great lady who once lived in my poor hut. She said to me at parting, 'My good man, there is a present I make you; be careful to well water the pinks, and to lock up safely the ring. In addition to this, your daughter shall be incomparably beautiful. Name her Fortunée, and give her this ring and these pinks to console her for her poverty.' Thus," continued the good man, "my dear Fortunée, you shall have both the one and the other; the rest shall be for your brother."

The two children of the husbandman appeared contented; he died; they wept, and a division of property was made without an appeal to the law.

Fortunée thought that her brother loved her, but one day that she had taken one of the stools for a seat, he said, with great fierceness:

"Keep your pinks and your ring, but do not disarrange my stools; I like order in my house."

Fortunée, who was very gentle, began to weep silently, and remained standing whilst Bedou (that was her brother's name) was seated in state like a judge. Supper-time arrived. Bedou had an excellent new-laid egg from his only hen, and he threw the shell at his sister.

"There," he said, "I have nothing else to give you; if that does not suit you, go and hunt for frogs; there are plenty in the neighboring marsh."

Fortunée made no answer; she only raised her eyes to heaven, wept again, and then went to her own room. She found it filled with perfume, and never doubting that it was the scent of the pinks, she approached them sadly, and said:

"Beautiful pinks, whose variety is so charming to my sight, you who console my afflicted heart by the sweet perfume you exhale, do not fear that I shall let you want for water, or with cruel hand that I shall tear you from your stem. I shall cherish you, for you are my only treasures."

As she ceased speaking, she looked to see if the plants then required watering—they were very dry. She took her pitcher, and hastened by the light of the moon to the fountain, which was at some distance. As she had walked fast, she sat down by the side of the fountain to rest; but she had scarcely been there a moment when she saw a lady approaching, whose majestic air was in perfect accordance with the numerous attendants who accompanied her. Six maids of honor carried her train; she leaned on two others. Her guards walked before her, richly dressed in amaranth velvet, embroidered with pearls. They carried an arm-chair, covered with cloth-of-gold, in which she seated herself, and a field-canopy, which was quickly arranged. At the same time, they set out the buffet. It was covered with vessels of gold and vases of crystal. They served an excellent supper by the side of the fountain, the sweet murmurs of which seemed to accompany a number of voices that sang very sweetly.

FORTUNÉE.—"THE CAPTAIN RAISED HIS JAVELIN TO SMITE IT, WHEN, SUDDENLY, THE GROUND OPENED, AND THE BOAR DISAPPEARED IN THE CHASM."

Fortunée remained in a corner, not daring to move, so much was she surprised at all that was passing. In a few moments, this great queen said to one of her equerries:

"I fancy I see a shepherdess near that thicket; let her approach."

Fortunée immediately advanced, and though she was naturally timid, she did not omit to make a profound courtesy to the queen, with so much grace that those who saw her were perfectly astonished. She took the hem of the queen's robe and kissed it, and then stood erect before her, her eyes modestly cast down, and her cheeks colored with crimson, which heightened the brilliant whiteness of her complexion. It was easy to remark in her manners that simplicity and sweetness which are so charming in young maidens.

"What are you doing here, pretty girl?" said the queen. "Are you not afraid of robbers?"

"Alas! madame," replied Fortunée, "I have not a linen gown; what would they take from a poor shepherdess like me?"

"You are not rich, then?" said the queen, smiling.

"I am so poor," answered Fortunée, "that I only inherited from my father a pot of pinks and a silver ring."

"But you have a heart," said the queen. "If any one wished to have that, would you give it them?"

"I do not know what it is to give my heart, madame," she replied; "I have always understood that without a heart we could not live; that if it is wounded, we must die; and, notwithstanding my poverty, I am not sorry to live."

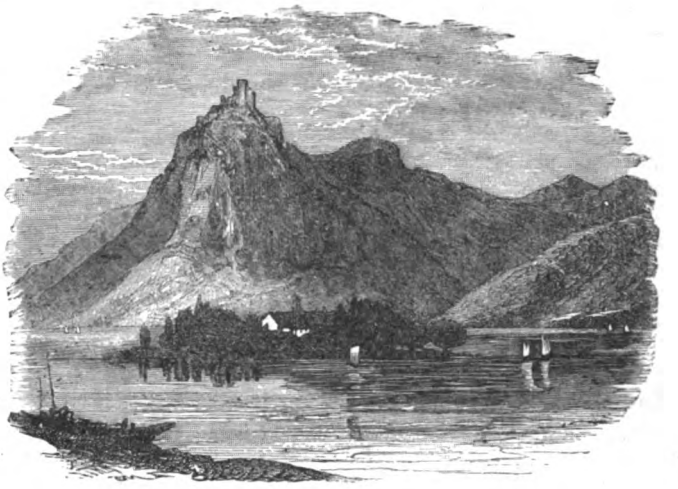
"You are quite right to defend your heart, my child; but tell me," continued the queen, "have you had a good supper?"

"No, madame," continued Fortunée; "my brother ate it all."

The queen commanded a cover to be laid for her, and, desiring her to be seated, helped her to the very best. The young shepherdess was so lost in admiration, and so charmed with the goodness of the queen, that she could scarcely eat a morsel.

"I am very anxious to know," said the queen, "what has brought you so late to the fountain."

"Madame, there is my pitcher; I came to fetch water to water my pinks."



THE DRACHENFELS ON THE RHINE.—SEE PAGE 367.

Saying this, she stooped to pick up the pitcher which was near her, but, as she showed it to the queen, what was her astonishment to find it was a golden one, covered with large diamonds, and filled with water which had a delicious perfume! She dared not take it, thinking it could not be hers.

"I give it you, Fortunée," said the queen. "Go and water the flowers you take such care of, and remember that the Queen of the Woods would be numbered among your friends."

At these words the shepherdess threw herself at the queen's feet. "After having offered you my most humble thanks, madame," she said, "for the honor you have done me, I venture to take the liberty to ask you to remain here a moment. I wish to fetch you the half of my goods—my pot of pinks—which can never be in better hands than yours."

THE AUSTRALIAN DICÆUM.—SEE PAGE 367.

"Go, then, Fortunée," said the queen, gently patting her cheek; "I consent to remain here till your return."

Fortunée took her golden pitcher and ran to her little room, but during her absence Bedou had entered, taken away her pot of pinks, and put in their place a large cabbage. When Fortunée saw this wretched cabbage, she was plunged into despair, and hesitated about returning to the fountain at all.

At length she determined she would do so, and, throwing herself on her knees before the queen, said:

"Madame, Bedou has stolen my flowers; I have nothing now remaining but my ring; I hope you will accept that in proof of my gratitude."

"If I take your ring," fair shepherdess," said the queen, "you are completely ruined."

"Ah, madame," she answered, with an air of great intelligence, "while I possess your good opinion I can never be ruined."

The queen took the ring, placed it on her finger, and then mounted a car of coral, enriched with emeralds, and drawn by six white horses, more beautiful than the steeds of the sun.

Fortunée gazed after her as long as she could. At last a turn of the road in the forest hid her from her sight, and she then returned to Bedou's cottage, full of this adventure.

The first thing she did, on entering her chamber, was to throw the cabbage out of the window; but she was much astonished to hear a voice cry:

"Ah, I am killed!"

She could not tell what to make of this exclamation, as in general cabbages do not speak. As soon as it was light, Fortunée, uneasy about her pot of pinks, went down into the garden to search for them, and the first thing she found was the unhappy cabbage. She gave it a kick, saying:

"What dost thou here, thou that didst presume to take in my chamber the place of my pinks?"

"If I had not been carried, it would never have entered my head to go there," replied the cabbage.

Fortunée trembled, for she was very much frightened; but the cabbage said again to her:

"If you will carry me to my companions, I can tell you in two words that your pinks are in Bedou's straw mattress."

Fortunée, in despair, knew not how to recover them. She kindly planted the cabbage, and then taking up her brother's favorite hen, she said to it:

"Naughty thing! I will make you pay for all the misery which Bedou has caused me."

"Ah, shepherdess," said the hen, "let me live; and as my fancy is to cackle, I will tell you some wonderful things. Do not imagine yourself the daughter of the husbandman who brought you up; no, beautiful Fortunée he is not your

father; but the queen who gave you birth had already six girls, and, as if it was in her own power to have a boy, her husband and father-in-law threatened to stab her if she did not bring them a son and heir. The poor queen was again about to become a mother; they shut her up in a castle, and placed round her guards, or, more properly speaking, executioners, who had orders to kill her if she gave birth to another daughter. The queen, trembling at the fate which awaited her, could neither eat nor sleep. She had a sister a fairy. To her she wrote, informing her of her just cause of alarm. The fairy, who was also near her confinement, knew that she would have a son, and as soon as the boy was born, she loaded the zephyrs with a cradle, in which she put her own son, and ordered them to carry the little prince into the queen's chamber, and change him for the daughter which would be born to her; but this forethought was of no avail, for the queen, receiving no answer from her fairy sister, profited by the goodwill of one of her guards, who, out of pity, allowed her to escape by a ladder of ropes. As soon as you were in the world, the afflicted queen, trying to hide herself, came to this cottage nearly dead with grief and fatigue.

"I was the husbandman's wife, and a good nurse. She gave you in charge of me, and told me her misfortunes, by which she was so overwhelmed, that she died without having time to give us any directions respecting what was to be done with you. As I loved gossiping all my life, I could not help telling everybody this adventure; and so one day I told all I knew about it to a beautiful lady who came here. She instantly touched me with a wand, and I became a hen, without power to speak any more. My grief was excessive, and my husband, who was absent at the time of the metamorphose, knew nothing of it. On his return he looked everywhere for me; finally he thought I was drowned, or that the beasts of the forest had devoured me. This same lady who had done me so much mischief passed by here a second time; she then ordered him to call you Fortunée, and made him a present of a pot of pinks and a silver ring; but whilst she was here, there arrived five-and-twenty soldiers of the king, your father, who sought you for evil purposes; she uttered some words, and changed them all into green cabbages—all but one, the captain of the band, who, suddenly seeing a wild boar cross his path, spurred his horse, and raised his javelin to smite it, when, of a sudden, the ground opened, and the boar disappeared in the chasm. The captain, who was a very wicked man, and a desperate enemy of the beautiful Fortunée, was unable to stop himself, and was swallowed up in the hole with the wild boar, a terrible instance of righteous retribution. It is one of them you threw out of the window yesterday evening. I never heard him speak till now, nor could I speak myself; I know not how our voices came back to us."

The princess was greatly surprised at the wonders which the hen related to her. She was full of kind feeling toward her, and said:

"I pity you very much, my poor nurse, to think you should become a hen! I would gladly restore you to your own form if I could; but do not despair. It appears to me that all the affairs you have just acquainted me with cannot be allowed to remain as they are at present. I shall go now and look for my pinks, for I love them dearly."

Bedou had gone into the forest, never imagining that Fortunée would think of hunting in his mattress; she was delighted at his absence, and flattered herself that she would meet with no obstacle, when she suddenly saw an immense number of enormous rats, armed for battle. They formed themselves into battalions, having in their rear the famous mattress, and one of the stools on their flank; many great mice formed a *corps de reserve*, determined to fight like Amazons. Fortunée, struck with surprise, dared not approach. The rats threw themselves on her, and bit her till she was all over blood.

"What!" she exclaimed, "my pinks, my dear pinks, must you remain in such bad company?"

It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps that perfumed water which was in the golden vase might possess a peculiar virtue. She ran to fetch it, and threw some drops of it on the host of rats and mice. Immediately the rascals ran away, each into his hole, and the princess quickly laid hands on her beautiful pinks, which were nearly dead for want of water. She at once poured on them all the water she had in the golden vase, and was smelling them with much pleasure, when she heard a sweet voice come from the stalks, which said to her:

"Incomparable Fortunée, this is the happy day so long wished for, in which I may declare to you my sentiments. Know that the power of your beauty is so great that it can even inspire flowers with love."

The princess, trembling and surprised at having heard a cabbage, a hen and a pink speak, and seen an army of rats, turned pale and fainted.

Bedou came in at the moment; labor and the heat of the sun had put him in such a fever, that when he found Fortunée had come to search for her pinks and had found them, he dragged her to the door and flung her outside. She had scarcely felt the coldness of the earth, before she opened her beautiful eyes and perceived near her the Queen of the Woods, charming and magnificent as usual.

"You have a bad brother," she said to Fortunée. "I saw with what inhumanity he threw you out here. Would you like me to revenge you?"

"No, madame," answered Fortunée; "I have no feelings of anger, and his bad disposition cannot change mine."

"But," rejoined the queen, "I have a presentiment which assures me that this rough peasent is not your brother. What do you think?"

"All appearances persuade me that he is, madame," replied the shepherdess, modestly, "and I ought to believe them."

"What!" continued the queen, "have you not heard that you were born a princess?"

"I have just been told it," she replied; "but how can I venture to boast of that of which I have no proof?"

"Ah, my dear child," replied the queen, "how I like to see you in this mood! I know now that the mean education that you have received has not extinguished the nobility of your blood. Yes, you are a princess, and it has not been in my power to save you from the misfortunes which you have suffered up to this hour."

She was here interrupted by the appearance of a youth more beautiful than the day. He was attired in a long robe of gold and green silk, fastened by large buttons of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. He had a crown of pinks, and his hair covered his shoulders. As soon as he saw the queen, he bent one knee to the ground, and saluted her respectfully.

"Ha, my son, my amiable Pink," she said, "the fatal time of your enchantment is over, thanks to the aid of the beautiful Fortunée. What joy to see you!"

She pressed him closely to her bosom, and, then turning to the shepherdess, she said:

"Charming princess, I know all that the hen told you; but what you do not know is, that the zephyrs whom I had ordered to put my son in your place, laid him in a bed of flowers whilst they went to find your mother, who was my sister. A fairy, from whose knowledge it was impossible to conceal anything, and with whom I had quarreled for some time, watched so well for the moment that she had foreseen

from the birth of my son, that she changed him on the spot to a pink, and, notwithstanding my science, I could not prevent the misfortune. In the grief in which I was plunged, I employed all my art to discover some remedy, and I could find none better than to bring Prince Pink to the place where you were nursed, foreseeing that when you had watered the flowers with the delicious water I had in the golden vase, he would speak, he would love you, and in future nothing would disturb your happiness. I had also the silver ring which it was necessary I should receive from you, being aware that that would be the sign by which I should know that the hour approached when the spell would lose its force in spite of the rats and mice whom our enemy would place in battle array to prevent your recovering the pinks. Thus, my dear Fortunée, if my son marries you with this silver ring, your happiness will be permanent. See if this prince appears sufficiently affable for you to receive him as a husband."

"Madame," replied she, blushing, "you overpower me with favors. I know you are my aunt; that, by your power, the guards sent to kill me were metamorphosed into cabbages, and my nurse into a hen; and that in proposing to me an alliance with Prince Pink, it is the greatest honor you can do me; but shall I tell you the cause of my hesitation? I do not know his heart, and I begin to feel, for the first time in my life, that I could not be happy if he did not love me."

"Banish all uncertainty on that point, sweet princess," said the prince. "Long ago you made as much impression on me as you could wish at the present moment, and if the use of my voice had been granted me, what would you not have heard of the passion which consumed me? But I am an unhappy prince, for whom you can feel only indifference."

He then told his story. The princess seemed well pleased with the prince's gallantry. The queen, who had borne her shepherdess's dress with great impatience, touched her, and wished for her the richest clothes that were ever seen. In a moment her white linen changed to silver brocade, embroidered with carbuncles; from her high head-dress fell a long vail of gauze, mixed with gold; her black hair was ornamented with a thousand diamonds; and her complexion, whose whiteness was dazzling, assumed so rich a color that the prince could scarcely support its brilliancy.

"Ah, Fortunée, how beautiful and charming you are!" exclaimed he, sighing. "Will you be inexorable to my pain?"

"No, my son," said the queen, "your cousin will not resist our prayers."

While they were thus talking, Bedou, returning to his work, passed them, and seeing Fortunée attired like a goddess, he thought he was dreaming. She called him to her with much kindness, and begged the queen to have pity on him.

"What! after having so ill-treated you?" replied the queen, in astonishment.

"Ah, madame," replied the princess, "I am incapable of vengeance."

The queen embraced her, and praised the generosity of her sentiments.

"To gratify you," she rejoined, "I am going to enrich the ungrateful Bedou."

His hut became a palace, well furnished, and full of money; his stools and his mattress remained unchanged, to remind him of his former state; but the Queen of the Woods refined his spirit, amended his manners, and improved his appearance. Bedou then found himself possessed of gratitude. What did he not say to the queen and princess to prove it on this occasion? Finally, by a stroke of the queen's wand, the cabbages became men, the hen a woman. Prince Pink remained the only person discontented. He was sighing beside the princess; he conjured her to take a resolution in his favor. At length she consented; she had never before seen any lovable object, and all that was most lovable was less so than this prince.

The Queen of the Woods, delighted at so fortunate a marriage, neglected nothing to make it sumptuous. The *fetes* on this occasion lasted many years, and the happiness of this tender couple as long as they lived.

THE ROYAL POWER OF CURE—TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

It was long a belief in England and France that their royal rulers could cure scrofula by touching those afflicted with that disease, which, in consequence, took the name of king's evil.

It is usually supposed that Queen Anne was the last of England's rulers who exercised the practice of touching for the cure of the king's evil. With Edward the Confessor this singular custom commenced, and apparently originated in the belief of his superior sanctity, and consequent power over disease, which power was afterward considered to have been handed down to his lineal descendants.

The Jacobites, however, doubted the privilege of Mary, William and Anne in this matter, asserting that they did not possess a full hereditary title, and did not occupy the throne by divine right. Anne was, therefore, induced to exhibit her power in this way, to establish the fact of her lineal descent from Edward. Her brother, the Prince of Wales, while at St. Germains, is said to have performed many cures, and thus to have given proof of his divine right, which still further stimulated his more successful sister to assert her power in the same way.

By Henry VII., the custom of presenting the patient with a small gold or silver coin was introduced; and as Queen Anne bestowed upon each person touched a golden angel, it may be easily imagined that applicants for relief were not wanting in her time. A certificate was, however, required from some disciple of Æsculapius as to the person presented being in truth afflicted with the disease.

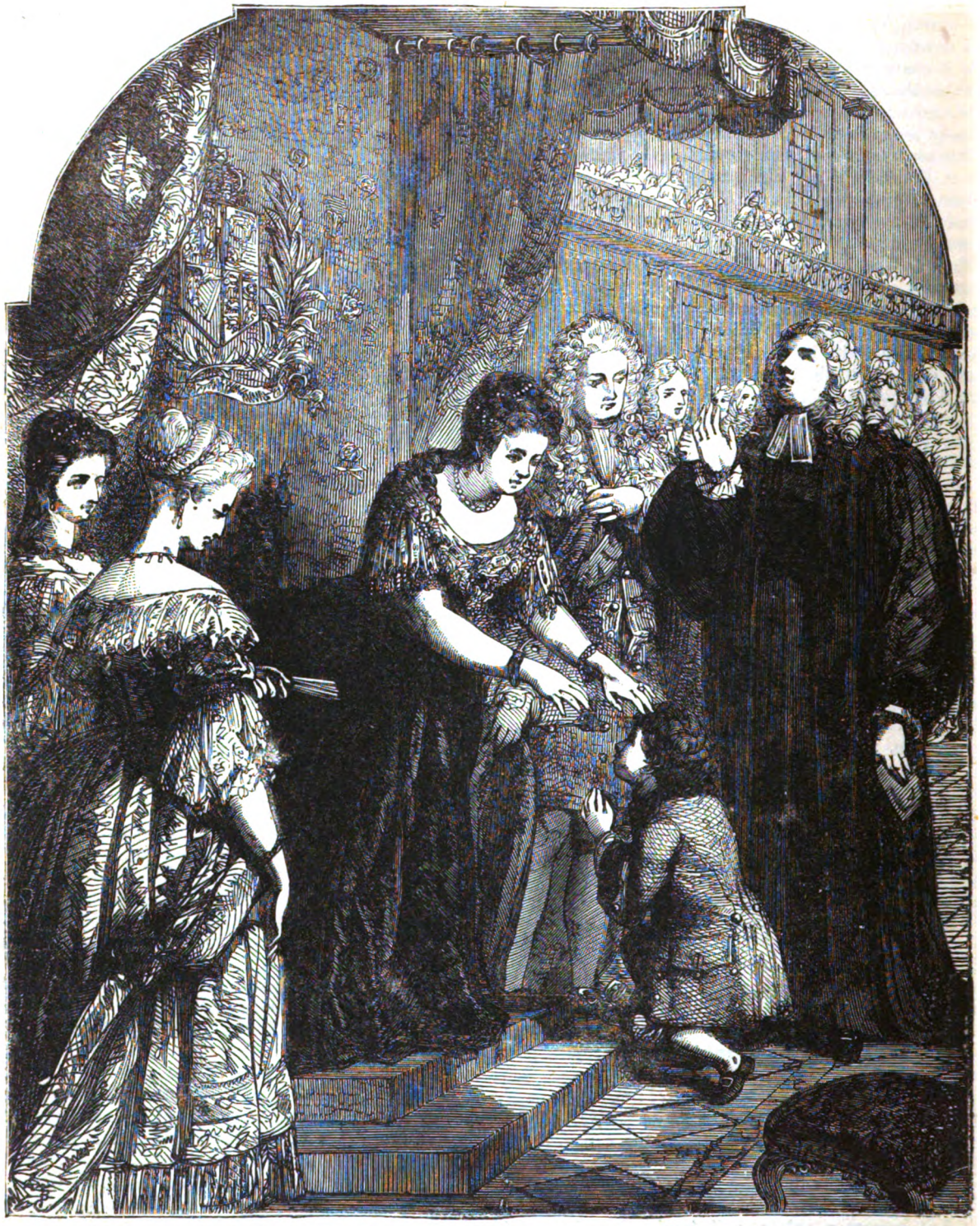
The celebrated Samuel Johnson, in 1712, when only thirty months old, was one of those touched by Queen Anne, and in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, an engraving is given of the identical "touch-piece" presented to him on the occasion.

The first four Kings of England of the Norman race do not appear to have exercised this power; but Henry II. is spoken of by his chaplain as performing cures, and the physician of Edward II., John of Gaddesden, who attained great eminence as a writer on medical subjects, recommends that in cases of scrofula, after the failure of professional treatment, "the patient should repair to the Court in order to be touched by the King."

Testimony to the antiquity of the custom is borne by Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.; and among the Cotton manuscripts in the British Museum is one named "Defense of the Title of the House of Lancaster," written by Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Henry IV., mentioning the privilege as having belonged to the Kings of England for centuries.

Several proclamations are now existing in the State Paper Office relating to this matter in Charles I.'s time; and Charles II., in council, gave out orders appointing times for the "Publick Healings," which were thereby fixed to take place from All Hallowtide until the week preceding Christ-

mas, and after that feast until the first week in March, then ceasing until Passion Week. During this reign, when this curious practice appears to have reached its height, the cures were frequently performed on Sundays at Whitehall. After the restoration of Charles II., no less than 24,000 persons were touched during the first four years. In 1686, an advertisement was published in the *London Gazette*, to the effect that the healing would take place every Friday; and orders were given to the royal physicians and surgeons to attend on the previous day at the Mews, to verify cases and distribute tickets. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the regal power of cure seems to have caused religious doubts of the force of the Papal authority, as a Roman Catholic, having been afflicted with king's evil, and restored to health by her Majesty's touch, after her excommunication by the Pontiff, is said to have asserted his belief that the thunders of Rome had been of no effect, since they had not removed from their recipient the power of healing.



THE ROYAL POWER OF CURE—QUEEN ANNE TOUCHING DOCTOR JOHNSON, WHEN A BOY, FOR THE KING'S EVIL.— SEE PAGE 371.

The ceremony was always accompanied by a religious service, and, after the art of printing was discovered, it was

SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHIPPING HOGS FROM A PLANTATION ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.—SEE PAGE 374.

published on a separate sheet; but in 1684 it was included in the Book of Common Prayer. The first Gospel was that for Ascension Day, and as each person was touched, these words were said, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The second Gospel commenced at the first verse of the first chapter of St. John, and ended with the fourteenth verse, "Full of grace and truth." When the coin or angel was hung about the neck of the sufferer, these words were repeated, "That light was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then followed the ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon us," "Christ have mercy upon us," and the Lord's Prayer; and after a few short sentences, this collect was said: "Almighty God, the eternal health of such as put their trust in Thee, hear us, we beseech Thee, on the behalf of these Thy servants, for whom we call for Thy merciful help, that they, receiving health, may give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." The blessing was then given, and the service thus concluded.

This form may be seen in the editions of the Prayer Book published in 1707 and 1709. It was slightly altered in the large edition brought out at Oxford by Baskett, in 1715, but continued to form part of the liturgy of the Church as late as the year 1719; the sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, however, never having tried their supposed power in this way, the form has since been altogether omitted from more recent editions.

It does not appear that this faculty of healing—if we may so term that very uncertain power, probably made effective only by the credulity of the patient, acting upon a depressed nervous system—was not wholly confined to English rulers, for we read that two hundred years after Edward the Confessor had first practiced it, it was used by the Kings of France, who traced its origin to Clovis. Louis XIV. is said to have touched no fewer than 1,600 persons on Easter Sunday, 1686, saying these words: "Le roi te touche, Dieu te guérisse."

SOUTHERN SCENES.

SHIPPING RICE FROM A PLANTATION ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.

THERE is a belt of land stretching from Virginia down the coast to the Gulf of Mexico, and most of the distance it lies low, very little above the level of the ocean; some of this land is covered with water by every high tide. The greater portion of it may properly be called swamp land—not altogether given up to the domain of the water, but always damp, and too wet for any grain except rice It is not every swamp or wet piece of land that is fit for the cultivation of rice. The alluvial swamp lying along the banks of rivers, having a deep soil composed of decayed vegetation, is best fitted for the purpose; but it must be so located that it can be overflowed at high tide, or it is useless for the purpose. The land must also be protected from the salt water and from the rapid currents occasioned by freshets.

South Carolina is the great rice State, more being cultivated here than in all the United States besides The rivers flowing down from the table-land of the interior reach this low land, and force their way to the sea, spread out, and have, generally, a deep, broad channel. There is a volume of water sufficient, so that the tide will cause it to set back for many miles. Along many of these rivers the land is as level as the sea, and it can be flooded at pleasure. Gates are constructed through artificial embankments along the banks of the river, and when the tide is high the water is let in, the land flooded and the gates closed. When it becomes necessary to draw the water off, the gates are opened at low tide. Some of these fields are very large, and interesting when being prepared for a crop, and are very beautiful when the rice comes up through the water and throws out its needle-like spears. These fields must have a secure embankment along the river, and must be thoroughly drained by artificial channels, so as to take the water entirely away when necessary. In large fields some of the channels have capacity enough to float a flat-bottomed boat, which is used to convey the harvest to the place of storage.

The land is plowed in Winter; and in the first warm days of Spring is flooded. The preparation of the ground commences in March. The ground is made as mellow as a garden. The seed is sown in trenches about fifteen inches apart. It requires about three bushels of seed to an acre. The seed is lightly covered with soil, and the water let in, and remains about a week, by which time the grain sprouts, when the water is drawn off; the grain is then allowed to grow for four or five weeks, when it is cultivated and the ground thoroughly stirred, and once more water is let on, and it is flooded for a few days, and then gradually drawn down and again cultivated. After the second cultivation the water is again let on, to remain till the crop matures, which takes about two months, when the water is drawn off, and is harvested, very much as we harvest buckwheat. The crop, in a favorable season, is a profitable one. The grain is threshed and cleaned in mill. It is frequently sent to market before the hulls are removed.

There are extensive mills in Liverpool and New York for hulling the rice, enabling the dealer to put it on the market fresh and white. There are mills at Savannah and Charleston where the rice is hulled for the local market. The best hulling machines cost from $15,000 to $18,000, and have very intricate machinery. The rice, before hulled, is called paddy The machine takes off the hull and sorts the grain. After the hulls are removed, it is moved out on inclined screens, which are fine at first, and all the small and broken rice passes through, and then a little coarser, and the rice called "middling rice" drops through, and the last the "prince rice." The latter quality is passed through another screen, which is called polishing, and in that process is swept clean and bright.

Rice is cultivated in all the warm countries of the world, and is used for food by more people than any other cereal, except wheat.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

IN 1851 there lived in a small town in the State of New York the deacon of a certain Christian Church, who was noted for his liberal qualities, who was in the habit of giving large wine suppers amongst his brotherhood of the Church, and, as a general thing, the guests would return home rather more than slightly inebriated, or rather more intoxicated than they would have been if they had staid at home and enjoyed the pleasure of their own families, and saved themselves the trouble of carrying the big head upon their shoulders, on the following day, as was the case. The scene which I wish to represent was one of a similar kind.

Upon a Christmas day of '51—it was the marriage of the only daughter of the deacon—it was a night of joy and glee. After the marriage had been performed, the bottles of wine were brought forth; all present filled their goblets full of the poisonous nectar, except one, who stood like a marble statue—it was the bride—whilst the words were spoken by one of the crowd, "Pledge with wine!" "Pledge with wine," cried the the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "Pledge with wine," ran through the crowd.

The beautiful bride grew gale; the decisive hour had

come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the deacon, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it; do not so infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please, but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bride, for Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference of his habits—and to-night they watched to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming goblet, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every one was attracted by her piercing exclamation of: "Oh, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had carried the glass to her arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"What?" she answered, while an inspired light shone from her eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one of her jeweled fingers at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowded with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of the breeze. But there a group of Indians gather, and flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form—but his dark cheek how deathly—his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins on the high, holy-looking brow—why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands; hear his shriek for life; how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land! See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their grasp, and the deacon fell overpowered into his seat—"see, his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays how wildly for mercy. But fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping. Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears streaming into the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its extension, and the glass, with its little troubled waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute; her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are fixed in their sockets; dim are the piercing glances. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister; no soft hand and no gentle voice bless and soothe him. His head sinks back, one convulsive shudder—he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom had hidden his face and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and her voice more broken—"and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son, my own twin-brother, a victim of this deadly poison! Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks—"father, shall I drink the poison now?"

The form of the old deacon was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered, "No, no, my child, in God's name, no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and, letting it fall suddenly to the floor, it was dashed to pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:

"Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine, or any other poisonous venom. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the terrible poison. And he, to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that land of gold—will sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The deacon had left the room, but when he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and for ever from that princely home.

Reader, this is no fiction. I was there and heard the words, which I have penned, as near as I can recollect them. This bride, her husband and her brother, who died in the gold regions of California, were schoolmates of mine. Those who were present at that wedding of my associates never forgot the impression so solemnly made, and all from that hour forswore the social glass.

QUAKER JUSTICE.

Two Quakers resident in Philadelphia, applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide the following difficulty:—*A*, uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets *B*, an insurer, and expresses a wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. *A* returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should *B* hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him. He therefore writes to *B* thus: "Friend *B*, if thee hasn't filled up the policy, thee needn't, for *I've heard of the ship.*" "Oh! oh!" thinks *B* to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to *A*: "Friend *A*, thee bee'st too late by half an hour—the policy is filled." *A* rubs his hands with delight. Yet *B* refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. This may be even-handed justice, though unquestionably it is an odd decision.

What men are deficient in reason, they usually make up in rage.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

By pottery, is generally understood an infusible mixture of earths, which is refractory in the kiln, and continues opaque after the baking.

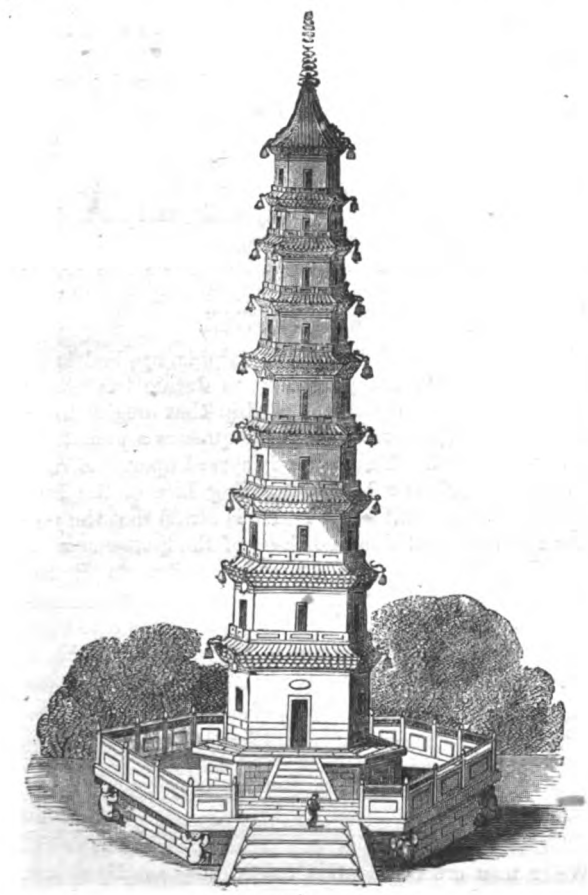
Porcelain is composed of a fusible earthy mixture, along with an infusible, which, when combined, are susceptible of becoming semi-vitrified and translucent in the kiln.

Pottery is opaque, porcelain transparent; but the gradations in the degree of transparency are often so gradual that it is difficult to trace the boundary line where one begins and the other terminates. Glass, on the contrary, is composed of entirely fusible constituents, and is worked up in a pasty state.

All pottery wares may be divided into unglazed and unvitrified varieties, which are permeable to water, and glazed and partly vitrified, which are impervious.

It would also be possible to classify them into hard and soft ware, according to the materials used and the temperature at which they are solidified in the furnace, which results in a marked difference of texture.

The varieties of pottery are very numerous, and it will scarcely be possible to allude to more than a few of the best known and most highly prized wares. Why the Portuguese, in 1508, when they introduced the white, transparent earthenware from China, should have called it porcelain, has never been satisfactorily explained. Various derivations are given to the word. Some say that the ware was so called from its resemblance to a beautiful shell called porcellana, but there is some probability that the shell was so named from its resemblance to porcelain; another interpretation is, that porcelain means a little cup; finally, the word is traced



PORCELAIN TOWER, CHINA.

ANCIENT CHINESE PORCELAIN.

to an abbreviation of the French *pour cent années*, as there was a tradition that some of the materials required one hundred years to ripen. Whatever may be its derivation, there is no doubt that the word is of comparatively recent origin.

The manufacture of pottery is an art which dates back to the most remote antiquity. It is evident that one of the first things attempted by man for the increase of his comfort was the baking of earthenware into vessels suitable for cups, dishes, and cooking utensils.

Enormous accumulations of earthenware have been found near some oriental cities, and in the mounds of races long extinct; so that the origin of the art would appear to have been contemporaneous with the creation of man himself. In fact, the antiquity of the human race is carried back by some ethnologists to more than twenty thousand years, on the basis of calculations on the length of time that must have elapsed to account for the deposition of mud in the Nile when fragments of pottery have been brought up from deep boring. The Chinese claim that as far back as the year 2600 B. C., under the Chun dynasty, porcelain was not only made, but there was a government superintendent of potteries.

There is a variety of porcelain highly prized by collectors, and, indeed, worth more than its weight in gold, which was made in the era of the Soung dynasty, which reigned in China from the year 960 to 1279. The most valuable varieties of this ware are the azure crackle, which imitates the sky; next comes the blue crackle, next the blue and rose, next the pale blue or red, and last the white, red, brown, and black colors. The famous egg-shell porcelain was not made in China until near the close of the fifteenth century, about the time that the first specimens were brought to Europe by the Portuguese.

The appearance of white porcelain in Europe created a great sensation, and the attention of the alchemists was for a season directed from a search for the philosopher's stone to the more practical question of how to imitate this ware.

Among those who were most zealous in the pursuit of the new prize, was Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, who employed John Frederic Böttcher to try to unvail the mystery. Böttcher had been expelled from Berlin on the suspicion that he was a follower of the black art, and in league with the devil. The Elector received the exile most willingly, and shut him up in his laboratory, with strict injunctions to devise some way of replenishing the greatly depleted State treasury. As a preliminary to the melting of gold, the alchemist went to work to prepare some refractory crucibles. When these vessels were fired, he found to his surprise that they resembled some of the porcelain in the possession of his patron. He immediately made known the circumstance to the Elector, who promptly appreciated the fact that there would be more money to be made by the sale of such ware, if they could make it, than in any vain search for gold. He immediately locked up Herr Böttcher and his secret in the

strong fortress of Albrechtsburg, and then and there embarked in the pottery trade. But all that Böttcher could produce was a red and white stone-ware of considerable fineness, but still much inferior to porcelain.

In the meantime an intelligent ironmaster of the neighborhood, named Schnorr, discovered one day, by accident, from the circumstance of his horse getting stuck in it, some exceedingly white mud, which he examined and dried, and decided to be valuable for powdering the wigs of the gentry, according to the custom of the times. Schnorr went to work to develop his mine, and was at once very successful; the powder sold well, and in the course of time some of it reached the wig of Böttcher himself. It attracted his notice from its inconvenient weight, from its greasy feel and pure white color, and the idea at once presented itself to try the powder in the kiln. No sooner said than done, and the result was pure porcelain.

Thus the discovery was made. The workmen were sworn to secrecy, under penalty of death, and the pledge, "Geheim bis ins Grab" (be secret to the grave), was posted everywhere in large letters, to remind them of their duty. Even the Elector took the oath, and, to make it more impressive, it was repeated every month.

Thus was founded, 1715, the celebrated factory at Meissen, which was destined to become the parent of a numerous progeny, for, in spite of the strict watch maintained over the imprisoned operatives, one of the number succeeded in escaping and betraying the secret.

The French sought long for the white earth, until, in 1768, it was accidentally discovered by a woman living near Limoges, who, being poor, tried to use a white, unctuous earth which she found in a ravine, as a substitute for soap. Some of this earth fell into the hands of a chemist, who at once recognized it as being the same material as that found at Meissen, and soon the now famous factory of Limoges, and shortly after the equally renowned works of Sèvres, were established.

SPECIMEN OF ENAMELED MAJOLICA WARE, BY LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA.

Twenty years afterward, Mr. Goodworthy revolutionized the English porcelain business by finding the necessary white earth in Cornwall. In the south of Europe the art was brought by the Arabs into Spain; from there it traveled into Majorca, in which island it was prosecuted with great success. The articles made on this island, and known as majolica, have long been highly prized in Europe.

The first manufactory established by the Italians was at Fayenza, whence the French term *fayence* is derived. The

body of the ware was usually a red clay, and the glaze was opaque, being formed of the oxides of lead and tin, along with potash and sand.

The ancients knew how to glaze earthenware, as is shown in the bricks from Babylon and the tiles from the ruined cities of the Desert, but the art was lost in Europe until it was rediscovered about 1445 by Lucca della Robbia, "after experiments innumerable."

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, France, succeeded, after infinite labor, in inventing a glaze by means of which he was able to imitate in the most perfect manner animals, plants, shells, and other natural objects. Lizards, frogs and other animals are raised on the pieces, and the exquisite grace and beauty of the imitations have given to this ware a celebrity not excelled by any other.

The life of Palissy is a charming episode in the history of porcelain. He sacrificed everything to the attainment of his object. His wife's jewels were sold or pawned, his furniture was burned for kindlings, until he was reduced to the extremity of poverty and despair. In the midst of it all, he had to encounter the persecutions of the Catholics, for he was a Protestant; but at last success crowned his efforts, and his productions were eagerly sought for by the wealthy nobles of the time.

On the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, when so many Protestants were massacred, Palissy's life was saved by one of the Catholic noblemen, who had him cast into prison. As he alone possessed the secret of the glazing, his life was deemed too precious to be sacrificed to religious intolerance, and he was concealed in jail as affording the safest asylum. He lived to an advanced age, but was never released from prison.

England, also, had its pioneer in the ceramic art. Josiah Wedgwood was the first to erect magnificent factories, where every resource of mechanical and chemical science was made to co-operate with the arts of painting, sculpture and statuary, in perfecting this valuable department of the industry of the nations. "So sound were his principles, so judicious his plans of procedure, and so ably have they been prosecuted by his successors in Staffordshire, that a population of upward of 100,000 operatives now derives a comfortable subsistence within a district formerly bleak and barren." Within an area of 8 miles long and 6 miles wide, there are more than 250 kilns, and the district is very significantly called The Potteries.

The manufacture of porcelain in the United States is of comparatively recent origin. A company was established at Greenpoint as early as 1850, but it did not meet with much success. In 1862, the works fell into the hands of Mr. Thomas C. Smith, who determined to put the business on a firm footing. He traveled in Europe to see how the process was conducted there, and comprehended at once that it is impossible to arrive at perfection until after years of patient trial.

Porcelain is a fabric demanding such incessant care, such universal thought, such scrupulous attention on the part of the humblest employés, such dexterity in the workmen, such skill in the decorators, that it requires more than one generation to place a factory on a good footing, and many generations to make it famous. The foreign factories have been the slow accretions of hundreds of years, and millions of dollars have been sunk by governments and kings to bring them to their present perfection.

Considering all these things, Mr. Smith determined to restrict his efforts at first to the hardware branch of the manufacture; to fabricate such things as door-knobs, bell-handles, the scalps of picture-nails, casters, wheels, finger-plates, and other little articles which demand peremptorily the conditions of extreme durability and perfect purity. Commencing in this way, and gradually enlarging the factory, the works have steadily improved, until they are able to produce some lines of goods quite as good as any to be found in Europe.

In New Jersey and Pennsylvania there has been equal progress in the manufacture of porcelain, and at the time of the Centennial Exhibition the display from this country was in every way most encouraging—the chief superiority of the foreign products being in greater beauty of pattern and more exquisite display of decoration. This is quite natural, as decorative art has not attained to the same perfection in this country that it has in Europe.

The Materials of Pottery.

First in importance is clay. This is cleansed as much as possible by hand and freed from loosely adhering stones at the pit where it is dug. For the manufacture of the finer kinds of earthenware a peculiar kind of clay called kaolin is required, of which we must make separate note hereafter. In the factory the clay is cut to pieces and then kneaded into a pulp, with water, by engines. It is thrown into cast-iron cylinders, in the axis of which an upright shaft revolves, bearing knives so arranged that by the revolution of the shaft they not only cut through everything in their way, but constantly press the soft contents of the cylinder obliquely downward, on the principle of a screw. Another set of knives stands out motionless, at right angles from the inner surface of the cylinder, having their edges looking opposite to the line of motion of the revolving blades. Thus the two sets of slicing implements, the one active and the other passive, operate like shears in cutting the clay into small pieces, while the active blades, by their spiral form, force the clay, in its comminuted state, out at an aperture at the bottom of the cylinder or cone, whence it is conveyed into a cylindrical vat, to be worked into a pap with water.

Whenever the pap has acquired a cream consistence, it is run off through a series of wire, lawn and silk sieves, of different degrees of fineness, which are kept in continual agitation backward and forward by a crank mechanism; and thus all the grosser parts are completely separated, and hindered from injuring the ware. This clay liquor is set aside in proper cisterns, and diluted with water to a standard density. In a mountain near Kinglehsehin, China, is a large deposit of decomposed feldspar, and as the mountain is called *Kaolin*, the earth obtained from the quarry received the same name. Kaolin earth is the principal constituent of porcelain and china—it is also extensively employed in paper manufacture, possibly for the adulteration of candy, and in other industries.

Besides occurring in China, extensive deposits of it have been found in England and the United States, also in Germany and France. The kaolin, when first raised, has the appearance and consistence of mortar; it contains numerous grains of quartz, which are disseminated throughout in the same manner as in granite. After the clay has been properly assorted, it is placed in a heap on an inclined platform, on which a little stream of water falls from the height of about six feet; the workman constantly moves it and turns it over with a *fizzle* and shovel, by which means the whole is gradually carried down into an oblong trench beneath, which is also inclined, and which ends in a small channel that leads to a catch pit. The grains of quartz are caught in trenches, while the clay, in consequence of its greater levity, is carried away in a state of suspension. The clay is gradually deposited in the pits until it becomes a thick paste; it is then further consolidated by drying before it is fit for the market.

When the clay is in a fit state, it is cut into oblong masses and carried to the drying-house, and there packed up into casks to be shipped to the potteries. The porcelain earth thus prepared is of a beautiful and uniform whiteness, and is perfectly smooth and soft to the touch. The other materials required in the manufacture are flints or their equivalent; chert, a flinty substance found in limestone; feldspar, bone ashes and soapstone. Clay alone cannot form a proper material for pottery on account of its great contractibility by heat and the consequent cracking and splitting in the kiln, for which reason a silicious substance incapable of contraction must enter into the body of the pottery. For this purpose ground flint or ground quartz is preferred. The nodules of flint extracted from the chalk formation are washed, heated red-hot in a kiln, like that for burning lime, and thrown in this state into water, by which treatment they become exceedingly brittle. They are then reduced to a coarse powder in a stamping mill or a crushing mill. The product is put through a process very similar to the one described above, until, in an absolutely pure condition, it is reduced to a pap of standard density.

The standard clay and flint liquors are now mixed together in such proportion by measure that the flint powder may bear to the dry clay the ratio of one to five, or occasionally one to six, according to the richness and plasticity of the clay; and the liquors are intimately incorporated in a revolving churn. The mixed liquors are now evaporated, until a uniform, doughy mass is obtained; this mass is cut into cubical lumps, piled in heaps, and left in a damp cellar for many months. Here the dough suffers disintegration, promoted by a kind of fermentive action apparently due to the organic matter taken up in its preparation; it becomes black, and exhales a fetid odor. All of the constituents of porcelain are prepared with the same care as the above, in order that the workmen may have to deal with materials of a fixed and certain composition, and of absolute purity. In order to remove every particle of iron that the materials may contain, the liquid pap is made to flow between magnets before it is dried to the consistence of the dough described above—this diminishes the risk of having black spots appear on the snowy surface of the finished china. Besides the material found ready stored in the mountains, all broken china can be ground and worked over again to great advantage.

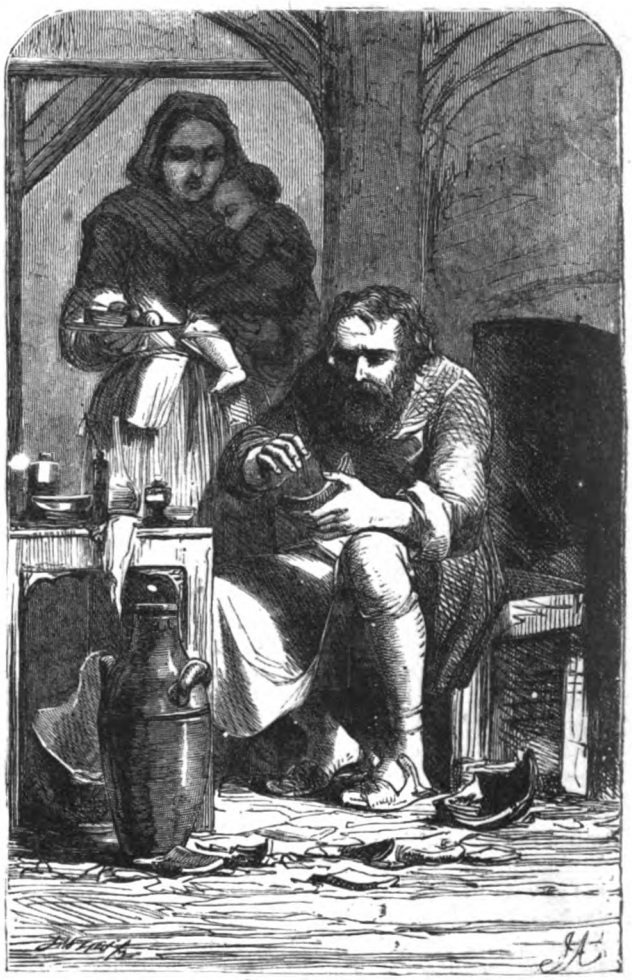
DETAILS OF THE MANUFACTURE.

Having given a short history of the art, and of the materials employed in it, we must next pass to the consideration of the manufacture.

The clay being prepared, is submitted to the potter, who employs at the present day a wheel of the same description as that used in the days of Moses. *Throwing* is performed upon a tool called the potter's lathe; this consists of an upright iron shaft, about the height of a common table, on the top of which is fixed, by its centre, a horizontal disk or circular piece of wood, of an area sufficiently great for the largest stoneware vessel to stand upon. The lower end of the shaft is pointed, and runs in a conical shape, and its collar, a little below the top board, being truly turned, is embraced in a socket attached to the wooden frame of the lathe. The shaft has a pulley fixed upon it, with grooves for their speed, over which an endless band passes from a fly-wheel, by whose revolutions any desired rapidity of rotation may be given to the shaft and its top-board. This wheel, when small, may be placed alongside, as in the turner's lathe, and then it is driven by a treadle and crank; or, when of larger dimensions, it is turned by some kind of power.

In large potteries, the whole of the lathes, both for throwing and turning, are put in motion by a steam-engine. The vertical spindle of the lathe has a bevel wheel on it, which works in another bevel-toothed wheel, fixed to a horizontal shaft. This shaft is provided with a long, conical, wooden drum, from which a strap ascends to a similar conical drum on the main driving shaft. The apex of the one corresponds to the base of the other, which allows the strap to retain the same degree of tension, while it is made to travel horizontally, in order to vary the speed of the lathe at pleasure. When the belt is at the base of the driving cone, it works near the vertex of the driven one, so as to give a maximum velocity to the latter, and *vice versa*.

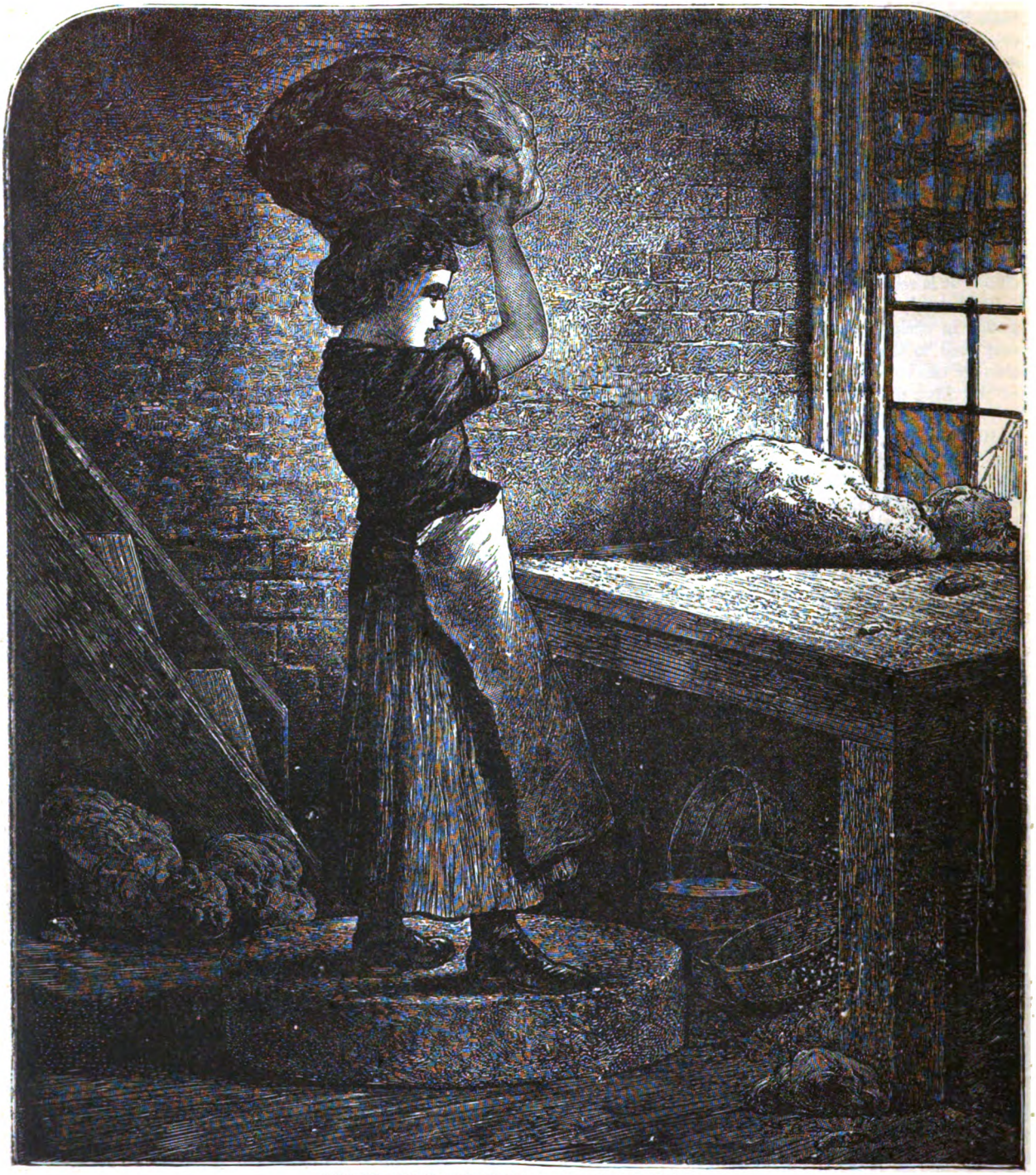
During the throwing of any article, a separate mechanism is conducted by a boy, which makes the strap move parallel to itself along these conical drums, and nicely regulates the speed of the lathe. When the strap runs at the middle of the cones, the velocity of each shaft is equal. By this elegant contrivance of parallel cones reversed, the velocity rises gradually to its maximum and returns to its minimum, or slower motion, when the workman is about to finish the article thrown. The strap is then transferred to a pair of loose pulleys, and the lathe stops. The article made is now cut off at the base with a small wire; is dried, turned on a power-lathe and polished as above described. The same degree of dryness which admits of the clay being turned on the lathe also suits for fixing on the handles and other appendages to the vessels. The parts to be attached, being previously prepared, are joined to the circular work by means of a thin paste, which the workmen call slip, and the seams are then smoothed off with a wet sponge. They are



BERNARD PALISSY.

now taken to a stove-room, heated to 80 deg. or 90 deg. Fah., and fitted up with a great many shelves. When they are fully dried, they are smoothed over with a small bundle of hemp, if the articles be fine, and are then ready for the kiln, which is to cement the tender clay into the hard biscuit.

The other method of fashioning earthenware articles, is called casting, and is, perhaps, the most elegant for such as have an irregular shape. This operation consists in pouring the clay, in the state of pap or slip, into plaster-molds, which are kept in a desiccated state. These molds, as well as the pressure ones, are made in halves, which nicely correspond together. The slip is poured in till the cavity is quite full, and is left in the mold for a certain time, more or less, according to the intended thickness of the vessel. Imitations of flowers and foliage are elegantly executed in this way. This operation, which is called furnishing, requires very delicate and dexterous manipulation. To prevent the unbaked porcelain from adhering together, the pieces are put upon refractory supports called seggars. The bottom of the upper seggar forms the lid of its fellow below; and the junction of the two is luted with a ring of soft clay applied between them. These dishes protect the ware from being suddenly and unequally heated, and from being soiled by the smoke and vapors of the fuel.



GIRL THROWING LUMP-CLAY TO DRIVE OUT THE AIR.

At the Greenpoint works, the seggars are made of the red clay of New Jersey. This red mud is mixed to a thick, plastic mass in a pug-mill, and subsequently pressed in molds to

POTTERY PROCESSES.

any desired form. Baking follows, and the finished seggar emerges, looking like a piece of coarse, red earthenware.

The potter's lathe, described above, is also somewhat obsolete in this country. In its place is a long table, with a row of horizontal disks. The workman takes his place, and by a mere pressure of the knee on a lever, can set the disk in motion.

There are very many objects which do not require the use of the revolving head, and are simply pressed into molds, some by machinery, others by hand alone. The machine used for door-knobs, for example, is simply a screw-press, which forces the clay, in the condition of moist powder, into a properly shaped die. The knob, however, on emerging, is not everywhere round, and is, therefore, placed on a horizontal, revolving spindle and turned. China heads for nails, casters, mouths of speaking-tubes, and a great variety of porcelain goods for the hardware trade, are made in a similar manner.

The kilns in which the ware is converted into biscuit, are cylindrical structures 15½ feet in diameter and having two stories, the lower one 11½ and the upper one 9 feet in height. The walls, which are of brick, lined with refractory bricks, are nearly four feet in thickness. Directly beneath the lower story is a grate, covering the entire area and accessible by several doors. When fired, a kiln uses about ten tons of coal to a baking, and combustion is continued for twenty-eight hours. It takes three days for the interior to cool. The ware for the first baking is placed in the upper story, which is subjected to a less degree of temperature than the compartment below, the exhaust heat being used. The seggars now come into use, each one being filled with as many articles as can be placed in it without touching each other, small pieces of fire-clay serving as supports. The filled seggars are then ranged in piles from floor to floor. As many as 30,000 articles may be included in one baking. The fires are now urged for the proper time; and after the kiln has cooled, the ware is removed in the shape of a hard, brittle, porous body, called biscuit.

The next operation is glazing. The glaze of hard porcelain is feldspar rock; this being ground to a very fine powder, is worked into a paste with water mingled with a little vinegar. All the articles are dipped into this milky liquid, which is continually stirred by an attendant, and, as they are very porous, they absorb the water greedily, whereby a layer of the feldspar glaze is deposited on their surface, in a nearly dry state, as soon as they are lifted out. Thick pieces, such as knobs, have to be dipped in water first to prevent their taking up too much of the glazing liquid. Glaze pap is afterward applied with a hair brush to the projecting edges, or any points where it had not taken; and the powder is then removed from the part on which the article is to stand, lest it should get fixed to its support in the fire.

After these operations, the articles are again packed in seggars, to undergo the intense heat of the glass oven. For this purpose, the lower story of the kiln is employed, and the heat generated is far more than sufficient to melt iron. The heat is so intense that the director of the Berlin porcelain manufactory has succeeded in making, artificially, a large number of crystalline minerals, by putting the constituents, as ascertained by chemical analysis, in the seggars of the kiln. Among others, artificial feldspar has been made in this way.

The seggars and their contents glow with an intense white radiance, and this continues until vitrification ensues. It is at this point that great skill is required in managing the fires, for the difficulty is to accomplish the vitrification and yet have the ware stand up in the kiln. In other words, the fires must be checked at a point a little beyond that at which the glaze vitrifies, and just before the articles themselves run and melt. There are openings by the side of the sealed doors, which admit of a survey of the interior of the kiln by which the workmen can decide when to slacken the heat.

The porcelain is now finished, and nothing remains but to sort it over for imperfect pieces, which are consigned to the grinding mill to be pulverized and made over, or, if not too defective, are sold at a reduced price.

Tender porcelain, or soft china ware, is made with a vitreous frit, rendered less fusible and opaque by an addition of white mud or bone ash. Its manufacture is longer and more difficult than that of the hard; its biscuit is dearer because many pieces split asunder or become deformed in the kiln.

The best English porcelain is made from a mixture of the Cornish and Devonshire kaolin, ground flints, ground Cornish stone, and calcined bones in powder, besides some other materials, according to the fancy of the manufacturers.

The decoration of porcelain is usually done by hand. The colors used are formed by the combination of metallic oxides and salts with fluxes. The oxides chosen are necessarily such as will bear the high heat of the muffle furnace without volatilizing. Fugitive colors will be of no value in this process. The most prized oxides are those of chromium, iron, uranium, manganese, zinc, cobalt, antimony, and also compounds of platinum, iridium, gold. The salts and fluxes are ground up with fatty turpentine and painted on in the ordinary manner. It is not until the heat of the furnace has driven off the oil, and chemically combined the ingredients of the colors, that the effect can be judged of; for the hues at first are dingy and unpleasant, and give no idea, to the inexperienced eye, of the intended effect.

Gold is applied by dissolving the metal in aqua-regia, expelling the acid, and applying as before.

After the ware is decorated, it is enclosed in a muffle furnace, and heated until the proper fusion of the fluxes has taken place. After the colors are developed the articles are removed and the metallic portions are finished by hand-burnishing.

Printing upon china is accomplished by two distinct methods. One is transferred on the bisque, and is the method by which the ordinary printed ware is produced, and the other is transferred on the glaze. The first is called "press printing," and the latter, "bat printing." The engraving is executed upon copper plates, and for press printing is cut very deep, to enable it to hold a sufficiency of color to give a firm and full transfer to the ware. The copper plate is charged with color mixed with thick, boiled oil, by means of a knife and dabber; the engraved portion being filled, the superfluous color is scraped off the surface of the copper by the knife, and further cleaned by leather.

The "bat printing" is done upon the glaze, and the engravings are, for this style, exceedingly fine, and no greater depth is required than for ordinary book engravings. After the plate has been properly oiled and prepared with glue, the color is dashed on, and the ware is ready to be fired in the enamel kilns.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

There is considerable activity in scientific research everywhere at the present time, and an encouraging degree of success has attended the efforts of investigators to produce new and valuable results. It usually requires time for a new discovery to ripen into practical importance, and a really good thing grows in value the more it is studied and understood.

Preserving the Color of Dried Plants.—A successful but expensive way is to add one part of salicylic acid to six hundred parts of alcohol, then set the spirits to boil, and draw the plant slowly through it, shake off the excess of the liquid, put between blotting paper, changing the pad occasionally until the plant is perfectly dry. The salicylic acid is said to preserve the color intact, while the alcohol serves to rapidly remove the water.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SODA-ASH.—Liebig once said that soap was the index of the civilization of a people. He did not refer in this aphorism to the value of cleanliness as being akin to Godliness, but had in his mind the bearing on the arts and industry of a country, of the vast number of manufactures which were sustained and built up by the trades that are associated with the production of soap. The most important industry affiliated with soap is the manufacture of soda-ash. This article enters into so many trades that it is indispensable, and its loss would unquestionably be a serious blow to our present civilization; hence, the discovery of new and improved methods of manufacture must be regarded with interest everywhere. The latest advance made in this direction is to fill a vat with concentrated brine, and to suspend in it a basket containing carbonate of ammonia, and another filled with common salt, and allow them to react on each other. Soluble chloride of ammonium and insoluble bi-carbonate of soda result; the latter settles on the bottom of the vessel, and can be drawn off and dried. This process is cheaper than the old method devised by Le Blanc, and is said to have been introduced into Germany and France.

THE GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.—It is now the fashion to attribute contagious diseases to the existence of minute germs in the air, so small that they can scarcely be perceived with a microscope. These germs have actually been filtered through gun-cotton, and have been collected for study and growth. There seems to be no doubt that the disease-producing particles are living things. Tyndall says that if we chop up a beef steak, steep it in water, and filter it, we get a perfectly clear liquid; but that liquid stored in a bottle and exposed to the air, soon begins to get turbid, and the cloudy liquid, under the microscope, is found to be swarming with living organisms. If the beef-tea is previously heated, and then hermetically sealed, everything will be killed that is able to generate these little organisms, and the liquid can be preserved, clear, indefinitely. The moment the liquid is exposed to the air, it takes up from that medium the destructive particles, and in a short time will be found to swarm with life. This experiment seems to prove the existence of the minute forms of life claimed by the advocates of the germ theory.

A STUDY OF CATERPILLARS.—The study of insect life is much in vogue at the present time, in consequence of the ravages many of them commit on vegetables and plants. A curious kind of sociable caterpillar has been found near Mentone, in Italy. It lives in a sort of wigwam, with one compartment, apparently for the economy of building, also for the pleasure to be derived from social intercourse. When the proper time comes, the different tribes separate and build nests in trees. When one member of a colony leaves the encampment, other members are certain to follow in his track, usually in single file. If the leader is picked up, the procession comes to a halt, there is a brief consultation, and a new leader is chosen. On returning the former leader to his place at the head of the procession, he is no longer accepted as a suitable chief, but is degraded to a lower position in the line, as if his removal had been a proof of incapacity. This kind of processional caterpillar frequents, in preference, pine trees.

DIGESTIVE ORGANS OF PLANTS.—M. Morren maintains that a plant is an animal not possessed of the power of locomotion. It has digestive organs, and consumes its food in a manner analogous to that of an animal. In proof of his theory, he cites the case of carnivorous plants. Meat-eating plants, after they have closed on the food and devoured it, open their leaves, and the *débris* of the repast will be found upon them in the shape of indigestible portions. The rains wash off these remains, and the plant is ready for a fresh supply. There is certainly something very remarkable in the habits of carnivorous plants; and as they have the habits, if not the organs, of animals, they appear to belong to something very akin to the animal kingdom.

PRESERVATION OF RENNET.—It was chiefly owing to researches of Prof. Liebig that our knowledge of cheese-making was put upon a scientific basis. He found that mucic acid was contained in the secondary stomach of the calf, and that by using this membrane, milk could be coagulated and the whey separated. The stomach of the calf is now universally employed in cheese-making, but one of the difficulties hitherto encountered has been to keep it from undergoing putrefactive decay. It has recently been discovered that, in order to preserve the membrane from fermentation, it is well to keep it in dilute glycerine. The ferments kept in glycerine have retained their strength for two years.

CALCIUM LIGHT WITHOUT OXYGEN.—If a blow-pipe jet of ordinary illuminating gas be fed with a blast of hot air, the heat of combustion will be found sufficient to melt platinum. By making such a jet impinge upon a lime cylinder, the lime will become intensely hot, and will glow as vividly as it does when the oxy-hydrogen blast is employed. A simple contrivance has been invented, by means of which the air entering a blast lamp can be heated to a high temperature on its way to mix with the illuminating gas. In this way all the effects of a Hare blow-pipe are attained without the cost of oxygen.

NEW USE OF THE MAGIC LANTERN.—The magic lantern has been impressed into the service of advertising. An ordinary gas lantern, with a good burner, is suspended over the door of a restaurant or public-house, and a slide prepared in the usual manner is inserted at a proper focus under a lens. The words of the slide are projected in large letters on the sidewalk, thus attracting the notice of passers-by. As the slides can be made amusing and grotesque, the advertisement is pretty certain to succeed; and it would be impossible for any one to pass the establishment without having his attention called to it.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY is one who cleverly falsifies like a person deeply in debt? Because he has great li-abilities.

A LADY calls the little memorandum her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencilings by the weigh."

THE married ladies of a Western city have formed a Come-Home-Husband Club. It is about four feet long.

AN author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. This is true, particularly at the knees and elbows.

A YOUNG poet of the realistic school writes: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

AN editor lately sent back a tailor's bill, accompanied by a neatly-printed slip, informing the tailor that his MS. "was respectfully declined."

A LOVESICK girl, who had married against her father's wishes, came back after the first conjugal tiff. "Kill the prodigal!" exclaimed the father, "the calf has returned!"

THE *Hawkeye* man says: "A gifted contributor sends us a poem beginning, 'Open the door to the children.' You'd better, if you don't want all the paint kicked off the panel."

DEAN SWIFT held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction—viz., on the bench, in the pulpit, and at the gallows.

A NEGRO Methodist idea of ministerial qualification: "De new preacher is mo' larnt dan Mistuh Boles was; but Lor' bless you, sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mistah Boles hed. No, indeedy!"

ONE of the discoveries made by the last Arctic explorers is, that the Polar night is 142 days. What a heavenly place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around the day after tomorrow and get his money!

AT a balloon ascension in Nashville, a few days ago, an old negro, who thought the balloon was going to heaven, cried out from the crowd, as it ascended, "Tell Emoline I'll be dar after a while; tell Sallie I'm coming."

AT an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription in English on the wall: "You will find at Trolhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you bring them with you." This might be copied in many places of entertainment for man and beast

A SCOTCH witness somewhat given to prevarication was severely handled by a cross-examining counsel. "How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel. "By the road it's twa mile." "Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies?" "I dinna ken; I never was a crow."

JAMIE, having come into the possession of considerable wealth through the death of relatives, was thus addressed by one of his neighbors: "Ay, Jamie, it was a gweed thing for you that your rich freens were born afore ye." "Weel," replied Jamie, "I'm no sae sure about that: but it was a gweed thing that they dee'd afore me!"

SOMEBODY asked Victor Hugo if he could write English poetry. "Certainly,' he replied, and forthwith produced the following:

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans un inn;
O, mais je bus le gin,
God save the Queen!

THE Burlington *Hawkeye* tells of two commercial travelers comparing notes:—"I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist, "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."

AN American lady coming from Canada assured the Customs officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk, but he went to the bottom of the article and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he, sternly, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied, "they are my husband's 'night-caps.'"

"ONE OF THE RATHERS."

SHE rather struck me when we met,
As rather pretty of the two—
One of a rather pretty set
Whom we had rather taken to.
Her hair was rather gold than red,
Her eyes were rather blue than green;
But rather bolder than, I said,
I'd rather rather they had been.

"One of the rathers," men inclined
Rather to call her, as I learned;
Still she was rather to my mind,
And for a wife I rather yearned.
So rather a bold plunge I tried,
And rather hinted on the spot
I'd rather like her for my bride;
And she replied—she'd rather not!

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.—SEE PAGE 374.

"A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA."

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA, counting from the date of her succession, is the senior reigning sovereign in Europe.

The only daughter, and indeed the only child, of Edward, Duke of Kent (fourth son of George III.), by his marriage with Victoria Mary Louise, daughter of his Serene Highness Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and widow of his Serene Highness Charles Louis, Prince of Leiningen, she was looked on from her birth and earliest infancy as the possible inheritor of the British Crown.

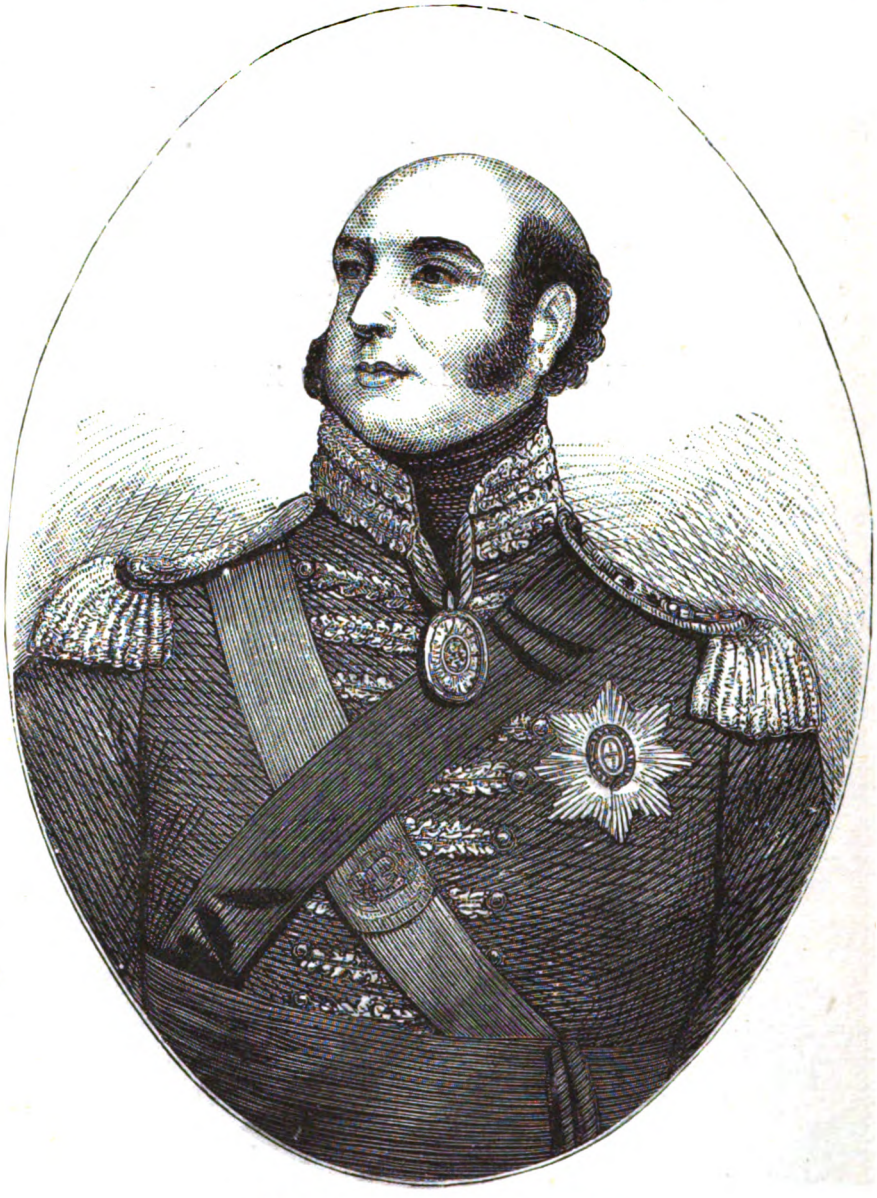
The death of the Princess Charlotte, the only child of George (Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.), left the Crown without an heir, for, of all the numerous family of George III., not one was at that time the parent of a child who, according to the law, could succeed to the throne.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Within a very few months, the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge, all took to themselves wives from among the daughters of various German courts, the law of succession to the throne limiting their choice to Protestants. The lady selected by the Duke of Kent was her Serene Highness Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and

sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterward King of the Belgians. The Princess was then living in seclusion at the Castle of Amorbach, superintending the education of her two children, Prince Charles and the Princess Feodore, aged about twelve and nine years respectively. The marriage took place—first, according to the Lutheran rite, at Coburg, on May 29th, and later in the Anglican Church, on July 11th, 1818, at Kew Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, and the Prince Regent himself giving away the bride.

After a short stay in England at Claremont, the royal pair returned to the Continent, and spent the Winter at Amorbach. When, however, there was good hope of an heir to their house being born, the duchess proceeded to England, the duke himself driving the carriage throughout the whole of the land journey from the Castle of Amorbach to Kensington Palace, where they arrived early in April, 1819, accompanied by Princess Feodore. About four o'clock on the morning of the 24th of May, 1819, it was announced to the Ministers and Privy Councillors assembled in an adjoining room that a princess was born, and the infant was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the royal gold font, on the 24th of June, in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace, receiving the name of Alexandrina Victoria. The Duke of Kent wished to name his child Elizabeth, that being a popular name with the English people. But the Prince Regent gave notice that he should stand in person as one godfather, and that the Emperor of Russia was to be another. At the baptism, when asked to name the infant, the Prince Regent gave only the name of "Alexandrina"; but the duke requested that one other name might be added. "Give her her mother's also, then; but," he added, "it cannot precede that of the Emperor."



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

During the Summer the duke and duchess, with their infant, were frequently seen by the public during their promenades in the gardens or the environs; but on one occasion in July, when the princess was taken by her parents to a grand review on Hounslow Heath, the Prince Regent expostulated with them, asking somewhat harshly why the child was not left at home, as she was too young to be brought into public.

Early in August the Princess was successfully vaccinated; and it appears that she was the first of the royal family who received the benefit of this discovery of Jenner. In order to enjoy a warmer climate, and to escape the London fogs, the Duke and Duchess made choice of Sidmouth as a residence for the Winter. Only a few short weeks of domestic happiness awaited them there; but those days were passed in quiet home pleasures. One incident occurred, which providentially caused only a moment's alarm; for a boy, who was shooting small birds, was so near the cottage that a shot broke the window of the nursery and passed close to the head of the infant Princess. The illness of the Duke, which so soon carried him from the joys of home, was caused, it is believed, by neglect. He had got his feet wet during a long walk; but he delayed changing his boots till after he had spent some time with his little daughter, who by her smiles had drawn him to play with her. He caught cold, and it was not long before inflammation attacked his chest, and a violent fever set in. Doctors were summoned from London; but, notwithstanding all that was done, he expired about ten days after the attack, Sunday, January 23d, 1820. The Duchess had kept anxious and willing watch by his bedside for five successive nights. Her brother, Prince Leopold, who arrived on the last day of the Duke's life, accompanied the widow and infant Princess

to Kensington. On the very day of their return to Kensington, George III. expired; and a few days later his remains, and those of her father, were consigned to the royal vaults, at Windsor.

Addresses of condolence on her bereavement were presented by both Houses of Parliament to the Duchess of Kent, who received them with her child in her arms. On the first anniversary of her birth (wearing a black sash over her simple dress) the princess received visits from her relatives, and she soon began to "lisp her first words," and was taught to greet the portraits and busts of her father with the word "papa."

At the end of 1820 a daughter was born to the Duke of Clarence. This child, had she lived, would have succeeded to the Crown, but she died in infancy. Still, as there was a possibility of other children being born, the Princess Victoria was brought up in comparative seclusion.

The education of the Princess was carried on with regularity and success. She speedily became proficient in three languages (English, German and French).

The life of the duchess and her children at Kensington was plain and simple. The family party met at breakfast at eight o'clock in Summer time, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit put on a little table by her mother's side. After breakfast the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Miss Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve her mother instructed her: after which she would amuse herself running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of the palace, and in which were many of her toys. Her nurse was a Mrs. Brock, whom the Princess used to call her "dear, dear Boppy." At two came a plain dinner, while the duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again till four; then would come a visit or drive, and after that the Princess would ride or walk in the gardens, or occasionally, on very fine evenings, the whole party would sit out on the lawn under the trees. At the time of her mother's dinner the Princess had her supper laid at her side; then, after playing with her nurse, she would join the party at dessert, and at nine she would retire to her bed, which was placed by the side of her mother's.

On her fourth birthday George the IV. presented to his niece a very handsome miniature portrait of himself, set in diamonds; and soon after this the Princess was taken, at his Majesty's special request, to Carleton House, on the occasion of a state banquet, that he might renew his acquaintance with her, not having seen her since she was a year old. The Princess, we are told, full of childish glee in joyous anticipation of this memorable visit, cried out, "Am I going really to see the King?" Then turning to her mother, she asked, "Oh, mamma, shall I go upon my donkey?" The donkey, it should be here explained, was a present from her uncle, the Duke of York, and at that time the greatest treasure she possessed in the world, and one which, as the King had never seen it, she thought would please his Majesty. On this occasion it is recorded that the Princess appeared simply dressed in a plain white frock, the short sleeve of her left arm being looped up and fastened with her uncle's beautiful birthday gift.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

It was about this time thought proper by his Majesty that funds should be provided for the education and establishment of the Princess, for whom Prince Leopold, like a good and kind uncle, had hitherto handsomely found the expenses; and the sum of £6,000 annually was accordingly voted by Parliament, and in both Houses the duchess was spoken of in terms of high praise.

The Princess Victoria, from her position and possible prospects, was naturally surrounded by much courtly etiquette; and, as the Princess Feodore was so many years older than herself, and of course, therefore, not much of a companion for her, she felt deeply the want of a playmate. A proof of this fact was afforded when a musical prodigy, five years old, named Lyla, was brought in to amuse the Princess by her wonderful performance on the harp. While the child was playing a beautiful air, with which the Princess appeared to be entirely taken up, as she had great taste for music, the duchess left the room; but on her return she found the Princess and the child-musician seated on the hearthrug and looking at the Princess's toys, some of which the Princess was offering to the child.

Before the Princess had attained her fifth year her regular education was commenced, under the superintendence of the Rev. George Davys, afterward Bishop of Peterborough. He found that his royal pupil had a strong will of her own, though she proved herself docile and apt, and made great progress in her studies.

KENSINGTON PALACE, BIRTHPLACE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Princess paid several visits in these early years to the King at Windsor, by whom she was treated with every indulgence, and to Prince Leopold, at his quiet seat at Claremont, where she spent weeks at a time. At this latter place her taste for flowers was increased by her uncle, who instructed her in botany, a favorite science of his own, and also encouraged her in sketching from nature; in which, even as a child, she showed considerable taste and skill.

The Duke of York, who was the favorite uncle of the Princess, died when she was in her eighth year; and Victoria felt his loss keenly.

At about the age of nine the Princess had her first introduction to the sight of a Court drawing-room, at which it happened that the young Queen of Portugal was present. She first danced in public at a juvenile ball, to which the King invited her, in order to meet the young Queen, to whose brilliant robes and surroundings the young Princess offered a striking contrast by the simplicity of her dress and manners. On that occasion (we are told by the Court chronicler) the Princess danced with the young Lord Fitzalan, the heir of the Howards, and also with Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince Esterhazy, and the sons of the Earls of Delaware and Jersey. The Princess, we are told, even at this early age, evidently had a great taste for Court life, for she often amused herself by dressing her dolls in Court costume, and by rehearsing the programme of miniature receptions at Court.

PRINCESS VICTORIA IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

The Autumn months were usually passed by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter at one or the other of the bathing-places of the coast of Kent or Sussex. During their stay at Tunbridge Wells in 1834, the Princess performed her first public act by laying the first stone of some new schools in the Calverley Park, which were named after her. At Plymouth, in 1833, the princess narrowly escaped a terrible accident, for the royal yacht came into collision with another vessel with such a shock that her sail and gaff fell on the deck where she was standing. A sailor sprung forward, caught the Princess in his arms, and rescued her from the peril—a moment more, and perhaps the Crown of England would have passed in another direction. Her preserver, it need not be added, was liberally rewarded for his service. Wherever the duchess and her daughter went their visits were hailed with pleasure by rich and poor alike. Their quiet and unostentatious manners, their mingling with the people on the sands and promenades, and the many little acts of charity recorded to their credit, made a pleasant and lasting impression on all.

The Princess at this time had a very slight idea of the station to which she would, while yet in her early years, be called; and it is believed that it was during her study of English history with her governess, when about eleven years of age, that her attention was first seriously drawn to some point in connection with the succession to the Crown. After thinking for a few moments, she inquired who would be the heir in the case of the death of the King. To the reply that she had several uncles, she observed that her own papa came next to the Duke of Clarence, and that it appeared to her, from what she had just been reading, that when both he and the present King passed away, she herself would be the successor to the throne. As this could not be denied, the occasion was turned to account by the governess.

On the death of King George IV. in 1830, the Duke of Clarence ascended the throne as William IV., and, as he had no children, the Princess Victoria stood next in direct succession to the Crown. She was accordingly brought out in a great measure from her life of retirement.

Though she was not present at the coronation, being with her mother in the Isle of Wight, she appeared at the first review held by the King in Hyde Park, in company with her mother and Queen Adelaide; and she stood at the side of her uncle when he held his first Chapter of the Order of the Garter. She also appeared at Court at the first

drawing-room held by the new Queen. She was also present at the meeting of the new Parliament, in which the Duchess of Kent was appointed Regent of the Kingdom, in the possible event of her daughter ascending the throne before she should have attained her legal majority—a strong proof of the confidence which the nation felt in the duchess personally.

It is well known that her Majesty is an accomplished horsewoman; and it was at this period that she took her first lessons in riding. In her studies, the Princess had by this time made great progress; she spoke French and German fluently, and was familiar with Italian. We are told that she read Virgil and Horace, and had even begun Greek; for mathematics she showed great taste, as also for music and drawing, in both of which she soon became proficient.

In the following year the duchess and her daughter made tours in several parts of England, visiting the seats of the nobility.

In July of the year 1834 the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Chapel Royal, and on the Sunday following she received her first Communion in th private chapel of Kensington Palace.

Of the Princess Victoria, before she had assumed the burdens of royalty, Sir John Hobhouse gives a very pleasing sketch. Dining at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent, he sat next to the Princess, who was seated at her mother's right hand. "The young Princess," he writes, "was treated in every respect like a grown-up woman, although apparently quite a child. Her manners were very pleasing and natural, and she seemed much amused by some conversation with Lord Durham, a manifest favorite at Kensington. When she left the room she courtesied round very prettily to all the guests who were present, and then ran out of the room."

On the 24th of May, 1837, the Princess Victoria attained her eighteenth year, and her legal majority was celebrated with great rejoicings.

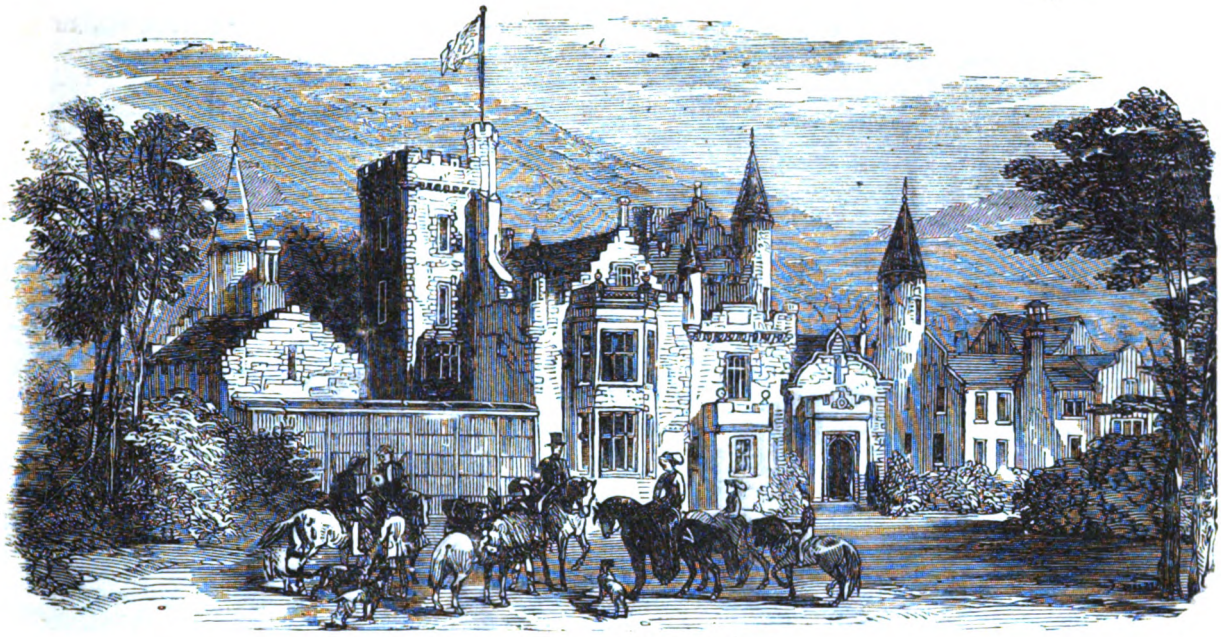
QUEEN VICTORIA ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, JUNE 20TH, 1837.

In England, royal personages are held to be of age three years before their subjects. It is not a little singular that among the first to congratulate the Princess upon the happy event was her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. A grand ball was given in her honor at St. James's Palace (at which for the first time the Princess took precedence of her mother), and very many addresses of congratulation poured in upon her. The illuminations, also, were very general. The King and Queen were absent from this ball on account of the indisposition of the former; and during the next day the King's illness considerably increased. The "Diary of a Lady of Quality" says:

"At Kensington Palace the Princess Victoria received the intelligence of the death of William I., June, 1837. On the 20th, at 2 A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; they turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H. R. H. that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and ven her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and, to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came down into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Lord Melbourne, the Premier, arrived at the palace by nine o'clock, and had an interview with his new sovereign.

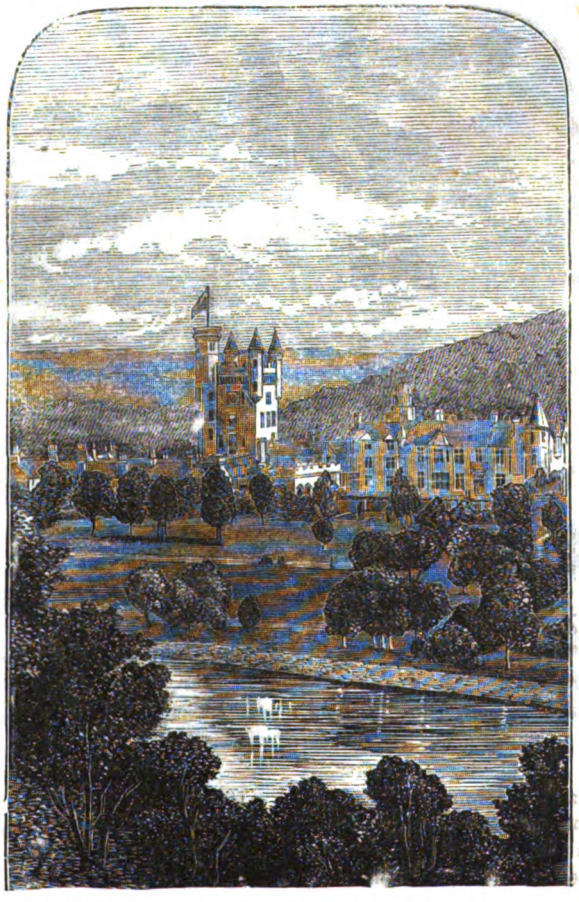
On the meeting of the princes, peers, and other councilors, they signed the oath of allegiance; and the first name on the list was that of Ernest, King of Hanover. The Queen caused them all to be sworn in members of her



BALMORAL IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION.

Council, and then addressed them; after which they issued orders for the Proclamation of Her Majesty. If the millions who longed to know how the young Sovereign looked and felt could have heard her first address, it would have gone far to satisfy them. The address was, of course, prepared for her; but the manner and voice were her own, and they told much. Her manner was composed, modest, and dignified; her voice, firm and sweet; her reading, as usual, beautiful. She took the necessary oaths, and received the eager homage of the thronging nobility without agitation or any awkwardness. The declaration contained an affectionate reference to the deceased King; an assertion of her attachment to the constitution of the country, and of her intention to rule in accordance with it; a grateful allusion to her mother; an avowal that, under circumstances of such eminent responsibility as hers, she relied for support and guidance on Divine Providence, and a pledge that her life should be devoted to the happiness of her people.

On the following day, June 21st, the Queen was publicly proclaimed under the title of Victoria the First—the name Alexandrina being omitted by her when she first officially signed her name. At ten o'clock all the avenues to St. James's Palace were crowded; and as the guns fired a royal salute the young Queen entered her palace amid deafening cheers



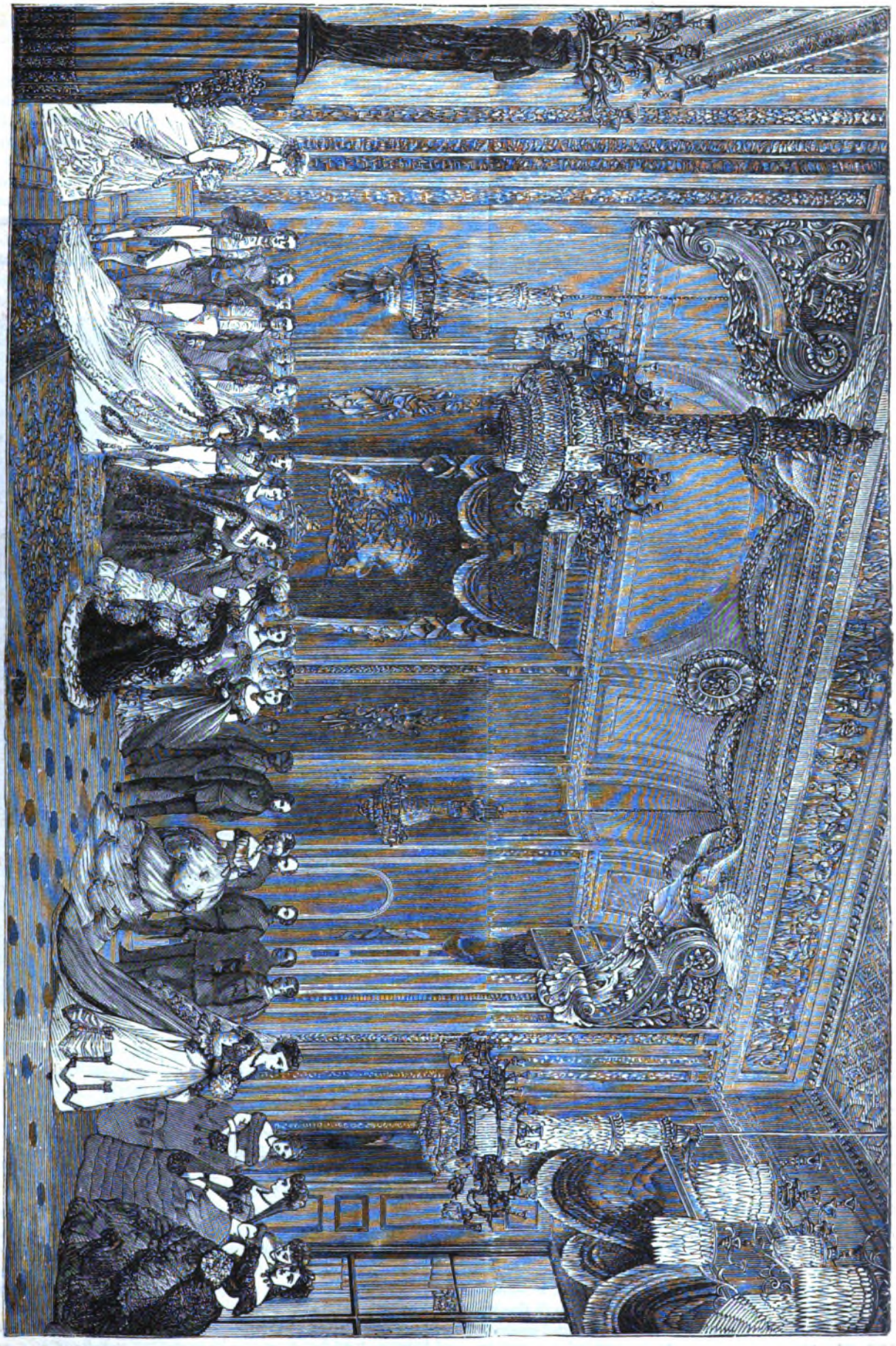
BALMORAL, SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THE QUEEN.

The Queen remained in seclusion at Kensington till after the funeral of the late king at Windsor on July 8th; and on the 13th of the same month she left the home of her childhood, with natural feelings of regret, and, accompanied by her mother, went to reside at Buckingham Palace, where she received addresses from the bishops, the members of the two ancient Universities, and other public bodies. "The Bishop of London told Amyot," writes Crabb Robinson in his diary in 1837, "that when the bishops were first presented to the Queen she received them with all possible dignity, and then retired. She passed through a glass door, and, forgetting the transparency, was seen to run off like a girl, as she is. In corroboration of this, Mr. Quay e told me that, lately asking a maid of honor how she liked her situation, and who of course expressed her delight, she said: 'I do think myself it is good fun playing at queen.' This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a healthy girl of eighteen we should have less reason to hope that she will turn out a sound, sensible woman of thirty."

On the 17th of July, the young Queen went in state to prorogue Parliament, in accordance with constitutional usage on the demise of the crown, and the people showed the greatest enthusiasm on the route. Her Majesty "wore for the first time on that occasion the garland-shaped diadem

of brilliants which is so peculiarly becoming to her," and she looked very animated and interesting, and made a most favorable impression upon those who were fortunate enough to see her. On her arrival at the House of Lords the Queen put on "her parliamentary robes of state of crimson velvet, entirely lined with ermine, and having an ermine cape."

Her Majesty ascended the throne with a firm and composed step, and for several moments continued standing, graciously regarding all around her. On the entrance of the Commons the Speaker addressed the Queen, giving a brief summary of the measures during the session; and then the Queen read her speech. The graceful and dignified manner



LEVÉE AT BOZENMOHR PALACE.

in which Her Majesty delivered her speech elicited from her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, a burst of admiration, and he was heard to exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!;" and all were struck with her singularly clear and musical voice, which, without apparent effort, was heard distinctly in all parts of the House.

The Queen opened her new Parliament in State by a speech from the throne in November, and within the week sent a message to Parliament, expressing a wish that a permanent provision should be made for her mother; in consequence of which a Bill was passed, which settled upon the Duchess of Kent an income of £30,000. The Queen's own civil list was settled during the same session: it was fixed at £385,000 per annum, and her privy purse at £60,000 more.

the occasion; and the splendor of the attire of some among them, especially Prince Esterhazy, who was literally one blaze of jewels from his head to his boots, formed a great attraction in the eyes of the multitude.

The great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops with the patina, chalice and Bible, received the Queen at the western entrance. The list of the regalia, which are collectively seen only on such occasions, comprised "St. Edward's staff," carried by the Duke of Roxburghe; the "golden spurs," by Lord Byron (deputy to Baroness Grey de Ruthyn); the "sceptre with the cross," by the Duke of Cleveland; the two "swords of investiture" (of temporal and of spiritual justice), by the Marquis of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland; the "curtana," or sword of mercy, by the Duke of Devonshire; the "sword

THE QUEEN CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD.

During the first few months of her reign the newspapers gave an account of the general routine of the Queen's daily life. She generally rose early, often at six, and spent some time in her own room in reading and writing. At ten the Duchess of Kent came by invitation to breakfast with her, and twelve was the hour for giving audiences to Cabinet Ministers. It may be noted that the Queen always made herself acquainted with the contents of all documents presented to her before signing them. Her spare time she devoted to reading or drawing; then there came the afternoon drive or ride. After dinner the Queen "frequently entertained her guests by singing popular airs.

The following year (1838) saw the splendid ceremonial of the Coronation, with a State procession through the streets. The day fixed was the 28th of June. Special ambassadors were sent over to represent their respective countries on

of state," by Viscount Melbourne; the "sceptre with the dove," by the Duke of Richmond; "the orb," by the Duke of Somerset; "St. Edward's crown," by the Duke of Hamilton; the "patina," by the Bishop of Bangor; the "chalice," by the Bishop of Lincoln; and the "Bible," by the Bishop of Winchester. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, stood on either side of Lord Melbourne.

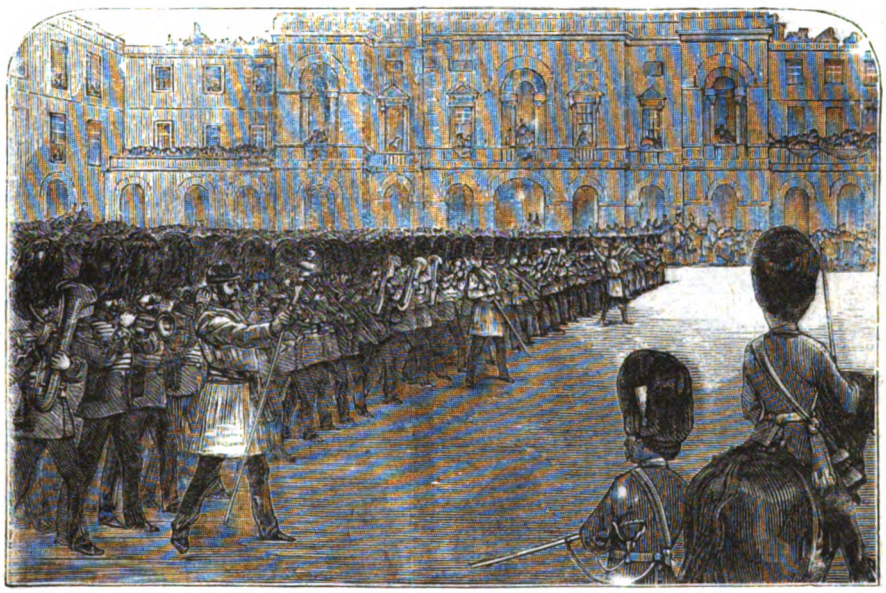
The Queen, who bore her part in the long ceremonies of this day with perfect grace and dignity, wore a royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace. She also wore the collars of her Orders, and on her head a circlet of gold. Her train was borne by eight daughters of peers.

Supported on either side by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, the Queen advanced in procession towards

the altar, on which was placed a service of splendid gold plate, and near to it St. Edward's chair. A hearty welcome greeted her within the sacred walls, and on the "recognition" of her Majesty by the Archbishop there was a general shout raised of "God save Queen Victoria!" The Queen made her first offering of a pall, or altar cloth of gold, and an ingot, or wedge of gold.

After the sermon, which was preached by the Bishop of London, the Queen took the oath to defend the law and the established religion. Sitting in King Edward's chair, she next gave her head and hands to be anointed by the Archbishop. The regalia were delivered to her in order, then the crown was taken from off the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and given to the Archbishop, who placed it upon the Queen's head. "God Save the Queen!" was shouted on all sides, trumpets sounded, drums were beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired.

Lastly, after the Benediction and "Te Deum," the Queen was enthroned, or "lifted" into the Chair of Homage, where she delivered the regalia into the hands of the different noblemen, and then received the homage of the Princes and Peers, the Archbishop first kneeling to do homage for himself and all his spiritual peers. The Princes of the blood touched the crown, and kissed the Queen's left cheek, and took the oath of homage without kneeling. The peers knelt bareheaded and kissed the Queen's hand. The Queen afterward received the Holy Communion, herself presenting the oblation of bread and wine.



TROOPING THE COLORS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON, ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

The crown which had been made for George IV. weighed upward of seven pounds; and, as it was considered too heavy for the Queen, a new crown of less than half the weight was constructed. It was formed of hoops of silver, covered with precious stones, over a cap of rich blue velvet, surmounted by a ball enriched with diamonds. Amongst its other gems was a large, heart-shaped ruby which had been worn by the Black Prince; this was set in front.

There is very little to record in the period between the coronation and the marriage of the Queen; the so-called "Bedchamber Plot" forming the principal subject of interest. On Lord Melbourne offering his resignation, in April, 1839, Sir Robert Peel attempted to form a new administration; but as he was disappointed in his supposition that the ladies who held high office in the Household, and who were all members of Whig families, would resign of their own accord, and as the Queen, who had a personal affection for the female members of her Court, firmly opposed their removal, Sir Robert Peel declined the task, and Lord Melbourne undertook office again. Though the Whig Ministers were blamed for upholding the Queen in her opposition to Sir Robert Peel, the Queen herself was rather admired by the people generally for her natural and outspoken sincerity.

During the London season of 1839 the Queen entertained the heir of the Russian throne, and gave several balls and *fêtes*. But the dubious war in Canada, the unsettled state of the Administration, the insurgent spirit at home, and, above all, the feeling caused by the injustice to Lady Flora Hastings—all combined to cast a troublous shadow over the Spring of 1839.

Of course at this time the nation thought a good deal of the probability of the Queen's speedy betrothal. It was not very long before all conjectures were set at rest.

It had so happened that Prince Albert, the second son o Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and nephew of the Duchess of Kent, came to England with his father and brother in the Summer of 1836, and staid with his aunt at Kensington Palace. King Leopold, in 1839, spoke seriously to his nephew, and wrote to his niece, on the subject of their possible union, and received a favorable reply, though the Queen objected to any immediate engagement.

In the Autumn of 1839 the Prince again came over to England with his brother Ernest, and pressed his suit in person. The Queen, it is said, thought him much improved since his former visit, and within a few days she told Lord Melbourne that her mind was made up to the proposed union.

The proposed marriage was announced by the Queen herself to the Privy Council, and her "declaration" was published in the *Gazette*, and received with pleasure by the nation. There were difficulties as to the exact position which the Prince should hold, and they were ended by the Queen conferring on him a patent of precedence next after herself.

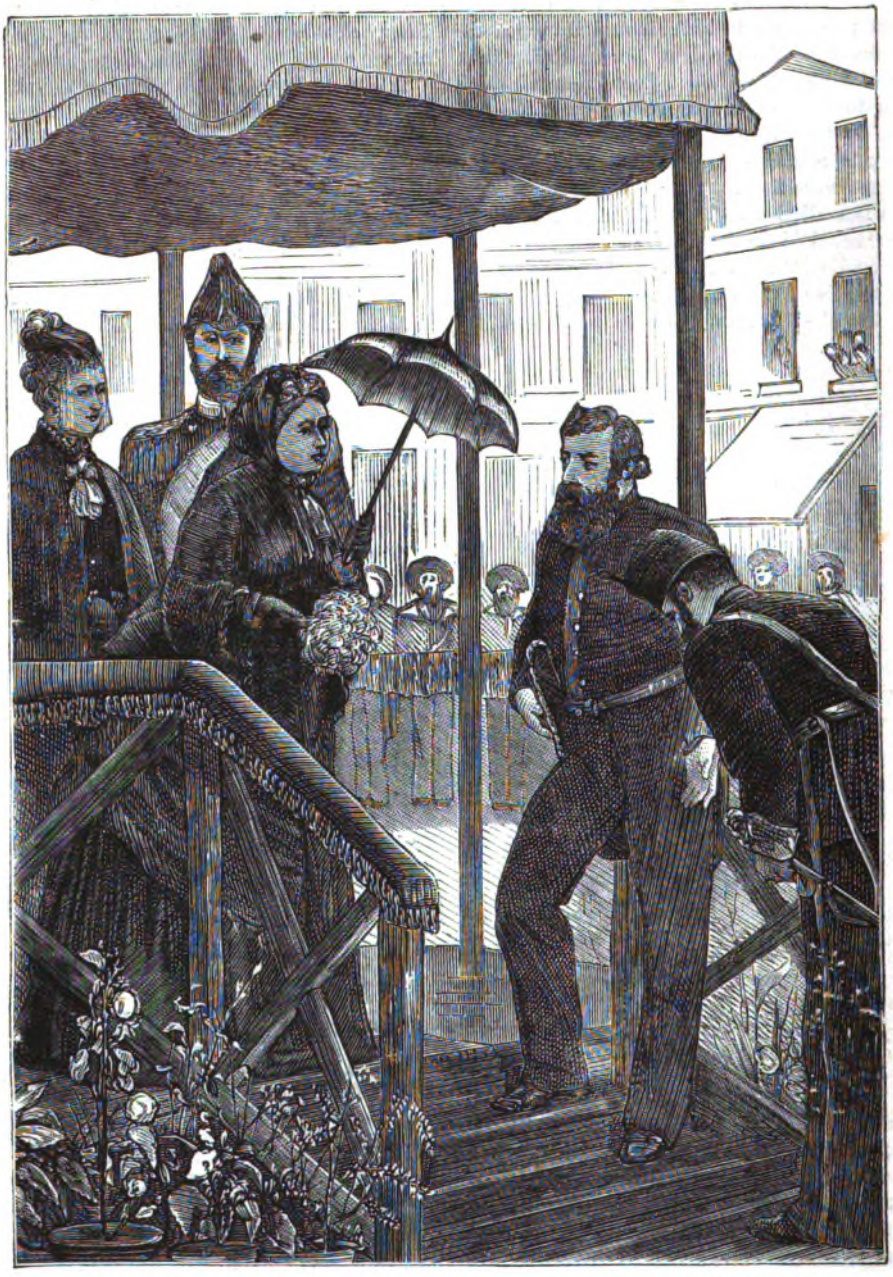
On the meeting of Parliament, in January, 1840, the Prince's Naturalization Bill and his Annuity Bill were passed, the sum of £30,000 being agreed upon—the Tories having successfully opposed the original proposal by the ministry of £50,000.

At the end of January Prince Albert, his father, brother and suite, were escorted to England by Lord Torrington and Colonel Grey, who had already invested him with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. They arrived at Buckingham Palace on the 8th of February. The Prince was welcomed at the entrance by the Queen and her mother; and the same afternoon he took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, which were administered to him by the Lord Chancellor. The commission which gave him the rank of field-marshal in the army bore the same date.

Unlike many royal marriages, the union of the Queen with Prince Albert was, from the first, extremely popular with the nation, because it was understood to be based, not upon state policy, but upon personal choice and predilection.

On the 10th the marriage was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The bridegroom's procession went first to St. James's, and the Prince was accompanied by his father and brother. He wore a field-marshal's uniform, the breasts of his coat being decorated with "bride's favors." The Queen was escorted by her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London officiated at the ceremony. The altar was laden with gold plate, of the value, it is said, of £10,000. The Duke of Sussex gave away the bride, who wore a rich, "white satin dress, with a very deep trimming of Honiton lace; the body and sleeves were richly trimmed with the same material to correspond; the train was of white satin, and was also lined with white satin, and trimmed with orange blossoms. On her head the Queen wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a vail of Honiton lace, with a necklace and earrings of diamonds. The cost of the lace alone on the Queen's dress was £1,000. The satin, which was of a pure white, was manufactured in Spitalfields. Her Majesty wore an armlet, inscribed with the motto of the Order of the Garter, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense;' she also wore the Star of the Order." There were twelve bridesmaids, unmarried daughters of some of the noblest families in the kingdom.



QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS OF THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The wedding breakfast was given at Buckingham Palace; the cake (we are told) weighed 300 pounds, and was three yards in circumference, and fourteen inches in depth. At the conclusion of the repast, the royal pair set off for Windsor Castle, where they spent four days.

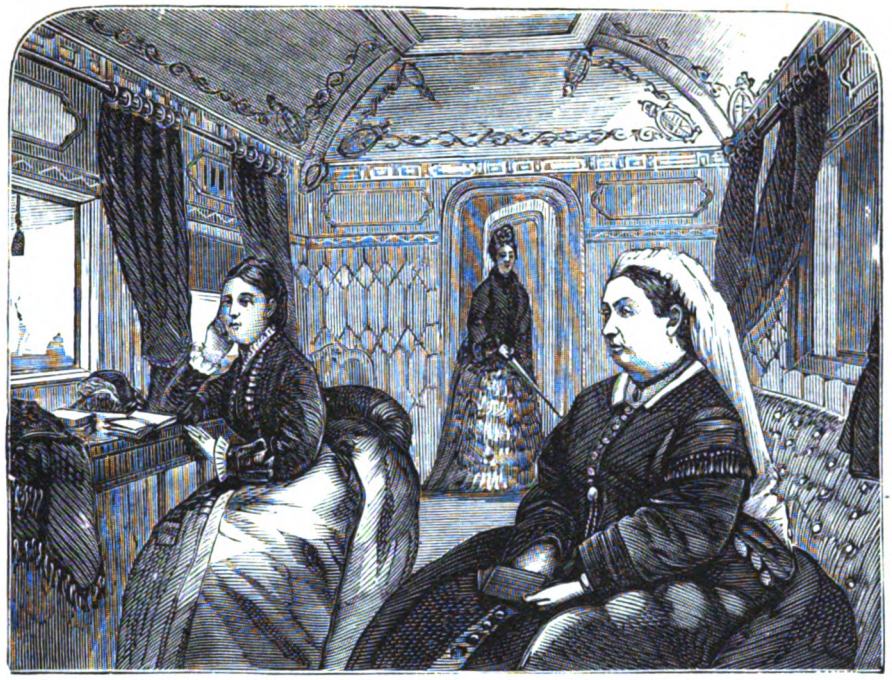
Our lady readers may be interested by learning that her Majesty's traveling dress was "a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swan's down, and a white satin bonnet and feather." On their return to Buckingham Palace, the chief amusements of the Queen and her Consort consisted in levees, "dinners followed by dances" and visits to the theatres. The Queen's next birthday was spent at Claremont, a place to which she was much attached, and which she frequently visited. Both she and her husband were glad to escape there from time to time, from the smoke and oppressiveness of town, and, perhaps, also, from the equally oppressive grandeur of Windsor Castle.

In the early Summer of the year of her marriage, the Queen experienced one of those attacks from which few crowned heads are exempt; for, as she was driving with the Prince up Constitution Hill, a youth named Oxford fired two pistol shots at her. Happily, no injury was caused, and the Queen showed the utmost courage and presence of mind on the occasion. Her first thought was to let her mother see that she was unhurt, for fear of the news being, as is usually the case, exaggerated. Oxford was supposed to be insane, but was tried for the offense, and was ordered to be confined during her Majesty's pleasure.

The Queen has been the object of other attacks of a like kind on four occasions since this. In May, 1842, close to the same spot, John Francis fired a pistol at her Majesty. The man was sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law for high treason, but the sentence was commuted. In July of the same year a deformed youth named Bean presented a pistol at the Queen as she was driving to the Chapel Royal. In May, 1850, an ex-lieutenant of Hussars, Robert Pate, struck the Queen with a small switch and cut her face, as she was driving out of Cambridge House; and in February, 1872, a youth, by name O'Connor, presented a

pistol and a Fenian document at her Majesty as she was entering Buckingham Palace.

The Queen has been more frequently annoyed by (happily harmless) insults of another kind than is probably generally known or remembered. Several madmen have followed her at times, with the intention of declaring their love for her. But we are anticipating the order of events.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE IN HER ROYAL RAILWAY CAR.

The great interest of the latter part of the year 1840 was the birth of the Princess Royal, now Imperial Princess of Germany. The christening of the Princess took place in the throne-room of Buckingham Palace on February 10th, 1841, the first anniversary of the Queen's wedding.

The following year, 1841, was, in many ways, the least auspicious of all during the Queen's reign. The condition of the people had been declining, and there was, in consequence, a bad spirit abroad in many parts, and the register of crimes of violence, especially in connection with what was known as Chartism, became a very dark one. But on November the 9th, the birth of the Prince of Wales gave a brightness to its close. Complaints, however, were heard on account of the feasting at Windsor, while there was so much distress in the country, and for some time the Royal family lived in comparative quiet.

The infant Prince was christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on January 25th, 1842, and received the names Albert Edward, after his illustrious father and grandfather.

Few of the Hanoverian Sovereigns had seen much of the British Isles; but one of the characteristics of Victoria has been her love of making tours, and of visiting the principal places of interest. It was not, however, very easy for her to gratify this taste after her accession, whilst she was unmarried; but after the birth of her two first children scarcely a Summer passed by in which she did not make a journey by land or voyage by sea to some part or other of her dominions. It was not until the second year of her married life that the Queen commenced those visits, or "progresses" which she afterward made from Summer to Summer to the houses of the most distinguished of her subjects.

It was in the early Autumn of 1842 that the Queen first set eyes on that Scotland in which she was afterward destined to find her home.

In September, 1844, the royal party again made a yacht voyage to Scotland, and spent a fortnight in Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, with Blair Athole as their headquarters. It was at this time, probably, that the Queen first thought seriously of making Scotland a home for a portion of each year, as its beauties and the homely manners of its people had by this time so much attracted her.

QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

As soon as Parliament was prorogued in August, 1847, the Queen and Prince again made a yacht voyage from Osborne to Scotland, this time sailing up its western coasts.

It is from this visit that the Queen's idea of renting and possibly of purchasing Balmoral must be dated.

The old

castle at Balmoral was a fine and handsome structure, quite in the castellated style; a view of it is given. Our readers will be glad to read Her Majesty's "First Impressions" of the place. She writes under date of Friday, September 8th, 1848: "We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle, in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high, wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around. There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Ascending by a good broad staircase up-stairs, immediately to the right and above the dining-room is our sitting-room, formerly the library, a fine, large room; next to this is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen up-stairs.

Balmoral, as it now stands, was built adjoining the old castle, between 1853 and 1855; it is a fine building in the castellated style, and quite in keeping with the neighborhood and the mountain scenery. Its plan and arrangements are due to the skilled hand of the late Prince Consort, who took a deep interest in the work in all its details, and in the laying-out of the grounds. It is on this account that this place has always had such a special attraction for Victoria. Her Majesty, under date September 7th, 1855, describes the arrival of herself and the Prince at their new home in the Highlands.

On the 10th of September, 1855, arrived a telegram from Sir James Simpson announcing that Sebastopol was in the hands of the Allies. The same evening the good news was spread all round the country by a huge bonfire lighted on the top of a "cairn" on the hillside by the Prince and the gentlemen of the Court.

In the Autumn of this year it was publicly announced that the Princess Royal was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

In 1868 Her Majesty allowed her name to be enrolled among the "Royal and Noble Authors of England," by publishing "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands"—a work remarkable for its simplicity and for the genuine appreciation alike of fine scenery and of the domestic element of life which it displays. In this book the Queen has taken her subjects quite into her confidence, drawing up the curtain from much of her private life, and giving expression to her personal tastes and opinions with much freedom and good sense

The Queen has shone in all the positions she has occupied, and not least as a kind and good mistress of her household, and her attachment to many of her attendants is well known; in some cases members of succeeding generations of the same family have been attached to her service. Many of these "old friends" she mentions with affection in her journal, and in some cases gives interesting records of their services in detail.

In August, 1843, after a yachting excursion around the Isle of Wight, and about the South Coast, the Queen and Prince Albert extended their trip to Treport, on the French coast, and went thence to pay a visit to Louis Philippe at his country residence, the Château d'Eau, where their reception was of a most costly description. Early in the following Summer the Emperor Nicholas of Russia paid a visit to his goddaughter, and was magnificently *fêted* at Windsor.

A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

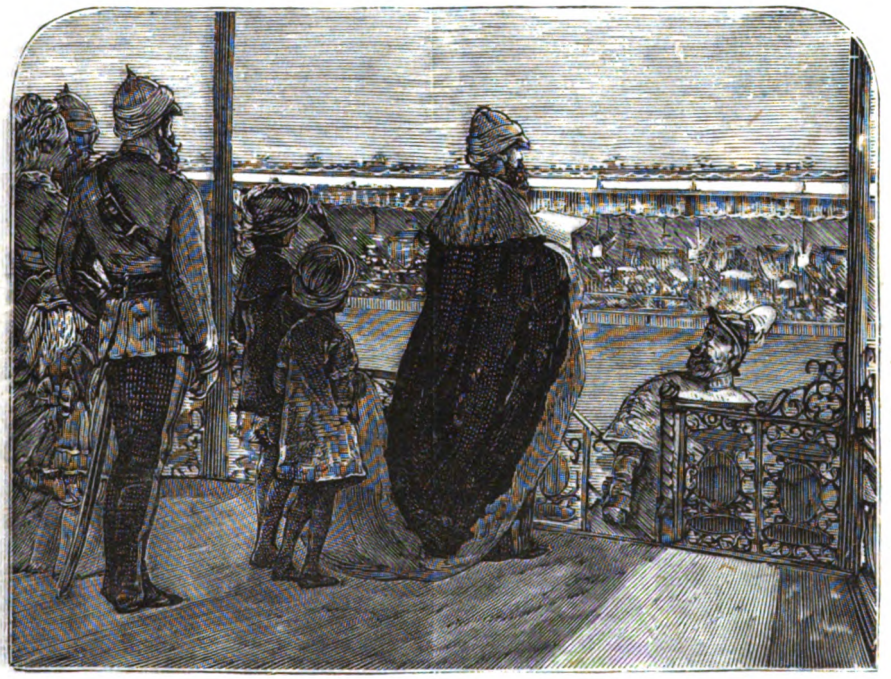
In the August of 1845 the natural attractions of the land which was the early home of the Queen's mother and of her husband must have made their visit a most enjoyable one. The Queen and Prince embarked at Woolwich in the *Fairy* steamer, and passed up the Rhine to Cologne and Mayence, whence they visited Coburg, and the Castle of Roseman, the Prince's birthplace, where they occupied the room in which the Prince was born.

Disturbances were rife in Ireland in 1848; but in the following year one of the fruits of the restoration of peace to the land was a visit of the Queen to the Emerald Isle. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and their two eldest children, and was escorted by a squadron to the Cove of Cork, which in consequence received the name of Queenstown. Her reception, both in Cork and Dublin, was most enthusiastic, and there is no doubt but the visit was well-timed, and had an influence for good on the nation.

The Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the parent of so many International Exhibitions, was formally opened by Her Majesty in person, and with much ceremonial, in 1851, as was the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, in 1854.

Among the International Exhibitions to which the original one of 1851 gave rise, were those in Dublin in 1853, which was honored by a visit from the Queen during the Summer of that year, and in 1855 the first in Paris, in the building which still stands in the Champs Elysées. The Queen crossed the Channel to see it, and was the guest of the Emperor at St. Cloud, where, as well as in Paris, great *fêtes* were held in her honor. The Emperor and Empress of the French had been entertained by the Queen at Windsor Castle in the April of this year; and during their stay they witnessed a review of the *élite* of Her Majesty's troops in Windsor Park.

The Crimean War, which proved to be but the beginning of an era of disturbance in Europe, broke out in the Spring of 1854, and was the great subject of interest alike to the Queen and her people. The names of Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol will not be unworthy to rank with older names on many of the regimental colors of England's army. But the glory was not won without severe loss and suffering from wounds and lingering sickness and disease in the hospitals. The Queen visited many of her wounded soldiers, who were brought home during the war, in the hospital at Chatham; and in May, 1855, she presented medals to many of the invalided officers and non-commissioned officers and men of her army.



LORD LYTTON READING THE PROCLAMATION DECLARING VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA.

The Queen afforded great encouragement to the Volunteer movement, which was revived and carried on with great spirit in 1859.

The year 1861 will be long remembered as that which brought at its close the severest trials which the Queen has undergone. The Duchess of Kent, who had been so good a mother and the guide of her childhood, died early in the year; but that loss was one which could not but have been looked for sooner or later, for the Duchess had reached the allotted span of human life. It was destined, however, to be cast into the shade by another and far heavier bereavement. During the Autumn the Queen and Prince had staid as usual with their family at their Scottish home, and soon after their return the Prince visited his son the Prince of Wales, who was studying at Cambridge. He appeared for the last time in public with the Queen at a review of the Eton College Rifle Corps at Windsor, where he caught a feverish chill, and, though no alarm was felt at first, typhoid fever set in, and the Prince breathed his last on the evening of Saturday, December 14th.

The Prince Consort's body was laid at first in the royal vault at St. George's, Windsor; but Her Majesty built at Frogmore, on the confines of Windsor Park, a splendid mausoleum for its reception, to which it was afterward removed. The Queen, and the members of the family who are with her, regularly visit the tomb on the anniversary of the Prince's death and funeral.

Since this heavy trial the Queen for a long time led a retired life, and, avoiding her town palace, divided her time between Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales was married, with the good wishes of the nation, in March, 1863, at St. George's, Windsor, to Alexandra, the Princess of Denmark; and the constant presence of the Heir Apparent and his charming wife, during the London season, at Marlborough House, in some degree made amends for the absence of the Sovereign from Buckingham Palace and St. James's.

The Queen went, late in the Summer of 1868, with Prince Leopold and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, to Lucerne, where she resided for a time under the title of Countess of Kent. Here she enjoyed numerous excursions through the neighborhood and gained benefit to her health. She left England once again for Germany, to visit the grave of her half-sister, who died in September, 1872.

The Queen has been always ready to forward any works of utility or of charity, and when able, has graced their inauguration with her presence. In November, 1869, she opened the new bridge at Blackfriars and the Holborn Viaduct. She also laid the first stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1876 she went to the East End to open the new wing of the London Hospital.

Toward the end of the Autumn of 1871 the Queen passed many anxious days on account of the severe illness of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and she herself went to his bedside. The nation shared in the anxiety, and there came a feeling of great relief when his gradual recovery set in about the middle of December. It was a memorable day, that 27th of February, 1872, when the Queen accompanied her son through a dense crowd of her people to St. Paul's Cathedral, to offer thanksgiving to God for his recovery. The scene in the cathedral was most striking, and the reception of the Queen and her son almost overwhelming, so great was the enthusiasm of the nation.

In the Summer of 1875 occurred an unfortunate episode in the Queen's life, and one which occasioned her intense

grief. On its passage from Osborne to Gosport, the royal yacht, which conveyed Her Majesty and some other members of the royal family, under the command of Prince Leiningen, unhappily ran into one of the yachts which were just then crossing the path of the *Queen*, and cut it down, the sad consequence being the loss of two lives.

The Queen has seen her second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married to the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and has witnessed the marriage of all her daughters except the Princess Beatrice, who remains as the constant companion of her widowed mother. The Queen's grandchildren are numerous—twenty-five are recorded in the Peerage as now living—and already we hear that one, the eldest daughter of the Princess Imperial of Germany, is affianced to the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

Her Majesty has, of late years, appeared again from time to time among her people on important occasions when her health has permitted. She opened the sessions of the New Parliament in 1876 and 1877 in person, though she has not on these occasions assumed her state robes, and has deputed the Lord Chancellor to read her speech.

It is but lately that another title has been added to those which the Queen already possessed, that of "Empress of India"—a title which was publicly proclaimed to the assembled princes and people of India at Delhi on the first day of the present year.

The Queen has always been a ready patron of talent, in whatever sphere it has shown itself, and has often summoned to her presence notabilities in literature, science, and art.

But it is not only as a Queen that Victoria has shown herself good; for she has been eminently throughout life a good daughter, a good sister, a good wife, a good mother; and her children may well rise up and bless her.

The Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters were all brought up in a plain and simple way, and taught and trained to gain knowledge and to make themselves useful.

Her Majesty's kindliness of heart has shown itself on many occasions. She has been ever ready to help in any great or noble work, and to offer her sympathy with the sufferers from any calamity, whether it be from destructive gales on the coasts, from fire or famine, or from an explosion in a mine.

Queen Victoria has been a model in all the different stages of her life; as a child, she was, as we have shown, engaging, affectionate, while she gave proof of talents of no common order, and possessed a thorough appreciation of the beauties of nature. Her early training served to bring out her talents and disposition to the best advantage. As a wife and mother she has been a pattern to her subjects; and as Queen she has won a name which will be honored as long as England herself lasts. Like Queen Elizabeth, she can boast, in the hours of her widowhood, that she is "married to her country." Loved and reverenced as she is by her subjects in all parts of the world, and even by thousands of those who do not own her sway, we may say, in the words of Burke, that should any insult, however small, be offered her, "a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge it." And this because Victoria reigns in the hearts of her people.

QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING PARLIAMENT IN 1877.

COLONEL C. C. LONG, the African explorer, of whose explorations in Africa a slight account was given in our June number, was not, we are now informed, in the Confederate army during the late war, but served in the United States army under General Lockwood.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.—"IN AN INSTANT SHE WAS KNEELING BESIDE HIM, AND, SNATCHING UP THE MISSIVE, SHE AT ONCE RECOGNIZED THE HANDWRITING AS THE SAME AS THAT OF THE SCRAP FOUND BY OLD JOHN."

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

It was on a bright September morning, in the year 1781, that the stage drove up to the door of a neat little inn at the end of a small village, perched among some rocks that sentineled a part of the iron-bound coast of one of the New England States.

It contained but one passenger—a young man of respectable, although though not very prepossessing, appearance—who, as he leaped from the vehicle to the platform, exhibited the finest athletic proportions, and an agility like that of a tiger.

His luggage consisted of a large trunk, and a fishing-rod and basket which he caught up as he rose from his seat.

The former was deposited by the driver within a few feet of the barroom-door, where it stood for a short space, and was then removed by a porter, or man-of-all-work.

Some half-dozen persons, that had been drawn together by the sound of the driver's horn, were standing on the platform when the stranger alighted; and among these was an eccentric old gentleman, named Walters, who was so fond of sport, and especially of a piscatory character, that he was sometimes designated "Old Ben, the Fisherman."

This member of the little group lived, with his only child, a beautiful creature of twenty, on a romantic headland, that ran into the sea about a mile from the hamlet, and in a cottage the most lovely and picturesque imaginable.

That he was in easy circumstances, was obvious from the fact that he regularly received remittances from some source unknown to the inquisitive, and which he did not consider himself called upon to reveal.

His daughter, Clara, was, as just observed, a most charming creature, and was as good as she was beautiful. She was, besides, highly accomplished, and entertained such profound love and affection for her father, who had been long a widower, that she all but worshiped the very ground he walked on.

It was rumored that he had once mixed with the wealthy and the fashionable in the great cities; but that since the death of his wife a distaste of society had grown upon him, and that, consequently, he had, in a measure, separated himself from the world, and devoted himself solely to the care of his daughter, who, with an old maid-servant and her husband, now formed his household at The Bluffs, as his property and dwelling on the Headland were called, convenient to which he was to be found almost daily in the season pursuing his favorite sport.

Although at first when he bounded from the stage, the young stranger did not attract the attention of Mr. Walters, yet when the eyes of the latter, a moment afterward, caught the basket and fishing-rod, he became immediately interested in him, from the fact that never previously, within his knowledge, had any sportsman visited the old hamlet.

When, therefore, he detected this agreeable feature on the part of the new arrival, not noticing a certain sinister expression which, from time to time, darkened his features, he at once accosted him, as he appeared in no wise anxious to enter the inn, but, on the contrary, remained gazing about him.

"That is a very fine rod of yours, sir," he began, by way of opening a conversation, "and the wonder is that you do not keep it covered, so as to save it from the injuries incident to traveling."

"It is a most excellent and handsome bit of stuff," replied the other, in a friendly manner; "but the fact is, just as I was about to start for this picturesque village of yours, I could not find the case."

Here the stranger, who frankly gave his name as Arthur Raymond, handed the rod to Walters, who began to examine it with the eye of a connoisseur, and with evident pleasure.

"I am exceedingly fond of fishing, myself," he observed, as he returned the rod to its owner; "and as I am thoroughly acquainted with the waters about, I shall be most happy to point out the best ground to you for sport, and to oblige you in any way in my power."

"There is certainly one way, at least, in which you can oblige me," replied Raymond, "and that is by coming and taking a bit of early dinner with me, when, if it so please you, we can talk over the matter at our leisure."

After a moment's hesitation, Walters accepted the invitation, and the new acquaintances separated for the time being, Raymond to look after his quarters and see that his traps were properly stowed, and "Old Ben," to seek his handsome cottage on the headland, and inform his daughter that he had engaged to dine out with a person who, until within the last hour, had been unknown to him totally.

Two or three weeks prior to the opening of our story, the same vehicle that landed Raymond at the little inn, brought a very handsome and fashionably dressed young lady to the village, who intimated, casually, that she possibly might settle in it, and open a school for the children of the wealthier inhabitants.

At the time of Raymond's appearance, her advent was the subject of very general discussion; but so various and conflicting were the rumors regarding her intentions and her antecedents, that very little could be made out of the subject beyond the fact that her name was Alice Carden, and that she appeared to be pretty well off.

She became the inmate of a lonely house among the cliffs, close by the sea, that was the property of a strange old woman, who had long lived by herself, and who must have taken an extraordinary fancy to Miss Alice to accord her even a single night's shelter, so misanthropic and estranged from human kind had she become.

No one could tell how she existed, or through what channel her livelihood flowed.

She visited the hamlet but seldom, and never save to procure some household necessaries, for which she always paid ready money.

In time, all interest had died out, and "Old Madge" was permitted to indulge in her lonely life and habits without further comment.

At dinner, the two newly fledged acquaintances discussed the subject of fishing, in all its bearings, and the prospect of the sport.

Some knowing gossips, alleged, confidentially, that Raymond had come with the sole view of paying his addresses to Clara, although it was averred that she could not marry for some time to come, as she was not yet out of mourning for her aunt, who had suddenly lost her life and property in the West. A young seamstress, whom she had taken into her house and confidence, had poisoned her previous to possessing herself of all her jewels and a very large sum in ready money, with which the wretch, it was thought, had managed to reach some foreign shore with an accomplice.

This old lady, who was the sister of Mr. Walters, had brought up Clara after the death of her mother, and, although her brother was quite independent, with all his eccentricities and love of solitude, she settled a quarterly allowance upon her niece, which was paid regularly up to the time of her decease.

As Raymond appeared to know something of the West, some reference was made to this murder and robbery by his guest.

In reply to an interrogatory of Walters's on the subject, he said that he had heard of the dreadful deed and of the escape of the culprit and her accomplice, but that he was satisfied an act so diabolical could not fail to meet with condign punishment sooner or later.

Before dinner was over, Raymond had completely won the heart of the old gentleman.

Strange that such subjects should find a response in the heart of a person so usually staid and retired in his habits, and at times a prey to something like misanthropy; but we are all aware of how singular a compound this humanity of ours is.

The stranger had fascinated old Ben, for, before he had shaken hands with him when about to leave the little inn, he gave him a warm invitation to The Bluffs; and as he gazed upon his dark, piercing eye, black mustache and regular features, he perhaps thought, at the moment, that the

introduction of so manly and graceful a person to Clara, might not be altogether unacceptable to that fair girl.

Next day, after breakfast, Raymond slung his fishing-basket over his shoulder, and taking up his rod, sauntered forth leisurely in the direction of the headland.

He found old Walters anxiously awaiting him, and was introduced at once to Clara, who, strange to say, from the first moment she caught a glimpse of his face, entertained feelings regarding him diametrically and violently opposite to those evinced by her father.

She thought she discovered in his smooth tongue, thin lips and restless eyes a lurking spirit of insanity or mischief; and although she received him cordially as the friend and guest of her father, she felt assured that he was not the person to whom she would like to intrust her confidence.

Very different, however, were the sentiments with which he regarded her when his eyes first rested upon her; as he, in reality, considered her one of the most charming creatures he had ever seen.

Nor did this opinion seem to undergo any change when, a short period after his arrival at The Bluffs, Miss Alice Carden made a morning call upon Clara, and was introduced as a newly-made friend and acquaintance, who had recently come to live on the headlands.

Clara had accidentally met Miss Carden a short time previously, and, having long lived in comparative isolation, she was glad to perceive in her a person of some attainments, although not precisely a lady, and rather too showily dressed.

Still, an acquaintance, such as it was, began between them, until Alice asked her to the cottage, which on one side was shut out from the sea by some fishermen's dwellings, where, at all seasons of the year, nets might be seen hanging about the premises.

When Raymond and Miss Carden had been made acquainted with each other, Clara discovered that the young lady seemed to be struck with intense admiration for the new visitor, for so deep an impression did he appear to make on her, that she could scarcely withdraw her eyes from him, while he, under so sudden and singular a fire, was evidently far from being at ease.

Clara thought the behavior of Miss Carden rather strange; but then she was charitable enough to suppose that her conduct was unintentional, and simply one of those unguarded expressions of sentiment which often escape us.

Before the two sportsmen had left the house to test their skill on the water, the circumstance might have been forgotten, had not Clara noticed a disagreeable light in the eyes of Miss Carden when Raymond raised his hat as he crossed the threshold to join her father.

This she was unable to account for; but as there seemed no help for it, she invited her new acquaintance to spend the day with her, as the sportsmen were to return to dinner.

Although old Mr. Walters had not the most acute penetration in the world, and notwithstanding that he was at once good-natured and morose, yielding and stubborn, his daughter Clara was possessed of the most acute intelligence and the keenest observation.

Although kind and generous to a fault, where a matter of principle was involved she was as unyielding as adamant.

Pure and good herself, she sought and expected the same qualities in others of her sex; and hence it was that she could not account for the singular expression which characterized the features of her guest at the moment just alluded to.

On the other hand, however, she was just, and disinclined to fault-finding, so that, in case of being mistaken as to witnessing anything unusual on the part of Miss Carden, she permitted the matter to go by default, although she had made up her mind to observe the case narrowly, within the limits of the most generous construction, and the strictest hospitality.

Notwithstanding this latter resolve, she could not but notice a restlessness and nervous irritation on the part of Alice, which seemed to increase as the hour for the return of the two sportsmen approached.

The new friends were in capital luck among the islands, and Walters becoming satisfied, through several indirect hints, that Raymond was a person of means, began to build castles in the air regarding his beloved daughter.

Each successive hour, as though some powerful spell had fallen upon him, seemed to increase his admiration of his guest and companion.

He was not, however, an astute judge of either physiognomy or human nature, although he had managed to save an independence and something more for his child out of the wreck of a fortune that had once been great, but which had been shattered in a single hour through false friends and a ruinous speculation.

It was this want of faith and its results which had so preyed upon the health of his wife that she at last sank beneath it; while he, crushed by the double bereavement, separated from those who had betrayed him, and, digusted with the world, retired to this little, out-of-the-way village with Clara, and an old housekeeper and her husband, who had been long in his service, and who were as faithful to him and their young mistress as two beings possibly could be.

In leaving the West he had but one regret, that of parting from his only relative—a sister, who had been a mother to Clara after the decease of her own.

On the death of this lady, and the occurrence in connection with it, the last link that bound him to his early home was broken; and although, in course of time he recovered his spirits, he often referred to it with tearful eyes, and the hope that the wretches who had so foully encompassed her aunt's death might one day expiate their crime upon the gallows.

Old John, the man-of-all-work at The Bluffs, was, like his wife, Martha, a keen observer of all who visited the cottage, and being frequently at the village, he often fell in the way of gossip and rumors that could reach the ear of his young mistress through his instrumentality only.

When returning from marketing, then, on the morning of the visit of Raymond, he and Martha observed two persons —a man and a woman — conversing earnestly close by an unfrequented path, which led to the old dwelling occupied by the crone with whom Alice resided.

They were unable to identify the pair, as they were almost wholly hidden from view by a thicket.

That their rendezvous led to no very pleasant results was obvious, for, notwithstanding their meeting was plainly intended to be secret, so excited was their language that they appeared at times to fancy that there were no other ears in the world than their own.

Not caring to descend to eavesdropping, the faithful old couple hastened by the spot, but not before picking up a scrap of paper. Old John, on running his eye over it, deciphered the following few words, in what seemed to be a female hand, and which set him thinking:

"I have accomplished it! All is ready for to-night at twelve o'clock. Be at the point decided upon. I start at the sound of my own footsteps!"

They were dreadfully puzzled; but leaving the path a moment afterward, they took a shorter cut to "The Bluffs," where they had scarcely arrived before Raymond presented himself, to be followed subsequently by Miss Alice Carden, to whom, as we have already seen, he was introduced by Miss Walters.

Miss Carden was a blonde, with dark eyes and lashes. Although really handsome, there was an expression about her face which was not prepossessing.

She was forever glancing here and there in an uneasy and furtive manner, and her laugh never appeared to be from the heart.

Still she was an agreeable person enough for one who possessed no very marked evidences of being highly bred; and in a country place, where society was necessarily restricted as to numbers, her advent was regarded with something like favor by those who even felt themselves superior to her. Her hair, which was rich and plentiful, was of a singular golden hue, and her teeth of the most dazzling whiteness, although small and sharp, like those of some animals.

When it was fully ascertained that the death of Clara's aunt had been occasioned by poison, and that simultaneous with it Fanny Morel, the seamstress, and Edward Fanshaw had disappeared from the town, a description of the murderess and her accomplice was forwarded to all the frontier points, whence it was presumed they might take shipping for a foreign shore.

The woman was set down as black-haired, black-eyed, above the medium height, and handsome; and the man as a person rather good-looking, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and with a pleasing exterior and address.

There were other details that need not be dwelt on here, and which went to identify further the infamous culprits, for such they were considered by the coroner's jury, who brought in a verdict of willful murder against them both.

No photograph, however, could be obtained of either of the fugitives, who, it was ascertained, had long been well known to each other; and hence, any disguise adopted by them was not so likely to be penetrated as if their features had been made familiar to the detectives.

Miss Carden was made acquainted with all this, and seemed surprised that Clara was the niece of the murdered lady.

As the subject, however, was not a pleasant one, it was soon dropped; but not before a sudden change in the atmosphere had attracted their attention, and reminded Clara that it was about the time of the equinoctial gales, and that it were well if her father and his guest had returned from their fishing excursion.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 407.

Her fears on this head were soon quieted, for the sportsmen, who had noticed the frowning aspect of the skies, had quickly gained the shore, and were now seen winding up the rocky steep toward the cottage.

Scarcely had they entered the door, when a tempest of rain and wind set in with a fury that appeared to know no bounds.

Everything living in the vicinity of the building fled to cover, and so terribly puzzled and alarmed was a young lad who had passed "The Bluffs" with his fishing-rod in the morning from the village, that, without the slightest ceremony, he bounded into the kitchen where old Martha and John were engaged in the preparation of dinner.

The poor boy, whom they knew, was welcomed to a nook in the chimney-corner until the storm had subsided. On catching a glimpse of Raymond as he slipped into the hall to look out upon the war of elements, the boy observed, to old John:

"Oh! that's like the nice gentleman that gave me the quarter this morning for showing him old Madge's when I was going a-fishing, as he was himself. I overtook him on the road as he was reading a letter, a bit of which flew away when he was folding it up, although he did not seem to notice it; but I supposed it was worth nothing, or I would have run after it and picked it up for him."

"Aren't you mistaken?" replied old John, who now pricked up his ears, and remembering that possibly the piece of paper alluded to was what had come into his possession.

"Well, I may be," returned the boy; "but he looks something like him, although I think the man that went into the woods near the old road with the handsome lady had light hair and was a good deal stouter, now that I come to remember it."

"What handsome lady?" rejoined Martha.

"Why, the lady that's going to teach school, they say, in the new house on the common, and who came to the village about a month ago. I have seen her often, and know that she's sitting at the window in there with Miss Clara, for I saw her just now as I was running past to get in here."

"Take care what you are saying, Tony," returned John; "for that young gentleman never saw Miss Carden until he met her in this house after his arrival here this morning, and she has never been out of it since."

"That's all right, I suppose," said Tony; "but some

NATURAL BRIDGE, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN.—SEE PAGE 407.

other man, then, saw her, and before you got back from the village, too; for I saw you and Martha coming down the hill, when I saw the man I speak of going up the old path, and overtook him near the road leading to old Madge's, just as he was looking about him and folding up the letter he had been reading a moment before."

"And did you see him speaking to Miss Carden?" said Martha, who appeared to be getting more bewildered than ever.

"Of course I did," returned Tony; "and no very pleasant meeting it was, I can tell you, for they stood out from each other at first as if they were about to have an ugly time of it."

Now, Tony Rand was about as sharp and observant a little fellow as there was in that part of the country, and this old John well knew; consequently, believing that he told nothing but the truth in the matter, he determined, so soon as an opportunity presented itself, to disclose all that had come to his knowledge on the subject to his young mistress, and lay the fragment of the letter before her into the bargain.

To his master he had resolved to say nothing, as he had no great opinion of his penetration in such affairs, and, beside, he perceived that so deep an interest did he appear to take in his guest, that to throw the slightest suspicion upon his character would be but to arouse the deadliest opposition on his part, and to strengthen his admiration of Raymond rather than the contrary.

This conclusion was the correct one, for so sudden and unaccountable—so unmanageable the likings and dislikings of old Ben, that there was not the slightest use of tampering with them until, in time, when improperly conceived, they were corrected through impalpable or indirect channels.

In this way matters stood, then, when the two ladies and the two gentlemen sat down to dinner, while John, considering it not advisable to pursue the subject further with young Tony, affected to see the whole affair in a new light, and to recollect that Miss Carden had said something about having met some unpleasant person a short period before she arrived at the cottage.

This satisfied Tony, and as the storm now began to abate, he sallied forth once more with his rod, and was soon again in pursuit of his almost daily sport along the water's edge.

The dinner was not the pleasantest in the world, although Mr. Walters and Clara sought to make their guests as much at home as possible.

Miss Carden, however, seemed unable to control her strange glances or the expression of her face whenever she was addressed by Raymond, and this was narrowly observed by her young hostess, while, to the great delight of "Old Ben," the latter appeared to engross almost all the attention of the handsome sportsman.

This of itself might have chagrined Alice, who evidently set no trifling value upon her own charms; but then it could scarcely account for those apparently fierce and furtive gleams which shot so frequently from her restless dark orbs, that would not lie concealed for a moment beneath their purple lashes.

Nor did Raymond appear insensible to the fusillade of which he was the target, for even he, self-possessed as he seemed to be, moved at times uneasily in his chair.

It was dusk before Alice thought of returning to her home at old Madge's, and Raymond, of course, as he was to wend his way to the village, offered to escort her to her abode.

The courtesy was accepted in the usual commonplace manner, and after civil adieus on all sides, and a promise on the part of Raymond to revisit the islands on the following day, as his sport had been interrupted by the weather, both the guests sallied forth in the direction of the strange woman's abode, to which reference has been made, and which lay a little distance, as already observed, from one of the by-paths that led to the hamlet.

A short period before they left the cottage, old John, as if without any particular motive, went sauntering down through the woods alongside the path they were about to take, until he gained the point branching off to old Madge's, which was the loneliest on the way.

Here, in a thick copse, he seated himself on a fallen tree, close by the fence that skirted the way, and as it was now almost dark, he turned his ear in the direction of The Bluffs, and assumed a listening attitude.

He had not occupied the position many minutes when he heard Raymond and Miss Carden chatting and laughing pleasantly, coming down the hill, until they reached the spot where he was concealed, and where they bid each other a cordial "good-evening," Miss Carden informing her companion that there was not the slightest necessity of seeing her to the door of her abode, as it was only a few

SUGAR LOAF ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN.

paces off. On this both the parties separated—the one entering the wood, and the other continuing his way to the little inn where he had taken up his quarters.

Old John never found himself so much at fault as he did when he began to retrace his steps to the cottage.

Evidently Tony had been mistaken, and he had done injustice to Mr. Raymond in supposing him some disreputable adventurer.

As previously resolved, however, he determined to lay Tony's story and the fragment of the letter before his young mistress, as there was an unpleasant secret somewhere.

Clara was surprised and puzzled at the intelligence conveyed by the old domestic; but as all her suspicions might be nothing beyond mere worthless conjecture, and as her father had just been descanting upon the extraordinary merits and manly qualities of Raymond, she knew him too well to attempt to disturb his opinions at the moment.

She perceived, of course, that the old gentleman's remarks had but one tendency, and that was in the direction of her acceptance of his newly made friend as a suitor, whom he regarded in every way worthy of her.

When she had heard all that old John disclosed, she determined to take the case into her own hands, and watch it narrowly until it was divested of all its mystery; and this she should be able to do the more readily as, for a few days at least, Alice and Raymond should be at times subjected to her scrutiny.

The next forenoon brought Raymond and his fishing-rod to The Bluffs once again, and shortly after he and Mr. Walters had started for the island, Miss Alice, on some pretext, made her appearance also.

As on the previous day, Clara noticed that she seemed abstracted, and a prey to disquietude at times, but, not appearing to notice it, she determined to detain her visitor, if possible, until the return of the fishermen to dinner, when she resolved to be more constant in her surveillance of them.

As on the preceding day, the heavens again became darkened toward the afternoon, and the winds unloosed, but this time without an instant's warning.

The sudden change, which began to alarm Clara to a frightful extent, seemed to have a diametrically opposite effect upon Miss Carden, who bounded from her seat in an ecstasy as old John rushed into the apartment, and informed them that he had just brought the glass to bear on the boat, and that it had been swept from its moorings and capsized, with Mr. Raymond only in it, as Mr. Walters had been seated on the shore of one of the islands, fishing under the shelter of a rock.

No sooner had he made this observation than Alice snatched the glass from his hand, and bringing it to bear upon the point indicated by the old man, a gleam of fiendish triumph lit up her countenance, as she exclaimed:

"Yes! Yes! the boat is capsized, although he is clinging to it! There! He has lost his hold! It's all over! Now, then!"

Clara had been thrown into such a state of excitement herself that she did not comprehend fully the gist of the observations made by Miss Carden, or the expression that had rendered her features so demoniacal.

Old John, however, being satisfied of his master's safety, was more collected, and had sufficient presence of mind to pick up a ring, of quaint and curious workmanship, which had been, as he fancied, dropped by either Alice or his young mistress, in the flurry that had seized upon both of them.

This he handed to Clara, who gazed on it for a moment with the utmost horror and bewilderment, and then concealed it about her person.

In the meantime, Alice, lost to all around her, kept the glass steadily fixed upon the boat, until it was engulfed totally by the billows that had become as mountains almost instantaneously.

On perceiving this, and on being satisfied that Raymond was lost beyond a shadow of doubt, she threw herself into a chair, closed the glass, and drew a long breath of relief; while old John hastened to the beach to look over the wild waste of waters that had brought such sudden destruction, and to get another glimpse of his master, whom he now discovered wringing his hands on the distant shore.

All the fishermen of the neighboring huts had been from home a few days, so that no one save the inmates of The Bluffs were aware of the catastrophe which had just occurred; and as, with singular capriciousness, the tempest, like the gale of the preceding day, had subsided nearly as suddenly as it had arisen, John, taking advance of the circumstance, soon procured another boat, and, to allay the fears of Clara, was quickly out on his way to the island where his master was now a prey to the deepest anguish.

In the course of an hour or so he returned with his single passenger, who wept like a child as he landed and found himself in his daughter's arms.

Prior to this, however, Miss Carden, with an abruptness and heartlessness the most unaccountable, took her leave, and hastened in the direction of the village, branching off at the accustomed path, and increasing her speed until she reached the abode of Old Madge.

Here she flung the door wide open violently, and bounding across the threshold, threw herself hysterically into the arms of the astonished crone, exclaiming:

"Mother, I'm safe! The villain is no more! He was drowned before my eyes within the last half-hour!"

There was a sleepless night at The Bluffs. Old Ben was inconsolable for the loss of his new friend, and enjoined his faithful man, John, to be up at daybreak, and keep a lookout for the body, being satisfied that it could not fail to be washed on shore, as the wind was dead on the beach, and had begun to freshen again after they had landed.

Moreover, he averred that Raymond had clung to the boat much longer than was supposed, and had only lost his hold when he got in among the breakers.

In the meantime, Clara was busied with her own thoughts, and felt that she would give worlds to possess herself of the letter from which the piece had been torn, that was found by Old John, for now that she remembered it, she was quite satisfied that Raymond had perceived the old servant entering the wood, and stealing down along the pathway that he and Alice were to pursue.

This, we say, she was convinced of, because she saw him in the hall, and perceived him start suddenly when he caught a glimpse of Tony in the kitchen, as though he feared the ready tongue of that lad might lead to some unpleasant discovery; and as he left the house with Miss Carden, he might perhaps have apprised her of their mutual danger, and prevailed upon her to keep up a loud and seemingly pleasant conversation, lest Old John, prompted by what the boy had said, should have sallied forth with a view of learning whether anything transpired on their way toward the village which might go to confirm the statements of Tony.

Although Old John was early on foot, his young mistress, with the utmost alarm and deep concern on her countenance, was on the beach before he had yet awoke, and there, to her shuddering surprise and horror, the first object that met her view was the body of Raymond stretched on the shore.

At the time of the upsetting of the boat he had been in

his shirt-sleeves; and now that his remaining attire, and especially his vest, which was open, had been terribly tossed about by the waves, she discovered a letter partly washed out of an inner pocket of the latter, and half lying upon his pulseless breast.

In an instant she was kneeling beside him, and, snatching up the missive, she at once recognized the handwriting as that of the scrap found by John; and returning speedily to the cottage, from which the old servant was about to emerge, she hastened to her chamber, after informing him that the body of their unfortunate guest had been washed ashore.

When once in the privacy of her apartment, she dried and opened the epistle, and found it was from Fanny Morel to Edward Fanshaw, intimating, in somewhat ambiguous language, that the murder and robbery of Clara's aunt had been accomplished, and begging of him to hasten to meet her at a certain rendezvous previously decided upon.

They could, she averred, be far on their way to the frontier before anything was discovered, and as she had powerful chemicals that would almost instantaneously change the color of both his and her hair, they should be able to assume a disguise not easily penetrated.

This and the ring dropped by Alice, or, rather, Fanny Morel, which had belonged to her aunt, decided Clara at once; and arousing her father from his restless slumber, she placed the ring and letter before him, stating that the murderess of his sister was now within his grasp in the person of the pretended Alice Carden!

So conclusive and convincing the proofs that this was in reality the case, the old gentleman was speedily in the village, where information of the fact was lodged with the authorities.

In less than an hour afterward the perfidious wretch who had so long evaded justice was in custody, when, perceiving how conclusive the evidence against her, she confessed her guilt, but pleaded she was prompted to it by Fanshaw, who had agreed to marry her, and had provided the poison which was administered with such deadly effect.

They had both absconded together; but soon, learning that her betrayer had no intention of making her his wife, and was only desirous of laying his hands on all the money and valuables she had possessed herself of, she separated from him, but not before disclosing where Old Madge resided, who was no other than her mother.

To this point he followed her, believing that she had sought refuge here, as she had never previously been in the locality, and was completely unknown to every individual in it, while her relationship to Madge was never suspected.

On his arrival he soon found out her place of refuge, and, as described by Tony, had a stormy interview with her, when he threatened to denounce her if she did not advance him a considerable sum of money to meet his present needs.

This she refused to do, although strangely attracted toward him wherever he moved, as she believed he could not disclose her dreadful secret without compromising himself, though not fully assured on that point; and as her ill-gotten gains, save the jewelry which she could not dispose of with safety, were disappearing gradually.

All this came out on her trial, as well as a corroboration of the correctness of Clara's surmise regarding her apparently light and pleasant conversation with Raymond on the evening that Old John stole forth to keep an eye on them

Raymond had seen him entering the wood, and divining his purpose, as he saw him creep along in the direction of the village, he induced her to open a conversation as if they had hitherto been strangers to each other, so that if the old man happened to be listening he should be thrown off the track that Tony might accidentally have laid out for him.

The verdict was what might have been expected. The prisoner was identified as Fanny Morel, and her own confession sealed her fate.

She was consequently condemned to death, and was remanded to prison to be transferred to the county jail on the following day.

Old Madge, through the most earnest tears and pleadings, had so far influenced the persons in charge of her temporarily, that she was permitted to spend the night in the cell with her; but when, on the next morning, the officers came to transfer the prisoner, both she and her mother were cold and still in death, having committed suicide by poison during the night.

On searching the strange abode of the two unfortunates, nearly all the jewelry, already alluded to, was recovered, as well as a considerable sum in money, which ultimately fell into the hands of old Ben, who, adding the whole to a few thousands of his own, presented the sum total to his daughter on the morning that she wedded the man of her choice.

THE LAST BIRTHDAY RHYME.

November brings my darling's day of birth.
She sleeps in earth.
Her eyes shall never more behold
Soft rains Autumnal bringing up
The bindweed cup,
Or green lime-leafage turning gold.

Upon the damp and leaf-strewn lawn I see
Her medlar tree;
Her scarlet oak has ceased to burn,
Her dahlias droop in humid air;
I know not where
Are those brown eyes for which I yearn.

She cannot take a birthday gift from me,
Or read with glee
Love's little sheet of foolish rhyme.
Ah! well I know your meaning now,
Sad winds that blow
Through Autumn's melancholy time.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES AT MACKINAC, MICHIGAN.

Mackinac is a United States military post, which was for some time commanded by Captain Martin Scott, of coon celebrity, unquestionably the best rifle and pistol shot in the country. He was killed in the Mexican War. It presents a busied and novel scene in the Fall of each year at the time of the "Indian payment." The aborigines pitch their tents and wigwams along the beach, and traders and gamblers generally contrive to get the most of the poor Indians' money in a few days. There is quite a village here, and a flourishing trade is carried on in whitefish, which are salted in barrels and exported quite largely. It used to be facetitiously observed that a whitefish was a legal tender in Mackinac, as an undressed hide was formerly considered a "California bank-note." These fish were used for change in their barter trade about, in the same manner that the Mexicans use *soap*. The whitefish business is quite lucrative, having wholly built up the village to its present prosperity. It is currently reported at Mackinac that poor people feed whitefish to their horses and cattle in the Winter season.

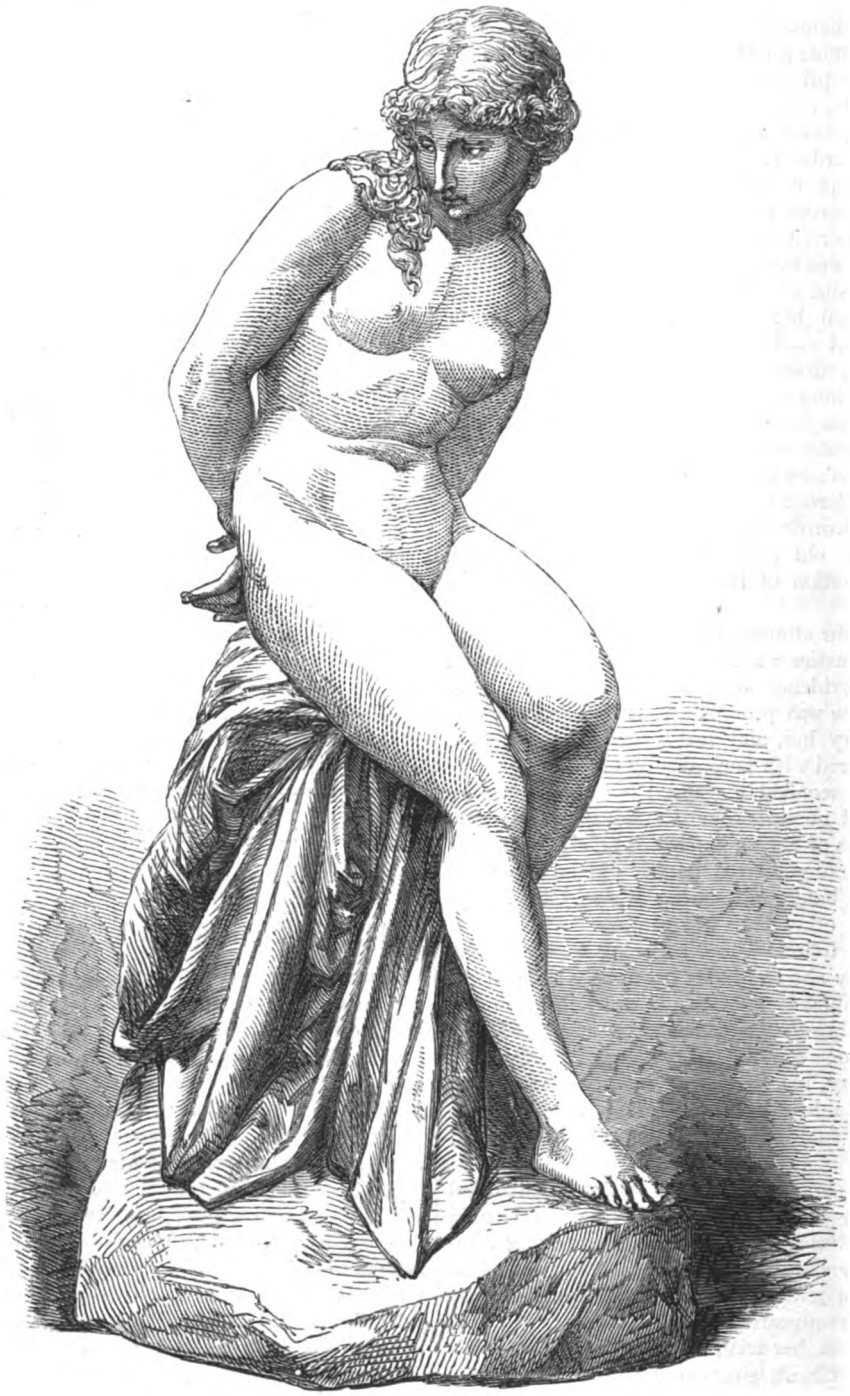
The fort is introduced in Major Richardson's famous Indian novel, "Wacousta." Perhaps no place in the Union is so isolated as Mackinac in the Winter. The straits and all other avenues of approach are frozen over for three or

our long and dreary months, and they have no communication whatever with the rest of the world, except by messengers and carriers, who occasionally go and come on foot over the ice to the northern part of the Michigan peninsula. The mail is carried in this way on a person's back, who travels through the deep snow of this dreary and desolate region. From Detroit, by land, it is a long, wearisome and perilous journey to reach the Straits of Mackinac, and the transit over the ice is attended with considerable danger.

The residents of Mackinac are intelligent, contented and happy. With the opening of lake navigation in the Spring, they commence a bustling and active life—selling fish, wood, vegetables, milk, etc., to the steamers which invariably touch here for these supplies.

Navigation is usually "open"—that is to say, steamers run here—from seven and a half to eight months in the year. The climate of Mackinac in the Summer is most lovely; the atmosphere is clear as the crystal waters of the lake, and cool breezes keep away mosquitoes and other pests of the season, making a sojourn of a few weeks a source of unalloyed enjoyment. Tourists generally visit this spot, which is the *entrepot* of Sault Ste. Marie and the whole Lake Superior region, and it is strange that it has not yet become a place of fashionable resort, since railroads and steamboats have so annihilated space and time as to bring it within two days' travel of New York.

There are several objects of curiosity and interest about the island, among the most prominent of which are "Sugar-loaf Rock" (with its famous "Devil's Den") and the "Natural Bridge," the latter, though smaller and of less pretensions, not unlike the celebrated Natural Bridge of Virginia, which are generally visited by steamboat passengers, who improve the stoppage of an hour or so, while the boat is "wooding" or "coaling," to stroll through the fort and about the island.



THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.

THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.

This beautiful statue is one of the finest works of the famous French sculptor, Geoffrey, a pupil of Ramey and of Francheschi, both celebrated for their genius. The *pose* of the captive is very fine and very natural. She is seated on a rock, her hands are bound, while her buckler and helm are thrown on the ground. Her head is bent earthward, depicting confusion and grief. The composition at once arrests attention, on account of its simple grandeur, and its easy grace. The only defect is the modeling, which is comparatively feeble, and betrays a young and somewhat inexperienced hand. But, with all these imperfections, the Amazon Captive being a first work, is full of promise, and, doubtless, is the herald of a great reputation. In the art of the sculptor, first efforts are mainly tentative, lacking the assured power that comes only of long study and practice, and must be judged rather as indicating what we may in time expect from the same hand. than for any present artistic value; while beauty and originality of conception go far to atone for imperfect execution.

ABORIGINALS OF SIBERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

That vast extent of land between the Arctic Ocean and the portion of Siberia which has been colonized by the Russians, is occupied by a people of a peculiar race. The most of them are of Mongolian origin, as one can see by comparing their features with those of the Chinese and other people of similar blood. They were known by several names, such as Tongoose, Ostiaks, Touraki, Samoyedes, Koriaks and Chuckchee. It is a curious fact that the Samoyedes, who inhabit the country bordering the Arctic Ocean between the Lena and Yenesei rivers, are not Mongol but Turkish, and are descended from people who emigrated six or seven hundred years ago from Turkey and traveled in a northeasterly direction. They crossed the wide area inhabited by the Mongols, and did not stop until they reached the shores of the Frozen Sea. Here they have led a wandering life amid the ice and snows of the Arctic Circle, and depending upon the chase for their subsistence.

AN OSTIAK HUNTER.

Their language includes little besides the words necessary to their wants, but it retains enough of the Turkish to show whence they came. Their history has been partially preserved in their songs, and sometimes the women at their work will chant about palm trees and orange groves, though quite ignorant of the meaning of their utterances.

The Aboriginals of Siberia have little knowledge of agriculture, and rely almost entirely upon fishing and hunting. Some of them have large herds of reindeer, which constitute their wealth, and they estimate their fortunes by the number of these animals, just as Americans estimate their possessions by dollars, or sometimes by acres of land. Herds of one or two thousand deer are not uncommon, and I have known a Koriack chief who owned no less than forty thousand deer. In order to find pasturage for their herds, the natives must lead a nomadic life, and they rarely remain long in a single spot. They are a peaceable, honest people, quite unlike many other savage (and civilized) races. Should you pass the night in a Koriack tent, the owner would refuse all compensation for your entertainment; and if you leave anything there by accident or design, it will be returned to you. A party of my acquaintances once left some articles in a Koriack dwelling, which were not found until several hours after they had left. The native immediately followed them, and traveled an entire day in order to restore what he supposed they had lost. He refused all reward, and was apparently unaware that he had done anything out of the ordinary line.

But this characteristic dos not apply to all native tribes of Siberia. The nomads are generally honest and hospitable; those who have lost their deer and been forced to settle in the villages on the banks of streams, where they can live by fishing, are the reverse. The wandering tribes look upon them with contempt for their poverty, and it is quite possible that the knowledge of their degradation develops their disagreeable peculiarities. Human nature is the same in savage as in civilized life.

There are several tribes who own large herds of reindeer; others who own great numbers of dogs, which they use as beasts of burden, and others who own both dogs and reindeer. The reindeer is a most valuable animal to the native; he can be saddled for riding purposes, or he can draw the sledge; his flesh is used as food, and of his skin they make clothing, robes for bedding, and coverings for the tent. Of the bones they make knives, spoons, and other articles for household use, and sometimes construct the frames of their sledges. No part of the animal is thrown away; even the half-digested moss found in his stomach when slaughtered goes into the soup-kettle, and is considered a choice delicacy.

The costumes of the tribes vary somewhat, though all are made from the skins of deer. The Ostiak hunter, whose portrait is presented herewith, wears a plain coat, or *kuchlanka*, closed in front and donned over the head like a shirt. A hood is fastened to the collar, and it may be worn over the head or thrown back to the neck, as in the picture. His trowsers and boots are likewise of deer-skin, and fit pretty closely, and in Winter he is equipped with snow-shoes, sharply pointed at either end, and consisting of a bone framework, over which a skin covering is stretched. His bow has a double curve, and he slings his quiver in a diagonal line from his left shoulder.

The Tongoose hunter, on the other hand, wears a richly embroidered dress, likewise of deer-skin, but decorated at the edges of the various garments and over the shoulders with strips cut from the shaggy hide of the polar bear. The cap is separate, and fits closely to the head, and its embroidery is similar to that of the other articles of wear. The bow has a single curve, and the quiver hangs between the shoulders. Considerable taste is displayed in the embroidery, and the whole appearance of the dress is quite attractive. The hunters are very skillful in the use of the arrow, and rarely miss their mark. Sometimes a Tongoosian imitates the custom of the Middle Ages by going to the hunt with a servant, whose duty it is to gather the game which his master kills.

A few of these natives have been converted to Christianity, but the majority of them are pagans. They worship idols, and believe in good and evil spirits. They do not trouble themselves much about the good spirits, but are very solicitous to secure the favor of the evil ones, and for this purpose they employ *chamans*, or priests. These *chamans* pretend to have the power to drive away evil spirits, and, consequently, when any calamity happens, or is feared, one of this gentry is called in. Generally, they work in pairs, so that two of them must be employed, and sometimes, when the affair is very serious, there will be half a dozen of them. They get themselves up fantastically. Their clothing is ornamented with shreds of crape, and occasionally with snake skins; pieces of metal are attached to it, so as to make a jingling sound when they move. A huge tambourine and a club complete the equipment, and they are ready for business.

They dance wildly, and accompany the dancing with a vigorous beating of the tambourines and unearthly yells of the shrillest possible tone. No evil spirit, with any sensitiveness, can stand this, and he generally goes away in the course of an hour or two. Generally, the *chamans* are employed for medical purposes, to drive away the spirit which has deprived some person of his health. If the patient recovers, the *chaman* gets the credit of the cure, but if the unhappy man dies the *chaman* announces that the evil spirit was one over which he has no influence, and therefore he is not to blame. A performance of these fellows is interesting for a few minutes, but it soon becomes monotonous; and the horrid noise, which is its principal feature, is not at all soothing to one's nerves.

Like all pagans, these aboriginals have many superstitions. They delight in stories of the supernatural, and will listen eagerly, for hours, to narrations of this kind. Their stories are frequently constructed with considerable skill, and have a moral at the end like the popular narrative in civilized lands.

As a specimen of the romance of the natives of Siberia, I present the following, which was obtained from an Ostiak *raconteur*, whose profession was to go from house to house, to recite legends, fables, or narratives, according to the wish of his patron. Some of these men have considerable eloquence, and possess great popularity among their people. They are the lyceum lecturers of their country—the orators and readers who instruct and amuse, and furnish the material for profound discussions in the long evenings of Winter.

"One day, seven Ostiaks assembled for a hunting excursion. Each one fastened three reindeer to his sledge, and took a supply of provisions. They did not trouble themselves much about their food, as they expected that the game they would surely kill would suffice for their wants.

"Vain hope! For three days they found nothing. Though displeased at their failure, they were not disheartened, and continued to tempt fortune, in order not to have the shame of returning home with nothing.

"Suddenly they came in sight of a vast plain of the most frightful sterility. Not a blade of grass nor a single tree of any kind could be seen. The hunters were astonished; they knew the country well, and had never seen anything like this. They continued to advance, in the hope of finding a valley or a small forest, but to no purpose. They went on and on, but there was no change. Their provisions

were nearly gone, and starvation threatened them. They uttered cries of despair, and gave vent to their anguish and alarm.

"'What shall we do?' said they. 'Shall we go on and perish? or shall we return home, empty-handed and suffering?'

"While they were consulting they saw upon the horizon a cloud of snow driven by a furious wind.

"'We are lost!' said the hunters. 'There is no shelter, no hope of safety. We shall be buried in the snow, and our fate will never be known.'

"While they spoke, an immense giant appeared suddenly before them. He rode upon a sledge drawn by four enormous reindeer, and he carried a bow so large that all the seven hunters would have been unable to lift it.

"'What are you doing here?' said the giant, with a voice like the thunder.

"'We are hunting,' said one of the men, 'but have been unlucky and found no game.'

"'Go to the East,' said the giant, 'until you see three larch trees and a great stone near them. There you will find plenty of game which will surprise you with its beauty and variety.'

"'But how shall we find the place?' said the hunters. 'We are lost, and can only see an interminable field of snow.'

"The giant drew an arrow from his quiver, fixed it in his bow, and shot it along the snow. 'Follow that line,' said he; then, whistling to his team, he disappeared.

"The hunters followed the mark along the snow, and finally came to where the arrow was fixed in the ground. Each tried to secure it, but the strength of the entire seven was not sufficient to move it. After several vain attempts, they looked around, and great was their surprise to see the three larches and the stone. The promise of the giant proved true, and the ground was almost covered with game. An arrow fired at random brought down a fox or an ermine, and in a little while all the seven sledges were loaded with game of the finest quality.

"The hunters then started for home. On reaching the spot where they had met the giant, they determined to go and thank him for the great service he had rendered. It was easy to do, as the track of his sledge was visible on the snow, and could be followed without trouble. On the way they saw a great deal of fine game, but did not stop to secure it, so anxious were they to find and thank their benefactor.

"Very soon they saw his tent. The giant, like an ordinary mortal, came out to meet them, followed by his wife and his father. Salutations were exchanged, and then the giant stepped aside, killed fourteen reindeer, and ordered his wife to prepare them for supper. He began by cutting off the heads and offering them to the hunters. The Ostiaks are very fond of this delicacy, and it is a matter of etiquette, whenever a reindeer is killed, to present the head to any guest who happens to be present. The hunters could not conceal their astonishment at the extensive preparations for their feast, and modestly hinted that they could not eat all that had been served for them.

"'This is the merest trifle,' said the giant. 'I always have fourteen reindeer for my own supper, and certainly seven of you should be able to eat as much as I do.'

"The hunters did their best and ate as long as they could possibly swallow a morsel. In spite of their exertions, they only consumed two reindeer, but their modesty found its reward, as the giant caused all that remained of the supper to be placed on their sledges.

"When it was bed-time the giant ordered a great number of the finest furs to be brought. Each skin was the very best of its kind, and the strangers were astonished at the magnificence of the pile. 'You shall slumber on these furs to-night,' said the giant, 'and to-morrow you will carry them away with you.'

"The next morning the hunters prepared to depart. They thanked their host for his hospitality and generosity, and wished prosperity to the family which had assembled to bid them farewell. The old father said to his son, 'You will not let these strangers go without some souvenirs of your wealth?'

"'Certainly not,' replied the giant. He took a cord of an immense length, and said to the hunters:

"'I am going to throw this among my deer, and you shall have all that it catches.'

"He blew a whistle, and the herd came toward him. He threw a cord and caught with it fifty deer, some by the horns and some by the feet. He gave all these deer to the hunters, who again thanked him, and then went away.

"After traveling two or three hours they saw a herd of the finest reindeer they had yet seen. While they looked at them and expressed their admiration, one of the hunters proposed to his companions to steal the deer, or at any rate some of them. 'He to whom they belong,' said he, 'is rich, and will never miss them.'

"'I was thinking the same thing,' said another.

"'And I also,' said a third.

"'It is very strange,' remarked the fourth hunter, 'for exactly those thoughts were in my mind.'

"'You are right,' said the fifth and the sixth. 'What harm shall we do in taking a few deer? The giant has more riches and happiness than he deserves, and we shall only be doing justice to ourselves by taking some of these animals.'

"'Stop, stop,' said the seventh hunter, 'and do not commit a crime. Do not be ingrates and robbers. The giant has been generous, and we have enough for the support of our families a whole year. Put aside the demon of covetousness, and do not soil your hands with a wicked action.'

"'We wish neither your moral nor your advice,' replied the rest. 'If you don't agree with us, go on and say nothing.'

"'I will go; but before I do so, let me beg you to think of your children, for your crime will fall upon them.'

"'Our children will be richer than yours, and it is of them we are thinking. Go away at once, or we may kill you, so as to be sure of our secret.'

"The honest man gathered together the deer which belonged to him and went away with a tranquil conscience, but with his heart very sad. As soon as he was out of sight the others caught three hundred reindeer from the herd and united them with those they already possessed, so that the crime could be more easily concealed.

"As he went along, the honest Ostiak halted occasionally, in the hope that his late companions might be touched by remorse or fear, and hasten to join him. But they did not come, and he finally abandoned hope, and thus reflected:

"'They were honest, and a moment has sufficed to make them criminals. When they were poor they were good; when they had riches they at once desired more. It would have been better if they had never met this giant who gave us so many fine presents.'

"All at once he heard a noise like an earthquake; the giant stood before him, with fire streaming from his nostrils and lightning flashing from his eyes. He looked a moment at the Ostiak, and then ran like the wind over the plain to where the six hunters were driving the stolen dear. He drew his bow and discharged an arrow, which pierced all the six men as though it had been a thunderbolt. Then

TONGOOSE HUNTERS.

the giant approached the seventh, who stood trembling lest he should receive the same fate as his late companions.

"The giant's face became calm at once, and he thus spoke:

"'I have power to punish the wicked and to reward good actions. You have resisted the temptation of riches; you had the courage to give good advice, and you shall have the reward you deserve. All these herds of reindeer are yours, and the whole plain as far as you can see it. Possess your riches without fear, and be always honest, so as to be worthy of your happiness.'"

A YORKSHIRE COMPARISON.

Lord Brougham used to be fond of reviving bar recollections. The following is, perhaps, one of his best stories. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court.

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?" — "I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollects, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

Sergeant Bond and the Horsedealer.

The following anecdote has often appeared in print, and with various names. Sergeant Bond used to relate it, and he is to be relied on, as the unquestionable original.

"I once," Sergeant Bond used to relate, with infinite humor, "bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had *any* fault. I therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, "Now, my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault that he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears: 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn, at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh! pooh!' said I, 'if that's all, I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to, the Uxbridge Road."

"It, however, so happened that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his

dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups; expecting a plunge from my horse, I struck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause in this change of his antipathies, by the landlord coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder, 'Ha! Jack,' says he, 'I am glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information, rejoined the sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered. I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord."

Two Sides to the Question.

JAMES I., soon after his accession to the English throne, was present in a court of justice to observe the pleadings in a cause of some consequence. The counsel for the plaintiff having finished, the king was so perfectly satisfied, that he exclaimed, "'Tis a plain case," and was about to leave the court. Being persuaded, however, to stay and hear the other side of the question, the pleaders for the defendant made the case no less plain on their side. On this, the monarch rose, and departed in a great passion, exclaiming, "They are all rogues alike!"

Akin to this, is the story of a judge of later date, but not of brighter wit, than the Scottish Solomon, who, when he had heard counsel for the plaintiff, stopped the case and proceeded to give judgment, explaining that "he did not want his mind confused by the pleadings" on the other side.

WHAT evil cannot corrupt, Fate seldom spares.

CHANVANS EXORCISING AN EVIL SPIRIT.

A LION HUNT IN AFRICA.

I WAS cruising on board a British man-of-war, in the year 1853, from the Island of Madeira toward the western coast of Africa, hoping on our way to pick up a slave-ship or two. Midway between Madeira and Teneriffe, we were becalmed for three tedious weeks under a hot, broiling sun. It was no joke, and severely tried the tempers not only of the captain and officers, but all on board. Worst of all, our water began to run short—a very serious matter, with over one thousand thirsty men on board. We were put on an allowance of a pint a day. A pint of water for drinking, washing, cooking, etc., under a torrid sun, does not go a very great way. Our necessity at length became so great that the captain was forced to get up steam and make direct for the coast of Africa.

Thirty-six hours steaming brought us opposite the town of Mogadore. The place is situated on the outskirts of the great Sahara or Sandy Desert of Africa. Behind the town rises a background of mountains, most conspicuous among which stands out the snow-capped summit of Mount Atlas. Stretching away to their base is one vast field of sand, with a small thicket of shrubs growing here and there sparsely.

The night before we reached the town a fresh breeze came on, which carried away our foremast. and we ran down a small vessel, supposed to be laden with fruit. How well I remember it. The captain and I were walking up and down the deck—the vessel, a large six-hundred horse-power, one hundred and one gun-ship, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour! What chance had any small schooner before such a leviathan of the deep!

As we were walking, a shock, as if a vessel had run aground—just touched, and off again—ran through her frame. We stood still:

"What is that?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said; "she ran against something."

Morning's daybreak showed us one or two floating spars, and a man's hat—all the record of what had passed. Silently, swiftly, the unknown vessel had gone down, and its small crew, doubtless fast asleep, never woke on earth again, bnt there and then found their last resting-place—all unknown until that day shall come when all the secrets of the mighty deep, its hidden treasures, its buried hopes, be once more revealed.

As we neared Mogadore, and anchored some two miles off the town, a strange commotion seemed to possess the place. The morning breeze off land came to us laden with the sound of ringing bells—not the usual muezzin calling the faithful to their prayers, but the sharp, quick, repeated sound of consternation and alarm. Through our glasses we saw the Moors hastening in crowds from the city gates and bearing with them their valuables out into the sandy plain beyond.

They thought our arrival an hostile one, for no vessel-of-war had visited (we afterward learned) the place since a French fleet, a few years before, which nearly leveled it with the ground.

As soon as he could, our first lieutenant went on shore and made known the motive of our errand thither—want of water—not very easy to be obtained.

As we were likely to remain there three or four days, a party of us landed the following day and visited the town. Looks half threatening, half fearful, marked our course through the streets from the Moorish population. Finding, however, that our visit was really a peaceable one, they became reassured, and in one bazaar we stopped at, its owner, who spoke Spanish very fairly, told us that the foot-tracks of a lion had been seen a few days before in the neighborhood, and two Moors were missing, supposed to have been carried off by the formidable brute.

Taking this piece of news back with us, we returned on board the ship, and there making it known, a party was quickly organized for a regular hunt the following day.

The next morning, accordingly, some twelve, myself included, went once more on shore, fully equipped and armed for the affray, and taking along with us two large Newfoundland dogs belonging to the captain of the ship. I was the only one of the party unarmed; for, somehow or other, all desire on my part to share either glory or danger had entirely left me. I should like to see it, I owned, provided I was at a safe distance; and as I could not be sure of that, I preferred taking a quiet botanical excursion by myself, in the immediate vicinity of the city. I went, however, with them, until they came on traces of the animal. The broad, large, cat-paw shaped marks in the sand were unmistakable. Little need was there of the three or four Moors we had persuaded, with no small difficulty, to accompany us, for the footmarks were all round the place. We gathered from our guides that it had been seen that very morning, making its way with early dawn eastward, toward the Desert.

Putting the dogs on the scent, the party started off. I resolved to go in an entirely different direction, grimly resolving in my mind not to lose sight of the walls of the town. Just as we separated, one of them, named Turnour, said:

"There, Dot, old boy, take this revolver; I have another, and it may be useful to you."

Nothing loath, I took the weapon, for, beyond a pocket-knife, I was totally unarmed, and I slowly sauntered back toward the town. I came to a clump of some five or six date-trees and a small piece of green sward, flower-bestrewed. Here I halted, and taking out my pipe, began to smoke beneath their shade. Ever and anon I gathered a few dates lying on the ground and ate them. So passed lazily away a couple of hours. I had listened intently, but heard no shot fired, and concluded the lion had gone further away than they expected. At length I arose, and seeing a small thicket of stunted shrubs some quarter of a mile further off, I made my way toward them.

I found they were a species of acacia, and a species I had not hitherto met with. I plucked two or three of the twigs, and was just about to leave, when a deep bass growl riveted me to the spot. Unconsciously I let my flowers drop, and stood still for a few moments, paralyzed. Another and a deeper growl followed the first, and looking in the direction whence the sound issued, I saw the fiery glare of two large eyeballs, and could dimly outline the form of a large beast crouching, half hidden among the shrubs. Still I stood, too horrified to move even a single limb—too frightened to attempt to cry out for assistance, even had assistance been near. A hot glow rushed like fire through my whole body, followed immediately by a cold thrill which sent the perspiration in icy drops down my face. I felt my hair bristle and move with a strange creeping sensation. Distinctly I could hear and count each pulsation of my heart. To this day I can realize most vividly what I can imagine a poor little mouse feels when for the first time it sees fixed on it the relentless glare of some half-famished cat.

Like a poor timorous mouse I stood, all forgetful of my pistol, and so taken unawares that I should have been an easy victim. My tongue found its powers first—I uttered a roar as loud, if not as hoarse, as the one I had heard—I bellowed until they might have heard me in Mogadore. Then the pistol flashed through my mind just as a slight rustling warned me that the animal was beginning to move,

doubtless preparatory to its first, and, as I felt assured, final spring.

A large, yellow beast came bounding out toward me. I pointed the pistol at it, and, shutting my eyes, with a half-uttered "God help me!" I fired. A strange noise followed the report, half-growl, half-bark, half-howl, a heavy thud on the earth, and opening my eyes, I found a large, yellow-colored dog lying in its death agonies a few feet from me. It was one of those half-wild brutes which so commonly haunt the streets of towns where Mussulmans are wont to frequent, and I had found out and disturbed it in its lair.

Half-ashamed of my dastardly fears and half-triumphant at my success with the pistol, so fortuitous in its aim, all by chance and naught through skill, with shaking nerves tingling unpleasantly at the dreadful excitement I had undergone, and with limbs rather shaky and unsteady, I turned to hasten away, when I met the half-laughing, part serious glance of Turnour.

"Upon my word, Dot, well shot; but why did you bellow so?"

"I—thought it was the lion," I could not help saying."

He roared out with laughter.

"It was sufficient, however, to scare a fellow," he said at length, seeing my perturbed look. "Come along now; we must get on board; they have signalized our return; we have not met our lion, and must leave him to the Moors. Never mind, we may have another chance when we get to old Gib, and go over from there to Tangiers."

We went on board, where Turnour narrated my adventure amid the roar of my messmates.

My lion exploits in Africa were not, however, ended at Mogadore, and I did afterward see a real one, to my bitter sorrow.

In this wise:

After leaving Mogadore, we started on to Gibraltar, where the captain expected to receive dispatches from the admiral, then at Lisbon, giving orders as to his future movements. In three days we reached the world-famed citadel, and finding we were likely to be there a week or ten days, the officers forthwith planned several expeditions, both into Spain and Africa.

All excursions, however, into Spain were nipped in the bud, owing to a strict quarantine being kept, and no further advance allowed into that country than the limits of the neutral ground which separates the Spanish from the English territory. We were all sorely disappointed, but an expedition into Africa was soon planned, and several officers from the garrison at Gibraltar agreed to accompany us. Among these officers was a cousin of mine, my playmate in childhood, my schoolmate in boyhood, and the one warm friend of my youth and manhood.

We intended being away two or three days, and made our preparations accordingly.

A small steamer conveyed us across the straits to Tangiers, and we found there our horses, which we had sent across the day before. Mounting these, we rode along the coast toward a small place called Massighan, intending to make it our headquarters for the short time we should be away. On our road thitherwise we fell in with the tracks of a lion. I shuddered when I saw them, as they brought afresh to mind my fright at Mogadore. The officers followed them up; I dared not be left behind, and was consequently forced to follow.

After three or four hours' ride we came to a small thicket surrounded by a small strip of coarse, long grass. Here the dogs stopped, and one of them whined uneasily. The company rode round it, but beyond the footmarks ceasing here we saw no other trace of the animal. The dogs refused for some time to go in. At last we induced one, named Neptune, a great favorite, to enter. A short time passed, when we heard a loud howl, a heavy stroke, as if a hammer had hit some soft substance, and all again was still.

We knew well what had happened. One stroke of the lion's paw had for ever silenced poor Neptune, and Boatswain, his companion, seemed to know it, too, for it whined most piteously.

After some deliberation, the officers determined to fire a volley into the midst of the thicket, and did so. A loud, deep, sullen roar was the response. How it made my heart beat! and my horse became well-nigh unmanageable, being infected with a like fear with myself. Still the beast would not break cover, but seemed determined to remain hidden in its lair. My cousin suggested setting fire to the grass, as he had seen done in a similar case in India. This was done, and all eyes were directed to the spot as the flames spread and the smoke rolled on and clung to the trees and shrubs. Under cover of the dark, dense cloud, a huge object stealthily, noiselessly as a cat, crept on unseen, until within a few yards of where my cousin was sitting on horseback.

I saw his horse suddenly shy, rear, heard it give a loud snort of fear, and then a huge, dark-looking object seemed suddenly to spring out of the very ground and launch itself at the horse's head. The flash and quick report of a rifle followed, as the brute clung, with his fore-paws deep-buried in the fore-shoulders of the horse, and its teeth deep set in the poor animal's throat. The horse tottered and fell, and my cousin lay on the ground, with one leg crushed by the horse's fall. One moment more and the lion left the horse and stood over the man. Heart-sick, I could scarcely bear to look on, and yet could not turn away my horrified face. One of the officers, named Chichester, the crack-shot of the regiment, raised just then his rifle, took one instant's sight, and fired. It was too late; before the ball reached its object the uplifted paw had fallen; again a dull crash was heard, almost simultaneously with the thud of the bullet, and as the huge brute rolled over off the body of the man, both were lying quivering in their death-agonies, the head of the one crushed into a shapeless mass as the heart of the other received its death-blow from the bullet.

Ah me! very, very sorrowfully they took the body up and set their faces homeward again to Gibraltar. In after-days I was told a band of Moorish robbers, or soldiers, or whatever they were, hung on our rear, and threatened more than once an attack. I never saw or heeded them; I knew not what they were; my thoughts, my heart were there with that object hanging over the saddle of a brother-officer of my cousin's, who rode by my side.

I thought, too, of a home in America, far away, where a mother would soon be weeping over the death of her first-born and only one, killed not in the furious onslaught on the field of battle, with no sound of country's victory to cheer the dying struggle and rob it of its pain. Alas! no; but bruised and maimed to death by a wild beast, the after-death of which could never soften the bitter pang of a brave and gallant man's loss.

I took his body home and buried it in the old churchyard there, and from that day to this I have never seen, or for one moment wished to see, another lion. Its very name, as I write it, even makes me shudder. God keep me and mine from ever again joining in a lion-hunt.

HONOR and justice, reason and equity, go a great way in procuring prosperity to those who use them; and, in case of failure, they secure the best retreat and the most honorable consolation.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

The 3d of March, 1871, I entered Paris on a crowded train from Bordeaux. It was the last day of the German occupation—the galling penalty which the capital paid as the last act of the heroic five months' siege which had reduced its municipal spirit to a condition of gloom and incipient anarchy.

The city was dull and lifeless. The few people whom I met in the streets of Paris, as I walked to the Hotel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, were of the poorer classes, and from their dark and lowering faces I could read half-starvation and discontent. The universal dejection was marked by silence and distrustful glances from countenances made pallid and angular from months of enforced dieting on the miserable black bread which had been the staple article of food. The cab horses had been eaten up during the German environment, and the only sign of animation were a few decrepid quadrupeds, whose owners had taken early advantage of the capitulation to drive sharp bargains with the curious tourist.

The Champs Elysées was alone active, for along its broad road-bed marched out the last division of the German Army, greeted here and there with the maledictions of indignant Parisians. And thus it was that Paris was surrendered to herself—to confront her own humiliation; the prey to ignorant and revolutionary factions—a morbid city, without a healthy or vigorous drop of blood in her exhausted veins. What an auspicious moment for the anarchist, the pamphleteer, the irrepressible demagogue, and the *barricadeur!* And it was an opportunity not wasted.

Slowly the germs of disorder crystallized into form. Rochefort, with his *Mot d'Ordre*, wrote seditious thoughts, which he could not utter in the Assembly at Bordeaux; the hungry crowd of scribblers who nightly sit at their absinthe, in front of the Café de Madrid, were feeble echoes of his caustic periods.

Thirty thousand of the National Guard, under D'Aurelle de Palladines, and a few regiments of the line, under General Vinoy, were left the sole custodians of the public peace; and it must be said they had no heart for repression. What inspiration was left for order? Their war for the Empire and for glory had been a humiliating defeat—a disgraceful dynastic alternative; and yet an Assembly at Bordeaux was plotting a monarchial restoration. At this moment, M. Thiers displayed a deplorable weakness. He had been chosen Chief-of-Power, which was in effect conferring upon him a limited dictatorship, so that he was not embarrassed for authority.

The National Guards of Paris, during the two weeks that supervened, organized a central committee; proceeded to address their comrades, and portrayed the danger of the return of France to monarchical rule. The Jacobin Clubs again let loose their revolutionary pronunciamientos. It did not take a week for the capital to become awed by an organized Commune. Well-dressed people sought seclusion; nobody knew what might take place; all feared the worst.

A LION HUNT IN AFRICA.—"CHICHESTER RAISED HIS RIFLE, TOOK ONE INSTANT'S SIGHT AND FIRED. IT WAS TOO LATE; BEFORE THE BALL REACHED ITS OBJECT, THE UPLIFTED JAW HAD FALLEN."—SEE PAGE 414.

It was during these premonitory Ides of March, when the very air seemed laden with an ominous warning, that I was grossly saluted in the Place Vendome—"*A bas l'aristocrat, à bas l'aristocrat!*"

And now over the dismal aspect of the city floated the red flag at the topmost point of the Bastile; the discipline of the National Guards daily loosened, and a self-constituted committee of numerous battalions called itself "The Central Committee of the National Guards." Its chairman was Jules Bergeret. Its decrees were published on the walls of Paris. Although treated with general contempt at first, it gradually grew in influence. Beyond a few feeble and silly acts by the Government, no vigor was displayed—several newspapers alone being suppressed.

From day to day, the turbulence of the masses increased, until the morning of the eventful 18th of March arrived. This was the natal day of one of the bloodiest and boldest episodes of history. Days previously, the refractory National Guards had captured the cannon of Palladines's command, and carried away powerful batteries, and planted them on the summit of their stronghold, Montmartre—the citadel of Red Republicanism in France. Barricades were speedily erected on this lofty perch. All of the approaches were gradually strengthed before the Government became aware of the fast-approaching crisis.

A PROCESSION OF VENGERESSES.

During these preparatory days, I often visited the summit of Montmartre, and the *cafés* and places of resort of the most violent communists. While they were not often inflamed by wine, I occasionally met those who were irresponsible from drink, but on the whole it must be said that the honest sentiment at that moment was a deep-seated feeling of discontent produced by long years of oppression and wrongs which might have been averted by beneficent government.

The morning of March 18th, General Palladines determined to attack the National Guards and resume possession of the captured cannon in the hands of the Central Committee, who declared that they held them to enforce a Republican Government in the capital, and municipal independence in Paris. General Vinoy was detailed to perform the service; and, with several regiments of the line, marched to the Place Pigalle, near the foot of Montmartre, and began an aggressive movement toward the summit.

The National Guards were met and rapidly repelled, when the troops of the line gave way, and large bodies of them fraternized with the National Guards. The struggle was brief; the troops of the line fell back, and gradually the insurrection spread.

The 18th of March proved a day of intense agitation throughout Paris. The shops were all closed; every species of business was discontinued, and dense crowds moved toward the theatre of turmoil. It was scarcely daylight when a trusty informant brought me intelligence of the events that were transpiring on Montmartre. I hastily attired myself, and hurried away with my attendant. At every step it became necessary to exercise the extremest caution, and in excited throngs there was but one safety—to be one of the mob—talking with them, smiling with them, agreeing with them. Dense masses of people thronged every approach to the scene of slaughter, and by noon half of Paris had visited the confines of the Communist camp.

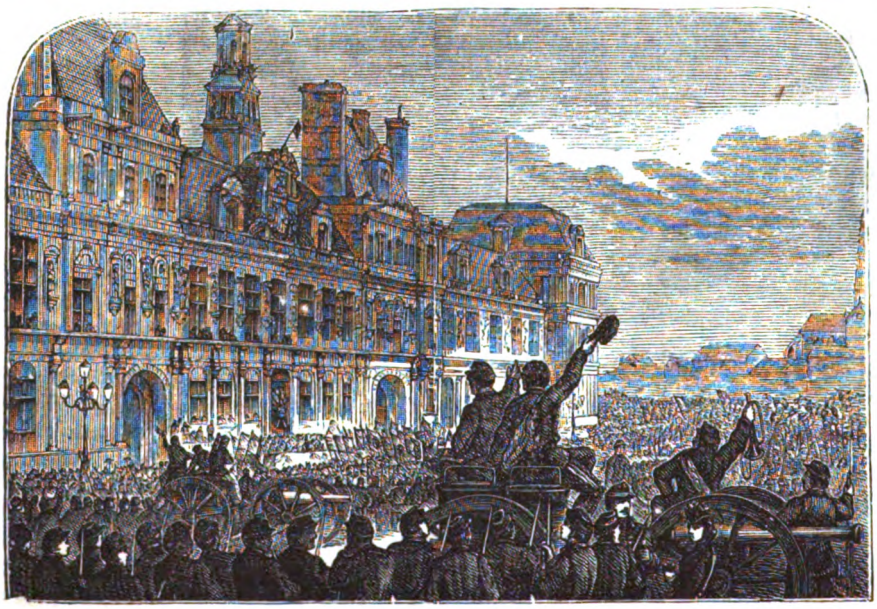
Late in the afternoon the intelligence spread that two

CITIZENS DRAGGING OFF CANNON BEFORE THE GERMAN ENTRY.

general officers of the line had been shot; and, later in the day, it was made certain that Generals Thomas and Le Compte had been detected within the Communist camp on the summit, and after a summary inquiry, had been shot to death, plans of the Communists' position having been found on their persons. This unnecessary act of cruelty created intense indignation among all the orderly classes of the city. It became known on the morning of the 19th, that the Hotel de Ville was in possession of the National Guards, and that all of Paris had been abandoned to the mob; General Palladines retiring with his command to Versailles.

Still, Bergeret and his followers were irresolute. As yet, no Frenchman of mark had joined the insurgents. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Victor Hugo, indeed, all of the orators who had long been recognized as among the fearless champions of the Paris people, were not of the movement; nor could a name of prominence be found among those who rose from the slums of the city to posts of position and authority. It is very doubtful if there was at any time in the history of the Commune, a single man connected with its fortunes possessed of one thousand dollars' worth of property. Those of family name and reputable antecedents who joined the movement were actuated by the same ambition which guided Bonaparte

COMMUNISTS' CANNON AT MONTMARTRE POINTED TO SWEEP THE CITY.



THE COMMUNE PROCLAIMED IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

to obey the Convention, and, during the first revolution, turn his artillery on the people.

No other thought or purpose actuated Bergeret, Cluseret, Grousset, Rossel, or Dombrowski, as I have it from the lips of nearly all of them. It was a fine opportunity for adventurers to speculate on the ruins of France. The Frenchman who saluted me on the top of a lofty building in the Rue Scribe, on the morning after the firing of the Tuileries (as he heard my foreign accent), with this fierce greeting, was not so much to be blamed, after all—"It is you strangers who have led these miserables to do this ruin, and I would shoot every one of you dead, as destroyers of Paris."

"Yes," said a foreigner, who stood by, "if we are its destroyers

GENERAL CLUSERET.

GUSTAVE FLOURENS.

remember, we are its makers, too." But the irate Frenchman was right; seven-eighths of the leaders were of foreign birth.

Jules Bergeret was a typical man of the Commune. I do not remember ever to have met, in many wanderings, a more revolutionary character; yet Bergeret was not a selfish, reckless demagogue, whose political notions grew out of hourly libations of absinthe, and whose moral code was produced by intimate association with the easy-going vices of the capital. His nature was that of a man who was at once cunning and severe, but who always knew when he had exhausted the measure of his power. Born and bred in the lower walks of life, and married to a woman who heartily entered into his schemes for the betterment of himself and "*La Republic Universelle*," he had a household entirely suited to himself; and I doubt if there are

THEOPHILE FERRÉ.

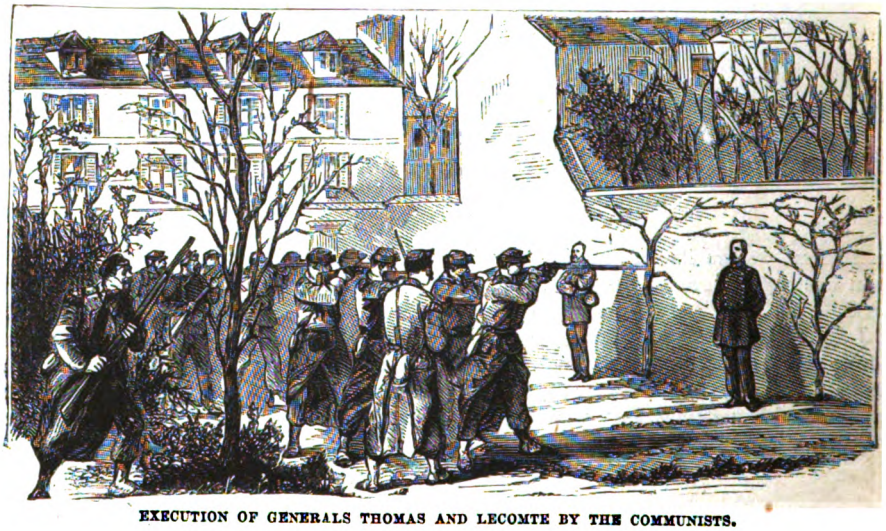
LOUIS NATHANIEL ROSSEL.

PRESSING MEN FOR THE COMMUNIST ARMY.

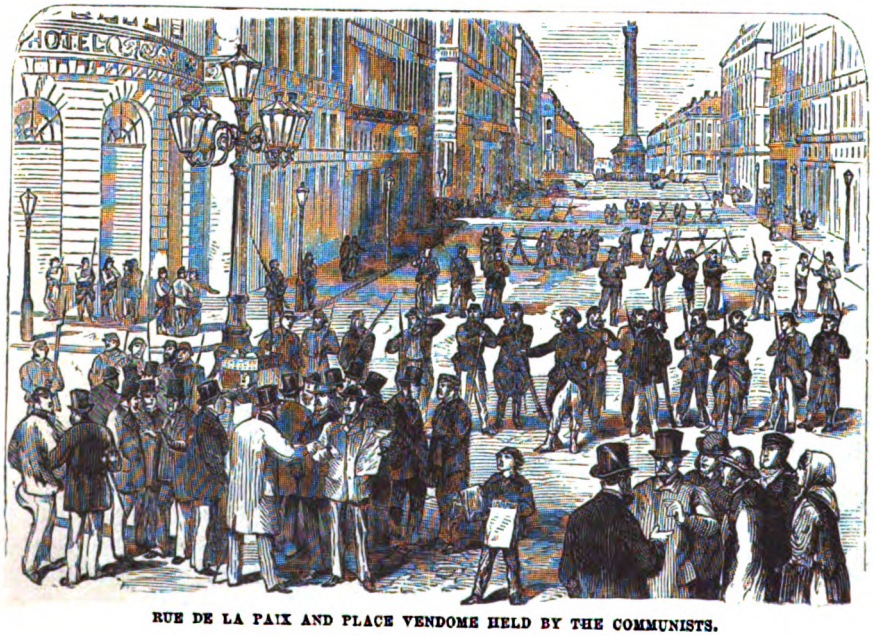
many families wherein there has existed greater concord than in that of this citizen revolutionist.

A journeyman printer, his leisure hours were spent in participating in the noisy debates at the Republican clubs, where he never went so far in the days of the Empire that there was cause for his arrest, nor was so chary of his utterance that his auditors did not greet him as one of the chosen few who represented the cause of the wronged.

But Bergeret, like many of a well-meaning class of European agitators, had little intellectual ballast. A few incidents will suffice to exhibit his unbalanced mind, and yet, perhaps, that cautious instinct of self-preservation, both of which seemed to be ever present in his nature. He invited me to breakfast with him one morning, in company with a friend, in the Corps Legislatif, which building he occupied both as a home and headquarters. At the table I met his wife, niece and several gentlemen who gathered about the noon-day feast. That day betokened disaster for his cause; yet his wife seemed light-hearted and cheerful. Bergeret himself joined in many of the passing jests which are inseparable from a French table. It was about one o'clock when I bade the ladies good-by, Bergeret accompanying me to my hotel. As we rode along the left bank of the Seine, and through the court of the Louvre,



EXECUTION OF GENERALS THOMAS AND LECOMTE BY THE COMMUNISTS.



RUE DE LA PAIX AND PLACE VENDOME HELD BY THE COMMUNISTS.

Bergeret told me seriously that the Communal cause was sinking into irretrievable disaster; but that, should ultimate defeat come with any attending cruelties, *ces palais seront sautés au ciel*—these palaces will be blown sky high—pointing to the Louvre and Tuileries.

A few mornings afterward, Bergeret breakfasted with me at the Hotel du Helder, and during several hours we discussed the Communal cause. Free libations of champagne quickened the naturally rapid utterance which he had acquired in the Jacobin clubs. He said he was against despotism, human or Divine, and that, should he go to heaven and find a tyrannical God, he would erect barricades on the celestial pavements, and direct his batteries against the Eternal Throne.

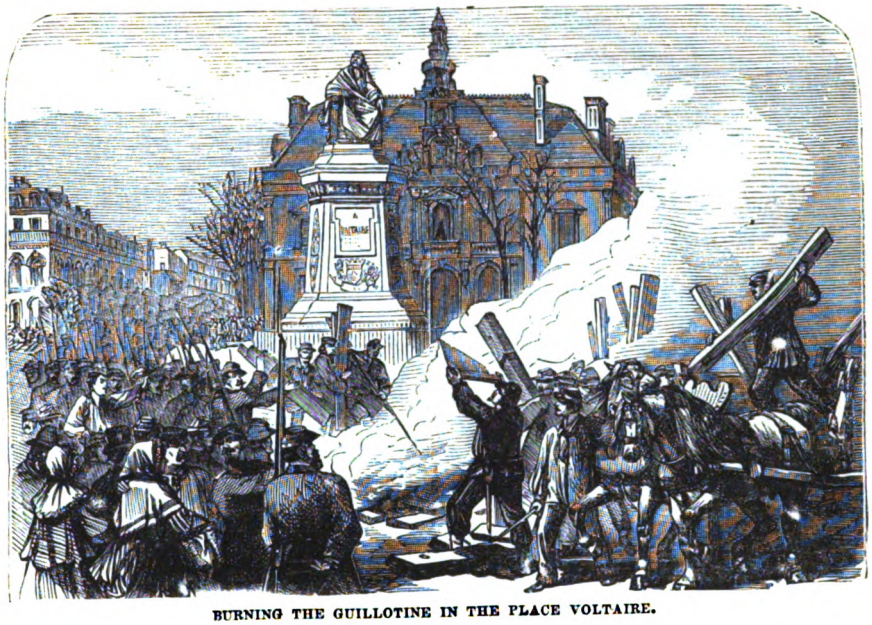
I remonstrated with him that such was not republicanism as we understood it in the Western World. "Then," said he, "you are not truly republican!"

I quoted to him Blackstone's recipe for civil government—that it must abide with three sources of power conspiring to make a compact trinity — that derived from the goodness of the people, the intelligence of the gentry and aristocracy, and the sovereign will of the king, whose interests are those of his subjects. But no! Was he not a man, fashioned and made like a king and an aristocrat?

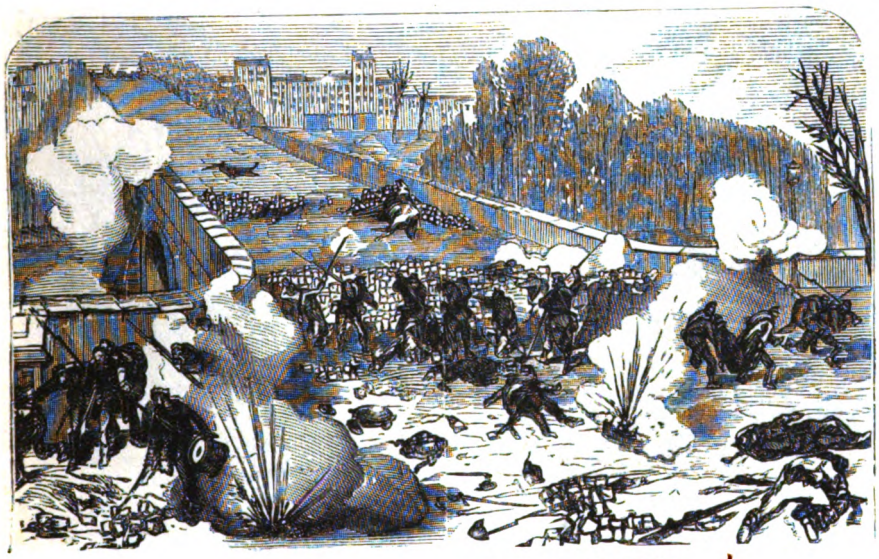
I must confess that I felt slightly uneasy when I afterward rode along the crowded Boulevards with Bergeret, who wore across his breast a wide, scarlet silk band, attracting the attention of the populace on all sides. Bergeret's most constant declaration was, that all he sought for was "a page in history"! Perhaps he is entitled to one for an act of heroism for which all mankind are his debtors. He remained in high favor with his comrades to the end; and when the batteries of MacMahon's army were established at the Triumphal Arch at the head of the Champs Elysées, Bergeret commanded the Tuileries and Louvre, and returned the fire of the regular troops throughout Monday and Tuesday until midnight, when the Palace, which had survived many revolutions and dynasties, which had stood unharmed during the terrorism of Marat, Danton and Robespierre, which had been respected by foreign foes, and contained historic works of priceless value, was given to the flames. The Louvre, which, in fact, was but a portion of the Tuileries, soon after midnight was also fired. At this moment Bergeret appeared in the body of the palace, where smoke was already issuing from the ignited combustibles, and demanded that the fires should be immediately extinguished.

"But we have authority," said the leader of the incendiaries.

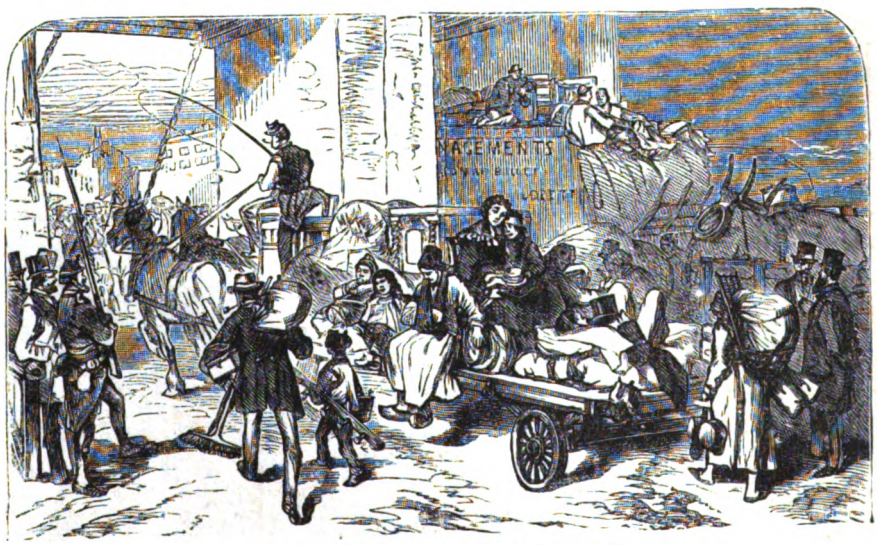
Bergeret replied, "I do not care for your authority. For what did we establish the Commune? To protect the laborer! The men who painted these



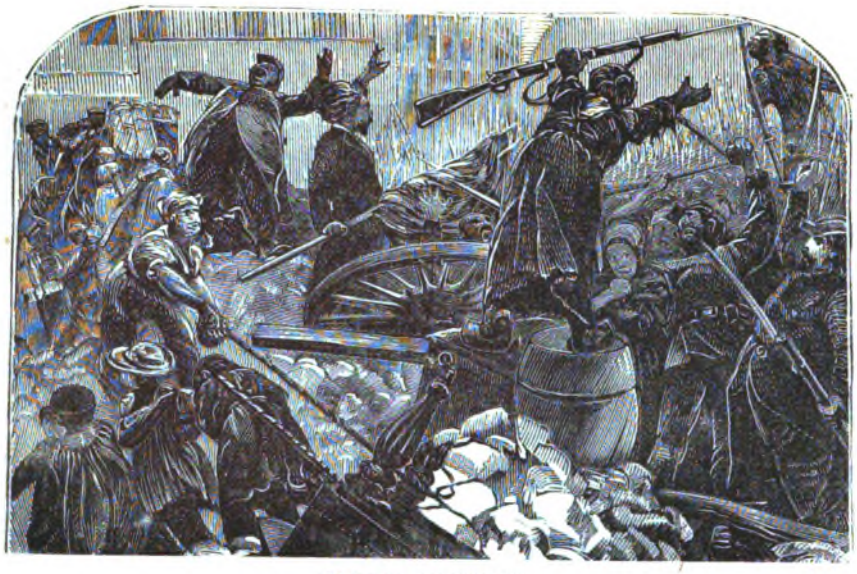
BURNING THE GUILLOTINE IN THE PLACE VOLTAIRE.



ACTION WITH THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS AT COURBEVOIE.



WOUNDED COMMUNISTS BROUGHT INTO PARIS.

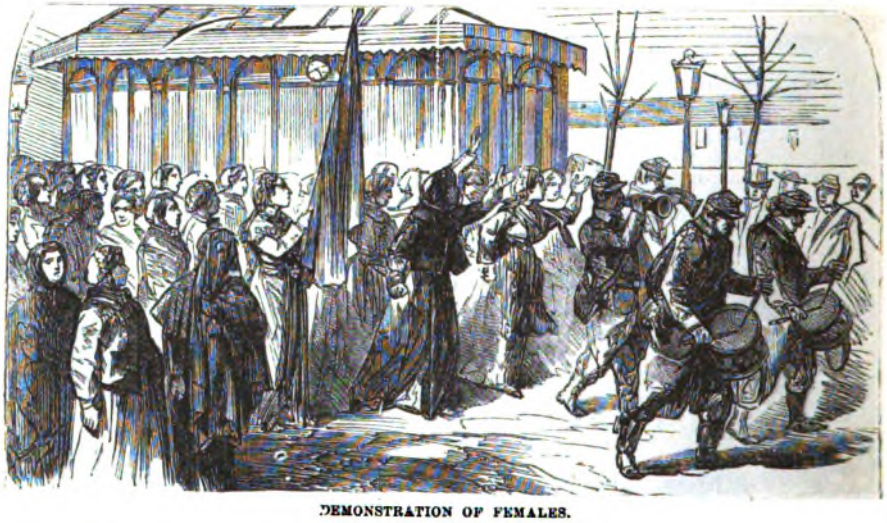


SCENE AT A BARRICADE.

pictures and sculptured these marbles were workingmen like ourselves. In destroying their immortal works of glory you extinguish every living evidence of their toilsome and weary efforts to achieve fame. No! Save this ancient palace, which has been the palace of the workingman and the people, and not the palace of kings!"

This speech spared the Louvre; and, in the end, the result was that Bergeret's life was spared also. When the final hours came, Bergeret succeeded in obtaining a disguise, and secreted himself near the Bourse. He made known to his friends his whereabouts a few days thereafter. When they thought it prudent to communicate with him, he could not be found. It seems that he had sought refuge in the corner of a dark closet in a deserted apartment, and remained there for three days, suffering from hunger and thirst. His repose was disturbed finally by the noise of a troop of soldiers, who were searching the rooms, and who suddenly opened the door of his retreat. The officers exclaimed, "Bergeret, surrender!"

Bergeret, who is a very small man, had crouched into the smallest possible space in the darkest corner, toward which the officer at last approached, brandishing his sword, and striking a match against the wall. It was a lucky moment for Bergeret



DEMONSTRATION OF FEMALES.

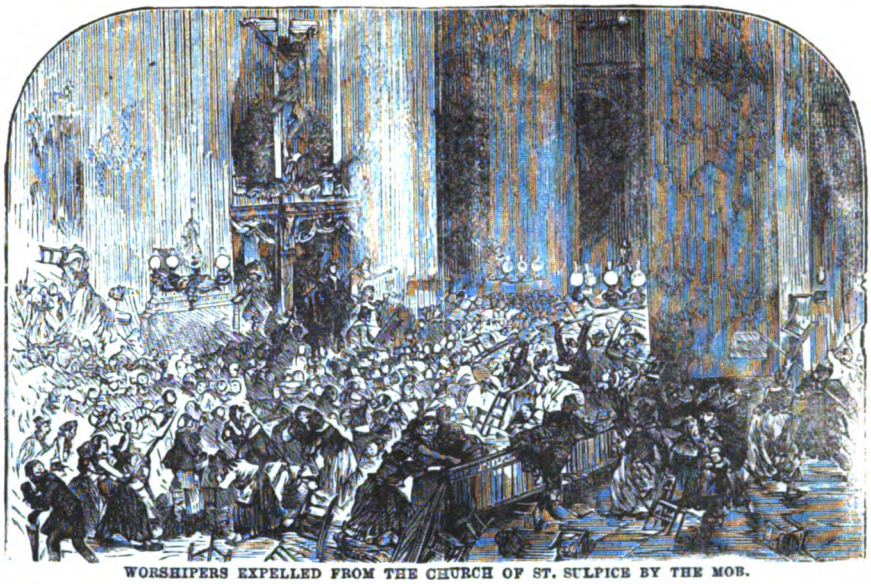
THE PETROLEUSES.

—the match, the last one the officer had, would not ignite, and the troops departed, the officers exclaiming, "Well, the miserable is not here!"

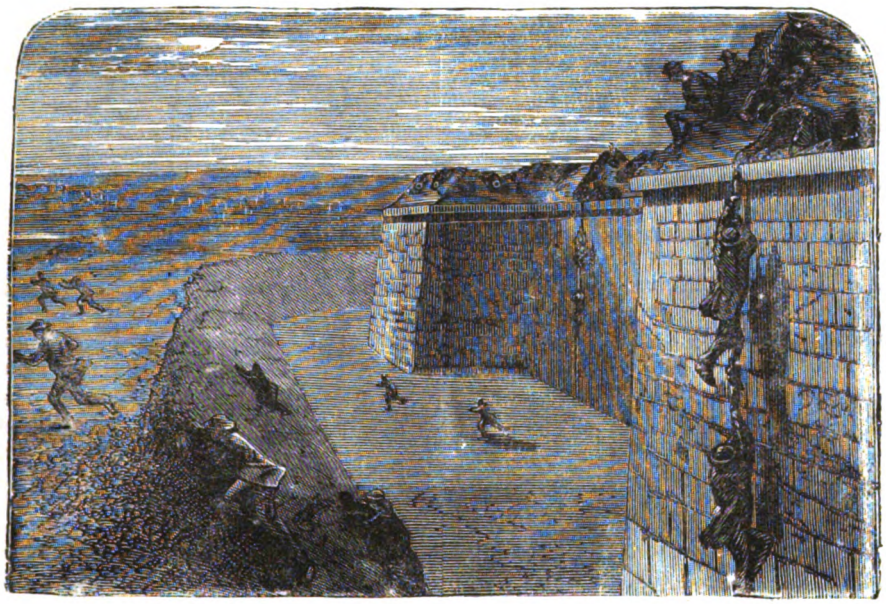
The terrified fugitive followed their dying footsteps, and seizing a favorable moment, escaped from the house. In this manner he changed his hiding-place six times. His services in saving the Louvre were soon made known to M. Thiers, who caused a member of the Assembly to conduct Bergeret to the Belgian frontier in disguise. He subsequently, with his family, took up his residence in the Island of Jersey; and was the only original active promoter, and leading participant from first to last, who escaped with his life.

Probably the most powerful moral engine of the Commune

was the Communal press. Rochefort, without counseling atrocity or cruelty, daily put forth in large type in his *Mot d'Ordre* an article that was eagerly devoured by the people. One of them in particular, in which he deftly pictured the Saviour as born on a pallet of straw in contrast to the birth of a Bourbon prince in the Tuileries, had no soothing effect on the revolutionary populace. It was more by innuendo, and by keeping alive a mob-like hatred of kings that he held an acknowledged sway among the people. Felix Pyat pursued quite a different course. His paper, the *Vengeur*, was coarse, vulgar, and directly incendiary. Proscriptions, assassinations, the demolition of palaces and monuments, were advocated in each issue. The morals of the nobility were denounced. This editor went so far as to publish diagrams of private houses by name to prove incestuous intercourse among the distinguished inmates.



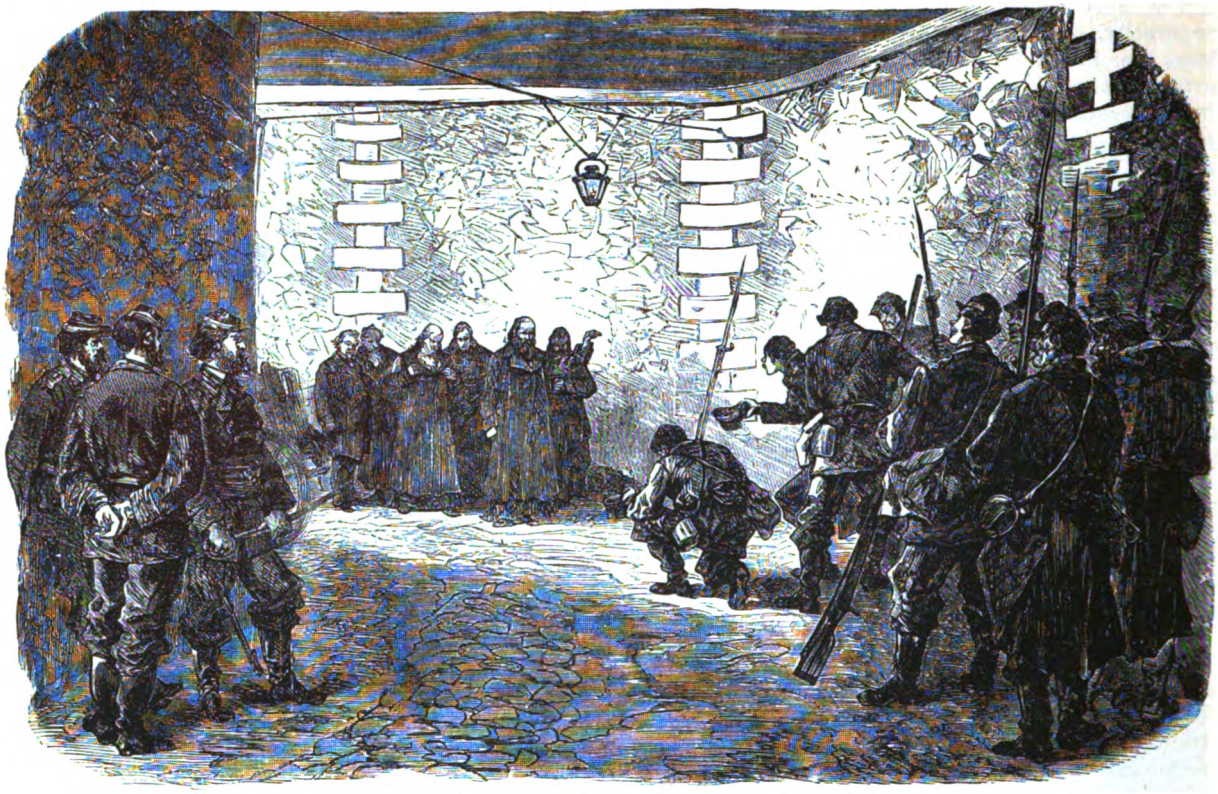
WORSHIPERS EXPELLED FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE BY THE MOB.



PEOPLE ESCAPING BY NIGHT OVER THE WALLS.

But it remained for the *Père Duchesne* to exceed all of its contemporaries in grossness and inflammatory appeals. No art of the imagination was ignored in the attempt to publish diabolical inventions at the expense of every one who would not join the Council of Honor. Daily bulletins were published announcing the discovery of the remains of young girls in the vaults of the churches, whither they had been inveigled by the priests directly from the confessional, to be outraged and then murdered. These alleged discoveries were republished in other journals, and a widespread indignation was aroused against the clergy. Private letters, reports of the Imperial inquisitorial police, were found in the Tuileries among the private papers of the Emperor, and these documents, comprising many volumes, were from time to time printed in sensational type, and as the stamp of authority was unmistakable, their truth could not be denied. Finally Citizen Doe and Citizen Roe came in for daily denunciation; those who were thrust into power were denounced as traitors to the red flag; recriminations became the order of the day, and it was not

FALL OF THE FRONT OF THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, RUE DE RIVOLI.



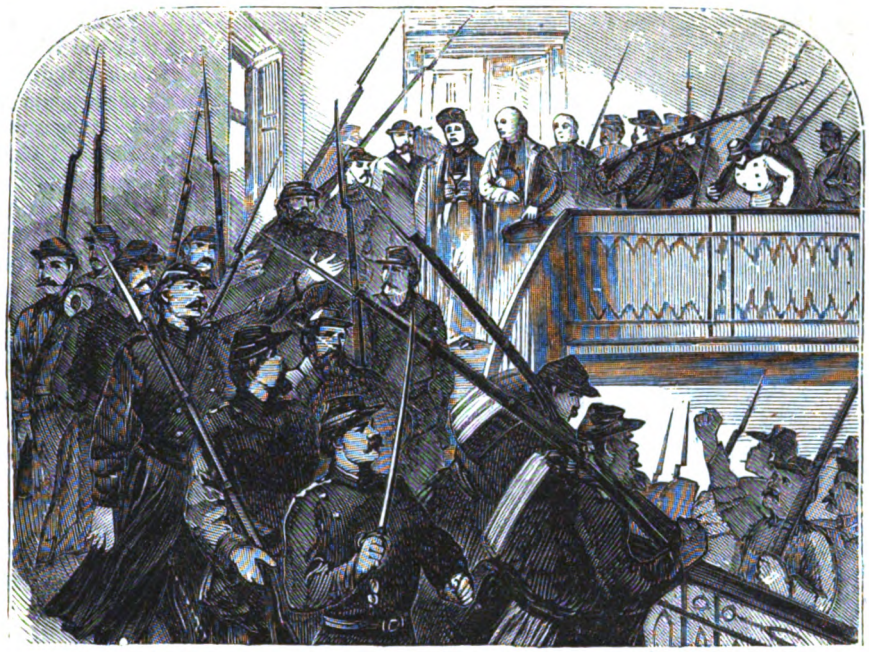
EXECUTION OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY AND OTHER HOSTAGES.

certain in the morning who would command the insurrection at night.

Save Rossel, Dombrowski was the only military leader who gave vitality to the revolt. Frequently meeting him at his headquarters in the Place Vendome, and in the camp at Neuilly and the Château de la Muette, it was easy for me to conclude that if the Red Republicans set any considerable store by his Communistic sympathies their reckoning was sadly at fault. Dombrowski was simply a Pole first, and a professional revolutionist afterward. I know little of his personal history previous to his sudden appearance as the military chieftain of the Paris desperadoes. But I remember well a declaration he made during the fading fortunes of his command, when he stated that his most powerful incentive in forming an alliance with the discordant elements in the capital was hatred of Napoleon III. It seemed that he had sought and had been granted an interview with the Emperor touching the liberation of the Poles, at a time when Napoleon was at the zenith of his career. Dombrowski pleaded in vain for moral support in default of practical intervention, even going so far as reminding the Emperor of his former connection with the *Carbonari* secret society, founded for the destruction of monarchies. Thus foiled and embittered, he took advantage of the civil strife to deal some effective blows at the regular army, as it slowly but surely tightened its coils about the insurgents. Dombrowski really despised the men of his force. He soon discovered that the magic spell which held them a compact body was fifty sous a day given them from the municipal treasury, and such immunity from civil restraint as artisans and laborers, whose banner was inscribed with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," will ever assert and compel. It is fair, however, to state that the abnormal condition of Paris during the ten weeks of the Commune was not such as to inspire the stranger with terror, provided he abstained from any active interest in the public affairs. Indeed, up to the hour when the army of MacMahon entered the city by the Porte Maillot on the 22d of May, I suffered but few personal

ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

indignities or inconveniences, although mingling with the soldiery and all classes of the population. For Americans especially there was little danger of personal outrage. With that blind ignorance of our institutions which characterizes all of their ideas of civil government and civil rights, the members of the Jacobin clubs and the writers of the Jacobin press were not slow in pointing out the republic of Washington as one over which the red flag floated in triumph.



ARREST OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY BY THE COMMUNISTS.

No inconsiderable part of the education of Frenchmen is due to their own national folly and conceit. I think I am not transcending literal facts when I assert that the text-books used in their institutions of learning take little account of countries or civilizations beyond the borders of France. An American gentleman who had resided in France during the twenty-five years previously, assured me during the Commune that he had sent his son to school in Tours, and that taking occasion to examine his son's text-books, he found in his geography the following, which contained the only allusion to North America: "America is a republic between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, founded by a military chieftain named George Washington." The son was sent to his American home to be educated.

My personal adventures during the ten weeks' civil strife were as varied as the most reckless observer could well wish.

After the Commune had been fairly established, I removed my quarters to the Hotel du Helder, in a more central part of the city, where I could steadily observe any movements betokening active operations. Three days after, Bergeret and his Central Committee had occupied the Place Vendome—the quarter always held by the military commandant of Paris—I heard a great commotion in the street. Soon reaching the Boulevard, I beheld a long procession of citizens, evidently of the better classes, proceeding toward the Place Vendome. They were "The Men of Order," wearing blue ribbons in their buttonholes, marching four abreast, preceded by a gigantic negro, bearing the tri-color.

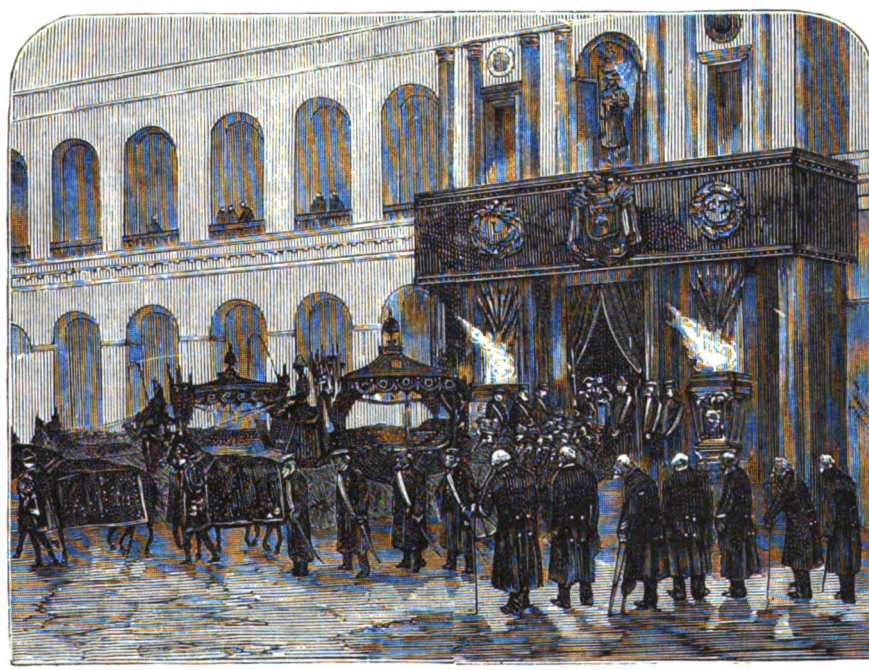
I joined the procession, which was fast augmenting in numbers; my right hand neighbor I soon found to be Edmund About. From him I learned that the demonstration included the solid men of Paris. They were to deman of the Central Committee that they remit their powers to the Government and seek a peaceable solution of all differences.

As we halted in the Place Vendome, a loud, continued cheer was given—"*Vive la France! Vive la République!*"

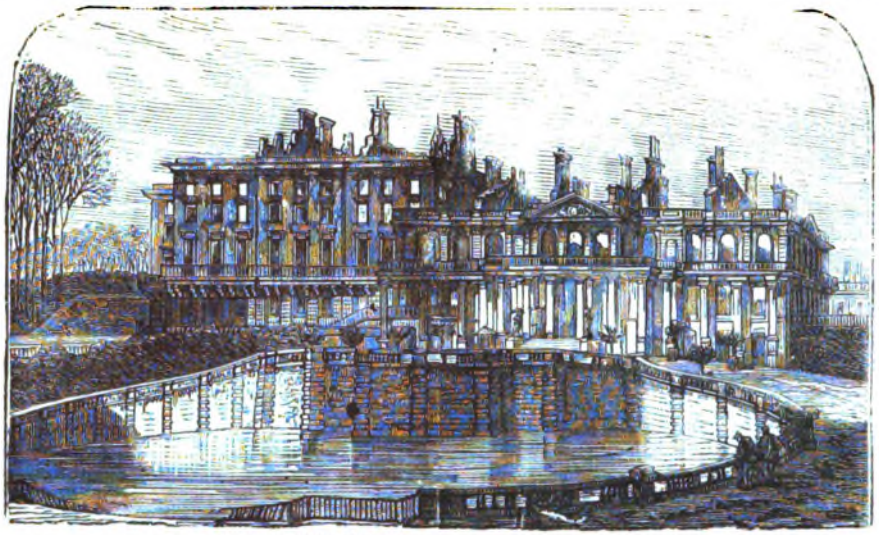
Bergeret appeared at the window—the little, insignificant, sallow Jacobin, with retreating forehead and deep, sunken eyes. There was a momentary lull. He brandished his sword, saying:

"Citizens, we demand liberty, equality, fraternity, and the Republic. That is all. Good-day."

The chieftain of Paris then retired from the window, and a hundred voices promised to return on the morrow. It was finally agreed that the citizens should



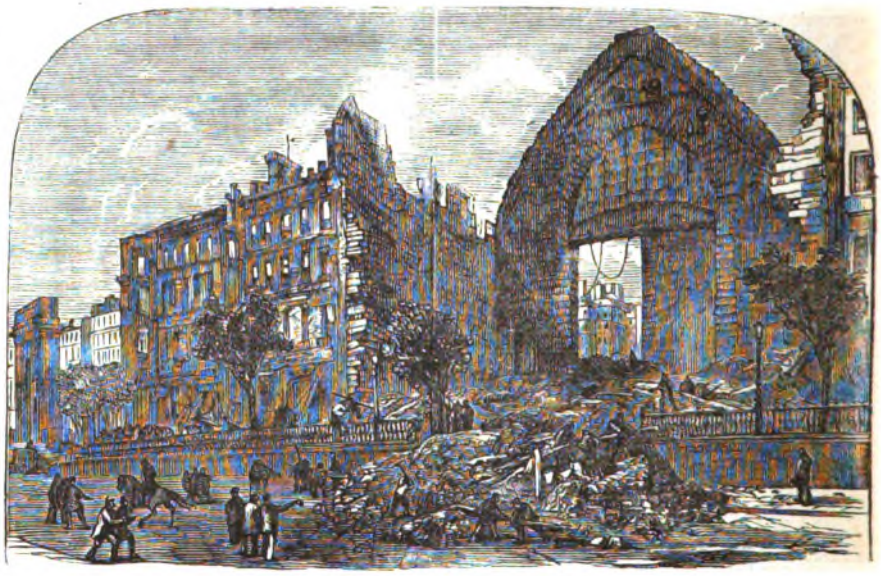
FUNERAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP, AFTER THE RESTORATION OF ORDER.



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

At this moment, I was at the rooms of General Phil. Sheridan, in the Westminster Hotel, which commanded a fine view of the movements below. I saw the tri-color waved in the face of the National Guards, and suddenly, some one among the "Men of Order" discharged a pistol. This act inflamed the National Guards, who, by simultaneous command, discharged a volley in the air! The "Men of Order" took to their heels, and, in some respects, a more ludicrous panic I never saw. Hats, canes, and umbrellas were left strewn on the pavement; a wild rush was made down the side streets, and while these scenes were enacting the National Guards fired into the re-

assemble on the next morning at 10 o'clock, and renew the demonstration. The news spread through the city, and when the hour of ten arrived, on the 22d of March, the boulevards were thronged with the solid men of Paris. The day was bright and warm, and a general feeling of confidence was restored. But the "Men of Order" little knew the material with which they had to deal. The Communists had fortified the Place Vendome during the night with strong and double lines of barricades. Platoons of the National Guards were stationed in a commanding position to sweep the Rue de la Paix. The "Men of Order" advanced up the Rue de la Paix toward the Vendome Column to the very edge of the barricades.



RUINS OF PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE.

RUINS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

treating "Men of Order," killing twenty-two.

After this disastrous attempt to pacify the National Guards, it was evident no further negotiations could be undertaken. Day after day the Communal strength increased, notwithstanding a further futile effort to organize resistance in the Grand Hotel, under the lead of Admiral Saisset.

The municipal elections were held on April 30th, and the Communal representatives of popular suffrage were elected from the different arrondissements. Less than 200,000 ballots were cast, and of course there was no fair opportunity for well-meaning citizens to vote.

Early in April it became apparent to Bergeret Flourens

(one of the most genteel of the agitators) and their *confrères*, that they should immediately occupy Mont-Valerien, directly commanding Paris, the strongest inland fortress in the world. Forty thousand men, the main column under Bergeret, advanced by the Porte Maillot, Bergeret leading the van, seated in a carriage. Without warning, the fortress opened fire, and the general's conveyance was shattered to atoms. The National Guards, cut to pieces, beat a hasty retreat; Flourens was killed; Bergeret was compelled to relinquish his office.

Of the other commanders who successively held the position of Minister of War, little in praise can be said. I know that there are those who claim that Cluseret and Rossel were examples of military genius. I think such a belief a mere sentiment founded on their quasi-respectability. At one time or another they had over 150,000 National Guards who had seen military service, to whom they paid, out of the French treasury, 2½ francs a day. These men were all schooled to the barricade, occupied the strongest forts about Paris, and held the whole line of the interior fortifications. The capital was daily supplied with food by the Northern Railroad to Boulogne, which never ceased running its trains during the second siege. There was no lack of ammunition and guns of the largest calibre. For money they had only to call on the Bank of France, the Rothschilds, or the great railway corporations, which supplied them at the point of the bayonet.

It must, therefore, be the judgment of any one accustomed to military operations that the Commune of Paris could have held out almost indefinitely under any other administration than one thoroughly weak and imbecile.

During the entire supremacy of the Commune, I daily rode on horseback along the Communal lines, from Asnieres to Neuilly, frequently suffering arrest, and as frequently the hospitalities of the National Guards, often witnessing deeds of heroism, and as often deeds of cowardice and brutality. From day to day the spectator could, from the very walls of Paris, behold any amount of bloodshed his morbid spirit might crave, and almost nightly, fires produced by the bombardment kept the heavens aglow with burning cinders borne on every breeze. Each day was not without its distinct sensation. The cartridge manufactory in the Avenue Rapp blown up, sacrificing thousands of lives; the burning of the guillotine; the massacre of Communist prisoners at Clamort; the abolition of spelling by the Commune; the tyrannical decrees of the Committee of Safety; the arrest of the last Minister of War and his incarceration in the prison of Mazas La Roquette; the taking of priests and bishops as hostages; the abandonment of another fort; the arrest of Rochefort—these were told in the *Moniteur Officiel*, as among the interesting occurrences of every fresh twenty-four hours of history.

Any account of the Commune from the interior of Paris is imperfect, without due mention is made of the terrible destruction made by the Versailles troops. Scarcely a monument or noted building was left unspared by their shot and shell. The Triumphal Arch, the Pont du Jour, the Tuileries, the Madeleine, and the Ministry of Finance were all riddled and defaced by their well-directed fire. Nor did they neglect to select the Père la Chaise, the final battlefield of the Commune, for promiscuous bombardment, casting shot and shell among the tombstones and monuments, chief among which was the memorial which covers the remains of Abelard and Heloise, whose loves and vicissitudes Lamartine has enshrined in the hearts of Frenchmen.

The pulling down of the Column Vendome occurred on the 16th of May. Marshal MacMahon took advantage of the event to issue a stirring proclamation to his troops, recalling the glorious deeds of the French soldiery in foreign lands, and reminding them of their duty to France, to punish the destroyers of the monument to the victories of their fathers.

Elaborate preparations were made by the Commune to render the spectacle one of the events of its iconoclastic reign. A scaffolding was erected above the pedestal, surrounding the shaft, in order to permit the workmen to remove the composition shell, manufactured from the cannon captured at Austerlitz, on which was graven a winding scroll of the great deeds of the "Little Corporal." This performed, a deep, wedge-like cut was made in the soft Paris stone forming the stable part of the shaft, and heavy tackle were attached to the statue of Napoleon, which surmounted the shaft. Couchet, the celebrated painter, who, like many of his class, was a fierce Communist, superintended the operations.

At the appointed hour—four o'clock in the afternoon, and in the presence of a large crowd of people, among whom were many Prussian officers, in disguise, the men manned the tackle; the column slowly yielded to the down-pulling force, and the finest monument to military prowess erected since the feats of arms of ancient Rome was suddenly prostrate in a cloud of dust which hovered over broken metal plates and the dishonored image of Napoleon, while a solitary veteran from Austerlitz watered the statue with his tears.

A singular paper, with a broad black border, was sold along the boulevards, in which the writer, with poetry and prose, apostrophized the new era—that day inaugurated—the era of peace. It is proper to say here that not one in ten of even the most sanguinary leaders approved of this piece of vandalism. Nor do I think that the demolition of the mansion of M. Thiers, or the subsequent atrocities which were committed by the Communists, would have been permitted by the people had it not been for the inexcusable cruelty with which the Versailles troops treated all prisoners falling into their hands. It is, moreover, not to be doubted that the Versailles authorities were secretly delighted with the excesses of the deluded Communists, for they furnished a pretext for wholesale reprisals and perquisitions.

In order to keep alive the agitation, the Communist journalists resorted to every phase of diabolical ingenuity. I gave careful investigation to some of their foulest inventions, and among them the charge that dead bodies and skeletons of young women, who had become victims of their confessors' lust, were found in the vaults of the churches. In order to propagate this belief, the vaults were actually opened, and bones covered with putrifying flesh were exhibited to the ribald crowds. I made a descent into these musty caverns of the dead, but could find no stronger incentive for the ruthless violation of the sacred ashes of departed communicants than plunder. Many valuable ornaments, vessels, and jewels, were removed from the cathedrals, and, it is said, a large diamond, of great value, was stolen from the hilt of the sword of Napoleon I., preserved in the cathedral of Notre Dame, which was replaced by an imitation stone.

Sunday evening, the 21st of May, was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever enjoyed in Paris. The air was soft and balmy, the *cafés* were full of pleasure-seekers, the boulevards thronged with pedestrians. I retired at midnight, little dreaming of the events that would render the morrow memorable. I was awakened early by Ernestine, my faithful domestic, who exclaimed:

"The Versailles troops have entered!"

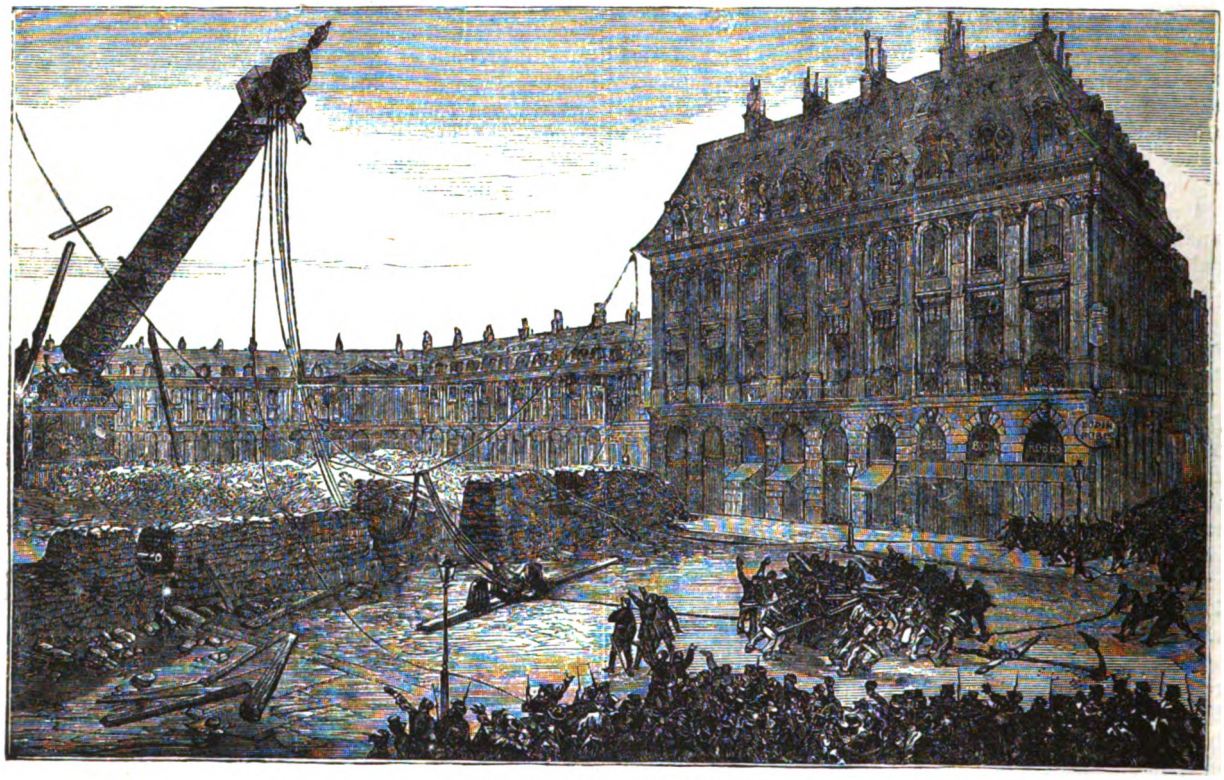
Sure enough, they had. Heavy firing was going on in the streets not far from my room; and while I was performing a hasty toilet, a piece of shell, larger than my hand, came crashing through the window. I soon learned that the Porte Maillot had been betrayed by a citizen, named

Duchatel; that nearly one-half of Paris had been captured; and the Communists were not being taken prisoners; they were being shot on sight.

But the end was not yet. Seven days of hard fighting supervened. Barricades were thrown up in every street; the sky was mottled with flying shells; days and nights were made hideous with crashing sounds; bullets whizzing about your ears, entering your apartments, laying low some beloved friend, were among the constant episodes in the very heart of "the Capital of Civilization."

Paris, I know, has been described to death. It is not my intention to picture the splendors of her winding boulevards or the magnificence of her public buildings, nor to recall the soft and balmy atmosphere which moves under her sky of almost perpetual blue from March to December, and of that busy, frugal, light-hearted population, thronging her great thoroughfares and dwelling within her whited walls. That despair and dismal butchery should ever visit this spoiled child among the capitals of the world, is a fate you would little imagine as you contemplate the splendid monuments and signs of living prosperity built up about that aggregation of 2,000,000 of pleasure-loving people. The very aspect of Paris the Sunday evening before was peace. Her parks and public places suggested *abandon*, her streets life security; her repose at nightfall a community without fear. In the midst of such a condition of apathy the dying hours of the Commune were ushered in. Then succeeded a week of the most terrible anarchy and bloodshed, during which the French army reduced Paris to submission and its own reputation for valor to still more ignominious captivity. "Gutters running with blood," I repeat, was no longer the property of the phrase fancier. The bright skies became dull and black with the dense clouds of stationary smoke; the imposing monuments were fractured or destroyed by opposing artillery, and citizens and soldiers were massacred in the streets and boulevards. What a metamorphosis was this for a city which more than once has called itself "the Capital of Civilization"! I have sought in vain for a parallel to those seven days of the final chapter of the Commune. I have seen an army of 130,000 men, in the depths of Winter, and after a desperate struggle of three days, shattered and all but annihilated; I have witnessed a mutiny at sea, and a vessel in the perils of shipwreck; I have been on board of a man-of-war when a fire broke out adjoining the magazine; I have seen hundreds of people fall daily victims to a relentless epidemic; yet all the impressions made by these and other disastrous episodes fade before the bloody glare of that final week of the Commune.

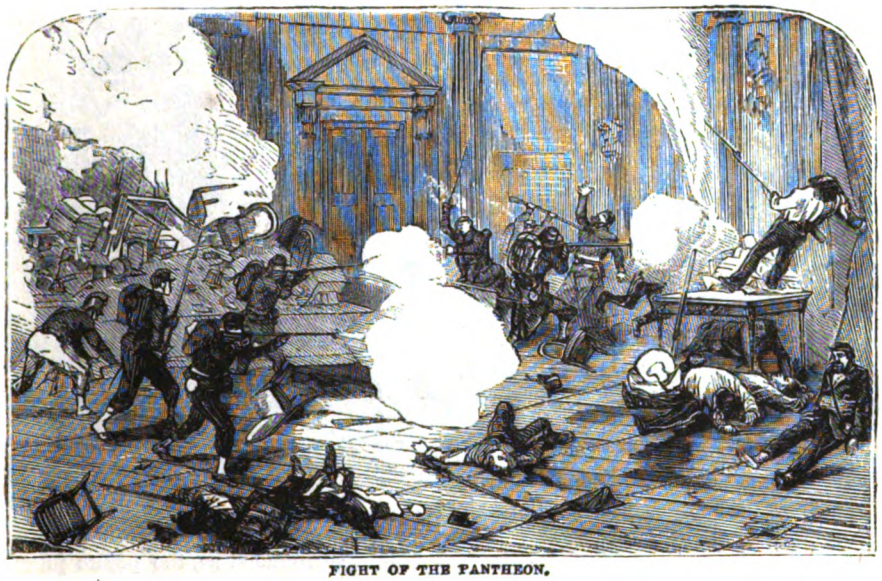
On Tuesday evening broke out that last despairing series of acts which will ever stand out as a hideous blot on whatever was just or excusable in the republican demonstration in the French capital—the firing of Paris. A hundred escapes from death on that eventful Tuesday from early morn till four o'clock in the afternoon; forced on the barricades and made to pile up the paving-stones to resist the fast approaching and bloodthirsty invaders; ordered here and ordered there by the wild and reckless blue-blouses and enraged Communists, who often saluted me between their grinding teeth as "Aristocrat! aristocrat!" for my attire was of the newest fabrics and most fashionable cut; weary and sick of the terrible destruction of life and property that was proceeding before my eyes, I at last sought refuge in the court of a friend's house in the Rue de la Paix, which had not yet fallen into the hands of MacMahon's army. Scarcely had I closed the gate before I saw an excited citizen, with gun in hand, clambering down the garden-wall, having issued from the neighboring house. I greeted him in a bold manner, asking him, "Are you a fool?" He turned on me with an angry glare, which I repaid with a sneer, when he poised his gun to fire at me, but there was no danger in that man, for almost suddenly he raised up his arms, dropping his rifle, and fell trembling



FALL OF THE COLUMN VENDOME.

a corpse at my feet, pierced by a ball from the Versailles troops in the street below. Throughout the afternoon scenes like these were enacting throughout this attractive and imposing part of Paris. And yet even during these bloody hours the non-combatants were cool and placid. No greater mistake has ever taken place in the popular apprehension than that civil strife, however sanguinary, in Paris, is not enjoyed by the mercurial populace. A carnival of horrors will as readily excite the keenest wit and most boisterous mirth as the funniest extravaganza at the *Vaudeville* or the best *bon mots* of Charivari. I saw a group of three citizens standing in front of the new Opera House on the

WOMEN ARRESTED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



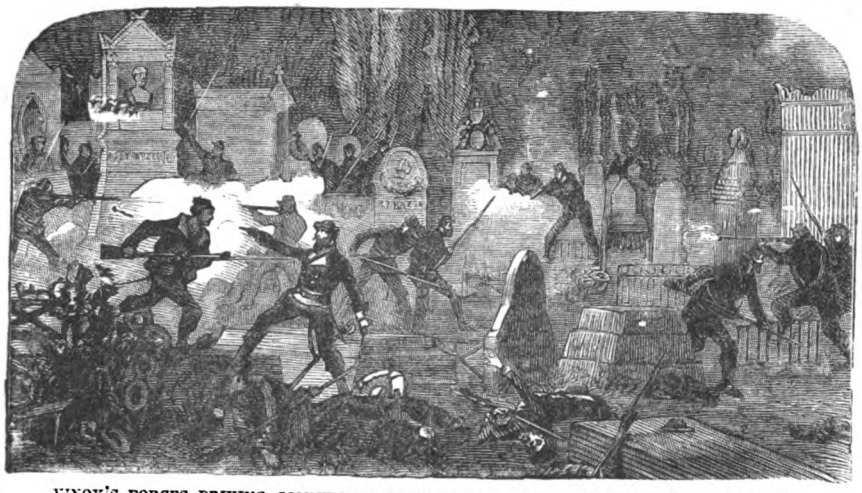
FIGHT OF THE PANTHEON.

Thursday following, when a shell from the direction of Montmartre disemboweled the mirthful group, the members of which, at the very moment they were shattered to atoms, were passing witicisms on a headless body lying in the gutter.

During the first two days of this struggle, I occupied apartments in the Maison Giroux, situated at the convergence of five streets on the Boulevard des Capucines. These apartments formed the residence of three American ladies who found themselves in Paris without protection, and to whom I felt it a pleasure and a duty to extend such courtesies as were in my power. For over forty-eight hours these rooms were riddled with chassepot and mitrailleuse balls. The mirrors, chandeliers, furniture and ceilings received the uninterrupted fire of four barricades; and finally their large "Saratogas," in which they had stored laces and other choice articles but recently purchased, were almost totally destroyed. Such a theatre of destruction was seldom, if ever, witnessed. Even the American flag, put out from their window, was a curious cobweb of tatters.

The reader may well imagine that ladies subjected to perils of the magnitude described must have had their nerves stretched to the extremest tension. Yet it is pleasant to relate that they exhibited no nervousness at all. The fact was, Paris and all inhabiting it, surfeited

GOVERNMENT TROOPS PURSUING COMMUNISTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

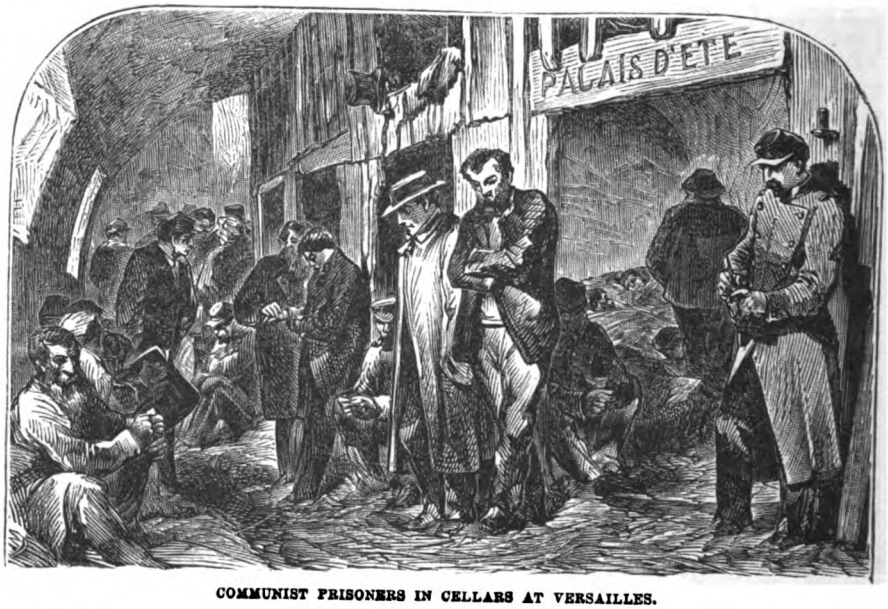


VINOY'S FORCES DRIVING COMMUNISTS FROM THEIR LAST POSITION, IN PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

with ordinary dangers, famines, massacres and epidemics, were rather anxious to experience the longest attenuation of the horrible, the utmost refinement of the cruel.

On Wednesday evening my lady friends were called upon to undergo a bitter experience. I was escorting them, about six in the evening, to a *table d'hôte* not a thousand yards distant, when we were all suddenly arrested by a platoon of soldiers and accused of firing from the Maison Giroux on the Versailles troops. The charge was preposterous, and was made emphatically so by more than a dozen bullets which, at the very moment I was remonstrating with the officer, came whistling about our heads. The valiant troop soon dispersed at this demonstration of some concealed Communists, and we wended our way to dinner. We had scarcely finished our soup before the same band made their appearance, arrested the entire party, including a friend, and dragged us from the table, in the presence of Mr. Washburne's secretary.

Under escort, we were conducted through the street, surrounded by a mob, shouting, "Chapeaux bas! chapeaux bas!" "A la mort! à la mort!" The ladies, it may be presumed, did not escape insult. As we were conducted before the Commandant of Paris, bayonets completely



COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN CELLARS AT VERSAILLES.

FEMALE COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT ST. LAZARE.

surrounded us, the points piercing to the very skin. The captain, to whom was delegated the duty of exercising his judgment as to whom should be put in the squad to be shot, or marched off barefooted a distance of nineteen miles to Satory, counted us in the squad to be shot. But at last, at eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Washburne appeared, and was able to state that we were other than had been represented. By fifteen minutes only had we escaped from the jaws of death!

English peers, ladies in delicate health, and belonging to the proudest aristocracies of the Old World, and feeble little children, were alike subjected to the grossest indignities of these wild victors in their hour of insensate delirium. What followed — the shooting down of 40,000 helpless

men, women and children by the Versailles troops; the 300,000 perquisitions; the military executions at Satory—all performed by an army led by MacMahon and inspired by Thiers, could scarcely find justification in the burning of Paris, in the shooting of the hostages, at the hands of indignant revolutionists.

In regard to the burning of Paris, I wish to say here, it has been grossly exaggerated. Almost simultaneously a few of her grand buildings were fired, and many documents were destroyed; but I am not one of those who consider such destruction an irreparable one. Paris, to be beautiful, must be as periodically renewed, as France has shown that her government must be periodically renovated and replaced.

While uttering no word of defense for the ruthless acts of the incendiaries, the Tuileries and Hotel de Ville taught few lessons to the French people which they could remember with pride of feeling for their own ancestors. The Bastile itself, which was destroyed never to be rebuilt, was scarcely less suggestive of the criminality of sovereigns than was the Conciergerie, made famous by the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

Let me now turn from effects to causes. The Commune was the natural result of nineteen years of the Empire. It was an expression of the condensed furies long pent up in the most turbulent capital of Europe. With a pretext that France had lost two provinces and five milliards by the imbecilities of the Empire and the cowardice of the new Republic, the Communists became masters of the Paris population. To name it with as great accuracy as I can command, the Commune was an aggregation of green men with red ideas. It began in principle and ended in crime. It was unemployed labor and wretched poverty let loose on a despairing city. Its orators were undisciplined ranters; its writers consistent and ruthless agitators; its officials bold, ambitious adventurers, whose acknowledged aim was "a page in history!" Unlike the great revolution of '89, it did not produce a lofty character or a truly great man. Had such an one appeared on the surface, the whole of Europe would have been delivered up to a wild revolution.

I was wandering about one day, during the Commune, in the Place de la Concorde, with a distinguished English historical writer. We paused before the spot where Louis XVI. was guillotined. He exclaimed:

"What a colossal lie is French history! Some years ago I tried to prepare the story of the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, his apprehension, trial, and death. The task was impossible; I put by my pen, for I could not reconcile black to white. The records were contradictory; the evidence of eye-witnesses at variance on the most important points; and one authority had it that the king died as a hero, while another that he perished as a coward! Now I have come to reside among the Communists, in order that I may guide my pen by my ear and my eye!"

Hence it is necessary to glance at a scrap of European history, and endeavor to measure the latent and active forces which have drawn the great masses from the degrading depths of consuming feudalism, and have compelled the European powers to adopt forms of constitutional government. The French Revolution, in process of time, changed the entire political situation of Europe. It taught the titled landowner that the cultivator of his acres was not the social zero which he had long been counted, but that he was a man capable of appreciating and asserting rights, whether in themselves inherent to him, or acquired by the sudden outburst of popular passion. The French revolution made of every man to westward of the Danube a fraction, when before he was a literal cipher. To-day, the majority of the descendants of these revolutionists are struggling to become units in the body politic. The reaction came, and for half a century it ruled Europe. Then the historic year of 1848 found all the powers again struggling against the indignant cries of oppressed peoples. The capitals and great cities were made terrible by street riots and civil wars; it was the workshop against the château, the hut against the palace, the producer against the consumer, incipient democracy against paternal despotism. Need the result be stated?—how progress advanced another chapter in the book of time; how a second reaction came, during which Hungary again succumbed to the Hapsburgs, and volcanic France passed under the government of a second empire?

The principal defect in all the governments holding sway in France during the last hundred years, has been a want of appreciation of the turbulent elements in the great cities. All of the large centres of population are radical hot-beds, and the prevailing political forces, led by irrepressible journalists, are comprised mainly of artisans and those who have suffered whatever kind of martyrdom at the hands of rulers who little cared or knew how to deal with combustible material. A sagacious statesman, it is almost certain, could, by concessions at one time and by firmness without tyranny at another, have held these revolutionary clans in moderate subjection. But there is little elasticity in the political *doctrinaire*. The fact is, the Republican, Imperialist and Monarchist are equally strangers to tolerance, and they demand a whole loaf or no bread. In fine, France, physical and metaphysical, to write in general terms, seems to have produced a mortal whose craving is a perpetual change of sensations, whether they pertain to his pleasures, pains or political rights. He is not a stable being. Yet he is a natural republicanizer of Europe, and to him is due much of the credit that it is susceptible of mathematical demonstration that all Europe will eventually become a republic.

The children of those who were massacred in '48 inherit the advanced opinions of their ancestors, as much as the noblemen inherit their monarchical preferences; and the former, equally with the latter, have their ardent historians. Not as with Americans often, do the sons of fearless patriots, after having attained a certain social prominence, repudiate the illustrious principles of their fathers—principles which, if they had not triumphed, would have left the American youth of to-day in the pitiable plight of the wretched operatives and cultivators of Great Britain. Yet we find abroad, men living, respected and honored, not because of their eminent attainments, but because they are American citizens, identified with the prosperity of this country and the free institutions which govern it. Many of them long for a crown, and sigh for a titled aristocracy, forgetting that if they or their progenitors had been born under such institutions they would have remained among degraded peasants. Among European Republicans no such remarkable class has yet been developed. When the head of the family is a Democrat, his wife is one too, and the children are educated in the faith of the father. If he fall a victim to his advanced convictions, the son cherishes the memory of his father, and is prepared to avenge his death.

In France, the Republicans think in families, not in individualities; and as these families are much more numerous than those of the noblemen, the liberal classes are slowly acquiring a strength, independent of popular movements.

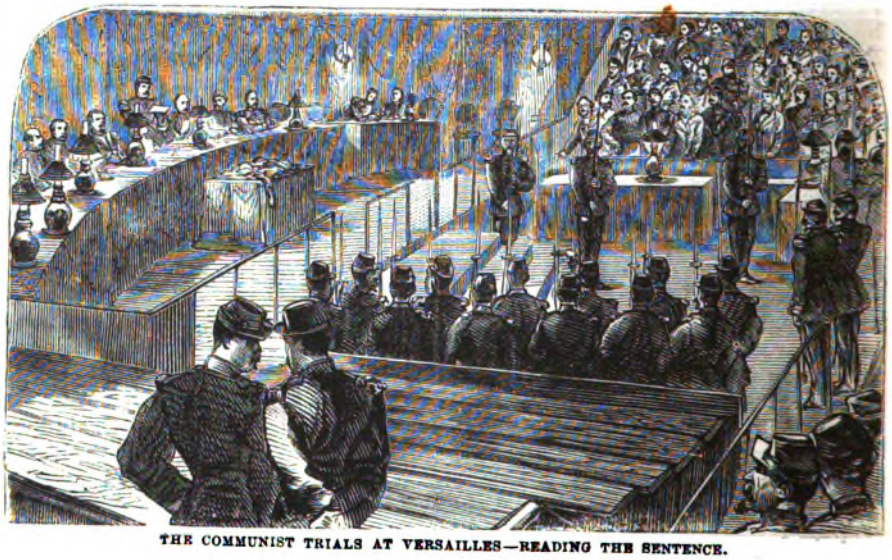
From the views presented, I must conclude, therefore, the Commune, judged in many particulars, was a happy event. As a mere local circumstance, it was deplorable. It was happy because it was in its early hours the protest of Paris against kings; the voice of men who had suffered by galling servitude demanding that the yoke shall not again be placed about their necks. If a monarchical assembly had not convened at Bordeaux, a violent Commune

BURIAL OF COMMUNIST DEAD AT PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

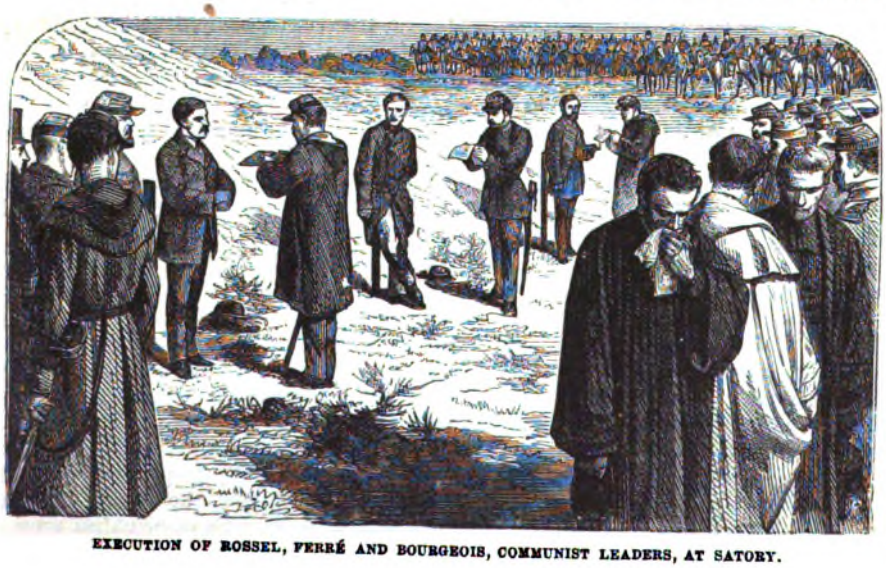
would never have organized at Paris. If M. Thiers had not assured the Republican leaders of the Assembly that he would never permit a monarchy to be established, the Commune, instead of being confined to the walls of the capital, would have extended from the English Channel to the Mediterranean Sea. Therefore, if the Commune had not risen with its appalling strength at a critical period in the Presidency of M. Thiers, and stood as the sentinel of the Republic, it is beyond all doubt true that France would have been rent asunder by a general civil war. The extraordinary heroism of the capital in submitting to the privations of a five months' siege had given its republican proclivities prestige in the country, notwithstanding the fact that true principles were damned by the advocacy of bad men. It must be regarded as happy, also, that a monarchical Assembly was chosen; for if the people had selected the *guerre à outrance* representatives the whole of France would have become temporarily a German province, and the reaction would again have placed France under hopelessly monarchical institutions. Conservative influences prevailed, and a wise statesman succeeded in calming the passions of all parties and in uniting Frenchmen to one purpose, the restoration of *la belle France* to its position in the family of nations.

We hear it often asserted, "Oh, France is not fit for a republic!" The wisdom of this remark seems plausible to many, therefore let us ask, if France is not fit for a republic, what is she fit for?" Erect a monarch, and the monarch is either beheaded or driven into exile; establish an empire or paternal government, and you find such final chapters as Waterloo and Sédan; but we have yet to learn that a republic has ever been overthrown; it has always been betrayed. "A republic," says M. Thiers, "is the government that divides us least, hence it is the best."

Revolutionists destroy crowns, usurpers crush republics; to which class is our century most indebted for the progress that we now enjoy?



THE COMMUNIST TRIALS AT VERSAILLES—READING THE SENTENCE.



EXECUTION OF ROSSEL, FERRÉ AND BOURGEOIS, COMMUNIST LEADERS, AT SATORY.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HERO.

By Etta W. Pierce.

He has been dust and ashes for a hundred years. I have never seen his name in any record of his adopted State, nor heard it classed with the heroes of the old perilous days. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the story of Dave Thompson, the Scotch emigrant of St. George, is worthy of remembrance.

He came to the settlement about the year 1750. He soon became skilled in woodcraft and Indian fighting, and during the French war entered the service of Eli James, a well-to-do settler, who had a farm and saw-mill on the river, and also a young daughter called Hannah—the prettiest creature to be found in all Maine. She numbered among her lovers every marriageable man in the settlement—Dave Thompson among the rest; but, though she had smiles in plenty for all the others, for him she had nothing but frowns. He was a brawny, loutish fellow, with a shock of red hair, and a square, reticent face, bashful among women, and bold among men. Ill fared his suit with pretty, willful Hannah.

"You are as gloomy as an owl, Dave," she would scoff, gayly, "and as dull as ditch-water. One might as well set up the tongs in the chimney-corner for company. But Reuben Kidd and the young men at the garrison—*they* never tire one—*they* never sit and glower at a body, without speaking, the whole evening through."

Dave colored to the roots of his red hair.

"Aweel, they maun e'en act out their ain sels, Hannah, and I maun do the same. I canna talk to ye as to ithers—my heart swells up big into my throat, and chokes the words back. They be braw callants down to the garrison—Rube Kidd among the rest; but hoot! lassie, is there one of them a' whose soul yearns over ye like to mine?"

Hannah did not find such silent devotion to her liking, so she merely tossed her yellow hair, and went on with her knitting.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HERO.—"THOMPSON, FOLLOWED BY THE TRADER, WALKED ALONG THE FIELD, UNDER COVER OF A THICKET, AND PEERED OUT UPON THE CAPTIVE. SHE STOOD, BAREHEADED IN THE SUN, HOEING SOME CORN WITH INDIAN WOMEN. 'HANNAH!' HE SCREAMED, LEAPING FORWARD TO EMBRACE HER."

But troublous times had come upon the settlement. No work could be done in the fields except under a strong guard. Frightened by constantly increasing outrages, the settlers began to abandon their homes, and fly to the forts and block-houses. One of the last to leave was Eli James. He clung to his own hearth with great tenacity. He was old and stricken with palsy, and sorely troubled in spirit about Hannah.

"It's time for ye to choose a husband, my girl," he said to her one night, when they were all sitting about the fire. "What's to become of ye, left all alone in times like these, when I die? Here's Reuben, and here's Dave—I've not a straw to choose betwixt them. Ye need a husband and

they've both asked ye to marry, so take one or the other, lass, and make an end of it."

Hannah hung her pretty head lower over her knitting, and grew red and pale by turns. On one side of her sat Reuben Kidd, a fine, handsome fellow, with the warm breath of the cattle-house still clinging about him, and on the other was Dave Thompson, his loaded rifle leaning against the wall beside him, the firelight playing on his square, plain face.

"Would to heaven you'd listen to that, Hannah," said Reuben. "Why not to-night as well as any other time? If Dave is willing to abide by your choice, so also am I."

"I'm willing and mair," Dave answered, slowly. "Hoot, lassie, take me now, or leave me. It's the fearing and waiting that kills."

He rose to his feet, Reuben did likewise, and Hannah pushed back her stool also, and stood between them, rapidly changing color, and looking from one to the other like a startled fawn.

"Ye needn't fear to speak out," said the old father; "they are good lads both, and too fond of each other to be parted by a little chit like you. Follow your own heart, girl—follow your own heart."

With a little sob, Hannah ran up to handsome Reuben, and dropped her rosy face against his shoulder.

"I choose *you*," she stammered, then struggled out of his rapturous embrace to look back at poor Dave. "I'm sorry," she said; "I didn't mean to hurt you. I *like* you—I *love* Reuben—I hope you'll forgive me."

He looked a shade paler and graver, but that was all.

"There's naught to forgive, lassie. Don't ye mind me. I ken love don't come or gae wi' the asking. God be wi' ye both. I think I'll gae out and take a turn across the clearing. None o' ye need sit up for me."

He shook hands with Kidd, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and departed, and was seen no more that night.

Down on the river's bank, in a clump of bushes, he lay till daydawn. The loons dipped with unearthly screams around him, the wind sighed, the stealthy Indian crept near, intent on midnight massacre; but poor Dave, dead to everything save the cry of his own heart, lay motionless and quite unheeding, with his face in the dust.

The next day the Indians burned James's saw-mill on the river, and killed two settlers at work near it. A retreat to the garrison was now imperative. Dave Thompson carried the palsied old man thither on his back, and Hannah and Reuben followed with the household gods. All that night they heard the redskins outside the stockade mocking the watch, and the barking of the dogs.

At the fort, Hannah, yielding to the importunities of father and lover, began to prepare for her marriage. From a fleece of Dave Thompson's shearing, she wove her wedding-gown with her own hand, and one Summer night the old Scotch parson got out his bible and text-book, and the harassed, anxious garrison made ready for a festival.

It had been a day of great peace and quiet. No Indians had been seen or heard anywhere about the fort. Twilight drew on. The loons began their unearthly cries, and the frogs their croaking in the lowlands.

The canny Scotch folks, on first settling down in the wilderness, were greatly terrified at these noises, and used to pray fervently to be delivered from "witches and warlocks, and the *things that cried 'Boo' in the meadows!*"

Those were practical days. The men had not yet returned from the fields, and although it lacked but an hour or two to the wedding, Hannah took her pail with the other women, and went out to milk the cows in a green lane just outside the stockade. They were hard at work, their laughter and chatter filling the air, when one of the women, named Margaret Patterson, became alarmed by a sudden movement in a clump of bushes bordering the lane.

"What is that?" she called to Hannah James, who was milking nearest of all to the suspicious point.

"I see nothing," answered Hannah.

"It's Rube, maybe, creeping up to scare us," said another.

Hannah finished her task, then rose from the milking-stool and went toward the bushes.

"Come, Rube," she laughed—"come, now, and take the pails." Then, peering shyly over the wall, she saw, lying beneath it in his blanket, a plumed and painted Indian, with a gun cocked in his hand.

The eyes of the savage and those of the girl met. The next instant, a screech—a war-whoop, as if all the fiends of the lower regions had broken loose, rang through the lane. The redskins leaped out of their ambush along the wall, firing on both women and cattle. Margaret Patterson fell dead. The others, closely pursued by the foe, turned and fled for dear life toward the fort. One woman, named Gamble, ran the whole length of the lane, leaped a pair of bars, and got safely inside the gate, never spilling a drop from her brimming pail, or even knowing that she had it in her hand, till all was over.

With all speed the gate of the garrison was closed, and a gun fired to alarm the men in the field. After that, it was discovered that out of the band of milkers two were missing—Margaret Patterson, who had been shot in the lane, and Hannah James, whom nobody remembered to have seen after the first alarm.

Up came the men from the river-bank without encountering any Indians. On hearing the news, they sallied out in a body to search the lane. There they found the cows, and the mutilated body of the Patterson woman, but no Hannah—no trace of Hannah, nor yet of the Indians. Knowing, however, the treachery of the foe, and fearful of ambush, or an attack on the fort, the men drove the cows inside the stockade, and retreated after them, thus virtually abandoning the missing girl to her fate.

There was no wedding at the garrison that night. Reuben Kidd sat with his sorrowful head bowed in his hands, and wept and groaned, and would not be comforted. In the midst of his grief, some one drew near and put a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, and saw the grave face of Dave Thompson.

"I ken how it is, mon," he said, slowly. "They will take her to the French in Canada, or they will e'en kill her on the way. In either case, ye maun be up and doing."

"I!" said Reuben. "What can one man do against a thousand? They are miles away by this time, and there's no force on the river large enough to pursue them. This is hard luck, God knows, and all things ready for my marriage this same night."

Dave did not answer at once. He stood and looked at Reuben, not with angry, but only grave and thoughtful, eyes.

"Ye've thought o' no way, then, to help her?"

"Way! There is no way. One might think you'd been long enough in the wilderness to understand that. But you're a dull fellow, Dave—a very dull fellow. I'll never see her face again, and my heart's broken."

Dave went away, and left him sobbing and groaning; but at daybreak the next morning he appeared again before the disappointed bridegroom. He was armed and equipped, as if for a journey.

"Ye ken, Rube," he began, "that I loved her, too. Aweel, I canna eat and sleep like ither men, and think o' her with them red deils, suffering God only knows what. I'm e'en going to seek her, mon—to bring her back to ye safe and

sound again—God willing. There be some traps and other skins here o' mine. If ye dinna see me nor hear o' me ere a year's gone, ye may e'en take them for your own, Rube—and now, good-by. Just say to the ither folk that I've gone on a little tramp all by mysel, and no mair."

With that he walked out of the fort in the early morning, crossed the green lane, and plunged into the forest. He carried his rifle, his knife, his ammunition, a scanty stock of provisions, and, in a leathern pouch about his body, fifty hard dollars—all the money he had in the world. Thus, taking his life in his hand, Dave Thompson set forth in search of Hannah.

About twenty miles from St. George, he struck the trail of her captors. He followed it all that day without overtaking them, until he came to a spot where the party seemed to have divided. Here he found one trail extending northward and another westward. He took the northward track, and pursued it tirelessly through miles upon miles of unbroken wilderness. He came up with the Indians one dark, stormy night, when they had been drinking too freely of the settlers' fire-water. They had made their camp in a lonely glade, at the head of a woodland stream. Dave found them, one and all, fast asleep, Cautiously he crept up to their dying fire. They were lying stretched around it—twenty Tarratines, in feathers and war-paint, but no Hannah! Thompson looked and looked again, but in vain. She was not there—he had followed the wrong trail. There was nothing for him to do but retrace the weary way he had come, and pursue that other party who had gone westward.

Nothing daunted, he turned about, and with great difficulty returned to the spot where the two trails had baffled him; but, alas! storm and rain had now quite obliterated the one leading westward.

Thompson found himself in the predicament of a mariner without chart or compass. Quite undismayed, however, he plunged into the unbroken forest, and, with the sun and stars for his guide, set his face resolutely toward Canada.

The adventures that befell him on his long, perilous journey would fill a volume. Game was singularly scarce. He was often without other food than roots and berries for days together. On one occasion he came to a deserted Indian camp, and, worn out with famine and weariness, built a fire on the bed of ashes left by his foes, and flung himself down beside it to slumber. He had lain there but a few moments when an unearthly cry broke from the flames. This was repeated again and again. Greatly alarmed, Thompson started up.

"God save us!" he cried. "It's the Foul Fiend himsel'!"

The cries continued. He seized his rifle and cocked it. As he did so, the ashes scattered, and out of their depth in which his bed had been made, crawled a gigantic, half-baked tortoise—a supper fit for a king. Thompson killed him in haste, made an excellent meal, and lay down again, and slept undisturbed till morning light.

Another time, when goaded with hunger, he devoured some poisonous berries, and lay for days after, more dead than alive, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his eyes set, his sufferings incredible.

Once, discovering a party of Tarratines near at hand, he took refuge in a hollow tree, and found there, for company, a she-bear, curled up asleep, with two young cubs. The animal had been feasting freely on wild honey, and was in a semi-torpid state. Our hero did not disturb her; but the moment he attempted to depart, she started out of her stupor, and seemed nowise inclined to part with him. A close struggle ensued, in which Thompson was desperately scratched and hugged. He dispatched the brute at last with his knife, and also the cubs, and smoked enough of the flesh to last him for several days on his journey.

But another foe lurked in the wilderness, which was neither the Indian nor the wild beast. One night, after weary miles of solitary travel, Thompson lay down to rest, sick, aching, and sore. When morning came, he could not lift his head. The frightful disease which all that year had wasted the Indian tribes, now developed itself rapidly. He was stricken with smallpox.

The rude camp he had made was on the borders of a stream. His sufferings soon became terrible. He would have perished from starvation but for the few scraps of dried meat left still in the pouch at his belt. He would have died from thirst but for the close proximity of the water, to which, in his delirium, he dragged himself, and lay panting on its brink, filling the forest with incoherent ravings.

In this extremity a party of Indians, on a visit to their French allies, came upon his camp. They recognized the disease, and fled again in great terror, taking with them the unfortunate man's rifle. Thompson saw the dusky faces bending over him for a moment, and the next they were gone, like some fantasy of his poor crazed brain. One old squaw, however, prompted by some merciful impulse, crept back after the departure of the others, and threw him a crust of maize bread and a little parched corn. Then she, too, disappeared, and left him to die alone.

The loss of his rifle was a terrible misfortune. The season advanced, and the long, frosty nights of Autumn stole upon him, Thompson began to hear the wolves howling dismally around his camp. His iron constitution rallied from the grip of disease, but he could not at once resume his journey. Not daring to sleep weaponless on the ground, he dragged himself, with great difficulty, into a tree-top, where, night after night, he would hear the wolves growling and snarling and rubbing their gaunt, hairy bodies about the trunk below.

With the first return of strength he set forth again upon his pilgrimage. Winter was now approaching rapidly. The necessity of reaching a settlement became every day more pressing. He was wasted to a skeleton with sickness and hardship. He had no weapon but his knife, and he suffered

"HE WOULD HAVE DIED FROM THIRST BUT FOR THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF WATER, TO WHICH, IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE DRAGGED HIMSELF."

untold torments from hunger, often living for days together upon roots and herbs.

At last, one dreary night, drenched with rain and staggering from weakness, Thompson sank in his tracks upon the wet, sodden, forest earth. He believed his last hour had come. A great numbness seized upon his limbs; consciousness forsook him; he lay in that dreary wilderness as senseless as the dead. When life returned again, he found himself soaked with wet, and chilled to the bone. As he lay confused and bewildered, and too weak to rise, a singular sound near at hand fell on his ear. He listened. It was neither bird nor beast, nor any ordinary voice of the forest. Again and again he heard it—a long-drawn pitiable moan of some human creature in distress.

Thompson reeled to his feet.

"Who's there?" he called aloud.

Faint and full of anguish, a voice answered, with one word, "Help!"

At this appeal, Thompson gathered his remaining strength and started in the direction of the cry. He had gone but a few rods when he stumbled upon a camp. There, in sore extremity, on a pile of skins, lay a French trader sick of the same malady from which Thompson had just recovered.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman as our hero drew near to him in the dark, "who is this?"

"Hoot, mon," answered Thompson, in his broad Scotch, "jist a puir body that's lost in the wilderness, and starved for a bite and a sup. What's amiss wi' ye?"

"Monsieur, I am ill—frightfully ill—all have deserted me—all left me to die alone. Take this tinder-box at my head, and strike a light. You see my disease. Ah, in the name of God, do not leave me! I have many skins—I have money—all shall be yours, if you will stay! I have suffered such torments here alone as I can never tell, monsieur! You are lost? Here is my camp. You are starved? It is full of food and drink. Take what you will, but, for the love of God and His blessed saints, do not leave me to die like a dog!"

To the Frenchman's surprise and relief, Thompson seem in nowise moved at the nature of his illness.

"Dinna fash yoursel' aboot that, mon," said he. "I'm nay so anxious to leave as ye suppose. I care naught for the disorder. I'll bide by ye—never fear."

He lighted a fire, and ministered to the trader as his needs required. He found the camp supplied with provisions, brandy, arms and ammunition. The Frenchman regarded him with wild joy. Thompson, on his part, knew that but for this haven of timely succor and shelter, he himself must have perished.

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In his gratitude, he set himself down to nurse the sick Frenchman. This he did with such skill and patience, that the latter soon began to mend. As he grew stronger the two talked much together. Thompson told his own story, and discovered in turn that his companion had long been a trader among the Indians, and possessed great influence with some of the southerly tribes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "I owe you much, monsieur—I will repay you. You shall go with me to Canada. I will help you to find your Hannah. I know of a tribe on the St. Lawrence who bought a white girl two months ago for a jug of whisky. The red rascals will not always give up their captives to us. Some they reserve for higher prices. We will go and seek the one of whom I have spoken."

As soon as the Frenchman could travel, and just as the first snow was sharpening the air, the two broke camp, and passed over into Canada. With all speed they journeyed

together to the tribe who had bought the girl for a jug of of whisky. Alas! the captive proved to be not Hannah, but a strapping *fraulein* from the New York settlements,

JAN BARENTZ, SHOEMAKER AND NAVAL HERO.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

whose broken Dutch neither could understand. Thompson's disappointment was so great, that he withdrew from his friend, and, sheltering himself behind a tree, wept bitterly.

Quite unshaken in courage, however, he began his search anew. The cold, inclement Winter overtook him, and forced him to abandon it for a season, and work for his own shelter and sustenance. The money in his belt he still kept untouched, reserved for any emergency that might occur regarding Hannah.

Many hopes and disappointments assailed him during that tedious Winter. Many white captives were brought in,

and, aided by his faithful friend the trader, poor Thompson searched among them tirelessly, but found no Hannah. Spring came. His heart began to fail him. Fears of her death, either by hardships or the tomahawks of her captors, weighed heavily upon him. The forest was putting forth the leaf, and the young maize shooting through the brown soil, when the trader one day came to Thompson with the following news. A tribe upon the Ottawa River had a captive white woman, bought of a party of Tarratines. She was reported to be young and beautiful. It was more than probable that it was Hannah.

Thompson shouldered his rifle and started for the Ottawa, taking the trader as interpreter. They arrived at the Indian village one sunny June day, and made known their errand to the chief. The price he had paid for his captive was a horn of powder and twenty beaver-skins. He pointed from the door of his lodge to a field hard-by, where she was then at work. With a pale face, and lips set tight together, Thompson, followed by the trader, crept along the edge of the field, and, under cover of a thicket, peered out upon the captive.

She stood, bare-headed in the sun, hoeing corn with some Indian women. She was thin and wan with long suffering. Her yellow hair hung down about her sad, sweet face, darkened now by wind and weather. She was weeping silently as she worked.

"Hannah!" screamed Thompson, and leaped into the field, all gaunt, wild and hairy, and caught the captive in his arms, and sobbed over her like some mother over her recovered young.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried poor Hannah; "is it you, Dave? How came *you* here?"

"I came seeking ye, lass," he answered. "I've been seeking ye, far and wide, since the night ye were lost."

"And where is Rube?"

"I left him ten months ago at St. George."

She looked up in his working face, and it all seemed to flash upon her at once.

"Oh, Dave!" she cried—"oh, Dave!" and flung her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

Dave Thompson bought the captive of her Indian owners with the fifty dollars in his belt—his earthly all. He returned with her, safe and sound, to St. George, bringing, also, many costly gifts from his friend the trader.

Reuben Kidd did not appear to claim Hannah. In fact, she found him wedded to another sweetheart, and settled upon a few acres outside the garrison. He had, long before, given up both his friend and his betrothed for dead.

"It's better so," laughed Hannah; "for, had he waited for me, Dave, he would have lived and died unmarried."

And directly after their return Dave Thompson wedded the woman for whom he had dared so much, and at the close of the war the two returned to the James Farm on the river, where their posterity may be found this day.

THE PALLAH ANTELOPE.

THE Pallah, or Rooye-bok, is an inhabitant of Southern Africa, where it is seen in large herds. It is a remarkably fine animal, measuring three feet in height at the shoulder, and being gifted with elegantly shaped horns and a beautifully tinted coat. The general color of the pallah is bay, fading into white on the abdomen, the lower part of the tail, and the peculiar disk of lighter-colored hairs which surrounds the root of the tail in so many antelopes. There is a black semilunar mark on the croup. The horns of this animal are of considerable length, often attaining to twenty inches. The food of the pallah consists chiefly of tender herbage and the young twigs of the underwood among which it generally takes up its abode.

JAN BARENTZ, SHOEMAKER AND NAVAL HERO.

THIS shoemaker of Haarlem, in Holland, the Heer Jan Barentz, while adhering to his trade, was always ready to mount the quarterdeck when Holland was at war; and in that day Holland had her hands full, for her fleets met those of England, France and Sweden in more than one bloody fight.

His friend and boon companion, Frans Hals, painted on one of the shutters of his house, in Klein Hout Straut—where, in fact, the descendants of the stout shoemaker still live—the painting we copy. He is leaning out of his shop-window, looking, laughingly, through his tall glass. And such a glass few painters have surpassed Frans Hals in depicting. There is something behind the laugh which tells you that power is there—that the head with the jaunty felt hat can form, and the muscular hand carry out, plans of magnitude. In fact, this laughing shoemaker was the trusted lieutenant of Van Tromp, who would call him from his bench whenever the fleet was to sail out on real business, for, if there was no fighting to do, Barentz preferred shoemaking. When war was declared, he was always at his post, and the sailors knew him well, and were as prompt in obeying him as though he never lowered his dignity by going ashore and shutting himself in a shop.

It seems a queer combination, and in all our stories of Van Tromp and his battles—defying even England's proud navy, which he boasted he would sweep from the seas—few have ever known that his trusted lieutenant was a cobbler, or would recognize in our copy of Frans Hal's painting a gallant naval officer.

WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

THOSE who are interested in the study of electricity have heard of the Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche, one of the early fathers of the science of the last century.

One evening at ten minutes past five, on the 28th of May, 1757, and in the town of Bache in Lorraine, the electric bell sounded with great rapidity. The abbé had forbidden any one to approach the conductor, for the atmospheric electricity appeared to be this evening more powerful than he had ever before known it. But a soldier who was generally employed to turn the machine, when experiments were made in artificial electricity, wished to elicit a spark by means of the Leyden jar. The concussion which he produced was tremendous. He was dashed to the ground, and a superstitious terror communicated itself to many present. In those days electricity seemed to those to whom the marvel was not as yet lessened by use, to be far more like Promethean fire than it does to us of the present day.

On the 11th of June, 1761, at Tobolsk, in Siberia, the sky was clear, and yet everything announced a storm. It was difficult to breathe, although the thermometer was only eighteen degrees Reaumur. A dark cloud appeared in the horizon, followed by a strong wind. Thunder and lightning succeeded. At thirty-five minutes past twelve, M., the electricity had become incredibly powerful. The abbé no longer dared touch the bar; with a piece of tin attached to a glass rod, sparks were drawn from it at a distance of four inches. The thunder and lightning increased, the electricity became so powerful as to produce a sensible hissing. The experimenter and his assistants were obliged to retire to the extremity of the apartment. Flames danced on the ends of

the bars, and from them radiated sparks. At forty-eight minutes two seconds past noon, a strange phenomenon took place. The bar and the whole part of the observatory where it hung were suddenly wrapped in flames, and an explosion as of thunder caused all to retreat so rapidly as to cause them to fall headlong over each other.

At the observatory of Paris, August 6th, about half past ten in the evening, electricity manifested itself in rising up a mast which was isolated and elevated on the terrace of the observatory. This phenomenon, witnessed by the abbé and by a son of Cassini, was one of the earliest proofs that lightning sometimes rises from the ground.

"I perceived very distinctly," said the abbé, "that there was a slight interval between the noise and the moment when the lightning appeared at the lower part of the mast, so that it rose without noise, rendering the departure of the lightning and thunder simultaneous. I infer from this that thunder is only a consequence of lightning when there is an explosion, and that there may be, in consequence, frequent lightning without thunder, as has often been observed."

There is in Styria a lofty mountain, called Mount St. Ursula, on the top of which a church has been built. When Dr. Johann Baptist Werloschning visited this church, May 1st, 1700, he saw thick and black clouds form a heavy storm about half way down the mountain. On the summit the heavens continued clear and the sun shone. Every one in the church felt safe—and yet the lightning, darting upward, killed seven persons by the side of Dr. Werloschning.

THE NURSE'S STORY

"MRS. HARRISON!"

The matron answered the call, and stood in the office of the K—— County Hospital, waiting the doctor's orders.

"I want a nurse for an operation, in No. 27."

"Yes, sir. I will send one immediately."

"Stay a moment. Which is the coolest head and steadiest nerve in the corps of nurses, in your opinion?"

"Mrs. Colton."

"The one they call the nurse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be very sure, Mrs. Harrison. This will be a very difficult and dangerous operation. A nurse who breaks down now may cost a life."

"You can depend upon Mrs. Colton, sir. She never breaks down."

"Send her to No. 27, then, in about five minutes."

Mrs. Harrison went in search of the nurse, inwardly wondering what made Dr. Kerrigan so very particular about this especial case, when difficult and dangerous operations were such common events in the hospital.

Dr. Kerrigan, selecting a case of instruments, lint, bandages and vials, crossed a long corridor, and softly opened the door of No. 27.

It was a large, airy room, cool and pleasant on this hot July day, the windows opening upon the hospital grounds, and the furniture handsome and convenient—one of the rooms reserved for paying patients.

Upon the bed was extended a tall, stalwart figure, the handsome face, heavily bearded, now pallid and damp with agony, the form lying in a death-like stillness, that was worse to witness than the most violent writhings of pain.

As the door opened, the closed eyelids of the sufferer were raised, and he turned his head upon the pillow, and looked at the doctor. Not a finger was lifted; only the head moved; but the pale lips parted in a smile as he whispered:

"How fortunate I was to be thrown near here, Guy!"

Half an hour before, in full vigor, he had nodded gayly to the doctor as he rode past the hospital upon his spirited horse. A few minutes later, the sudden firing of a sportsman's gun had startled the animal, who had plunged forward, and leaped with his rider down the sides of an open stone quarry.

The laborers had lifted the horse from the body it was crushing, and had carried the insensible figure to the hospital, where the doctor was wondering if his friend would stop to see him as he rode homeward.

Only that little half hour, and the vigorous, manly rider now lay powerless upon the bed, awaiting a difficult, dangerous operation that was his only hope for life.

Dr. Kerrigan put his hand upon the damp, cold brow of his friend, as he answered:

"I am glad you were so near, since this was to happen, Egbert."

"How soon will the surgeon come, Guy?"

"In a few moments. Patience; we shall soon patch you up."

He tried to speak the last words lightly, but his lip quivered in spite of all his efforts, for this man, whose life might depend upon his coolness and skill, was dear to him as an only brother.

"This operation is my only chance, Guy?" said the injured man, presently.

"The only hope."

"I do not suffer much now."

"Better if you did!"

And again the doctor's lip twitched, as he thought of the terrible suffering to come.

"I trust all to you," the patient said, presently. "I have made my will, Guy."

"Hush, old friend. God grant it may be years before it is opened."

The doctor ceased speaking, for the door opened softly, and a tall old gentleman, the distinguished surgeon of K—— County, entered the room, followed by a slight woman in deep mourning.

The surgeon, after speaking to the patient, looked at the table spread by Dr. Kerrigan, and said:

"Ether?"

"Heart disease," was the brief response; and turning to the nurse, Dr. Kerrigan gave her rapid but clear instructions.

She looked little fitted to carry them out, as she listened, she was so very slight, so deadly pale, and her little hands seemed so frail and white; but her large, dark eyes were steady, and her lips, firmly closed, threatened no fainting-fits or hysterics.

She listened respectfully, then took the place assigned to her at the patient's head, her back to the two doctors. It was well for her position as model nurse, that her face was not turned to the heads of the hospital for the next few moments. Paler she could not be, but as her eyes fell upon the face upon the pillow, a startled look crossed them, the firm lips parted in a quick, gasping breath, and the little hands were convulsively clinched.

The doctor's voice, "Now, Mrs. Colton," roused her, and her composure was perfect, as she prepared to administer a stimulant, watch the pulse, and otherwise assist the patient as she had been directed.

Well for her that only the torture-drawn face was for her

THE WONDERS OF ELCTRIITY—EXPERIMENT OF THE ABBE D'AUTEROCHE.—SEE PAGE 439.

eyes. Well for her that she was not required to watch the gleaming steel that was so "cruel only to be kind." Every moan of exquisite agony found its echo in her heart, as she wiped the damp dew of pain from the white forehead, and dropped the stimulant upon the writhing lips.

The hour spent as the sun sunk upon that July day will never fade from the memory of Guy Kerrigan, crushing his own mental pain to offer skillful assistance to the operating surgeon; it will never be forgotten by Egbert Staunton, wakened from the death-threatening torpor to agonies words fail to describe or imagination to portray; but more deeply branded than in either mind will it rest for life upon the heart of Lois Colton, bravely fighting down every pang and word of sympathy to give ready obedience to the surgeon, and womanly comfort to the sufferer. She had borne bodily and mental torture for years, but in that one hour was crowded a life of agony.

The operation itself was of short duration, but it seemed as if years had passed to these three, as the unsightly bandages, basins and instruments were removed, and the nurse received her final instructions.

"I will see you again in an hour," Dr. Kerrigan said, pressing his friend's hand, "and I leave you in the best of care."

Punctually he returned, and the nurse met him at the door.

"He is sleeping quietly," she said, in a low, sweet voice, that could never irritate as whispered words will.

"And you?" the doctor said, looking into her face. "You are not going to faint now, after bearing up so bravely?"

"I never faint," was the reply. "The blessing of unconsciousness has never been granted to me."

"But you need rest now," he said, kindly. "We tax you too heavily."

"Let me watch to-night," she pleaded. "Will he live, Dr. Kerrigan?"

"Good nursing will do a great deal," was the evasive answer.

"He shall have it."

"If you mean to nurse him," was the reply, "you must take some care of yourself. He will sleep now for several hours. Come to the office, and I will give you a stimulant."

He turned and walked down the long corridor as he spoke, and the nurse, after silently closing the door of No. 27, followed him, her soft, clinging garments and gentle footstep making no rustle or sound as she moved.

As she entered the office, the doctor moved a large chair toward her, saying, as he did so:

"Rest for a few moments, nurse, while I mix you a stimulant. You will never be able to watch to-night without it."

"I am tired," she sighed.

"You are tasking your strength too heavily."

"Perhaps so."

"I never saw you look as you do to-day. You are trembling, too! Come, give up the watch to-night. Our patient will sleep. Let some other nurse watch him while you rest."

"But he may die!" she said; and in her voice was a wail of pain.

"Well?" he said, wonderingly.

"Die!"—her self-control was gone, utterly—"Egbert die, and I not beside him!"

"You know him! You know Egbert Staunton?" Dr. Kerrigan asked.

"Do not betray me!" she said, piteously.

"How can I betray what I cannot even guess?"

"I must be changed, indeed!" she said. "Look in my face again, and see if you do not know who I am."

"Have I not seen your face every day for nearly a year?" he asked. "Surely I never saw it outside of this hospital."

"You have seen it before," she said, sadly; "have seen it and loved it. Eight years ago you held my hand in yours, and said to me, "May God ever bless you, Lois, though Egbert's happiness is my pain."

"Great heaven!" the doctor cried, then. "Lois Cameron! It is impossible!"

"Keep my secret," she pleaded again, "and let me watch and nurse him."

"But how came you here?"

"Not now, kind friend. I cannot tell you now."

THE NURSE'S STORY.—"'I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK AS YOU DO TO-DAY,' SAID DOCTOR KERRIGAN. 'YOU ARE TREMBLING, TOO! COME, GIVE UP THE WATCH TO-NIGHT. LET SOME OTHER NURSE WATCH HIM WHILE YOU REST.'"—SEE PAGE 439.

"True. You need all your composure."

"Let me return now to my post."

She was standing before him as she spoke, her pale face quivering, her hands clasped tightly together, and a world of pleading in her great, dark eyes, raised to meet his own. He had believed hard and bitter things of her for many long years—had loved her, had put friendship in love's place for Egbert's sake, and again, for the same loyal friendship, had given this woman hatred and contempt. Yet, as he looked now upon her pleading, upturned face, he could find no harsh word in his heart.

"Drink this," he said, gently, "and tell me only what you wish. I will faithfully keep your secret, if secret it must be."

"You are very kind," she said, "believing what you do of me. I will tell you all soon, but now, let me only say I was never false to Egbert."

She left the office as she spoke, and with quick, light steps, regained the room where her patient still lay, wrapped in profound sleep, the death-like slumber of a powerful narcotic. The room was dimly lighted, the gas being carefully shaded, and there was a profound stillness, the door being constructed to shut out all sound in the corridor.

In the stillness and twilight the woman looked ghostly as she moved noiselessly about, arranging the room for the night-watch. Her pallor was so set and deep as to be noticeable at all times, and under her thin muslin cap her hair was folded away in smooth bands, white as snow. Her features, that in health might have been delicate and refined, were pinched and wasted, and her thin lips were almost colorless. She was attenuated till her naturally slender figure was like a shadow. The effect of her strange, wan face was heightened by her heavy, clinging dress of deepest mourning.

As she moved softly about the sick-room, Dr. Kerrigan sat in a sort of stunned amazement in his office, trying to reconcile her parting words with his memories of eight years before. He recalled his first meeting with Egbert, when they were put into the same room at a large boarding-school, forlorn, homesick boys of ten years old. He thought of the long friendship that knew no break, until it burst upon them both that upon one fair face each had rested his hope of happy love. There was no quarrel then. Egbert Staunton had won the answering love, and Guy, bidding him farewell, had gone to Europe to try to bury his heartache, and forget the woman whose love his friend had won.

A year later, Egbert joined him in Paris.

"Never speak to me again," he said, "of the fair, false face that laughed at your love and mine. Upon our wedding-day, when I was hastening to her side, Lois Cameron eloped."

"With whom?"

"I never knew. She wrote me a brief note, bidding me farewell, as she found her heart was another's, and spared us both the misery of marriage without perfect mutual love. Let her name be forgotten, Guy, if you love me."

That was all he knew. The name was buried in silence, and the fair face stamped false in each heart.

Guy Kerrigan thought of the fresh, bright beauty he had worshiped, the clustering curls of rich brown hair, the soft, creamy complexion, and exquisitely tinted color on the round, smooth cheeks, the dancing brown eyes, and the graceful figure. He recalled the carefully chosen dresses of the young beauty, whose wealth permitted the exercise of every capricious taste—the varied jewels, the costly silks and laces. He remembered Egbert's story, and then he realized the white, still face, the mourning dress, the evident poverty of the woman who had said to him, "I never was false to Egbert."

Not false—to leave him upon the very wedding-day? And, now, was she not Mrs. Colton?

The doctor was still musing on all this, when the surgeon who had performed the operation in the afternoon, the visiting surgeon of the hospital, and the operator in all critical cases, came in. After making inquiry about several cases, he paid a short visit to such patients as required it, and again returned to the office.

Dr. Kerrigan, during his absence, recalled the fact that Mrs. Colton had been installed by the visiting surgeon, and determined to see if his knowledge of the pale-faced nurse would assist him in clearing up his speculations.

"Mrs. Colton!" said the surgeon, in answer to his question. "Yes! yes! She is the widow of a patient of mine! Odd case. He was known as a man of intellect and education, yet, at the time I was called in, he was in the lowest depths of drunken degradation. I tended him for six months, after a fall. He was fatally injured at the first, but it was a lingering case—intense suffering! His wife struck me from the first as a woman eminently fitted for nursing. She was gentle, careful, and attentive, yet she seemed to have no feeling whatever. She was just as cool and collected when he was writhing in agony, or raving in delirium, as you saw her to-day. She never seemed afraid of his violence, or moved by his suffering, yet she was faithful to every direction, and certainly prolonged his life by her patient, tender nursing. When he died, she told me she was absolutely penniless, and asked me to assist her in procuring employment. I at once offered her her present position, and have never had occasion to regret it. She looks like a galvanized corpse, I admit, but she is the best nurse I ever saw. Most female nurses, if they have no feeling, are indifferent and careless, if they are not positively neglectful or cruel; if they are tender and sympathetic, their feeling is sometimes dreadfully inconvenient."

"I thought you liked female nurses."

"So I do! Men are out of place nursing. Still, perfect nurses are difficult to find. Mrs. Colton is a perfect nurse."

"Colton is her real name?"

"Certainly. Her husband was a leading lawyer here some fifteen years ago. I had not heard of him for years when I was called in, as I have told you."

There was certainly no light thrown upon the mystery Guy Kerrigan wished to solve, by this recital. The three stories would not fit well together, work them as he would. Lois had left her home on her wedding-day, Egbert said, to elope with a favored rival; the doctor testified to her having had a husband, to whom she clung when he was poor and degraded, yet Lois herself said she was never false to Egbert.

As the days wore away that were to lead Egbert Staunton to death or recovery, Dr. Kerrigan congratulated himself daily upon the chance or the Providence that had brought Lois Colton to the bedside of his friend. The most careful and tender nursing was required, and a watchfulness that was unceasing. One hour of neglect, or one awkward movement, might have dangerous, if not fatal, results.

Every hour that the nurse was spending in absolutely necessary repose, the doctor himself spent at the bedside. But the pale woman seemed to have nerves of iron, and an energy that was little less than miraculous in her slight frame. Nights of sleeplessness seemed overcome by an hour or two of rest during the day, and not a direction was forgotten, not a dose omitted, not a moment wasted.

It was the second week after the accident, and Egbert Staunton was pronounced out of danger, yet requiring, still, months of rest and nursing. So far satisfactory yet, as the surgeon spoke the words, Guy Kerrigan and Lois watched his lips, as if more were to be said. If so, it was unspoken

then, for he left the room after this encouragement for the patient.

"Guy, old fellow!" Egbert said, looking in his face, and speaking in a low, faint voice, "that is not all? I will live, but how? Crippled for life?"

The doctor's lip quivered.

"Would I could cure you, Egbert," he said.

"How bad will it be?" said the faint voice, once more. "Can I ever walk again?"

"I fear not."

"Ever rise from here?"

"Yes. You can be lifted into a sitting posture. We will carry you home when you are stronger."

"Shall I ever use my hands? Will this horrible numbness and want of power to move ever leave me?"

Dr. Kerrigan could not answer. Great tears, that he did not try to hide, fell upon the helpless hands lying white and still upon the coverlet.

But upon the face of the sick man a smile answered his friend's tears.

"Guy," he whispered, "we buried her name long years ago, but say now with me, 'Thank God, Lois was spared this.'"

A choking moan and a heavy fall proved that the nurse had heard this whisper.

"She is worn out! She has fainted," Egbert said. "Make her rest, Guy!"

Glad to escape for a moment, Guy Kerrigan lifted the slender figure of the unconscious nurse in his strong arms, and carried her to the office. The surgeon was there.

"Mrs. Colton!" he exclaimed. "I thought she never fainted!"

"This is no mere fainting fit," Dr. Kerrigan said, gravely; and he was right.

Mrs. Harrison was called. Lois was conveyed to her own room, and placed in bed, and yet there was no sign of returning life in the pale face, only the most feeble fluttering of her heart, to prove she was not dead.

But the weary life was not to end here. A long and dangerous insensibility was succeeded by hours of stupor, and days of burning fever. The model nurse lay between life and death, and surgeon and matron reproached themselves for having overtaxed the willing hands and the patient skill. Egbert Staunton missed the sweet, low voice, the tender touch, the unwearied devotion of his first weeks of suffering, and was constant in his inquiries.

Upon the day when Guy Kerrigan told him Mrs. Colton was out of danger, he sent her, by this willing messenger, a basket of choice flowers. Upon the wan, wasted face there came a flush of color as Dr. Kerrigan delivered flowers and message.

"He does not guess who I am?" she said.

"No; I have kept your secret."

"And now, kind friend," she said, "will you hear my story, and take a message to Egbert?"

"Gladly," he answered.

"You never heard of my husband, Lewis Colton?"

"Never."

"He was my cousin. The money that was left me after my own parents died, was left by my uncle, and my cousin, Lewis, considering his claim the same as my own, deeply resented the legacy. I never liked him, and when he proposed to marry me, and so share my fortune, I refused him. This was ten years ago, when I was but eighteen, before I had ever seen Egbert Staunton. You knew of that acquaintance, for you were even then his warm friend. I met him and loved him. We were to be married. On the morning of our wedding-day, my aunt left me for a short time to make some preparations for the evening ceremony, and during her absence I was summoned to the drawing-room, by a messenger, who said he had a note from Egbert. It was written from a station on the road, between our country seat and New York, saying he had been injured by an accident, was dying, and implored me to come to say farewell. The handwriting was strange, but he said he was dictating to a physician. The messenger, a country boy, said the note was given him by the conductor, as the train passed our station.

"There was a return train in half an hour! I hastily wrote a line to my aunt, dressed myself, and hurried to the station. When I reached the designated point, a carriage was waiting for me, and a gentleman, who said he was the physician, informed me that Egbert was at a farm-house, a mile distant. I did not suspect a plot, and entered the carriage.

"We were driving rapidly, when the physician tore off his wig and beard, revealing the face of my cousin Lewis, at the same time pressing upon my face a handkerchief drenched with chloroform.

"When I recovered my senses, I was lying in the state-room of a steamer, bound for Liverpool, and already in motion, carrying me far away from friends, home, and country. Upon my wedding-day, with Egbert's love waiting for me, I was carried off, as I tell you. As I moved to rise, I saw that my cousin Lewis was standing beside me, looking into my face. Before I could collect my bewildered senses, he told me where I was, and informed me that Egbert had already received a note, purporting to come from me, informing him of my elopement with a man I loved.

"I was weak, bewildered by the chloroform, and scarcely conscious of my own movements. Before I fairly understood my own words, a clergyman on board, believing us a runaway couple, had performed the ceremony that made me Lewis Colton's wife.

"This was the hideous fact that met me after a deep sleep had fully restored my reason. Egbert believed me false! Lewis Colton was my husband!

"Guy, by the love you once gave me, pity me now!"

"Heaven is my witness, I pity you," was the reply.

"What my life was," she continued, "let my changed face, my blanched hair, tell you. I hated my husband. He married me to possess my fortune. We traveled in Europe for six years, wasting my uncle's legacy in gambling, drinking—I know not what vices. I remained alone most of the time, praying for death, seeing my husband sinking deeper and deeper in vice, with no power to save him. I did not love him, yet, for mere humanity, I tried to check this downward career, only to be taunted with the sneer that it was the money, not the man, that I was anxious to save.

"I cannot tell if it was remorse, or if, as he sometimes said, it was my cold indifference, that drove my husband to strong drink, but that final degradation came at last. We returned home, not to business or to the comforts of home life, but to move from one tenement house to another, sinking lower and lower, wasting the little that was left of the money that was my curse, till we were absolutely in want of the necessaries of life.

"It was in one of his drunken revels that my husband fell down the stone steps of a saloon, and was fatally injured. The headlong career to ruin was changed to a bed of horrible suffering, without one hour of penitence. I nursed him for months, when my kindest word from his lips was a curse, my tenderest caress from his hand was a blow. He died raving in delirium, and I was free.

"Free! and what you see me—a woman not thirty, looking sixty, wasted, altered beyond any recognition, poor and alone. The surgeon who had tended my husband gave me a place here to earn my bread, not knowing what made me

a mere machine for nursing! Will you tell Egbert all, Guy? Will you tell him if he will let me pass the rest of my blighted life beside him, he shall never need to use hands nor feet while I have mine. I will give him such devotion as I never imagined existed in our days of betrothal. Guy, will you bring me his forgiveness, if no more?"

"He has nothing to forgive, I assure you!" Guy answered, deeply moved by her pitiful story.

"He can work no more. Tell him I will work so hard that he shall never miss a comfort."

An odd smile crossed Guy's lip, as he remembered his friend's recent inheritance of large wealth, but he only said:

"I will tell him all. But you must sleep now. Your pulse does not suit me at all."

"I will sleep after you return," Lois answered, and the pleading, pitiful eyes could not be resisted.

It was well that Egbert Staunton was really recovering before the shock of this strange story came upon him. It seemed incredible at first, but as he thought again of the devoted nurse who had bent over him during the first days of suffering, a tender love grew in his heart for this shadow of his Lois.

"Tell her I never ceased to love her.'

That was the message that brought rest and sleep to Lois Colton.

It was many days yet before the long-parted lovers met again; but one morning when Guy Kerrigan entered his friend's room, there leaned upon his arm a pale but smiling lady, dressed in a soft white wrapper, who looked like a faint memory of Lois Cameron. In her deep-dark eyes there was a look of unutterable love, as she clasped Egbert's hand, and bent to press her lips upon his.

It was a wedding with but few guests that took place in the hospital an hour later, and not until Egbert Staunton was carried to his own home, weeks later, did Lois know that she was mistress again of ample wealth.

There are some who wonder how Mrs. Staunton can actually be growing younger and more lovely every year, when she keeps such devoted watch over her helpless husband, and seeks no amusement out of his presence, but Guy Kerrigan knows that perfect love and happiness are the elixirs that are beautifying the face and renewing the youth of Lois Staunton.

TEACHING CHAFFINCHES.

HARRISON WEIR, whose studies of birds are among the most lifelike of portraits, draws not from a single bird or a few hours' examination. He fixes upon his subjects, and from the time they begin to build their nests till they wing their way to other lands at the approach of Winter, he makes them his models, sitting day by day in his studio of the open air. Pictures of birds we have hitherto had; actual portraits of bird ife Weir has been the first to give us.

TEACHING CHAFFINCHES.—DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.

The illustration in this number shows the old bird, by the attraction of food tempting the little brood to try their wings and essay a short flight. Like a mother teaching her child to walk, this feathered mother is teaching hers to fly, as anxious and as quick to save them from harm if they fail in the attempt.

The chaffinch, like all the finches, is a singing bird, and has, at times, been the subject of a perfect mania in Germany. No less than eight distinct song and trills are recognized, and the value of the bird is enhanced by its ability to execute them. If it adds the word "fink" at the close, "no price," says the enthusiastic Bechstein, "will be taken for it."

There is one curious point about this bird which is worth remarking.

As Winter approaches the males and females separate,

and the former often remain while the latter migrate, leaving their mates in loneliness, which has won the bird, among naturalists, the name of Cœlebs, and in the Spring he is, of course, "Cœlebs in search of a wife."

A MAN who has so long to fight against misfortune, wants strength to meet a sudden kindness.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.—"AT THAT MOMENT THERE WAS A CHEER. A BOATFUL OF NAVAL MEN—GALLANT TARS ALL OF THEM—BURST FROM THE ROLLING SMOKE, CLEAVING THE WATERS IN HER DIRECTION."

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

"MALAYS!" whispered Captain Knot to his mate—"Malay pirates!"

The captain heard a cry of affright behind him, and saw his female passenger—a beautiful lady—Mrs. Howard, wife of a colonel of English infantry, whom she was on the way to visit.

"Never mind, ma'am," continued the captain, bowing three times in succession; "we may give 'em the slip, ma'am."

There was a mist on the sea. The Malay vessels, three large proas, were beating up dead ahead. The *Watchlight*, Captain Knot's vessel, had the wind on her quarter.

Pale and almost breathless, Mrs. Howard stood listening to the orders, and watching the manœuvres of the rough skipper. He kept on until within about forty fathoms of the nearest proa, when he suddenly made a dash to leeward, soon disappearing from the view of the Malays in the fog.

For fully an hour he kept manœuvring, when he informed Mrs. Howard that he had outwitted the pirates.

"Are we entirely clear of them?" she inquired.

"Ay, ma'am, unless the wind should haul ahead soon, which I hope isn't likely."

The wind hauled ahead six hours later.

"How now, sir?" inquired Mrs. Howard, who had noticed the captain's anxious face.

"Guess we are safe, ma'am." To his mate, however, he added, in an undertone, "unless we should drift too far to leeward."

"That dog ought to be put where his yelping can't be heard," muttered the mate to the captain, when Mrs. Howard had gone below.

The dog alluded to was a large gray hunting-hound, which the lady had brought away with her at the colonel's request. Pointer, with one exception, was a favorite with all aboard, even to the captain's tortoise-shell cat.

The exception was a huge royal eagle—nobody's property—which a showman—a passenger—had brought with him. The showman had died, and Brave—the eagle's name—was put into the potato-bin aft, where his dismal screaming was often heard, as if in lamentation of his deceased master.

Pointer, naturally enough, the enemy of all birds, would often confront Brave, and, as on the present occasion, show his rage and contempt with barks and growls.

The eagle, with eyes of fire, would then endeavor to break the rope which held it, so as to get at Pointer, and teach him that he was a bird not to be trifled with.

The captain had, for some days past, meditated tying the creature with a new rope in place of the old one, which was already somewhat worn.

Had he done so, the tragedy which now followed would not have occurred.

The eagle, suddenly parting his rope, flew at the hound like a thunderbolt, and put an end to his barking for evermore, by driving his bill, after a brief combat, straight through Pointer's eye, and into his brain.

"Kill the blasted bird!" cried the captain, angrily. "We will tie it to the foretopgallantmast, and have a few shots at it."

"Capital!" cried the mate, rubbing his hands.

A rope was tied to the creature's hind-legs, and being rove through a block above, the king of birds was thus ignobly hoisted to the foretopgallantmast.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the cruel skipper, as the creature flapped its wings, and shrieked forth angry defiance—"ha! ha! see him kick!"

Soon both captain and mate had their rifles.

They were on the point of firing, when Mrs. Howard, who had heard of the death of her dog, came up.

"What are you going to do to that poor bird?" she asked of the skipper.

He told her, adding, "Because it killed your dog, ma'am."

Mrs. Howard's beautiful eyes beamed pity upon the bird. She spoiled the skipper's meditated sport by preventing his shooting the creature. He could not resist her pleading voice.

Then she vainly endeavored to check the tears that gushed at sight of poor dead Pointer.

Just then there was a diversion.

"Malays!" screamed the captain."

There they were, right ahead—three proas—bursting from a cloud of mist.

To leeward, at least a league distant, where the atmosphere had cleared, another sail was seen.

The captain clapped his glass to his eye.

"Thank God—a frigate!" he cried.

"We will be saved, then!" said Mrs. Howard.

"I will try," he answered, trembling in his anxiety, "to save all."

He kept the ship off a couple of points, squaring in the yards.

The proas now bore off his quarter. He crowded sail too much. Crack! went the maintopgallantmast, falling over.

"Bang!" went a small nine-pounder from the head proa.

The ship's jibboom flew to splinters. Her headway was thus deadened. She was still nearly a league from the frigate. Her captain hoisted a signal of distress. The proas gained; they ran alongside—their dusky crews, armed with cutlasses, boarded, yelling, screaming like wildcats.

The captain had lowered the long-boat. His men tumbled in. Some of them endeavored to help Mrs. Howard down the gangway. The boat's warp parted at that critical moment. Mrs. Howard and three men were thus left aboard.

The three men were cut down by a dozen cutlasses.

Mrs. Howard had run forward, and obeying the impulse of the moment, had mounted the fore rigging.

Up she went, higher and higher, until she found herself in the topgallant rigging, near the screaming Brave. The poor bird was still making frantic efforts to free itself from its lashings.

Some of the Malays had mounted into the fore rigging in pursuit of Mrs. Howard, when their chief ordered them down. The frigate was coming up—they must work rapidly to get off with the plunder they had come for.

The hold was ransacked. Boxes and bales were brought up.

Not more than half the valuables were transferred to the proa, however, ere the frigate was seen much less than a league from them, and the escaped men almost aboard her. The friendly vessel was beating up—the stars and stripes at her mizzen—as fast as she could against a head wind.

The Malays yelled with baffled rage. Several shots were fired at Mrs. Howard, still clinging so far aloft. Thankful was the lady that, in her girlhood, she had attended a gymnasium. Otherwise she would have fallen from sheer terror, even had she not heard the shots whizz past her head.

Some of the pirates dived into the hold. Then they all returned to their proas, making off as fast as they could go.

A hissing sound was now heard. Mrs. Howard comprehended all. *The pirates had fired the ship.*

Tongues of lurid flame came driving up from the fore hold. They spread over the whole vessel. Soon she was a towering sea of fire—almost enveloped in flames.

Red, blue, yellow, green! How they writhed, twisted, surged, crackled and roared!

Higher and higher, wilder and redder every moment they climbed. The mast upon which was Mrs. Howard tottered as if every moment about to fall. Beneath her she could not see the deck, which was hidden by the fire.

She looked for the frigate. Alas! there it was, still half a league distant.

It would not reach her in time to save her. Already the flames were licking her feet—already they scorched the wings of Brave, who rent the air with his shrieks.

Quivering, palpitating, gasping, the poor lady still clung to the mast, every moment expecting her doom. The mast would fall in a few seconds, precipitating her into the vortex of flame beneath.

She thought of her husband—yes, even in that dread moment her mind reverted to him. He would hear of her death—she could never go to him.

God help her!

The mast bent over, ready to fall lengthways into the red cauldron. Slowly, slowly, further and further it leaned over. Mrs. Howard looked wildly round her. Was there—oh, was there *no* hope?

Her glance fell upon the bird. Like lightning a thought struck her. She pulled a small pearl-handled knife from her pocket.

Roong! snap! snap! crack! went the mast as it reeled still further.

It was going now!

Mrs. Howard cut the line that held the eagle to the mast. The noble bird spread its wings. The beautiful woman clasped its body firmly with both arms as it soared outward from the mast.

Just as it did so, crash! went the huge spar, falling its full length into the flames, and sending thousands of sparks round the aerial navigators.

Clogged by the weight, the unruly bird twisted its neck to peck at the one who had saved its life—saved it from being shot.

The weight dragged the eagle down; it fell into the sea ere it had gone forty fathoms from the burning ship.

By its violent struggles to rise from the sea, it kept Mrs. Howard's head above water. She must, however, soon let go her hold—her arms were already slipping. Nerving herself, she clung to the bird five minutes longer.

"God help me, I can hold on no longer!" she moaned, as the eagle rose upright, soaring away from her for ever.

Then she slipped off into the waves.

At that moment *there was a cheer*. A boatful of naval men—gallant tars all of them—burst from the rolling smoke, cleaving the waters in her direction.

She was picked up and taken to the frigate, to be treated with kindness and courtesy.

Many months after reaching her husband, the colonel, she told the story.

"I'm afraid I should have been tempted to kill the eagle for killing Pointer," said he; "but your benevolence, my noble wife, was the means of your salvation. Although the bird had destroyed your favorite—that beautiful hound—yet your merciful heart would not permit you to have the bird shot. The bird saved your life. Such was the reward of kindness.

PREPARING FOR TRAINING-DAY.

TRAINING-DAY was, formerly, in New York and other large cities, a time of much excitement. The militiamen were obliged to go through a certain amount of drill in the manual of arms each year. For days previous to the public muster the men were occupied in scouring their accoutrements, while the youngsters were besieging all their friends for money to participate in a genuine frolic. Many of our most prominent merchants and professional men will remember the dread frequently experienced of this martial exhibition. A failure to respond at roll call was an offense punishable by a fine, which went to the State. The militia fine-collector was a remarkably important personage. The faithful discharge of his duty made him anything but agreeable.

The appearance of the soldiers was grotesque in the extreme. Some assembled in full uniform, others in full civilian dress, while a third party rushed to muster in a singular assortment of both. The drill over, a parade was made, when hundreds of boys and girls preceded and followed the great army.

While these participants in Training-day attracted general attention, there was another class that struggled among the bars and staves and quarter-notes of "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other highly patriotic airs. The band was likewise important.

The fine old Training-day has passed away in the metropolis, and in its stead we have the dignified, precise Inspection-day.

In several districts the custom still prevails, and there we obtain a smack of the by-gone jollity.

We give an illustration of the agony of preparation required of the band, which will carry many a man to the recollections now a generation old.

The scene is in a grocery store, late at night. Traffic is over, and all without is quiet and dreamy. But the forced misery within is intense. The band-master is determined that the tune shall be played just so, and the members are equally determined that obedience is impossible. The leader is inexorable. It must be. He rests lightly on the counter, his hands and feet marking the time to the four "artists."

The base-drummer is convinced of a hard task, and has laid himself out for a night's work, fervently praying that both heads may burst. The small-drummer is evidently an amateur and a stranger. The eyes of the master are upon him. He eagerly awaits the signal to rattle away, and is so honest in his intentions, that the breaking of the chair would only make him more resolute. The flute is piping spasmodically, watching each companion and the master, lest he should continue beyond the bar. The violin alone appears contented. He is well balanced. He wonders at the stupidity of the base and small drum and flute. He has the time and the strain perfectly. He is watchful, and at home. The master has the agony bad. The band won't mind. The base is too loud, the flute too late, the small drum rattles without the slightest regard to the time, the violin has the wrong tune entirely. But, ambitious to steal a triumph from his friend in the next town, he is bound to keep them at it until perfect.

The picture is well drawn. Strong characters are seen, and the expressions are lifelike.

HAPPINESS.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet *she*, with an equal and unfavoring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave; even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on the billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

THE most important advantages we enjoy, and the greatest discoveries that science can boast, have proceeded from men who have either seen little of the world, or have secluded themselves entirely for the purposes of study. Not only those arts which are exclusively the result of calculation, such as navigation, mechanism, and others, but even agriculture, may be said to derive its improvement, if not its origin, from the same source.

IT would appear that there is a great sympathy between the mind of man and falsehood; when we have a truth to tell, it takes better if conveyed in a fable; and the rage for novels shows that we may not only divert extremely without a syllable of truth, but truth is even compelled to borrow the habit of falsehood to secure itself an agreeable reception.

THE most politic, because the most effectual, way of governing in a family is for the husband occasionally to lay aside his supremacy; so in public as well as in private life, that king will be most popular who does not at all times exercise his full prerogative.

THE REHEARSAL FOR THE ANNUAL TRAINING, IN A VILLAGE STORE.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.—SEE PAGE 447.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

FRANK was half pleased and half angry with Marie for ignoring his foolish hints, but the pleasure was strongest, because at that stage he admired her the more for it.

"Beautifully done, little Marie," he thought to himself; "if you are a victim, you are a very brave one."

He recovered himself, and asked a few questions about Rochemar.

Louise, presently returning, led Blanche on through the vineyard.

The sun was just setting when, having made a round, they came down a lane, shaded by walnut-trees, into the yard of the château. As they passed the old farm buildings he said, almost in spite of himself:

"Then you are going to be very happy. I may be quite sure of that?"

"How can I tell?" said Marie. "You can ask me again in ten years."

"Ah, is that it?" Frank said.

It always seemed to be his duty to amuse them in the *salon* in the evening, by reading or singing or talking. Marie generally sat near him, and laughingly corrected his French now and then; but that night she was rather silent, and wrapped up in an enormous piece of tapestry. Frank fetched "Les Feuilles d'Automne" from the library, and read "Soleils Couchants," while she and Agnes worked Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who did not care for poetry, at least for that kind, sat half asleep in one of the great fauteuils by the chimneypiece; and Johnny, half listening, and slowly turning over an illustrated history of the war, leaned his elbow on the table, and pushed his fingers through his curls. It was a grave, quiet little group, with chairs drawn up in a circle round the shaded lamp in the middle of the great, glittering, shadowy room.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—"'THE TREASURE, MONSIEUR! IT LIES WHERE MONSIEUR LE BARON AND MY POOR UNCLE BURIED IT.'"

"Why don't you sing?" said Johnny, looking up when his brother stopped, and Marie's little dark head was still bent over her worsteds. "One can't stand too much of that sort of thing. Mademoiselle, do put your great work away, and let us have the pleasure of hearing your voice. We have plenty of Frank at home."

Marie raised her eyes slowly, and looked at Frank. He was leaning back with the book in his hand, murmuring something to himself.

"Come, old fellow, answer when you're looked at," said Johnny; and Frank seemed to wake at once; he raised his eyes too, and smiled at Marie as he did so.

"Yes, let us have some music," he said. "Agnes, you can play for Marie."

"You must help me," said Marie, as she rolled up her work.

"Yes, if you like."

Agnes went and took her place at the piano, and Marie got into the corner between her and the wall, while Frank staid outside, to superintend the music. They sang very charmingly together, all sorts of pretty chansons which Marie had learned from time to time, and her cousins caught up at once. There were "Le Montagnard Emigré," "Sans Amour," "La Patrie des Hirondelles," and many others, and then some Italian opera songs, which Mme. de Saint-Hilaire woke up and asked for.

Marie stood against the wall in the corner, looking straight before her, sometimes moving her hands gently in time to the music, and singing like a bird, without trouble or effort, in a sweet, clear voice.

"There, that is enough," she said at last, suddenly. "This singing tires me to death. I would rather dance. What do you say, Agnes? Allons, grand'mère"—gliding out of her place, half kneeling before the comtesse, and laying her hands on hers—"you are going to play us a polka, n'est-ce pas?"

"What! with my old fingers?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Certainly. Agnes, give up your place. Johnny, will you have the goodness to put those chairs on one side?"

Agnes thought she had never seen her little cousin in such high spirits; but she, like every one else, was quite ready to please her. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire played her polka with as much correctness and spirit as a girl of twenty, and followed it up with a valse and another polka. There was not much choice of partners, but all these four were good dancers, and went spinning delightfully round and round the smooth floor. Marie danced the first two with Frank, and the last with Johnny, who did not enjoy the change.

"Agnes dances like a sensible English girl," he said, afterward; "but that little thing is just like an eel. She goes wriggling round and round, and it is as much as one can do to keep up with her."

That night, when Agnes was leaning out of her window into the still, glorious world outside, there was a gentle knock at the door, and Marie came in, with all her long, black hair down.

"Are you looking at the stars?" she said, pulling a chair up to the window. "You English are always looking at something. As for me, I have plenty to think of without setting suns and moons and clouds. Sit down, ma chère. I want to ask you a little question."

"What is it, my child?" said Agnes, bending over her and kissing her forehead.

"Ah, it is very kind of you to embrace me, but you will, perhaps, be vexed at my question. Forgive me, but are you engaged?"

"No," Agnes answered, a little gravely; not that she minded the question, but she was rather afraid of what might be coming next.

"Why not, I wonder?" said Marie. "Ever since you came, it has been a mystery to me why your mother has not married you long before this. You don't wish to marry, then?"

"I do not say that. I do not trouble myself or think much about it. If I met with any one I cared for, I suppose, altogether, a married life is the happiest—at least, it ought to be."

"Was any one ever proposed to you that you did not like?"

"Yes, once. He proposed himself, you know, in our English fashion."

"And why did you not marry him? Was he ugly, disagreeable, poor?" asked Marie, with an appearance of great interest.

"No, none of those. He was rather good-looking, on the contrary; many people thought him very agreeable, and he had a large fortune."

"Then, my dear, what can have been your reason?"

"I did not care for him."

"And he was satisfied with that?"

"He was obliged to be satisfied," said Agnes, smiling. "He was not a man that I liked. From things I heard, I believe he was not a very good man," she added, glad to find a reason that Marie could understand.

"Ah, that was something. That was your reason, no doubt. If he had been good, you would have married him?"

Agnes paused a moment.

"No, I should not."

"Ma chère, you would not? But you are unreasonable. What could you expect?"

"Only one little thing, but that was quite enough. If I had loved him better than any one else in the world, I should not have asked whether he was handsome, or how much money he had, or any of those things. I should have married him for himself. Do you see?"

"Ah, those are your ideas," said Marie. She was silent for a long time, leaning her head against her cousin's shoulder, and gazing out, in spite of herself, at the stars. "Listen, Agnes," she said, in a low, plaintive voice; "I don't understand what you mean by loving any one in that way. There is something frightening in it. I think they are often very bad people who love like that. Women run away from their husbands sometimes because they love somebody else like that—n'est-ce pas? It frightens me to think of it. I am sure it must be very bad."

"Or very good," said Agnes, gently. "The best and most beautiful thing in the world, if it is given to the right person."

"I don't like it. It is too much—it is unreasonable," said Marie. "Look at me. I am going to marry Louis de Rochemar. Mon amie, you do not suppose that I love him like that?"

"No, I suppose not. How should you? You know nothing of him. But perhaps you may, by-and-by."

"It is possible. But no—I remember him too well to make a romance about him. But do you understand? We shall do very well without your tiresome love. If I loved any one, I should be always dying of jealousy. I can imagine nothing more ennuyant. But Louis is good, and amiable, and agreeable, and rich. He will give me all the money and everything else I want, and will let me do exactly as I please. I shall talk to him, and sing to him; and he will listen, and will tell me his affairs when he wants my advice. We shall be good friends, never interfere with each other, please ourselves, and be very happy. Allons! what do you say to that?"

"It does sound as if you would be very happy," said Agnes.

"To be sure. I tell you I shall. I want nothing better. If he had been disagreeable, I should have told my grandmother that I would not be engaged to him. But every one praises him. So good-night, and sleep well, my dear cousin. Do not spend the whole night in looking at those stupid stars."

Marie got up, shook back her hair, kissed Agnes on both cheeks, and hurried away.

"What can the child have meant by talking to me in that way?" thought Agnes, when she was left alone. "Something must have shaken her a little in her national ideas, and she must have wanted to reassure herself. Well, I

suppose there are happy French marriages, and I hope hers may be one of them. Was it wrong of me to let her see that there are different ideas in the world? No, I think not. It is best that she should know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCHEMAR.

THE Château de Rochemar stood on high ground above the bank of a river, not a little stream like that at Sonnay, but one of the large tributaries of Madame Loire, flowing broad and clear and full of fish through the favored country. It had been a strong castle, commanding the river approach to the town of Carillon, had stood sieges from the English, and had been taken and retaken in many feudal struggles. Through the great Revolution the family had remained there, the marquis of those days being so dearly loved by all the neighborhood that nothing could persuade people to rise against him; and altogether the red storm had not swept so fiercely over Anjou as over places more civilized and more in the world. The present marquise would have defended her château, if she could, against the Germans; but as that was impossible she received them politely, and so escaped with nothing worse than a clearance of most of her furniture and the suffering of every kind of discomfort while they remained there.

Frank Wyatt looked out of the carriage window as they drove up that evening and saw the great white towers with their gray caps crowning the hill in the twilight, the rows of windows with Renaissance decorations, the arched gateway under which they entered the *cour d'honneur*.

"Here you see the home of Marie," Mme. de Saint-Hilaire whispered to him, as they went into the hall. "What do you think of it? Have I done well for the child?"

"It is quite magnificent," said Frank. "These people must be very rich."

"Yes, indeed. And if you had seen all this after the Prussians left! Ah, I cannot tell you. The restoration is perfectly wonderful."

"It must be," said Frank. He glanced round at Marie, who was following with Agnes and Johnny.

She looked a little flushed and excited, and was pointing things out as they passed, in her quick way—the inlaid furniture that seemed to match the beautiful floors, the handsome jardinières, holding great shadowing ferns and tropical plants, the painted ceilings, the reflection of themselves in the tall mirrors as they went by. It was in one of these that she saw Frank turn round and look at her as she glided along, with her white train sweeping, and pink oleanders in her hair, a delicate, sylph-like little figure in the great bright *salle*. She turned away from the glass and looked at him, smiling in a sort of triumph, as much as to say, "Is not this worth having?" If she could have understood his answer, it would certainly have been, "Well, if you think so. But you can't have everything. For instance, would M. de Rochemar appear to very great advantage in that mirror? Might it not be better to be proud of your husband than of his house?"

The *salon* into which they went was furnished in Louis Quinze style, with beautiful old white flowery brocade on the white-and-gold-chairs. Mme. de Rochemar, very handsomely dressed in pale lilac satin, came forward to meet them, and bowed in the most gracious manner to the young English people. Her friends who were in the room came up and talked to them—M. and Mme. de l'Allier, and "les petits de Rochemar," two nice-looking lads of eighteen and twenty. M. de l'Allier was gray and stiff-looking, and had not much to say; his wife was fat, handsome, and agreeable. She began at once talking English to Agnes. Mme. de Rochemar, in the meanwhile, sat down between Marie and her grandmother, and talked as fast as possible, waving her hands, and throwing her fan backward and forward. Frank, as he stood by, heard compliments flying in showers. Down came the light touch of Mme. de Rochemar's fingers on Marie's sleeve.

"Ma chère petite, quelle jolie toilette! Mais c'est ravissante! You have perfect taste. And those pretty flowers in your hair, the very things to suit you best. Ah, how charmed I am to have you here beside me—n'est-ce pas, madame? And your English cousins—it must be very interesting to have them with you. They are charming, no doubt. I have scarcely spoken to them. Monsieur!"

"Come here, Frank," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"You are pleased with France, I hope, monsieur?"

"Madame," said Frank, "it is the most charming country I ever was in."

This was a very good beginning. Mme. de Rochemar was a thorough and devoted Frenchwoman, and her face lighted up at once with pleasure. So the cross-fire of compliments went on, at which Frank could have laughed heartily if he had not been engaged in it. The Marquise, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, Marie, himself, each received a large share, and the Englishman was not at all behindhand in paying them. But this game did not last long, for some other guests were announced, and Frank drew back as Mme. de Rochemar got up to receive them. She found time for an aside to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire: "Heavens! how handsome he is!"

"Did I tell you? said the Comtesse, nodding.

"And so well brought up! Charmant, charmant!"

She went forward with a smiling face to receive Mme. de Valmont, who was followed into the room by her husband, her daughter, and eldest son. These ladies were rather plainly dressed, the Marquise in black silk, and her daughter in soft white muslin; but velvet, satin, diamonds, all the milliners and jewelers in Paris could not have made them look handsomer or more distinguished; so thought Johnny Wyatt, at least, as with suddenly awakened eyes he saw them come into the room. When Mdlle. de Valmont sat down near her mother, a little outside the grand circle into which everybody seemed to be forming themselves, he moved quietly round and placed himself at the back of her chair. She turned round, smiling, to shake hands with him; and then Mme. de Valmont suddenly looked up and saw him, and stretched out her hand too.

"Pardon! Where were you hiding yourself? I did not see you before."

Presently she beckoned him close to her, and asked who that young man was, standing near Mme. de Rochemar.

"That is my brother," said Johnny.

"Your brother! Indeed! Then there is no resemblance."

"None at all," said Johnny, half amused, with a quaint, disconsolate tone in his voice.

"At any rate, it is not a subject for grief," said Mme. de Valmont.

"It is very kind of you to say so, madame."

"Mamma always speaks the truth," said Cécile.

"Yes, always," said Mme. de Valmont. "I find it much too tiresome to pay compliments that I don't mean."

Just then there was a voice at the door.

"Mme. la Marquise est servie;" and young Léon de

Rochemar, in his elder brother's absence, came forward, and gave his arm to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, according to the good French fashion which puts age before rank.

Johnny found himself falling in with Mdlle. de Valmont, and they sat together at one end of the table. The young Frenchmen were rather silent in the presence of their elders, but Johnny did not think it necessary to follow their example, and tried to amuse his neighbor as well as he could. Frank looked at him now and then from his place between Mme. de l'Allier and Marie, and wondered how the dreamy, absent, unintellectual sailor could bring such bright looks of interest and amusement into the very handsome but still countenance of the girl beside him. Johnny's quiet way of devoting himself to one person—never thinking of the rest of the world, but abounding in attentions to that one, with a certain frankness and downrightness which came across the conventionalities of tired landsfolk like a fresh breeze from the sea—was much more attractive than a person of Frank's character could understand. Probably Johnny was talking nonsense in bad French; but whatever it was, Mdlle. Cécile evidently liked it, and responded with so much spirit that M. de l'Allier remarked in an undertone to her mother:

"But mademoiselle votre fille is beautiful, she is brilliant. And how she resembles you!"

Mme. de Valmont looked down the table, and thought, perhaps, M. de l'Allier had meant that remark on Cécile's brilliancy as a note of warning. But she did not feel that it was necessary; she had an instinctive confidence in the young sailor, and a well-grounded one in her daughter, as having that dutiful, tractable temper, that clear innocence, and that gentleness, only to be found in a really noble character. So she turned again, smiling, to M. de l'Allier, and began to tell him the origin of their acquaintance with Johnny.

"Indeed! a brave young fellow," said her neighbor, considerately stroking his gray mostache. "He has a right to a smile from mademoiselle. But his brother has the advantage in looks."

"Do you think so?" said Mme. de Valmont. "Certainly he is handsome, but I prefer the character of the other."

Then, for a moment, as she looked in Frank's direction, something seemed to strike her. He was speaking to Marie, and in the girl's face, as she listened, there was a curious excitement, a nervousness that flushed her cheeks and wrinkled her forehead into distressed lines, while she kept her eyes down and would not look at her cousin as she answered him. One moment, Mme. de Valmont felt extreme surprise; the next, she almost thought she had been mistaken, for Marie had entirely recovered her usual expression, and was laughing at some witty remark of Mme. de l'Allier's.

This lady's four children came in at dessert—the little girls with long curls and embroidered frocks; the boys with long, white coats, white boots, large blue bows at their necks, and hair brushed up in a crest. Not long after, everybody went back, arm-in-arm, to the *salon*, where the little boys walked about, under Mme. de Rochemar's direction, with the coffee-cups, and people's chief business was talking to the children and admiring them. Presently, when the gentlemen were gone away to the smoking-room, and the children had disappeared, Mme. de Rochemar sat down among her friends and began telling ghost-stories.

Agnes Wyatt, as she listened and looked on, thought the little lady was a comedy in herself; her wonderful gesticulations, noddings, wavings, flourishes of her large fan, pats with her foot upon the floor, and her face of half-terrified enjoyment, gave double effect to the stories she told.

At Rochemar they had a crusader, who was heard rattling his armor inside the walls whenever any danger drew near any member of the family. He had even appeared once in bodily form to the Marquis Charles de Rochemar, in the time of Louis Quinze, and had warned him that in a year he would either have died or have gained great honor.

"Well, as to that, he did both, for he was killed in the storming of Kehl."

As Agnes listened to the talk of these ladies, she became aware that there was not a château, or village, or even an old bridge in the neighborhood without its ghost, or legend, or tradition. Some of them had to do with saints, some with old battles, and very many with the Revolution, which seemed to have passed over the country like a black thunder-cloud, leaving ruin behind it; and yet this part of France had suffered little in comparison.

"Cécile," said Marie, in a low voice, going up to Mdlle. de Valmont, "shall we go out on the terrace?" And the two girls went out accordingly through a window into the warm, still night outside, lighted up by thousands of stars, the Milky Way flowing like a stream of silver across the sky.

The great terrace at Rochemar looked down from its height on flower-gardens sloping to the river; another sky of stars lay twinkling and trembling on the polished blackness. The night air was full of the scent of some flowers that were hidden in the dark under the terrace-wall. Many a lady in bygone days had walked out upon that terrace, leaving behind her the heavy towers, which, in their great white strength, looked as if they might be—what no doubt they often were—a living tomb.

Few more graceful examples of young French womanhood had ever walked there than these two, in their white dresses, as they came out of the bright *salon*, and moved across to the balustrade, looking down on the river and the dim, starlit country beyond.

"Dear little Marie," said Cécile, in the fullness of her kind heart, "I do congratulate you. How happy you will be, with this beautiful château, and everything you can wish for in the world!"

"Do not you think it was very wise of me to say yes?" said Marie.

"Yes, certainly. You could not have refused. Shall you be much in Paris? Ah, what a pleasure it will be to meet there! And do you know when M. de Rochemar returns?"

"Mon Dieu, non!" said Marie, impatiently; "how should I know? I am not yet his wife, my dear!"

"You must be very anxious to see him."

"Yes, and no. I know it all must come one of these days, and I assure you I am in no hurry. You see I have waited so long that I have grown quite used to living at Les Sapinières, and amusing myself there in my own way. It is strange enough that M. de Rochemar has had this in his head for years—ever since I was almost a child, and he was going abroad for the first time."

"Ah, that is quite beautiful. And you did not see him when he came back four years ago?"

"No, I was very ill then. We were at Nice, and every one thought I should either die, or only live to join some Order. The changes of this world are amusing enough. Here I am going to be married. Did you see him then? Tell me, is he very ugly?"

"No," said Cécile, with a shade of hesitation.

"Voyons donc! As ugly as my cousin Johnny?"

"There is not a shade of likeness. M. de Rochemar is very dark, with black eyes, very like a soldier. But you do not call your cousin ugly? He has such beautiful eyes!"

Marie laughed, and then, laying her hand with a sudden movement on Cécile's, she whispered: "Yes, I do call him ugly. This is what I call handsome."

Her manner, even more than her words, startled Cécile's calm simplicity in a disagreeable way. The next moment Frank Wyatt came up to them, tall, graceful, and looking quite like a paladin in the starlight.

"You must be cold, *ma cousine*," he said to Marie. "Ought you to be out here? Yes, it is very beautiful; but so is the *salon*, in another way, and Mme. de Rochemar is asking for some music. Do you sing, mademoiselle?" turning to Cécile.

"No, I do not," she answered, gravely; and then, scarcely understanding her own feelings, she walked away at once toward the window.

Frank took Marie's hand, and drew it into his arm as they followed her.

Mme. de Rochemar, whose eldest son's absence often made her feel as melancholy as any one of her cheerful nature possibly could be, thought and said that for years she had not enjoyed such a delightful evening as this. She had always wished to know something of the English; and this young man was perfect, set off by the very much quieter manners and appearance of his sister and brother. His figure, face and voice were without fault, and she was unprejudiced enough to wish that her sons would take example by his correct and graceful manners. Still, of course, he was a minor attraction to her dear Marie, who was looking so well, so pretty, with that refined face and charming little figure, and who had learned by inspiration to mingle with her natural gentleness the ease and *savor faire* of a young lady who had seen the world. As the evening went on, she beckoned M. de l'Allier to her in a corner, and asked him what he thought of her future daughter-in-law.

"A most charming little person, indeed," said M. de l'Allier. "Monsieur Louis is very fortunate. Mademoiselle is exactly the style I admire. She is like some graceful flower, fragile perhaps, but delicately beautiful. Certainly there is no one in this country to approach her. I assure you, as she entered the room this evening, I said to myself, 'Here is the Flower of Anjou!'"

"Cher monsieur, you are too amiable," said Mme. de Rochemar, looking perfectly delighted, and clapping her hands gently. To have extorted such a compliment as this from any one so stiff and unimpressionable was indeed a triumph. "The Flower of Anjou!" the Marquise repeated. "Beautiful—charming! Pardon! I must really tell that to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. Not in Mme. de Valmont's hearing; but she is occupied with the English demoiselle. The 'Flower of Anjou'! *Allons*, you are a poet. I shall tell Louis in my next letter; and I assure you that our angel shall not lose the name."

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN ARCADIA.

"You seem very fond of the society of the ladies," said Johnny Wyatt, coming into the *salon* one day before breakfast, and finding his brother on a sofa in a shady corner. "I have been talking to the Maire, and we are going out shooting together presently. You had better come too."

"I think not," said Frank.

"Why not? The old boy is great fun. When I asked him if he liked shooting, he gave himself a tremendous smile, and shouted out, 'Avec moi la chasse est une passion!' Auguste has got a gun that he's going to lend me. The Maire takes him out, sometimes."

"Perhaps so. But the Maire is not going to take me," said Frank, which silenced Johnny for the moment.

The Maire of Sonnay was a very respectable and well-thinking person, a retired tradesman of Carillon, who had built himself a smart little house on the other side of the valley, where he had gardens and plenty of grass, and cultivated very fine flowers and fruit. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who liked to be on the very best of terms with her neighbors, had given this worthy man permission to shoot over her estate, reserving to herself the power of killing any game she wanted whenever she pleased. Johnny had made friends with the Maire, as he had by this time with all the people about the place, thus providing himself with plenty of amusement. He had a hand in everything that went on. They were just beginning to beat down the walnuts, and he was to be found with a long stick near the top of the tree. The river was an unfailing interest—what with bathing, fishing, or clearing out the weeds preparatory to catching a desperate pike that lurked there. Half a dozen men were busy there, some pulling away the long reeds and water-plants that would straggle across the stream, some beating the water with poles, one walking along in the middle of the river with a net pushed before him. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire stood looking on at the failure of all these people to entrap Monsieur le Brochet. Nobody would venture into a certain dark hole close to the bridge, till Johnny took a net that was lying on the bank, dropped quietly in, and, after remaining some minutes up to his neck in water, brought out the pike in triumph. This odd boy had also a taste for cooking; he made great friends with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire's cook, studied coffee-making and other mysteries, and gave her some wrinkles that he had picked up in his different voyages. All these things were done without any talking, and with an air of quiet indifference. When Johnny wished to make friends with anybody, he let his eyes speak for him, in a manner quite remarkable for a person so really unaffected.

"You can't be well, old fellow," he said, with a sailor's kindliness, as he stood by the table, with a sun-ray falling straight in on his hair, and looked at his pale brother lounging in the corner.

"Yes, I am," said Frank, civilly enough. "But I don't care to go out in the boiling sun, unless it is to sit still somewhere. There's nothing to pity me for. I find it pleasanter here, and I must say I never was in a country better arranged for pleasing one's self."

"That's true," said Johnny. "Well, I'm glad you are contented. You seem to be quite first fiddle with little Miss Marie. Do you like her?"

"Of course. She is the prettiest and most ladylike little thing you or I ever saw. Thoroughbred to the tips of her fingers. Look at her nails. One don't meet girls like that often in England."

Johnny looked on the floor and whistled. It never entered into his head to argue with his brother; that would have been both troublesome and useless, however he might disagree with him. But it happened that Marie was both pretty and ladylike. That did not interfere with the fact that somebody else was beautiful and noble.

"I am very sorry for her," Frank want on. "How these people manage to stunt and narrow their girls' minds is a wonder to me. But I think Marie is already beginning to see her way out, though one has to show it very carefully to these devout people. It is not much use, though, when there is that dreadful marriage before her. But after all, a little development can only do her good."

"How do you set about it?" said Johnny, dreamily. "I say, Frank, what a pity we did not get here a few days sooner! You might have had a chance against that Marquis, so far off as he is."

"Oh, I don't know," said Frank. "Transplanting seldom answers well, Besides, the grandmother would never have

listened to it. Think of my quarters and Rochemar—my income and the Marquis's."

"Do these people think so much about money and all that? One being richer than another seems to make no difference in society here."

"Are any of them poor?" remarked Frank. "Certainly, they are all on a level, and birth is everything, and there is none of the snobbish purse-pride we have in England. But at the same time do you suppose that their dignity would allow any of these girls to marry beneath them? It is the same with the men. There must be tolerably equal advantages on both sides."

"Ah, I suppose so," said Johnny. "And they are all so well brought up that the notion of anything else never occurs to them."

"Of course not. They might just as well, or better, think of marrying the Great Mogul as a stray Englishman without a big house and an estate at his back. They quite see the gulf between them and us. As for crossing it—why, they have never learnt to swim. So you see, Johnny, they feel as safe with you and me as with their grandfathers. And we make ourselves as happy as we can with them."

"Things do happen, though," said Johnny. "I've read in books ——"

"Only among the Bohemian sort," said Frank, consolingly. "Not in catholic, legitimist, noble, well-regulated families. Their young ladies are shut up in brass towers, like the princess in the fairy tale."

"But those princesses always got out, somehow."

"Don't flatter yourself. You saved her life, and she is certainly handsome, but perfectly immovable. A young Gorgon. I thought of Medusa when I looked at her. You might as well try to run away with Le Mans cathedral."

"Run away! Who talks of running away!" exclaimed Johnny, indignantly, his face becoming redder. "I'll be hanged if I understand you. I don't know what you mean by talking about Gorgons."

"Nothing at all," answered Frank very peaceably. "And we shall all be much wiser if we stay where we are—for the present, at least."

The breakfast-bell began to ring, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire's tall figure came walking past the windows, with her poodle following behind. Johnny left his brother, and went out to wish her good-morning.

Of course he said no more to Frank about the shooting; but went off, after breakfast, to join M. Lafon, leaving the others to amuse themselves as they liked. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire asked them if they would drive with her to Carillon, where she wanted to do some shopping, and, in the meanwhile, went to give some orders to her people.

Agnes took a parasol from the hall, and went after her across the yard, where she was standing, a picturesque figure, in the low, dark archway of the farm-kitchen. Here the people were at dinner—the men in their blue blouses at a long table, and three or four women scattered about in the corners and at the windows, eating soup with an abundance of cabbage, and drinking the red wine of the country. Agnes thought Frank might have made a study of that kitchen, with the sun pouring in through the opposite windows, streaming across the stone floor, lighting up the grave Angevin faces, the snowy caps, the brown pitchers on the table, and the great bowls from which they helped themselves. She often came and peeped in at them; for this was her aunt's favorite time for giving orders, when she could find them and speak to them all together. Agnes was fast losing herself in a sort of dreamy peace in this Arcadia, where none of the disturbing elements of life seemed to enter. Everything was harmonious, gentle, graceful, and picturesque. Peasants and animals worked hard, but were placid and contented all the time. Nobody rebelled but the big black ox, Erèbe, who did not like his first experience of ploughing, but was growing more manageable every day. The sun shone, and the fruits ripened, the vintage was approaching, the walnuts were being gathered, all through these soft September days. And to remind the people that there is another world beyond this, the *Angelus* bell rang out at sunrise, noon, and sunset; the hills and the château echoed it back. Agnes began to listen to for it, and to feel that she would miss it when she went away.

CHAPTER X.

MADAME D'YVES.

ONE of Mdlle. Marie's fancies at this time was to learn water-color drawing, and though she had no more taste or talent for it than most of those girls who learn it at English boarding-schools, she got on very satisfactorily by the same means—the powerful assistance of her master. Frank had her pencil in his hand most of the time, and talked Ruskin and other authorities, who seemed to lead on by easy paths to all sorts of wide subjects that his pupil had never dreamt of before.

Marie must have felt, though she never confessed it to herself, that she had been living in a very narrow world. Now and then, perhaps, she felt a little frightened, and not sure about the orthodoxy of all these ideas; but then Frank never said a word to which her religion could really object. He was a good, honest, noble-minded Englishman, the cleverest and most charming man she had ever met, and her own cousin. If he was not to be trusted, who in the world was? As if he was ever likely to say a word to offend her! He was too true a gentleman for that. And if he was not very happy—for he had confessed as much—was it not her duty to be as kind to him as she possibly could, and to show him that a Frenchwoman had a heart, and could feel for her friends, whether she knew the history of their troubles or not? It was true that his manner was a very little demonstrative sometimes, that he seemed to forget for a moment who they both were, and looked and spoke as if she belonged to him; but that was because he was English. In England cousins were like brothers and sisters, and young unmarried women were not obliged to be so strict and careful in their manners, and were even allowed to go about alone.

All this was firmly established in Marie's poor little mind. And yet, if she had been wise, she would have paid rather more attention to those doubts that came to shake her now and then—those slight pricks of conscience, that growing habit of setting the future out of sight and enjoying the present moment, without a thought of anything beyond.

They had a delightful drive to Carillon that afternoon; the good horses drew them swiftly along the fine, even road, and Marie's neighbor showed her all sorts of things that she had never noticed before—birds, insects, the shaking of the poplar leaves, the reflections in the river as they drove along beside it.

"Why, Frank, you are a naturalist," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Oh, no," said Frank; "but I think it is good for one to keep one's eyes open, and notice all these little things."

"You are quite right, it is very good indeed, and so I have often told Marie."

The first streets of the little town were wide, with low,

white houses, and trees planted in rows, a praiseworthy attempt at boulevards. Further on they came into narrow streets and pavement. Auguste dashed and rattled round the many corners with a glorious carelessness as to what might be in the way. At last he drew up in the market-place, in front of the Hôtel du Faisan, and here they all got out.

"*Mes amis*," said the comtesse, "I have some shopping to do, and a few little visits to make that would not interest you. The church is very ancient. You like antiquities, Agnes, and you too, Frank. You can go there with Marie, while I attend to my own business. We will wait for each other in the Place."

"Yes, grandmother," said Marie. "And if there is time we can walk down to the river, and look at the château from a distance."

"Certainly, my dear child."

"The river is the furthest off, so we will go there first," said Marie, as Mme. de Saint-Hilaire walked away with her firm step along the uneven pavement. "We must go down this street, which leads to the outside of the town."

They made their way through several narrow streets and lanes, which were all fairly clean. Perhaps very dirty little French towns are gradually becoming things of the past.

"This is the shortest way to the river," said Marie, stopping where a lane went diving down between two high walls, with a gleam of water just caught by a sunbeam at the end. "And this alley of poplars on the left leads to the château. Which do you like best?"

"Why, the château must be well worth seeing," said Frank, going forward a few steps between the trees. "I can see it, a quaint old place standing right in the river. This way, please, unless you prefer the other."

"Not at all," said Marie, smiling. "And Agnes is of your opinion, for she is trying to make herself as tall as you, that she may catch sight of the same view. It is impossible, my dear; you must have patience. A little further down you will see very well."

She walked on with her cousins, but stopped, apparently without any reason, some little way before they reached the château. They had a very good view of it, however. A mass of old, gray towers, turrets and roofs, with rugged walls going down apparently straight into the river—the same that flowed by Rochemar, which spread itself out here into a broad, shallow, fast-flowing stream. A smaller stream ran all round the château, crossed by a drawbridge, with its old beams and chains. Facing this bridge and the poplar avenue were two great, machicolated round towers, with pointed tops, a gateway between them, with great gates closed, and a little, low door standing open by the side. Some of the windows were modernized, and full of flowers tumbling out upon the gray stone ledges. On the land side there was a bright garden, fenced with tall iron railings, and all the specks of color, the varied roofs and tourelles, were lighted up to brilliant clearness by the sun that danced and flashed on the hurrying river beyond.

"Marie, how is it that you have not shown us this before?" said Frank. "It is the most picturesque thing I have seen yet."

He set off walking rather quickly down the avenue.

"Don't you think we shall have time to go any further?" said Agnes, seeing that Marie lingered, and was not inclined to walk on.

"Yes, plenty of time. But we don't know the people who live here, and you understand that I don't want to be seen wandering about the château."

"Shall I call Frank back and tell him?"

"No, no. *Allons*, you would like to see it too. It is very curious. Let us walk down as far as the bridge, and ask those women if the people are at home."

Two women were washing in the river just below the drawbridge, beating the clothes on stones. Marie and her cousin went forward and looked over the railings. Frank was standing on the bridge, and had already pulled out his sketch-book.

"Ma bonne femme," said Marie, in a low, clear voice, as the beating ceased, and one of the women turned round to look at her, "can you tell me if Mme. d'Yves is at home?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle. Here is madame herself."

'Ah, que je suis tracassée!" said Marie, between her teeth.

It was too late to run away, for a lady had come out of the garden behind, and was almost close to them. She was a small person, fashionably dressed, with a brown face and very black eyes, and a fanciful wreath of flowers round her hat. As she advanced upon the bridge Frank moved to one side, and took his hat off. Mme. d'Yves turned towards Marie, and made her a low courtesy, which Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire returned with one still more ceremonious.

"I must ask your pardon, madame," said she, "for approaching so near the château. My friends are strangers, and they thought it so curious and so beautiful that I was anxious to give them a nearer view. I am afraid we are intruding upon you."

"Du tout, mademoiselle," answered the châtelaine, in a rather harsh voice, and with a peculiar accent. "I am enchanted to see you—and your friends also," with gracious inclinations to Frank and Agnes. "Monsieur is an artist? He will do us the honor of making a sketch of the château?

Frank said he was hoping to carry away a little pencil recollection of it, if madame would kindly give him permission.

"Monsieur, I am charmed. Yes, it is a very curious old place, very interesting—quite belonging to the Middle Ages. Moi, j'adore le moyen âge. You must go round to the other side, monsieur; it is still more picturesque than this. I shall have the pleasure of showing you the way."

She turned smilingly round to the ladies, to conduct them in the same direction.

"Thank you very much, madame," said Marie; but my cousin and I are obliged to return to the town. My grandmother is waiting for us. You will find us in the Place," she added, looking at Frank, "when you have finished your sketch."

"But I should have had so much pleasure in showing the inside of the château to *mademoiselle votre cousine*, if you and she would have done me the honor to wait a moment," said Mme. d'Yves, raising her eyebrows.

"Merci bien, madame. You are very kind, but we have not time to-day."

Frank looked in a little astonishment, wondering where all this hurry had suddenly sprung from. Marie seemed disturbed, and Agnes rather disappointed. He supposed this lady was not an acquaintance, at least not a desirable one, but he did not feel inclined to give up his sketch; she could not hurt him. There was another exchange of bows, and the two girls walked away together along the alley of poplars. Mme. d'Yves conveyed him round, beyond the facing towers, to the side of the château which seemed to hang over the river. There was just room to pass between the water and the foot of the wall, but beyond that the land ran out into a little point, with trees growing on it; and going along this you had a famous view of all the mass of buildings. They made three sides of an irregular square, and looked as if every possessor for the last five or six hundred years had stuck on a turret, or made a door, or knocked out

a window, or built a staircase. For the last hundred years or two the owners seemed to have contented themselves with letting in a little more light when they wanted it here and there, for all the building was gray, rugged, moss-grown stone. The square itself was a garden, with high iron railings to fence it off from the river, and full of flowers—dahlias, asters, roses, carnations—growing in picturesque profusion among the dark old walls. Frank was delighted, and expressed his admiration very cordially to Mme. d'Yves, who bowed and smiled and showed her white teeth.

"You will excuse my beginning my sketch at once, madame," he said. "This beautiful place deserves hours, and I have only minutes to give to it."

"There is a charming view from the other side of the river," suggested Madame d'Yves. "You would not have time to cross now, monsieur," as Frank glanced longingly in that direction. "But are you making such a very short visit to Les Sapinières that you will not have time to come again?"

Frank might do that, he thought. What did it matter if his aunt was not acquainted with this lady? His doings were quite independent, and did not commit anybody else. Any one who pretended to be an artist must sometimes go among queer people. He thanked Mme. d'Yves, and said that he was not making a very short visit, and with her kind permission, if he found it possible, he should be very glad to come again.

"Then," said she, "if we do not happen to find you out, will you come and announce yourself at the château? My husband will be charmed to show you the interior, and I assure you it will be worth seeing. We have collections, too, that may interest you—pictures, old china, tapestry, weapons, coins. You may perhaps have heard, monsieur, that our house is called the 'Museum of Anjou.'"

"No, indeed, madame, I had not heard that," said Frank.

"Ah, it is very possible. But you will come and see for yourself; n'est-ce pas, monsieur? You promise me that?"

"With very many thanks, madame, for your amiable politeness."

After this they parted; Mme. d'Yves stepping lightly back to her garden, and Frank settling down to his sketch, which was only a slight one, in view of the better opportunity promised by himself and the kind lady of the château.

He walked back to the inn, and found the horses quite ready, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire just looking round for him before she got into the carriage. She seemed a little put out as they drove off.

"It was a pity you went near the château, ma chère enfant," she said to Marie, "without ascertaining whether those people were at home."

"It was my fault," said Frank. "I was so delighted with the old place that I dragged them down close to it before they knew where they were, and then the lady sprang out upon us as if she had been lying in wait."

"Probably she had," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Who are they? Not people quite of your standing, I suppose?"

"Monsieur d'Yves belongs to a good old Breton family. He was a very wild young man; he spent all his fortune, and made it again in a remarkable way by gaming, racing, speculating—cheating, some people say. At any rate, he managed to leave his respectability behind him. His wife is a bourgeois—nobody at all—but she had a certain fortune of her own. I never heard anything absolutely against her, but they are not in society, very much to their disappointment and disgust. Their efforts have been frightful. He bought that old château immediately after his marriage, furnished it, as I heard, with every sort of expensive absurdity, gave himself the title of baron, to which he has no right whatever, and expected to be welcomed and *fêted* by the whole neighborhood. A few people did visit them at first. That dear Mme. de Rochemar set the example—she is sometimes too amiable; but nobody could go very far. The gentlemen could not regard M. d'Yves as one of themselves, and the ladies found his wife insupportable. As to me, I never visited them at all; so you can imagine how they hate me."

"Less, perhaps," said Frank, "than those ladies who began and were obliged to leave off. She was politeness itself to Marie just now."

"Ah, very possible. She thought she had a chance of picking up an acquaintance. She knew very well who Marie was, and all about her. *La petite* is something of a personage in the neighborhood now."

"Could she know, grand'mère?" said Marie, frowning and coloring a little.

"My dear child, believe me, there is nothing she does not know. But you are probably right, Frank. She hates Mme. de Rochemar as much as anybody. I wish with all my heart they would go away, for the château is certainly very curious, and I myself should like to see it again."

"I must try one of these days to make a water-color sketch of it from a little further off," said Frank—"the other side of the river. Mme. de Yves wished very much to show me the interior. She says they have pictures and all kinds of curiosities; but even without these the old place must be well worth seeing. I thought I might perhaps avail myself of her civility, but if you would prefer my not going there again, you have only to say so."

"You are very good," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, smiling. "But there is no reason for you to deny yourself like that. On the contrary, my dear Frank, I should certainly go. A visit from you is not a visit from me—and indeed I really have nothing to say against that poor Mme. d'Yves. I have sometimes thought that she might die of dullness, for they have nothing to say to the bourgeoisie, and must be very much alone all the time they are at Carillon. Go by all means, as soon as you please. You are quite old and sensible enough to take care of yourself."

"I may not go, I suppose?" said Agnes.

"No, my dear, certainly not," and "Of course not," came simultaneously from her aunt and brother.

"Poor Agnes!" said Marie, laughing. "But you and I are in the same position. I never have seen the inside of the château, and probably never shall. Frank must bring us an exact description of it."

CHAPTER XI.

A SHOOTING PARTY.

FRANK did not appear to be in any particular hurry to pay his second visit to the Château de Carillon, and there were plenty of other amusements to occupy his thoughts and time. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had a great many neighbors, and they were inclined to be very hospitable, asking her and her young people to all sorts of entertainments—dinner-parties, dances, theatricals. At these *soirées* the children often acted charades. At one house the tutor wrote a little play for his pupils, who acted it with immense spirit, chattering, gesticulating, singing their gay songs, and tripping about in the prettiest costumes. M. l'Abbé's play itself was the weakest part of the performance. Another lady gave a musical party, at which a little Parisian artist thundered out Wagner and Chopin in a style to drive the piano and all the listeners crazy.

One day M. de Valmont asked the two young Englishmen to come and shoot with him and some of his friends. This was a very different thing from shooting with the Maire of

Sonnay, and Frank was quite ready to go. He and Johnny drove off with Auguste in the dogcart immediately after breakfast. It was a very hot, sultry day, with heavy white clouds rising slowly in the south, and thunder growling in the distance now and then. They arrived at Lauron about half-past twelve, and went out at once with the Marquis; his sons had already gone off on their own account.

There was plenty of "gibier à plume" to be seen, and some "à poil," about the heathy ground, with its little hills and valleys, and the long slopes leading away to the woods. The gorse was blossoming here and there. They put up birds behind every hedge and thicket of brushwood, and these good shots soon began to fill their game-bags.

The friends whom M. de Valmont had mentioned came dropping in one by one—M. de l'Allier, "les petits de Rochemar," and others from the neighborhood—all variously got up for "chasse à tir." A very independent amusement this seemed to be. No keeper or game-carrier was to be seen. Each sportsman wore a loose jacket of some strong stuff like line linen, in different colors, olive-green, blue, white, or black, with a large bag behind for carrying his game. Each had his own dog, which acted as pointer, setter, and retriever. Straw hats were universal, and might be seen bobbing about over hedges and ditches, as their wearers rushed here and there, sometimes together, sometimes apart, with a good deal of noise and boyish fun. All these unorthodox ways did not prevent them from being very good shots. Though the hares and partridges had a better chance for their lives than in the English fashion of shooting made easy, a great many of them went home on the sportsmen's backs to the château. This was at about three o'clock for lunch, after which they turned out again for two hours' more work. The Englishmen did their full share of it all; but the day was so hot, and so much exertion seemed to be wanted, that Frank gave in at last, and followed Johnny's advice, given quite gravely, to pick some of the great mushrooms that grew all about the fields, and take them in to Mme. de Valmont.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—AFTER DINNER AT LES SAPINIERES.

The two brothers staid to dine at Lauron, but the rest of the party started home about half-past five. Johnny had dined there several times before, and his elder brother once, and they both agreed that it was a delightful house. There was some value in this testimony from Frank, who was unprejudiced and very particular. Mme. de Valmont was one of those attractive hostesses with a talent for making every one feel happy and at home. Her good manners were only the outward expression of her kind heart, and never ran on into the extravagant politeness of some of her neighbors. She was

natural—she had seen the world—was a very agreeable and sensible woman, and whatever may have been the history of her marriage, she loved her husband and children cordially, and they adored her. It was delightful to see this family all together. They were mutually polite and gentle, they enjoyed each other's company, made friendly little jokes and pretty speeches, but all without running into any extremes, or making other people feel *de trop* in their circle. Max and his sister were on the most affectionate terms, and the quieter Pierre was devoted to his mother. Cécile seemed very happy that evening; her mother remarked as much when the gentlemen had left them together in the *salon*.

"How bright you are to-night, my child!" said Mme. de Valmont, laying her hand on Cécile's shoulder and looking fondly into her face. She always seemed to see her own youth again there. They were very like each other, as Johnny had remarked when he first set eyes on them coming into the old church. Cécile's, perhaps, was a graver, steadier aspect; her eyes were deeper and her features more decided than Mme. de Valmont's had been at her age. "Are not you overwhelmed with the heat?" she went on. "Moi, j'étouffe! Come, dearest, let us go out and breathe a little air, if there is any."

She threw a white scarf over her head, and they went down the stone stairs, and out upon the *perron* in front of the house-door. It was a black night; there was not a star to be seen, but now and then lightning flashed up from the horizon with a sudden trembling radiance; then all was dark again; the thunder growled and rattled, and died away in the distance. They sat down together on the steps, for it seemed too dark to walk about. The country lay in utter stillness; even the owls were silent, and they only heard now and then the cry of some wild thing far away in the woods. It was a night for wild beasts or ghosts or anything uncanny, but Mme. de Valmont and her daughter rather enjoyed it as they sat and talked in a low voice, and lifted their faces to catch the breath of air that sometimes came stealing up the valley.

"I think we shall have a storm to-night," said the marquise, "and our friends will have some trouble in getting home. Certainly they are very agreeable young men, and I shall be sorry when they return to England."

"Do you like the elder, mamma?"

"Not so much as our friend John. What do you say?"

"I detest him."

"Ma chère amie! And why?"

"Mais—I cannot tell you, indeed. Do not you sometimes dislike a person without knowing why?"

"I think I can generally find a reason if I look for it," said Mme. de Valmont. "However, I do not myself think M. Frank so charming. Yet one ought to believe his friends. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire says he is perfect, and there are many others who agree with her."

"Mamma," said Cécile, "I don't know——" and then she made a long pause.

"*Allons*, that is news!" said Mme. de Valmont, laughing a little. "But I assure you he is very popular. I have heard many people praise him, especially Mme. de Rochemar; and not only the old ladies—his cousin Marie thinks him a hero, does she not?"

"Yes, I suppose she does. That is why I detest him."

"What a droll reason! Because Marie likes him you detest him. My dear Cécile, you must tell me what you mean."

It was dark, but Mme. de Valmont felt instinctively that her daughter was blushing and confused. She was a little anxious, but quite determined to get to the bottom of this. Her long knowledge of Cécile told [illegible] it was probably all right, and she need not [illegible] for all.

"Allons, mon amie," she said, with a shade of peremptoriness in her tone. "You must hide nothing, but tell me your thoughts without any reserve whatever."

"Well, mamma, I think he tries to make Marie like him. I have noticed it several times. It does not make her happy, for she looks quite sad and thin—have you noticed that? But she does like him very much, and he is always following her about; and, mamma—do not say anything, je vous en prie—but when we were talking on the terrace at Rochemar that night, when we saw him first, she did not seem very anxious for M. de Rochemar to come back; and then M. Frank came to us, and began to talk in a voice and a way I did not like, and I went straight into the *salon*. They came at once, you know—that was just before they began to sing."

"The English, you know, have different ideas," said Mme. de Valmont; "and English girls are allowed all kinds of freedom that you and Marie have not."

"I know that, mamma. But even in England, if a girl was engaged, I do not think any one else would speak and look as Marie's cousin does."

"Perhaps not," said Mme. de Valmont, who in her secret heart was delighted with her daughter's sentiments. "But Englishmen, you know, think that unmarried girls are to have the same attention as married women. You can see that in our friend Johnny, who is always so polite to you."

"As to that, mamma," said Cécile, "I think it is you who have all his politeness."

"Well, that is as it should be," said her mother, rather hastily. "Johnny has right feelings and good principles."

"And his brother has neither one nor the other. But, seriously, is it not sad for Marie? One cannot do anything—one cannot speak, or she will be angry."

"I think it possible that Marie is very wrong. But of course we cannot interfere. Poor M. de Rochemar!"

"I do not know who to pity most," said Cécile, gravely. "Promise me one thing, chère petite maman—that you will never marry me to any one I do not choose for myself."

"I promise. But you must promise me something in return—that you will never insist on marrying an unsuitable person."

"Are you there, madame?" said a low, gentle voice at the door; and Johnny Wyatt came out and joined them, placing himself a little lower down on the steps. "What a night it is—as hot as a furnace! I believe there is an awful storm coming up."

"Yes, that last peal of thunder was a good deal nearer," said Mme. de Valmont. "Where are you come from? Are the others gone into the *salon?*"

"No," said Johnny. "M. de Valmont and my brother are playing billiards, and the others are watching them. So was I, till I got tired of it."

"So you came to give us your company. That was very amiable of you. Cécile and I have drifted into such a gloomy conversation that we shall be quite glad of a little cheering."

"Have you really? I did not know you were ever subject to bad spirits."

"Not exactly that, perhaps. But a prospect does not always look the same, does it? The future is like others—sometimes bright and sometimes cloudy."

"Well, I am subject to very bad spirits," said Johnny, "and it is odd enough that I should have been thinking just now about the future—what a dreadful thing it is, and all that. Madame, do you know that in another month we shall be back in England, and in a few weeks I shall be afloat again, and most likely I shall never see you and—Lauron again?"

"So you are in very bad spirits," said Mme. de Valmont, after a moment's pause.

"Next door to wretched."

"Dear M. Johnny, I do not see why you should not expect to see Lauron again. We do not forget our friends so easily, even when we owe them nothing—and we owe you a great deal."

She leaned forward and held out her hand to Johnny, who could just see it, though scarcely her face, in the darkness, and he took it and kissed it very devoutly. Mdlle. Cécile sat quite silent during these flirtations with her mother. One knows something of the feeling that was tugging at Johnny's heart—the prospect of parting with companions one has learned to love, and the longing wish not to be forgotten; to leave a little trace of one's self in the thoughts and words of those whose hands now touch and whose eyes now meet one's own.

"You are very kind," he said, "but it would be a different thing if you were in England. It is so seldom that I have time, you see, to go anywhere but home."

"You will have to find time now," said Mme. de Valmont. "Remember, you must not wait for your aunt to ask you, but you must write to me when you have a few weeks to spare, and we shall always be so happy to receive you. Now do not forget that."

"I am not likely to forget it, madame," said Johnny.

"Tell us something about your home," the marquise went on. "Have you any sisters beside Mdlle. Agnes?"

"Not now. We had another, but she died three years ago."

"Was she married?"

"Yes, she had been married a year."

"Ah, how sad," murmured Cécile, under her breath.

"Yes," said Johnny, whose tongue seemed to be unloosed by the darkness, "I was sorry for little Katie. She was engaged for five years. It was such a long time to wait, and then to die in a year."

"But what was the reason for waiting so long?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Oh, because he was poor. They couldn't afford to marry till he got something to do—at least people thought they could not. I told him that in his place I should have made Katie marry me at once, and let the future take care of itself. It's all right, I think, when people struggle up together; and Katie would have done very well, though he didn't think she was fit for it. But I believe I knew her best."

"Was she younger than you?"

"We were twins, and she was one of the prettiest and cleverest girls you ever saw."

"And your parents allowed her to wait all that time for the chance?" said Mme. de Valmont, half to herself.

"What should they have done?" said Johnny. "Of course she could not have married any one else."

"I knew an English lady once, who told me that in England people were always breaking off their engagements and making new ones."

"Some people may. Do you think it right or wrong?"

"Well, wrong," said Mme. de Valmont. "I do not think that we French are right in some of our customs; our marriages, for instance, are sometimes sad enough. But I will say this: it is very difficult to win the real affection of a Frenchwoman, but when she gives it once it is for ever."

"But then, I suppose," said Johnny, doubtfully, "a Frenchwoman often marries without any affection at all."

"Often," Mme. de Valmont calmly assented. "Then duty and honor take its place. But if the affection happens to be there, *tant mieux*."

"I should be afraid," said Johnny, slowly, "that it might be rather bad if, after one was married, one met the right person. What would a French lady do then?"

"There come in duty and honor," said Mme. de Valmont.

"Ah, that's all very well. They are grand things, but they don't always keep you from being very unhappy. I think it is better not to risk it, and to find out the right person to begin with."

"That is all very well too. But could a mother allow her daughter to throw herself away on a person perhaps without money or connections or advantages of any kind, merely because the demoiselle made up her mind that here was the right person? *Jamais, jamais!*" and Mme. de Valmont shook her head emphatically.

"Well, dear madame, you are right, no doubt," said the sailor. "However, I hope no one will ever take the trouble to make a match for me. If I loved a girl"—Oh, what a mercy that it was a dark night!—"I am afraid I should tell her so, without stopping to think about money or connections—at least, perhaps under some circumstances I might not."

"Under what circumstances?" said Mme. de Valmont, with a little laugh. "Now you must tell us, for we are both dying with curiosity."

"Oh, well," said Johnny, hesitating, "if I had any reason for thinking that the thing was quite hopeless, and that my mentioning it would make her unhappy."

"Those are very good sentiments. And what would make it hopeless in your eyes, may I ask?"

"Her being engaged to some one else."

"Only that?"

"Only that. Nothing else at all."

"Ah, how you amuse me!" said Mme. de Valmont, laughing again. "Cécile, now that we have heard our friend's confessions, we must unite in wishing him success with the pretty young English lady who is to be so fortunate."

"Perhaps she will not be English, mamma. Who knows?"

"Not English! Indeed, yes. What are you dreaming of, my child! Do you expect M. Wyatt to bring home some pretty savage from his voyages? That would scarcely be the way to secure the happiness he thinks of so much. No, it is always best to marry in one's own country."

Mme. de Valmont got up, for a warning voice told her that Johnny's explanations had gone far enough.

"Let us go back into the *salon*," she said. "Ces messieurs must have finished their billiards by this time. Come, Cécile."

There were more reasons than one for going in. The night had been growing blacker and blacker, and now the first flash of real forked lightning darted across the sky, and was followed by a peal of thunder that seemed almost to shake the solid foundations of the old château. This was only the beginning of a storm that lasted late into the night, with torrents of rain, a howling wind that woke suddenly and rose higher and higher, so that all the elements seemed to be raging, and crashing, and fighting together on the old battle-plains of Anjou.

"Don't you wish you were on board ship?" said Frank Wyatt to his brother.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I never feel safe in a storm on land. It is dreadful to be shut up in a house that may tumble down any minute."

He appealed to M. de Valmont, who was quite able to agree with him from his early recollections, and these two old salts set to work to abuse houses, their roofs, walls, windows, etc., while Mme. de Valmont was holding a little consultation with Frank, and sending out to tell Auguste that the weather was far too bad for any thoughts of returning to Les Sapinières that night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MILL-STREAM.

JOHNNY lay awake that night in his quaint tapestried room, and thought philosophically how unfortunate it was that a fellow never could help falling in love with the wrong person—wrong, at least, in a worldly and sensible view.

"What one can't have one is sure to want," he thought rather disconsolately. "And I too, who have kept so much out of that sort of thing!"

His brother officers, most of them, had locks of hair sufficient to stock a barber's shop, but he had always been wise enough to stop short of these extremes. He was very friendly, very amiable, kind and polite to his lady acquaintance, but the friendliness was so general as to mean nothing in particular; and to tell the truth, Johnny, with all his absent laziness and *laissez-faire* disposition, was almost insanely fanciful about ladies. In his sailor's wide experience he had never seen one who came up to his ideal of perfection till at last he met her walking into the church of Notre Dame at Le Mans—tall, beautiful, dignified, yet a thoroughly simple girl; a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, yet without frivolity and without narrowness; generous, gentle, single-minded, pure as her white dress that glimmered in the darkness as she sat like a wraith on the steps, and listened silently to all that her mother and he said to each other, Johnny felt that his brother Frank was quite right, though he had been curiously angry with him at the time when he said those unpalatable things.

It would never occur to Cécile, or to her mother, that he could have the presumption to be in love with her. The Great Mogul would be more likely. There was a gulf between them, and, in fact, he might as well be her grandfather.

"And of course that is the reason why madame is so kind, and treats me like a son of her own," thought Johnny. "I am not dangerous. My teeth and claws are well filed, and certainly I can never interfere with Mdlle. Cécile's prospects. It's quite light, and what a splendid morning! I'll get up and look about the place."

It was a brilliant morning; the sky was cloudless, and the air delightfully fresh. The storm had left traces behind it in earth torn up into water-courses, and boughs and twigs scattered from the trees and little streams trickling, and pools lying here and there in hollow places; but Lauron looked more beautiful and majestic than ever, as Johnny prowled about at the foot of the old towers, under the beeches, down the untidy road that led to the old gateway of the yard. Then he turned toward the village, and had strolled a little way in that direction when he suddenly met the two ladies coming back from mass.

"Good-morning," said Mme. de Valmont, putting out her hand with a smile; "are you so early at Les Sapinières? I thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was the only person there who ever woke in the morning."

"No, I am not often so early," Johnny confessed, "though I am not quite so bad as some people. But are you always out at this hour, madame?"

"Cécile and I are generally out before eight o'clock. Ah, here is the person who always comes to meet us."

Cécile's favorite pug came racing down the road, and jumping round her in rapture.

"A bas! Be quiet, little one," said Cécile, looking down lovingly, and taking the ugly face between her hands. "Must we go in at once, mamma, or may we take this little creature for a walk?"

"Certainly," said Mme. de Valmont. "Have you seen our river," she said to Johnny, "and the old mill? Ah, let us go there; it is curious, and well worth the trouble."

"What trouble, madame?" said Johnny.

"The trouble of walking so far," she answered, smiling. "You think it should be called a pleasure? Well, let us go."

They turned back down the shady road, crossed the hilly, irregular street of the village a little above the church, and went down across a meadow to the river, which was a fairly deep and rapid stream. They stood on the bank above the water, in whose clear depths shoals of little fish were darting to and fro. To their left were the yellow weather-stained walls and red-tiled roofs of the old mill; the great wheel under its archway went splashing round, and the water came rushing and foaming out into the main stream emerald green and snowy white. From the roof of the damp old archway long tendrils of ivy and wild-rose briers hung down over the wheel, catching the spray, and shaking bright drops down again into the water.

"That would make a picture for Frank," said Johnny. "This clear water would be nice for a swim."

"Are you a good swimmer?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Pretty good. I have had to swim for my life several times."

"And for other people's lives too, I dare say," she said, coming instinctively on the truth; but Johnny did not respond to this.

"I have heard a story," said Cécile to her mother, "of a little sailor boy who fell overboard, and of a young officer who jumped into the sea after him, and dived under the ship after him, and brought him to the surface, and kept him floating there till a boat came to save them both. The water was very deep, and full of sharks. Did you ever hear of that, monsieur? Was it not beautiful?"

Johnny glanced at her and smiled, while the color deepened in his dark face.

"Somebody has made a great story out of a very little one, mademoiselle," he said. "Any one who could swim would have done the same. It was nothing at all. May I ask who told you?"

"It was Mdlle. Wyatt."

"I thought so; then you had better not believe anything she tells you."

"Unless we are sure that it is true," said Cécile, nodding her head gently.

"Take care, my friend," said Mme. de Valmont. "It is you that we shall not believe, if you try to spoil your own reputation."

"Dear madame, have the goodness to say no more about it," said Johnny, looking imploringly up.

It gave him a pang of hopelessness to see the bright, kind enthusiasm in Cécile's eyes, the color rising in her clear, pale cheeks, all because of that old story of his sailor-life, and then to feel that he had no right to all this, that she would give the same to any ordinary acquaintance who was carried away for an instant so far as to forget the paramount importance of his own health and strength. Just as if there was any merit in that! He looked down at the flowing water with sad, sleepy eyes, which the next moment were wakened to flashing eagerness by a splash, and a cry from Cécile. It was only her little dog, which had contrived to slip into the water, and was now struggling helplessly in the current, drawn every moment nearer to the mill-wheel.

"The little beast will be drowned," said Johnny, half to himself; and he pulled off his coat and threw it on the grass. Cécile had run down to the water's edge, and was stretching out eagerly over the stream.

"I can reach him—I can reach him! Ah, no! O, mon petit chien! He will be drowned—he will be under the wheel! Mamma, do you see! Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

"Take care, mademoiselle; don't wet your feet," said Johnny, as he went carefully into the water.

Close to the bank there was a sudden fall, and he was swimming directly.

"Come out, I beg—I entreat of you!" cried Mme. de Valmont. "You must not risk your life for the sake of a foolish little dog. Ah, Cécile, why did you not stop him? They will both be drowned before our eyes! Ah, it is too late—the current is too strong; he will be drawn under the wheel! There seems to be no one in the mill. Stay! there is the bonhomme Nicole in his yard. I will call him. Help, help!"

The marquise set off running along the meadow toward the village, while Cécile stood perfectly still at the water's edge. The little dog was being washed nearer and nearer to the great, splashing wheel; he bobbed up and down helplessly in the green, foaming rush. Johnny was struggling with the stream, which was almost too strong for him. Cécile thought it was a long, long time, but in reality it was only a minute or two, before he managed to support himself with one hand against a projecting piece of black, damp wall, and then, as the dog was washed past him straight into the dark depths of the archway, to dash out the other and catch him by his poor draggled neck. Then he stopped a moment, clinging to the wall, and holding the rescued creature in his arm.

"Mademoiselle!" he said, rather breathlessly.

"Yes, here I am," said Cécile; and she crept down the slippery bank at the end of the wall, about three yards' distance from the two drowned rats.

"Take care," said Johnny. "Could you catch the dog if I threw him to you? Catch fast hold of the wall with one hand, and lean forward as far as you can. I shall throw him into your right arm."

"Throw him, please," said Cécile.

In another moment the poor frightened, half-drowned little creature was safe in his mistress's affectionate clasp. Cécile turned round and laid him on the grass, where almost directly he stood tremblingly up and began to shake himself. She went back to his rescuer, who pulled himself along by the wall, and gave him her hand to help him round the corner. He shook himself too, when he was safe on dry land, and was beginning to laugh, but she looked so pale and earnest that he was obliged to pause.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we are neither of us any the worse for it."

"But you might have been drowned—and in saving a poor little dog. Ah, and it would have been all my fault! What should I have done?"

"There was no danger," said Johnny. "But one might easily be drowned in a worse cause. And I rather think it would have been the best thing that could have happened to me."

"How can you say so?"

"Indeed I mean it. Don't you know why?"

Mdlle. de Valmont must have been an unnaturally stupid girl if she had not understood what Johnny's eyes told her.

"Ah, do not say that, je vous en prie!" she said, shaking her head.

"No, I know I must not," said Johnny. "If you were English—— But even as it is, do you know," he went on in his quaint way, "you would not be the first French lady who had—— Forgive me. I did not mean to say a single word, only it came out somehow."

"Ah, monsieur," said Cécile, throwing up her hands and clasping them together earnestly, "it is not forgiveness that we owe you. It is a thousand thanks—for—everything."

The marquise came hurrying back with several villagers, angry with herself for having left her daughter alone—a curious piece of forgetfulness on her part—yet who could suspect Johnny in his dripping condition of making love? So all she did was to make a greater hero of him than ever, while he felt ashamed of himself, and could not bear to be the recipient of praises that he really felt he did not deserve. He escaped as soon as possible from the admiration of the peasants and from Mme. de Valmont's thanks, and set off at a hard run toward the château, while the ladies and the rescued pug followed more slowly.

When they arrived they found the dogcart at the door, and Frank quite ready to start, and not at all willing to wait till his brother's clothes were dry. He thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would certainly expect them back in time for breakfast.

"Then listen to my advice," said M. de Valmont. "Go yourself, if you must, and leave our friend Johnny in our care. I am going to drive to Carillon this afternoon, and I will bring him home."

Frank thanked him, and after many ceremonious farewells, jumped into the cart and drove off.

Johnny scarcely knew whether to be sorry or glad when he came down-stairs in a suit of Max de Valmont's shooting-clothes, and found himself left to spend some more hours at Lauron. It was one of those dangerous pleasures that one feels safer and better without, and yet it is simply impossible to turn one's back upon them and walk away.

He knew, but scarcely realized yet, that Cécile was not angry with him for what he had told her. If she had shown a sign of vexation, of dislike, or even extreme astonishment, the affair would have been simplified; there would have been nothing for it but to hold his tongue in future, and repent of his foolishness in speaking at all. As it was, she only seemed to sigh a little over the impossibility of his daring dream. Did not that regret of hers remove half the impossibility? Johnny let himself think so for a moment, and then brought himself back to reality with a sudden wrench.

He had no business to have spoken to her at all. She had checked him kindly, sweetly, like a noble girl as she was. She liked him as a friend, and had some ideas of gratitude in her head, and did not want him to throw away the friendship he enjoyed now by talking wild nonsense that might be addressed to some English miss, but was most unsuitable and ridiculous when spoken by a poor sailor to a daughter of the old *noblesse* of France.

Having placed himself on this cold level of fact, Johnny refused to remember that after all she had not been angry, that she had blushed sweetly when he said those few foolish words, and that, perhaps, some deeper feeling still was lurking under the regretful sadness of her soft, brown eyes. These fancies would keep thrusting themselves up through stern, hard conviction, like wild flowers in rocky ground.

The post came to Lauron a little after twelve. Breakfast was just over, and the young men went off to visit the horses, while M. and Mme. de Valmont disappeared into the library with their letters.

Presently Cécile's voice was heard calling across the old courtyard.

"Max, *es-tu là?* Papa wants you in the library."

The marquis and marquise were sitting in two arm-chairs, with their letters between them on a little inlaid table.

"My children," said Mme. de Valmont, "here are three interesting letters—two for your father and one for me. *Allons*, yours first," she said to her husband.

"One of mine is not very pleasant," said M. de Valmont. "Our friends Moreau et Cie. have got into some trouble. They have been cheated of 200,000 francs by some Republican rascal who has run off to South America, just when they especially wanted the money for the new iron-clad. In consequence of this, they want me to advance another 100,000 to help them out of the present difficulty. I shall have good interest, and when their new dock is made, all the shares will rise in value enormously. What do you say, Max?"

"Are we rich enough to venture money like that?" inquired Max, prudently.

"I think so," said M. de Valmont. "And you, at least, have a chance of being rich, if you are wise. I have here a letter from my old friend the Vicomte de Pontmercy. He invites me and my sons, and any friends I choose to bring, to shoot with him for a week on his estate near Vitré, two or three weeks hence. Pierre will be gone back to his tutor, but it seems to me that we may as well take our dear friend Johnny Wyatt. Then he and I might go on to Brest and pay a visit to M. Moreau, and show our Englishman something of the French navy, while M. Max de Valmont makes himself agreeable at Pontmercy."

"Mdlle. Stéphanie de Pontmercy is very pretty, very *gentille*," said Mme. de Valmont, nodding and smiling at Max. "Her dot will be large. Monsieur son père is one of the richest men in Brittany. He invites you to his house, Max, and says that it would a happiness to him to be allied with us."

"If we like each other," said Max, considerately. "I will never marry a woman who cannot be my friend, as Cécile is," with a bow to his sister, who laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Very well, my little Max; that is quite as it should be," said his mother, amiably.

"*Ma mère*," said Max, "no one need wish to be happier than you and my father. But I will not be satisfied with less. I shall be charmed to shoot with M. de Pontmercy, and to visit him at his château; and if M. Wyatt will go with us, *tant mieux*."

M. de Valmont nodded and pulled his mustache, and seemed quite contented. Having settled his son's business, he then looked at Cécile, and pointed to the nearest chair.

"Sit down, my child. We have now something to propose to you."

Cécile obeyed in silence; and Max, not being told to go away, stood with his arm on the back of her chair.

"Your mother has had a proposal for you from M. Jules de Marillac," said the marquis. "The letter is from his uncle, the Comte de Marillac, and is forwarded by Mme. d'Altain, who knows the young man, and has written before to your mother on the subject. Give her the letter," he said to his wife. "Nothing could be more courteous, more generous, or more deserving of a favorable answer. Read that, my dear Cécile. I flatter myself that you will find no room for objection."

Cécile glanced up at her mother as she took the letter from her hand. She had seen such letters before, and had an instinctive horror of them; the very slight dash of sentiment they contained was a thin vail for the business arrangements so carefully set forth, showing the advantages to be obtained on both sides through such a match. During these last weeks a revulsion had set in against these things in Cécile's mind. Not that she had any good reason to give, but she had been so thankful just lately not to be in Marie de Saint-Hilaire's position—engaged to a man whom she regarded with indifference. Then there was all that Johnny had said last night, when he and her mother were talking of French marriages, and those few words that he let fall this morning. Ah, and there was her mother's promise too. That would certainly save her from being bound to M. de Marillac.

She held the letter in slight, careless fingers, and glanced through it under her drooping eyelids—the old Comte's grand set speeches, her own beauty and perfection, the high qualities of his nephew, his wealth and position, the absolute devotion that he offered to the unknown lady to whom he ventured to propose himself. Cécile stretched out her hand to put the letter on the table, but not quite far enough; it rustled to her feet, and Max came round and picked it up silently.

M. de Valmont, who expected his daughter to be blushing and smiling with pleasure, gazed at her in some astonishment.

"Well, my child, what do you think of it?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"I am too young," said Cécile.

"Too young!" repeated the Marquis. "Your mother was married at seventeen."

"Cécile is still a child at heart, and loves her home," said Mme. de Valmont, gently. "I have felt that, and so I said nothing to her, and gave no positive answer when my aunt wrote to me before on the same subject. But now, you see, M. de Marillac is anxious for some decision. Certainly, ma petite, most girls would be thankful for such an offer. What shall we say to him?"

"Pardon, ma mère," put in Max, as his sister seemed for the moment unable to speak; "they will surely be allowed to see each other before any positive answer is given?"

"Sans doute, mon pauvre ami. M. de Marillac would wish the same. We must leave it to be decided by an interview between the young people themselves, as soon as we go to Paris. In the meantime, we must write a most amiable letter."

"Yes, that must be it," assented M. de Valmont.

Cécile got up suddenly, fixing her eyes on her mother with an expression of earnest entreaty.

"Maman, would it not be better to say No at once?"

"Ma chère, how can you possibly tell whether you like or dislike the gentleman without ever having seen him?"

"I know I shall dislike him," said Cécile.

"Come, mademoiselle, that is too much," said her father, laughing, and getting up rather impatiently. "One listens to reason, but not to prejudice. Max might as well refuse to go to Pontmercy, having made up his mind that the charming Mdlle. Stéphanie was ugly and detestable. Allons, my petite, you are young indeed, but too old for such childishness as this. Be at your ease; you shall see him, and if he turns out to be odious there is an end of it."

Just at this moment Pierre and Johnny appeared at the other end of the room with rods in their hands.

"Max! Cecile!" cried Pierre, "we are going fishing. Will you come?"

"Let there be no more jumping into the river, I beg of you," said Mme. de Valmont, going forward.

The interruption was like a breath of fresh air, and revived Cécile at once. She turned smiling to her father, and said a few words in a low voice; on which M. de Valmont immediately took her in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

Johnny saw no more of her that day, for she went away with her mother, and did not join the fishing-party.

He spent two or three pleasant, lazy hours with the two young fellows by the river, and then drove off with the Marquis in his dogcart to Les Sapinières. On the road, M. de Valmont detailed his Brittany scheme, which Johnny of course entered into with joy and gratitude. If in the

natural way of things, he could not spend his time with Cécile, the best alternative was to spend as much as possible with her relations.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STORY.

When Frank drove up to Les Sapinières in the morning, he met his sister and cousin in the avenue, and got out to walk with them. It was very pleasant to see little Marie's pale face lit up with welcoming smiles, though she would not allow that they had been at all dull without him. She did not forget to inquire at once for Johnny, and Frank described his adventure, which seemed to have had a decided touch of the ludicrous about it.

"I suppose I am not heroic, and don't understand the feeling," he said; "but I must say I should think twice before jumping into a millstream to pull out a little dog. I should flatter myself that my life was the more valuable of the two, and that my friends would think so."

"What! You would not risk your life to save Peloton?" exclaimed Marie.

"Well, if you asked me. And yet I hope I should have strength of mind to appeal from Marie mad to Marie sane."

"However," said Agnes, "I hope Johnny is none the worse for it; is he?"

"He ran all the way back to the château, and was going to change his clothes and have his breakfast. I don't suppose he grieves much over the accident. M. de Valmont talked of driving him over this afternoon, but I shall not be surprised if he stays where he is."

"Johnny is a great favorite at Lauron," said Marie.

"So it seems. And how have you been amusing yourselves?"

Well, Marie seemed to have been anxious that neither she nor Agnes should find the time hang heavy while the others were away. She had been in one of her liveliest moods, ready to talk, ask questions, tell stories, listen to descriptions of life in England, the sadness of which impressed her very deeply. In the afternoon she took her cousin into the village, to pay a visit to Sœur Lucie, who was in great anxiety about "cette pauvre Femme Robert," the mother of little Anais. The poor woman seemed to be wasting away from pure grief and weariness of living, and Marie hurried back to send down soup and fruit, and anything else that could be provided on such short notice. Then she suggested that she and Agnes should go and fish; so off they went, and sat down on the emerald grass by the side of the little river, and threw their lines, talking away the whole time, not being very earnest in their occupation. The fish were twice as cunning as these careless anglers, and of course would not bite, not at all to Agnes's disappointment. Neither did Marie care much, and they soon wandered back to the house.

"It is too hot to walk about," she decided. "Shall we fetch books and sit here on the terrace?"

"Yes, if you like," said Agnes. "I wonder what my aunt is doing all this time?"

"She is watching them beat the walnut-trees in the allée de plaisance. She does not want us," said Marie.

She went into the library and brought out a large, bound book, the "History of Sweden," with which she sat down on the bench. Agnes fetched Victor de Laprade's "Pernette," and sat down too. But there are afternoons when even the calm run of verse, telling the simple, touching story of human life, seems to fall below what one wants. Agnes let the book lie idly on her knee, and leaned her head against the old, white wall, in silent enjoyment of what the Easterns call *kayf*—bodily and mental peace; that state in which one gives one's self up to the "sunshine and sweet air," listening in passive content to what birds and streams and quivering leaves and blue sky have to say.

"What are you looking at, my little Agnes?" said Marie, after diligently reading two pages of her history.

"Nothing," said Agnes, smiling at her. "I was only thinking how lovely it all is."

"Just the same as usual, isn't it? only very hot, as hot as July. Do you see those clouds? Ah, we shall have a storm. I did not know what made me so restless. I have felt it coming on all day."

The storm was quite enough to occupy Marie's mind for the rest of the evening. It did not exactly frighten her, but made her very miserable. She was vexed and disappointed as the hours passed on, and Auguste and the sportsmen did not return from Lauron. But Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, among all the flashing and roaring and pelting, took a more sensible view, and was very glad that they were wise enough to stay in shelter.

This morning the elements and Marie's nerves had both regained their usual level. When breakfast was over, the party fell back into their old companionship.

Agnes walked off with her aunt to inspect the vines, and make arrangements for the vintage, while Frank and Marie sat down on the terrace-steps and began a water-color sketch of the view. She could not see the sense of her master's repeated washings, was tired of the trouble, and soon gave it up into his hands. Frank worked on slowly, while she sat and watched him. Peloton came and looked over his shoulder, and then trotted off in pursuit of his mistress.

There was a wonderful softness in the air that afternoon, a little mist in the meadows—the sky, clouds and trees were less clear than usual; there was an almost English haze thinly vailing the distance. Marie thought her cousin was not in very good spirits, and tried to cheer him by laughing and talking. The fact was, that Frank was beginning to regard things rather seriously, and to wonder where all this would end. There was Johnny making a thorough fool of himself about Mdlle. de Valmont; and what was he himself doing? It would be too absurd if he really allowed himself to care for this graceful, thoroughbred, sweet-voiced little cousin, with her smiles at once bright and melancholy, and her soft eyes, which seemed to him, with all their innocence, to have something of what Victor Hugo calls the "profondeur Parisienne."

Some malicious spirit prompted Marie to be more than usually attractive that afternoon, and to say very gently, as she watched the trees growing and the blue sky expanding under Frank's hands:

"What is it, I wonder, that makes you English always so sad?"

"Sad!" repeated Frank, looking round at her.

"Yes—always sad and grave and solemn. Is it your climate? One would think, to look at you, that there was always some trouble weighing on you. When you are not talking, you look as if you could never smile again."

"Are you personal? Is that my aspect?"

"Certainly. And I have not forgotten what you said one day, that in such a world as this it was impossible to be always merry. Now as to myself," said Marie, picking up a little stone and throwing it into the middle of the geranium-bed, "I think it is a very good world, and those who live in it ought to be contented."

"How can everybody be contented?"

"And why not?"

"Well, there is only a certain amount of happiness in the world—not enough for everybody. It constantly happens that two people set their hearts on the same thing. One wins, the other loses. The losing one must of course, be discontented. I must teach you logic, my dear cousin."

"You have taught me a great many things—almost enough, I think," said Marie. "But now you have wandered away from my subject. I was talking about English sadness. I believe it is your religion that makes you sad."

"Not at all," said Frank, smiling. "Perhaps it would be well if it did. I will tell you what it is. Englishmen always want what they cannot have. Listen, and you shall hear the story of a friend of mine. He was in my regiment. He had some foreign relations. Germans they were."

"Ah, how horrible!" said Marie, under her breath.

"Very; but in spite of their nation they were charming people—noble, accomplished, everything one admires. There was a girl among them whom my friend had never seen, but different things united to make the idea of her most attractive. He had heard that she was very pretty; and he had always had a fancy for foreign life, and used to dream of marrying a foreigner, and settlin down in some picturesque old castle. In fact, he had not only built his castle in the air, he had furnished it, and put in the inhabitants. Perhaps he was too ambitious, for he was poor, though his family was good. Anyhow, he went at last to stay at this German château, and made acquaintance with the dream-cousin, and fell in love with her on the spot, and thought that she liked him, and it was a very promising beginning."

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Frank stopped, and bent over his drawing. Marie waited a minute in silence.

"And she treated him badly, after all," she said, presently. "Or her parents objected. That would not be very strange."

"No, it does not end quite in that way. He found, after a few days, that the young lady was already engaged."

"Such things will happen."

"Yes, they will. But the unfortunate part is to come. She was engaged, but she cared no more for her *fiancé* than madame your grandmother does for Monsieur le Curé."

"You are wicked!" said Marie, suddenly rising. "I will not hear any more of your story. I am going away."

"Forgive me, and stay one moment," said Frank.

He laid aside his drawing and got up too, looking down with a light in his eyes into Marie's face, which was flushed and disturbed; her lips were trembling.

"I was telling you about the unhappiness of this Englishman. He staid on at the château, and every day showed him more and more how dear his cousin was to him. And not only that—he saw that his presence was not disagreeable to her. These two were born to belong to each other, yet she was doomed to pass her life with a man whom she regarded with perfect indifference. I don't know how much she cared; but sometimes she was blind or cruel enough to ask her English cousin what made him look sad—why he was not always cheerful and contented. Shall I go on and tell you the end?"

"No!" said Marie, passionately. "Ah, I will never talk to you again."

"Never, Marie?"

"Not if you tell me such stories as these. Your Englishman should have gone away; he should have left her in peace. Ah, que je suis malheureuse!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Why do you say such things to me? Do you take me for a fool? What is the use of it?"

"What indeed?" said Frank, sadly. "Forgive me, and I will not offend you again. I have no greater wish than to see you happy."

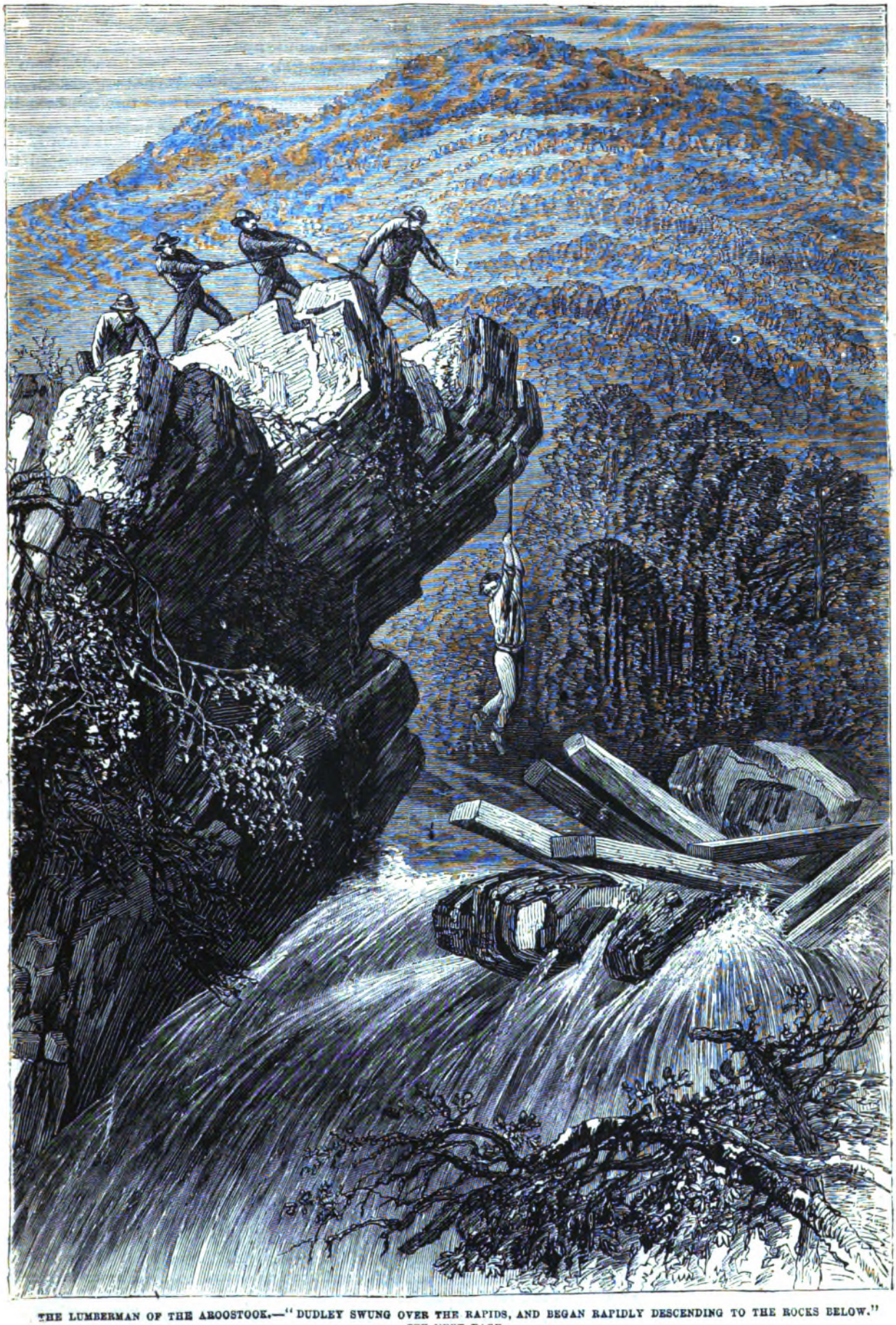
"This is not the way to make me so," said Marie; and then suddenly came tears and choking sobs. She covered her face with her hands, and hurried across the terrace into the house, a quiet, shady refuge, with its closed shutters and lowered blinds. "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! what will become of me! What shall I do?" she cried to herself, in her own room, and burying her face in the pillow.

"At any rate, she cares for me," thought Frank. He took his drawing into the library, and went off for a stroll in the fields. "We are in for it now. What next?"

(To be continued.)

THE BREAD-FRUIT.

A FRUIT, the size of a large melon, growing abundantly on a moderate-sized tree, and approaching bread in taste, when discovered in the Islands of the Pacific, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Captain Dampier described it in 1688, but the scientific men in Cook's voyage stimulated the highest



THE LUMBERMAN OF THE AROOSTOOK.—"DUDLEY SWUNG OVER THE RAPIDS, AND BEGAN RAPIDLY DESCENDING TO THE ROCKS BELOW."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

hopes. It was to revolutionize the question of food, if men could, for eight months of the year, gather, as it were, loaves of bread from a tree in their gardens; but these hopes proved short-lived.

The story of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, Pitcairn's Island, and the last survivor of the crew, are well known, but some of our readers may not know that Bligh sailed to the Pacific to bring home bread-fruit trees, and was on his way home with 1,015 plants when the mutiny occurred.

On reaching England great sympathy was felt for him, and Government sent him out again on the *Providence*. This time he got a supply of plants, which were distributed among the colonists in Jamaica, St. Helena, and St. Vincent's. It has not, however, answered the expectations entertained, and the plantain is still preferred to it.

The bread-fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*), is, strangely enough, closely allied to the useless nettle. It is found only in the islands of the Pacific, and inhabits only such places as are hot and damp. It forms a moderate-sized tree, rarely exceeding forty feet in height, with leaves deeply indented into sharp lobes, and sometimes a yard long. The fruit is green and of considerable size, that of one variety, the Jack, weighing sixty pounds. There are many varieties, differing in shape and size; the best has no spines on the surface and no seeds within; others are split into lobes, and covered with the sharp-pointed tops of the calyxes, for the whole surface is at first covered with flowers.

When roasted, the bread-fruit becomes soft, tender, and white, resembling the crumb of a loaf, but it must be eaten soon, or it becomes hard and difficult to swallow. In its native haunts, it forms a most important article of food, and seems fitted only for it, as we have remarked.

AGNES.

Ah, even now I think I see you stand
As on that Summer day,
With creamy chestnut-blossoms in your hand—
The fairest gift of May.

Above you were the clustered hawthorn-bowers,
And round about you rolled
Great billows of young grass o'erbrimmed with flowers
Of rose and white and gold.

Queen of the May I named you in my heart
You were so fresh and bright;
Around you all was fair, and you were part
Of Spring's untold delight.

But now the grass is growing long and green
Above your quiet grave,
Where throstles sing in solitude serene,
And broad elm-branches wave.

Ah, I could envy you your early rest,
Your grave, so cool and low,
With hawthorn-petals drifting o'er your breast
In showers of fragrant snow—

But, knowing that my promised rest is sweet,
I work on for a space.
"Queen of the May," I wonder, when we meet,
If I shall know your face?

THE LUMBERMAN OF AROOSTOOK.

Edward Dudley walked homeward, with the darkest shadow of his life upon him. None of the lumbermen along the Aroostook were better known than he; young, active, powerful and skillful, whose ready jest and ringing song made him the favorite of all social circles, and whose unquestioned bravery and daring in the perils which so often beset the lumberman's life rendered him one of the most useful men in the northern part of Maine.

Ned, as he was generally termed, had been the hero of more than one daring adventure. He had vanquished, with no weapon but a knife, a ferocious bear that had been the terror of the neighborhood for nearly a year; he had twice been the means of saving the lives of hunters when at the mercy of an enraged moose, and he had outstripped the fleetest runners of the Penobscot Indians, both on foot and with snow-shoes.

A man of such physical skill is sure to command the respect of his neighbors, and when to these we add his genial disposition, it will be understood that his popularity was as extensive as his acquaintance. And Ned was happy as any man could be, until, as we have said, the great shadow of his life settled upon him.

Near the headwaters of the Aroostook stood the cabin of William Sherman, a lumberman of sixty years' standing. His family consisted only of himself and daughter, Edith, a *petite* little black-eyed creature, of about twenty years of age, as keen-witted and beautiful a girl as could be found if the State of Maine were traversed from the Eagle Lakes to the Saco. She it was who had caught the fancy of Ned Dudley, until he became so enraptured in her presence that never could he bring himself to spend a leisure evening anywhere else.

Edith was the envy of all her female acquaintances, for there was not one who would not have been glad of a smile from handsome Ned Dudley. But Edith was saucy and independent as though he had been nothing to her, and it was this same pertness and independence that made her doubly attractive in the eyes of her suitor. He was as meek and docile in her presence as the lamb before its shearers. Although she was sometimes self-willed and obstinate with him, yet it was not always so. There were times when her eyes sparkled brighter than ever at his coming, and when the resistance she made to the good-night kiss was very slight—so slight, indeed, as to make the heart of the brave lumberman rise almost to his mouth.

Edith gradually yielded, as any female would have done, and all was going well, until a speculator made his appearance in the settlement of Riverton, and announced his wish to purchase a large quantity of lumber.

He was a dashing young gentleman, gotten up in the gorgeously stunning style, abounding with rings, and with the swaggering, self-confident air which is generally so effective among the unsophisticated of the female class.

In his wanderings along the Aroostook, he remained but a few days at the sparse collection of houses which laid claim to the name of Riverton, when he passed up stream and stopped at the cabin of Mr. Sherman for the purpose of obtaining his dinner.

Here he was considerably struck with the appearance of Edith, and did his best to make an impression. She treated him politely, but the old gentleman took an extraordinary fancy to their visitor, and when he departed strongly urged him to come again.

Mr. Spargin was glad to give his promise, and he was sincere when he said he would make them a visit upon the very first opportunity.

When Ned Dudley called that evening and learned that the speculator had spent a greater portion of the day there, he naturally felt some jealousy, and was indiscreet enough to show it. This fired Edith, and she treated him so cavalierly that when he departed they did not bid each other good-night, and the lumberman resolved never to see her again.

But as the days wore on, and he learned that Mr. Spargin

seemed to have forgotten entirely the object that had brought him into this part of the country, and was so assiduous in his attentions to Edith as to excite the general remark of the neighbors, he became so uneasy that he concluded to see her once more, and learn just how matters stood.

He called quite early in the morning, so as to reach there before his rival, and was met by Edith, whose surprised manner, when she found that it was he instead of Mr. Spargin, was not calculated to raise the desponding spirits of the lumberman. She coldly invited him in, but he refused, and stated the business that had brought him there. It required but a few words, and when finished, she asked him by what right he undertook to dictate to her. He attempted to expostulate, but she would hear nothing, and turning on her heel, left him to be entertained by her father, who had been drawn to the door by the sound of angry words.

And so Ned Dudley walked homeward, saddened and despairing, feeling as though it would be a relief to plunge into the roaring Aroostook and end his troubles at once.

When he met the dapper Mr. Spargin walking busily toward the house of his fair one, it required a powerful effort of his will to keep his hands off him. He could easily have taken him in his sinewy arms and flung him headlong into the stream; but Ned was not ready for any deed like that, and so he held his peace, and the two met and passed without exchanging a word.

It was early Spring as the lumberman walked along, and amid his tumult of feelings he did not fail to notice that the river was rising unusually fast. The thaw and breaking up of the ice near the headwaters of the Aroostook had been extraordinarily rapid, and he knew that on the morrow the river would be a seething, whirling mass of foam, rushing over its channel with tremendous momentum, sweeping all before it. It betokened labor for the lumbermen, who had been gathering their logs and constructing their rafts during the past months, waiting until this rise, which would float them down into the St. John's, whose broad, sweeping current would thenceforth carry them smoothly to their destination.

A vague fear began to disturb Dudley. The house of Sherman stood on the very margin of the river, and he had twice been drowned out during the past five years.

Dudley walked slowly along, listening to the roar of the falls and the dashing of the river, which was rising faster than he had ever seen it do before.

"Sherman will be drowned out again," was his reflection, "and if he isn't *very* careful, he'll go over the falls. It would serve Edith right for the way she has served me; and as for that Spargin, it would be the best use he could be put to. But still I don't want Edith to suffer."

This fear so haunted the lumberman that he found it impossible to sleep. He lay most of the night listening to the roar of the waters, and then rising up, walked toward the river. He found that the Aroostook had risen higher than he supposed.

In the dim twilight of the breaking morning he could see logs and *débris* dashing down the current, as if freed from the throats of a hundred columbiads, while the rapids in front of his house, which had always been a dangerous place for the rafts to shoot, gave out an appalling roar and din like that of Niagara.

In the centre of these rapids were several large rocks, around which the water generally rushed, leaving the black, ungainly excrescences almost untouched by the current; but now they were half submerged under the swollen volume of the river

Directly over these rapids the huge rocks rose some thirty feet, the upper ledge projecting out like a shelf, so that a body dropped from this point would strike upon the huge boulders below, that were nearly in the centre of the stream.

Dudley, in his aimless wanderings, made his way to this spot, from which he could obtain a better view of the current as it swept furiously toward him. On his left rose Moose Mountain, towering up almost to the clouds, and covered with the pine so common in the forests of Maine.

As he stood looking down upon the seething caldron below, a faint shout reached his ear, and turning his head, he saw four brother-lumbermen within a few feet of him. The din of the rapids below made it necessary for them to shout to each other when they spoke.

"This will fetch the rafts down!" yelled one of the lumbermen. "Hasn't yours started?"

"No; mine is so high up, it won't be reached before noon," replied Dudley. "Where is yours?"

"Went off in the night!" laughed one of the men. "Yours must be pretty high and dry."

"So it is."

"Hallo! By George! what does that mean?" exclaimed one of the lumbermen, running in great excitement to the edge of the shelf and looking up-stream.

The next moment the startling cry was heard:

"*Sherman's house is coming down the river!*"

Such proved to be the case. It could be seen swaying in the surging flood, and plunging toward the rapids, where it must inevitably go to fragments.

"Sherman must have escaped!" exclaimed one. "He could have seen the river rising!"

"No; look, there is some one upon the roof!"

"It is he! He is a doomed man!"

"It is not Sherman; it is Edith, his daughter!" said Dudley, pale, and trembling with excitement.

"So it is," added another; "see her throw up her arms. O God! must we see her dashed to death before our eyes?"

"Fetch me a rope, quick!" shouted Dudley, hastily throwing off his coat, vest and hat; "be quick! All depends on a rope."

Fortunately, the much needed article was close at hand.

"Now help me to tie it round my waist—hold."

But there was no time; the swift-flowing current was bearing the cabin so furiously onward that in five minutes more it would be beneath the rocks, and torn to pieces by the rushing rapids.

"I will take it in my own hands; keep a good hold."

Grasping the strong rope, Dudley swung over the rapids, and began rapidly descending to the rocks below. His companions, seeing the speed of the approaching cabin, lowered him so fast that in two minutes he stood upon one of the timbers which had lodged against the rocks.

He now found time to tie the rope securely around his waist, so as to leave his arms free for the appalling trial before him.

The cabin was tossed like an egg-shell by the heaving waters. Edith had seen Dudley, and reached out her arms toward him. He could see her lips move, but the fearful tumult drowned her words; but he was calm and collected, and his nerves were braced.

Nearer and nearer came the plunging house, until, when a dozen feet distant, it struck a rock just beneath the surface and separated. Edith attempted to cling to a piece of timber, but the violence of the current tore her away, and she was borne swiftly toward the rapids.

Dudley gave a shout to warn those above, and then, as she disappeared beneath the foaming waters, on the very edge of the rapids, he sprang after her. There was a blinding shock—a rush of waters—a hell of tumult, and the gallant lumberman thought his senses were leaving him; but

he struggled manfully, he felt her dress, her arms were thrown about his neck, and the next moment the sturdy arms above pulled him and his precious charge clear of the water which had been hurling them so swiftly to destruction.

Edith Sherman was a long time recovering from the terrible ordeal through which she had gone. It may be doubted whether any female ever had a narrower escape from a fearful death. She was borne to the cottage of Dudley's widowed mother, where every attention was bestowed upon her.

In the afternoon she had so far revived as to sit up and converse. Dudly carefully avoided referring to the cloud that had come between them, and only inquired as to her condition of body; but toward night, when Mr. Spargin, perfumed, and as polite as ever, called to pay his respects, then Edith flashed up.

"Ned," said she, "drive that man away, so that he will never show his face to me again."

Dudley was glad enough to do it. Taking the dapper young gentleman by the collar, he wheeled him about, and then and there inflicted such a chastisement upon the thunderstruck young fop that, baffled, chagrined, and enraged, he left Riverton as fast as his horse could carry him, and was never seen there again.

When Dudley returned to the room and informed Edith of what he had done, she laughed, and a moment later burst into tears.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, feeling something of his old resentment.

"Yes; sorry that you didn't punish him more than you did. Have you seen father?"

"Yes; he has been here twice, and seeing that you were all right, has gone off to attend to his lumber. But what meant those tears just now?" inquired the lumberman with no little curiosity.

It was a long time before Edith would tell; but gradually it came out.

She never had fancied Mr. Spargin at all, and only treated him with politeness to please her father; but when Dudley called on her, fretful and unreasonable as a child, she concluded to punish him for his foolishness, and she left him a victim to all the pangs of jealousy, when, in reality, she never permitted Mr. Spargin so much as to take her hand, much less to kiss her.

On the night of the freshet he had called; and becoming alarmed at the increasing river, he resolved to remain all night.

Mr. Sherman had gone up the Aroostook to look after his rafts, so that she had the benefit of the company.

She was so frightened by the roaring waters, which long before morning filled the lower part of the cabin, that she could not sleep.

Just at daylight she felt the house moving. With a scream of terror, Mr. Spargin sprang out of the house, seized a small boat near the door, and by skillful rowing managed to reach a place of safety, thinking and caring nothing for her.

And this little explanation cleared away the cloud that had gathered in their sky, and henceforward the course of true love ran smooth, and all went merry as several marriage-bells.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Flora sees a letter from HIM, *but cannot get it for at least ten minutes, because her Pa has the key.*

CHINESE FALCONRY.

THE country about Tien-tsin is very fertile, and contributes largely to the public supplies. Cereals, such as Indian corn, sorgho and barley; oleaginous plants, such as flaxseed and sesame, and also the grape vine, are extensively cultivated.

The grapes, white or black, are excellent in taste, but they are regarded by the Celestials more as fruits than as elements of alcoholic beverages. Hence they are admirably preserved, and the tables of the rich mandarins throughout the country are supplied at all seasons by the cultivators of Tien-tsin.

The way in which they preserve this delicate fruit is as follows: The Pei-ho freezes for three months during the Winter. The surface of the river is then seen covered with workmen cutting the ice into large blocks. These blocks of ice are conveyed to an ice-house, and piled up there so as to form long galleries, leaving a space between each row for a man to pass through. In these spaces the grapes are suspended in bunches. There are many such conservatories in the neighborhood of Tien-tsin, several hundred yards long.

The traffic in ice between Northern and Southern China is very great, not, however, for cooling purposes, for it is well known the Chinese drink all their beverages hot, but for preservation of food during the hot season.

Peaches, pears and apples are also cultivated, but of inferior quality. In fine, all sorts of vegetables are raised—carrots, cabbages, beans, peas, lettuces, onions and others.

The market of Tien-tsin is abundantly supplied with fish and viands. Hares, partridges, quails and the wild duck abound in the neighboring plains and marshes, which are very extensive. Hares are so plentiful there that two dozen are sold for one dollar.

The natives catch their game alive, by means of traps, and are so dexterous in their manipulations that they rarely fail in their attempt. They seldom use firearm because of their imperfect construction, but are, nevertheless, excellent falconers.

In Northern China, falconry is not the sole privilege of the upper classes, but many of the lower people gain their subsistence by the practice of hawking. Hares are hunted with hawks, and partridges and quails with merlins.

"I have often," says Mons. Ponsielgue, an officer in the French service, "accompanied my friend Pou-tao, a dealer in game, and famous poacher, when he started on a hunting expedition either for hares or partridges. One clear and frosty morning we found ourselves in the open country—he, with bare feet tramping the crusted ground, and I on horseback.

"The hares are out then from their hiding-places, and bask in the sun. Now, Pou-tao all at once commences some energetic evolutions and performances, consisting of gymnastic strides in a circular direction, the radius of which he gradually shortens, for his practiced eye has discovered a hare crouching in the sun—a mere speck at a distance.

"The startled creature makes a rush between the legs of the falconer, who, letting loose his hawk, launches him into the air with yells of encouragement, pointing at the same time to the spot where the hare is to be found.

"The tragedy is soon brought to an end. The bird of prey darts through the air like an arrow, and pounces upon the victim, clutching him in its powerful claws. Pou-tao runs toward the game as fast as his legs will carry him, and a short gallop soon brings me near the conquering bird. The hunter throws a piece of meat to the bird as a recompense, puts on the hood, and replaces him on his wrist, and thrusts the game into the large bag which he carries across his shoulders. I saw three hares captured in this way within an hour, and returned to the city wondering at this amusing manner of hunting, which has been abandoned in Europe for a couple of centuries, without any apparent reason."

HUNTING WITH THE FALCON IN CHINA.

SCENE IN GUADELOUPE, WEST INDIES.

GUADELOUPE is one of the few remaining spots where France still rules in this Western World. The island was discovered by Columbus, November 4th, 1493, but was occupied by the French in 1635; and although they occasionally lost it, have always succeeded in obtaining its restoration. It consists of two islands really—Guadeloupe proper and Grande Terre. The area is about five hundred and twenty-nine square miles, and the population one hundred and thirty thousand. It is fertile and well cultivated, producing sugar, molasses, and rum, as well as cotton, tobacco, coffee, dye-woods and copper.

Our illustration, from a landscape by Fontenay, gives a very accurate idea of the character of the scenery of this West India island. The spot shown is northeast of Basse Terre, the capital, near the sea, and within hearing of its waves. The smaller mountain is Matouba, on the wooded slopes of which are pleasant summer-houses—the retreat of the wealthy inhabitants of Basse Terre during the great heats. The higher is La Soufrière. The fields seen are of coffee and sugar; the dwellings, negro huts, thatched with dry cane. The country is by no means as attractive as the picture would lead one to suppose. Earthquakes are not unknown, while hurricanes are frequent and destructive. The climate is hot, humid and unhealthy.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By Henry Barton Baker.

There is probably no epoch in our history with which we have so little in common as the first eight decades of the eighteenth century. So remote are our sympathies from the men and women and events of that period, that we fail even to understand them, and, with all the rash judgment of an intolerant and egotistical age, we lay them upon the Procrustean bed of modern ideas, to which no process of shrinking or elongating can accommodate them, and, as we despise all other standards, the unfortunates, after being terribly maltreated, are condemned at once to moral execution. We might as well try a New Zealand aborigine by the laws of polite society, as judge the people of the reign of the first and second Georges, by a reference to our present code; indeed, I question whether we are not more *en rapport* with the New Zealander than we are with those placid. polished, artificial, fine ladies and gentlemen, our great-great-grandmothers and fathers.

As *the* representative man of his age there are few characters of English history which have been more abused and even execrated than Lord Chesterfield. Beginning with Johnson, he has been held up as the type of all that is heartless, cynical, immoral, and wicked. Virtue has shrieked over his "Letters" until good, simple people have come to regard them as little better than the effusions of Voltaire and Tom Paine, and to believe that their perusal would demoralize the chastest mind. It is not the purpose of this article to perform a trick commonly practiced by enthusiastic biographers, namely, to attempt the transformation of a spirit of darkness into an angel of light, neither does it propose by suppression of facts, by the recoloring of others, or by special pleading, to condone the faults of its subject, but simply to judge him by the manners, morals, and surroundings of the age in which he lived. As far as practicable I shall, by extracts from his letters and other compositions, let him speak for himself. Perhaps the reader may object to this as being an *ex parte* method, a man usually making the best of himself; but such was not the case with Lord Chesterfield, who had a vanity for exaggerating rather than softening his errors.

Philip Dormer Stanhope was born on the 22d of September, 1694. His father, who was a gloomy and morose man, seems to have early conceived an unaccountable aversion for him, and he was brought up by his maternal grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax, the widow of the celebrated George Savile. While still a child, he seems to have given evidence of talents more than common, of a desire for a political life, as well as of a decided taste for pleasure, and an inclination to indolence. These proclivities being observed by a visitor of the Marchioness's, Lord Galway, he gave the boy this piece of advice:

"If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. Unless you rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure for yourself."

The lesson was never forgotten; writing years afterward to his son, he says:

"Nobody ever lent themselves more than I did, when I was young, to the pleasures and dissipations of good company; I even did it too much. But then I can assure you that I always found time for serious studies; and when I could find it no other way, I took it out of my sleep; for I resolved always to rise early in the morning, however late I went to bed at night; and this resolution I have kept so sacred that, unless when I have been confined to my bed by illness, I have not for more than forty years ever been in bed at nine o'clock in the morning, but commonly up before eight."

This would not be called early rising, nowadays, but it was so then, when the fine gentleman seldom rose before noon. But never, even in his earliest years, was Philip Stanhope an idler; he was an emulative, energetic boy, always aiming to be *best*. "When I was your age," he writes to his son, then eleven years old, "I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did; and I should not have rested a moment till I got before him." Until he was eighteen he received his education by private tuition; after which he was sent to Cambridge, where he was a most diligent student. The following is a fine picture of him, drawn by his own hand, at this period, and is doubtless an excellent portraiture of the University of the time:

"At the University I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense, that the classics contained everthing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the Toga Virilis of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns."

"When I first went to the University," he says, in another place, "I will confess that I drank and smoked, notwithstanding my aversion to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel and that it made me look like a man." When, at eighteen, he went to the Hague, he found gambling all the fashion, and, "as I aimed at perfection," he says, "I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it." "This last passion," writes Dr. Maty, the earliest and most reliable, if partial, of Chesterfield's biographers, "the least excusable of all vices, especially when not fostered by want, or accompanied with skill, was in every period of life equally detrimental to his character and fortune. It engaged him every night in the society of people with whom he would have been ashamed to have been seen at any other time. He knew and despised yet could not shun them. Crowds flocked around the gaming table to enjoy so unequal a strife, in which, while his pocket was picked, the applause which the repeated flashes of his wit drew from all around seemed to make him abundant amends for his losses."

In these facts is contained the key-note of Chesterfield's character. To be perfect, *à la mode*, was his ambition, the great and all-ruling passion of his life; society was the altar before which he worshiped, and of that altar he desired to be the high priest. Thus we find him exaggerating his faults whenever by doing so they add to his assumption of *ton*. Whatever was the mode, that thing he did without any respect for its being good or ill. "My great object was to make every man like me and every woman love me," is his confession. Even in his school days we find him animated by the same spirit of emulation—albeit, a worthier one—of shining and surpassing all his compeers, not only in his studies, but in all games. We have now before us Chesterfield, the fine gentleman, an intensely vain and therefore weak character, and this was the sole light in which he was regarded by three-fourths of his contemporaries, and *is* held by ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the present time. But we shall presently come to a stronger as well as to a better aspect of his nature.

Upon quitting the University, he went, as I have before intimated, to the Hague, and thence to Paris. One of his letters dated from that city, 1715, gives us another glimpse of the fop:

"I shall not give you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one of them; and several have paid me the highest compliment they think in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are just like ourselves!' I shall only tell you that I am insolent; I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I walk along; and, above all, I spend an immense sum in hair powder, feathers, and white gloves!"

At twenty, he entered the House as member for St. Germain's, in Cornwall; his maiden speech was a denunciation of the policy of Harley and Bolingbroke. As he was departing, a friend reminded him that he was not of age, and that, according to the rules of the House, he would lay himself open to a fine of £500, as well as to the annulment of his election should he vote upon any question. The young gentleman replied only by a low bow; but he took the hint, and did not again appear in the senate until he had passed his majority.

Although he is accredited with being one of the finest orators of the day—and justly, it would seem, since Horace Walpole, who had heard his father, Pulteney, and Pitt speak, asserts that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Lord Chesterfield's—it was only in after years, when he entered the Peers, that he made any display of eloquence. During the time he sat in the Commons his voice was seldom heard. Maty ascribes this to a circumstance highly characteristic of the man. There was a member who had a trick of mimicking the tones and gestures of his opponents, and of holding them up to the laughter of the House. This man kept Stanhope silent, for he was aware that his person presented many salient points for ridicule. Probably it was because Nature had done so little for him that, in revenge, he became so fervent a devotee of Art. Lord Hervey describes him thus: "He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." This, however, we must remember, is a painting by a bitter enemy, and allowance must be made for exaggeration.

I need scarcely remind the reader of the feud between George I. and the Prince of Wales, and how the Court was divided between father and son. Stanhope ranged himself upon the side of the prince, to whom he was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber. Several reasons may be adduced for this preference. In the first place, my lord sought the hand of Melesina de Schulenberg, whom the Duchess of Kendal called niece, but who in reality was her own daughter by the king; George opposed the union on the plea of the lover's propensity to gambling. In the next place, he was the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Howard, afterward Lady Suffolk, the prince's mistress; and, to conclude, the reigning sovereign was old, and more was to be hoped from his successor than from him. Nevertheless, he did not break with the Court proper, and so pleased the king by speaking (1723) in favor of the addition of four thousand men to the army that he was created captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

In 1726, his father, who never seemed to have got over his aversion to his eldest-born, died, and he succeeded to the title. The next year, that of the King's death, he was sent as ambassador to the Hague, where he remained five years, returning to England in 1732. But his hopes of advancement from the new sovereign were doomed to disappointment, and ere long George II. conceived a positive hatred for his quondam supporter.

Horace Walpole ascribes the commencement of the King's coldness toward my lord to the following circumstance; which I give in his own words:

"The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night at Court, had won so large a sum of money (£15,000) that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favors from Court; and, finding himself desperate, went into Opposition."

Probably—for such a mode of proceeding would be quite consonant with her character—the Queen might have hinted certain suspicions to her husband and roused his jealousy. Although more than tolerating his mistresses, she never lost an opportunity of making their adherents feel her power.

Chesterfield, however, supported the ministry until the advent of the celebrated Excise Bill, which he voted against. The King, Queen and Walpole had all set their hearts upon the passing of this measure, but so great was the popular clamor against it that they were obliged to give way. Chesterfield was dismissed from his office of Lord Steward—which, together with the Garter, had recently been conferred upon him—on account of his share in the defeat. When the Duke of Grafton demanded his staff, the earl begged his grace to assure his Majesty that he was ready to sacrifice everything for his service except his honor and conscience. He afterward wrote a letter to the King in the same strain, which greatly increased the monarch's dislike against him. In the absence of all apparent selfish motives, we must applaud both his conduct and his sentiments; he decidedly gained nothing by them, and as decidedly lost much. During the next two years he was the leader of the Opposition.

But ere this (1733) he had married Melesina. There was nothing at all romantic in the affair.

"On changing her condition," says Maty, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, who was their next-door neighbor in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties at the other. Minerva presided in the first; and in the last, Apollo and the Muses."

A newly-married couple living next door to one another may sound odd now-a-days, but it was not so odd a century and a half ago. Perhaps he married the lady with an eye to the wealth of the Duchess of Kendal; if so, he was again disappointed, as the old Frau left all her money to her German relations.

Hervey calls Melesina "an avaricious fury." She took a bribe of £12,000 from Bolingbroke for her good offices with the King, which would justify one half of the epithets.* Marriage does not seem to have had much effect upon my lord's mode of life; he and my lady seem to have lived quite independent of one another. No child was born of the union.

But the year before it was celebrated a boy came into the world who called him father. The mother was a Frenchwoman (some say Dutch), who went by the name of Mrs. Du Bouchet; she was a lady of good birth, and the earl always spoke of her with great respect.

For several years my lord spent his time in a delightful leisure in the society of such men as Pope, Arbuthnot, Addison, Vanbrugh, Gay, Pulteney, Bathurst, Queensbury, Lyttleton, Murray. His doors were ever open to men of wit and genius, for he loved literature and its professors, although he had a contempt for abstract science; the latter was not *en rapport* with his tastes. Johnson says he was not a lord among wits, but a wit among lords. Even his enemy, Hervey, acknowledges that he was "allowed by everybody to have more conversable, entertaining table wit than any man of his time." Had he not been a man of

* Upon hearing that George II. had destroyed his father's will, Chesterfield commenced an action against him for £20,000, which he averred had been left to his wife by the late King. There is no doubt he was right, as the money was paid to hush the matter up.

exceptional talent, Pope would not have paid him that delicate compliment of borrowing a pencil to write the celebrated epigram:

> "Behold a miracle!—instead of wit,
> See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

The few of my lord's good things which have come down to posterity, give us a high opinion of his powers of impromptu; often as they have been repeated, two or three may be worth again retelling. His epigram upon seeing a full-length picture of Beau Nash between the busts of Pope and Newton is particularly neat:

> "This picture placed the busts between,
> Gives satire all its strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length."

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was very tall, challenged him to an impromptu, upon which he wrote:

> "Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
> It shall be witty and it shan't be long."

He wrote a number of *vers de société*, which are to be found in his collected works. Some of his *mots* were very sparkling: for instance, when upon hearing that some man of low birth had married the daughter of a lady whose chastity was more than suspected, he retorted, that "Nobody's son had married everybody's daughter!" His wit could at times take a more practical form, as is exemplified by the following anecdote related by Dr. Maty:

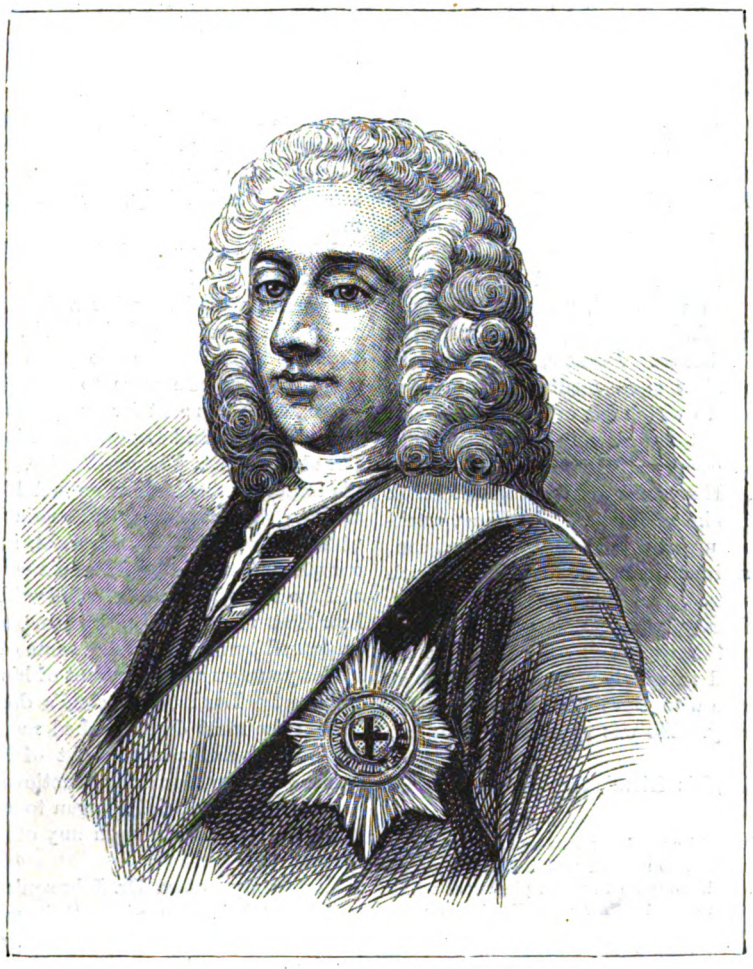
"The late Lord R., with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed with him on indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. 'I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship is a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?' 'Apropos,' said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, 'do you go to the House to-day?' Lord R. answered, 'I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question that is to be debated; but you, who have considered it, which side will you be of?' The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterward to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for his country."

SCENE IN GUADELOUPE, WEST INDIES.—SEE PAGE 469.

His treatment of Johnson in the great lexicographer's days of poverty, has become a standing reproach against him. It is the more remarkable as he was frequently a generous patron to literary men in distress; poor Aaron Hill, and even bitter and worthless John Dennis, found in him a liberal friend. But, as it has been suggested, the doctor might have been over-sensitive, and conceived offense where none was intended. Boswell asserts, on the authority of Johnson himself, that there was no foundation for the story of his having been kept waiting in the earl's antechamber while the latter was closeted with Colley Cibber. Johnson's inflated contempt for actors would certainly have rendered this, in his eyes, an unpardonable slight. But it must be remembered that Cibber was a man of some consequence, and, whatever might have been the opinion of certain contemporaries, a man of considerable wit and talent.

The doctor confessed to his *fidus Achates* that the earl, after making great professions for many years, took no notice of him until his Dictionary was announced, then "he fell a-scribbling in the *World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

There was little in coarse-featured, coarse-mannered, coarsely-dressed Samuel Johnson in his obscure days to attract the polished Lord Chesterfield; and herein probably lies the true secret of his neglect.



PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Although he had been a faithful adherent of the Opposition, upon the fall of Sir Robert Walpole (1742) and the accession of Lord Carteret to office, the earl was left out of the Ministry, and continued so until the formation of the celebrated "Broad Bottom" coalition, two years later. Then he was sent on an embassy to the Dutch to induce them to support the cause of Maria Theresa. His mission was successful, although he was pleading against his own convictions; for Chesterfield was one of the peace party, opposed to the continuance of the war in favor of the Queen of Hungary and for the defense of the German possessions of the English Crown. The King was terribly loath to employ him, but as he could not be done without, royalty was forced to submit.

"Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland," says Lord Mahon, confirmed and renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the House of Commons reversed in his favor Clarendon's character of Hampden; saying that 'Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any worthy action.' At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus, after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming Acts and abolition Acts—we find that Chesterfield was for schools and villages to civilize the Highlands.'

Upon his return he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the single year he filled that great office was the noblest and most brilliant of all his life. Before departing for Dublin, he recommended his chaplain, Dr. Chevenix, to the see of Killaloe, then vacant. The King, in order to mortify him, instructed Lord Harrington, the Secretary, to reply that his Majesty could not comply with his request, but that he would accept any other person he would name; my lord concluded his epistle by advising him to look out for another. Upon which the earl begged his lordship to desire the King to look out for another Lord Lieutenant. Another was not to be found, so Dr. Chevenix got his bishopric, and Majesty a humiliation.

Years previously Chesterfield had been told by Lord Shrewsbury that Ireland was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake. But he resolved his administration should be of a different kind. From the day he entered upon the office he not only gave up gambling himself, but he would not permit its indulgence to any person within the precincts of the Castle. From nine to three daily the meanest person could obtain audience with him. He administered justice with the strictest impartiality, promoted by merit, and was equally impartial to Catholic and Protestant.

"I came determined," he wrote years afterward, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever; and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their

religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty toward them."

Lord Mahon is of opinion that with a weak, wavering or fierce and headlong Lord Lieutenant at the Castle, the Pretender would have effected a landing. But Chesterfield's measures were so able, and he so clearly impressed upon the Irish that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice, but that, to use his own words, "his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it," that that alarming period passed over with tranquility.

"This just and wise administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame," continues Lord Mahon; "his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honored remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long vice-regal line." But his colleagues requiring him in London, he was recalled after a little more than a year of office. When he departed, persons of all ranks, denominations and religions followed him to the place of embarkation.

Upon his arrival in England he was made Secretary of State. Learning nothing from previous failure, he tried to govern the King through Lady Yarmouth, as he had before attempted to do through Lady Suffolk, and failed as signally. Although the Queen was dead, "dapper" George had the merit of still withholding all political influence from the hands of his mistress. Besides, he hated the minister too bitterly to allow such mediation; he even refused him the patronage to which his office entitled him when he solicited a regiment for his cousin, George Stanhope, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself at Dettingen and Culloden. His proud spirit could not brook such an insult, and in 1748 he resigned. The King, awaking to a sense of his value, urged him to recall his decision, and expressed his great satisfaction at the manner in which he had discharged his duties.

"Conscience, your Majesty, would not permit me to remain in a post where I have not been suffered to do service to any one man, and in which my master is not at liberty to distinguish those who have his service most at heart." Such was his reply. He was offered a dukedom, but that also he refused.

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, his friend, then at the Hague, he says:

"Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it least. . . . I have been behind the scenes both of pleasure and of business; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant multitude. . . . . Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the King and his Government; which I can do with more advantage to them and more honor to myself when I do not receive £5, 00 a year for doing it. . . . . My horses, my books and my friends will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it."

His last political act was to bring in a bill for the reform of the calendar, which was passed in 1751. This excellent measure, which equalized the style of Great Britain and Ireland with that of the Continent, where the errors of the Julian computation had been corrected more than a century and a half previously, aroused a terrible clamor among the ignorant multitude, and "Give us back the eleven days you robbed us of!" became an electioneering cry against the Earl of Macclesfield and Mr. Bradley, the framers of the Act. During the last illness of the latter celebrated mathematician, the people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment of Heaven, for having taken part in such an impious proceeding! In 1752 the earl was attacked with an incurable deafness. "Retirement was my choice seven years ago," he said; "it is now become my necessary refuge. Public life and I are parted for ever."

On the very day he resigned, he went to White's and played all night. He had refrained most rigidly from gambling during the whole time he held office. But he had better ways of employing his leisure than that. His brother had bequeathed him a villa at Blackheath, and there he spent much of his time cultivating his garden and his fruit trees, and occasionally contributing a paper to the *World*. "All my amusements," he writes to Dayrolles (1755), "are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment."

I have already recorded the birth of his son, to whom he gave the name of Philip Stanhope. From the child's earliest years he evidently felt a deep affection for him, and to make him the most polished and accomplished gentleman of the time soon became the great ambition of his life. No pains, no expense were to be spared to accomplish this object. He was sent for two years to the German universities of Leipsic and Lausanne. The vacations were spent at Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Naples, where his father's introduction gained him admission to the best society. By Frederick of Prussia he was received with the utmost cordiality. Chesterfield, in one of his letters, had compared the Court of Prussia with that of Rome. "You will see there," he wrote, "full well, as Horace did at Rome, how States are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws." When some of the courtiers demurred at the young man on account of his birth, the king replied: "Were he Lord Chesterfield's dog, I would have treated him in the most distinguished manner," which shows how highly the earl was thought of by that astute monarch. But more upon his own instructions, as contained in his celebrated *Letters*, which he began to write when the boy was in his tenth year, than upon any other influence, did the earl depend.

Everybody knows Dr. Johnson's dictum upon those letters. But it is wrong in both its assertions; the morals are not such as he states them to be, neither are they adapted for the perusal of the young. That many passages in those compositions are immoral, according to the code of the present day, I have no wish to deny; but they wore a very different aspect in the days in which they were writte Then, the violation of the seventh Commandment was a much an adjunct of a fine gentleman as snuff and hair powder. It is said that Chesterfield infamously counsels his son to violate the sanctuary of wedded life, but it must be remembered that the letters from which such inferences are drawn were written during his son's residence in France. Now, all who have any acquaintance with the manners and customs of that country during the reign of Louis XV. are fully aware that every married lady had a lover attached to her train; it was a privilege that no husband would have dreamed of denying—in short, it was a domestic institution; therefore, when indignant virtue begins to shriek over desolated homes, etc., it is simply talking nonsense. Lord

Chesterfield knew that it was impossible for a young man of fashion to live in such a corrupt society without falling into its errors; he knew that all the preaching and warnings in the world would not make him better than his surroundings; so he did what he considered the next best thing—cautioned him against excesses, and such amours as might bring trouble and disgrace upon him. I do not pretend to assert that this was the moral and proper course, or even that the earl regarded such errors with other than a very indulgent eye. I only wish to put the matter in its true light, and not make it worse than it is. That he could instil far different lessons is proved by such a passage as the following:

"There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, etc., all the parts and knowldege in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons, and their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality; though even there, I would not advise you to a Pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to do or say the least thing that may ever so slightly taint it."

Surely this is written in a noble and exalted strain. He writes in another place: "While you were a child I endeavored to form your walk habitually to virtue and honor before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility." The next worst accusation brought against the Letters is, that they place the graces of the person far before those of the mind. To understand this tendency, we must know the person to whom they were addressed. Philip Stanhope was a studious man and a ripe scholar; there was no need to counsel him upon the value of cultivating the understanding, he did so indefatigably; but, on the other hand, he was heavy, awkward, and ungraceful in his carriage, and altogether lacking in polish; hence his father's insistance upon those points. "Will it cost his head, his heart, or his knowledge any harm to have the utmost delicacy of manners, the most shining advantages of air and address, the most endearing attentions, and the most engaging graces?" he demands. Again, it is said that the Letters teach duplicity; but Chesterfield intended his son to be a statesman, and the duplicity he teaches is that of diplomacy. Neither does it seem to me such a base and dreadful thing to counsel him—to cultivate the good graces even of the valets and chambermaids about a court, since it may one day be in their power to do him a good or an evil turn. On the contrary, there is profound wisdom in such a caution. In a great and complex piece of machinery, no one thinks of ignoring certain wheels because they are small.

But, as I said before, I do not hold that these things are good reading for the young, as their tendency is to destroy the frankness and ingenuousness of youth. No man should read Chesterfield until he has passed his thirtieth year, then he will find him a profitable study. Yet, with all the father's labors, Philip Stanhope was a disappointment. He entered Parliament at twenty-one, and the Earl took infinite pains to prepare him for an orator. But he spoke only once; his awkward shyness spoiled his maiden speech, and no argument or encouragement could induce him to make a second essay. He sank into obscurity and died a few months before the earl, who then discovered that he had been clandestinely married several years previously, and had a wife and two children—an ill return for the kindness that had been lavished upon him. Yet Chesterfield comes forth nobly from an ordeal through which many a rigidly virtuous man would not have passed; although his son had so deceived him, he provided for the widow, and took the children to his heart. Here is a letter written to them a short time before his death:

"I received two days two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed "Charles Stanhope," the other, "Philip Stanhope." As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, "Et cantare pares et respondere parati?" Charles will explain the Latin to you. I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they call you Master Strangeways, for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true? Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it when I come from town. In the mean time, God bless you both!"

The man who could write thus to two children who had no claim upon him in the eye of the law had not a bad heart. And yet Mrs. Philip Stanhope was so ungrateful as to publish all his letters to her husband a twelvemonth after his death.

Old age and infirmities had been creeping upon him now for many years. He called his daily ride, with his old wit, "rehearsing his funeral." "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years," he used to say, "but we do not choose to have it known."

Upon the morning of his decease his friend Dayrolles paid him his usual visit. The valet opened the curtains of the bed and announced him. The earl had just strength enough to say in a faint voice, "Give Dayrolles a chair." These were his last words. "His good breeding," said the physician, who was in the room, "only quits him with his life."

He died in March, 1773.

There is one confession he makes somewhere in his works which I like least of any of his self-disclosures. "I am neither a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody, but I am sure that since I had the full use of reason nobody has ever heard me laugh." Yet there are passages scattered through his writings which seem to come from a heart one can scarcely believe to beat in the bosom of a laughless man. Of such is one in which he reprobates "the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general, as if the whole human species consisted of but one hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of emperors, kings, popes, generals, and ministers." Speaking of the Turkish Janissaries sometimes strangling their vizier or emperor he says, "I am glad the capital strangler should in his turn be strangable; for I know of no brute so fierce, nor no criminal so guilty, as the creature called a sovereign, whether king, sultan, or sophi, who thinks himself either by divine or human right vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures, or who, without inquiring into that right, lawlessly exerts that power."

HOW LEECHES ARE FATTENED.

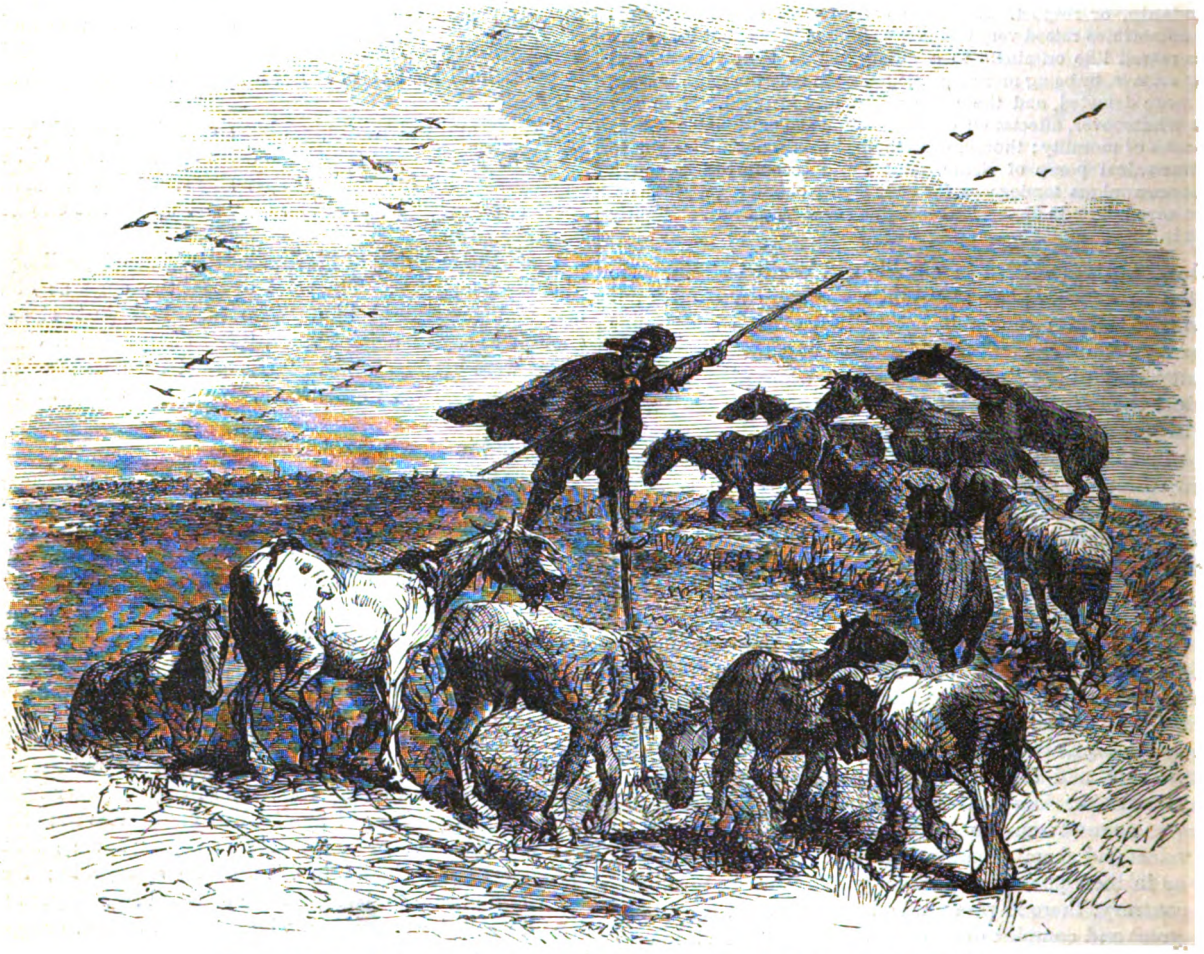
We are on the waste lands of Gascony—that semi-dried-up ocean, which is no longer sea and not yet land. Pines of a sinister-looking green, more or less injured by tapping, are all that decorate the sombre landscape. Death hovers over this long, sterile plain, and the pines, dripping with resin, seem to be weeping in sympathy with the utter desolation around. No sound breaks the eternal silence of this open sepulchre. The traveler, under the painful influence growing out of his gloomy surroundings, presses forward as rapidly as the heavy, sodden soil will permit, in search of

the squalid hospitality afforded by the few huts scattered, at long intervals, over this desolate region, and inhabited by the Landais peasants.

Suddenly he descries in the horizon, like fantastic shadows, a troop of strange, indefinable animals. The shadows appear to advance toward the traveler, who slackens his pace. The more these apparitions develop themselves to his astonished gaze, the more do the animals composing this fantastic group assume a peculiar and unfamiliar air and shape. But are they really animals, or only shadows produced by some optical delusion? Mechanically the traveler stops, the better to contemplate this phenomenon, and to elucidate his doubts. He starts back with surprise and terror! They are indeed shadows, but shadows in themselves, and moving by virtue of an independent power. The stories of Hoffmann are realized, the enchanters of the Middle Ages are come back to earth; sorcerers have, after all, only spoken the truth! Horses, long since dead, and half devoured by birds of prey, stagger along as if lacking command of their limbs, animated by the power and caprice of a supernatural and diabolic will! A man, tall as the giants of old, drives them along, staff in hand. From time to time he bends his body over his long legs to strike these fantastic beasts. The stick rebounds at contact with the bones of these skeletons, with a dull, hollow sound. Is this man Satan himself, or one of those giants who long ago peopled Scandinavia? No, Satan no longer needs to ride astride of those ghostly horses to be conducted to his infernal orgies, and in this nineteenth century we know that the Scandinavian giants had no existence outside of the disordered imagination of ancient historians. No, the man whom our traveler beholds is simply a peasant, mounted on stilts. The animals which he is driving are still denizens of the earth; the wounds upon their bodies have not been made by birds of prey, but by the whip, and harness wearing upon bones covered only with hide. They draw near to the traveler, and he can but marvel that life, with its mysterious laws, can still animate these wrecks, dragged down by age and its attendant sufferings.

Whence come these living dead, and where are they going? Should any one write their biographies, it would be found that many among them had constituted the pride and glory of their masters, whether on the race-course, in the hunt, or on the battlefield, where the horse conducts the victors to triumph or protects the flight of the vanquished. But years come on apace, and with them the disaffection of masters. To the noble services rendered, succeed hard and humble toil. The beast comes at last to know the pangs of hunger, and finally the sentence of death is pronounced against him. A little straw, greedily devoured, has given him the strength necessary to bear him to the dealer in hides, who, thrifty by nature, has calculated the value of his skin in his present dilapidated condition, and considers that the most profitable manner of disposing of the wretched beast is to sell him to the leech-fattener. So the dainty pet of a few years ago takes his place with others designed for the same branch of industry.

Then, some fine day, the troop is driven off, like so many portable barrels of blood, to the marsh lands, where leeches are bred and fattened.



HOW LEECHES ARE FATTENED—DRIVING HORSES INTO A LEECH SWAMP.—SEE PAGE 475.

EVENING.

Our readers may not be aware of the fact, but there is a curious branch of industry followed by certain inhabitants of the great marsh lands in the neighborhood of Gascony and Bordeaux, France. Some years ago a farmer observed that the leeches native to these marshes attained to a great size in places where many cattle were turned out to pasture, and more particularly where horses formed the principal stock. This suggested to him the idea of making leech-culture a specialty. He had some small capital, and this he was shrewd enough to turn to the best advantage. In the first place, he rented a tract of marsh, which he divided off into square ponds, surrounded with railings. The water in these ponds is about fifteen inches deep, and the mud at the bottom of them affords Winter quarters for myriads of leeches, which, when the warm sun of Spring arouses them from their Winter lethargy, come up to the surface very lively, and anxious for a gorge upon their natural aliment blood. To supply this, the leech cultivator invested a portion of his capital in a drove of old horses, which were bought up by him at an average price of about $2.50 per head.

No sooner were these wretched victims driven into the ponds than than they were fastened upon by the leeches, whose voracious instincts were aroused the moment the water became agitated. Instances are not unfrequent of horses becoming so exhausted by these insatiable blood-suckers as to sink down into the water, where they are sometimes suffocated before assistance can come to hand. But the new and last masters of the unfortunate beasts usually find the means of improving their latest breath, by methodically emptying their impoverished veins by squeezing their half-dry arteries, as one would press a lemon. Their sufferings are terrible, their agony slow, but none the less extreme. What matter! It is for the benefit of trade. How proud must the leech-fattener be of the money gained in the pursuit of his ennobling avocation!

But let us follow the horse in his march to death, stilling the beatings of our heart as we do so.

He is usually so managed as to furnish three meals to the leeches, who are too delicate ever to suck blood from the same spot a second time. On his first introduction to the marsh, the horse is only driven in to the depth of his girth. The ravenous leeches fasten themselves on their prey instantly, and the poor horse, trembling at the outset at the numberless pricks with which he is covered, soon finds his strength abandoning him from loss of blood. Before, however, he is entirely exhausted, he is withdrawn from the marsh by dint of blows, vigorously applied, when efforts are made to restore his failing powers, and food is placed before him, that more blood may be made, to serve as a second meal. He is allowed to satisfy his hunger for the first time for many a long month, and after a few days of bountiful fare, his wounds have become healed, and he is considered in condition to afford meal number two.

This time he is driven into the marsh until his back is covered. The still hungry leeches fasten themselves on every portion of his body not previously touched, and continue to suck his blood until he again shows symptoms which induce his master to withdraw him from the marsh. A few heavy blows arouse to action his almost exhausted strength; he mechanically raises his head and makes an effort, which finally brings him on dry land again. Verily there is wondrous vitality in these poor beasts.

Tenderly cared for, copiously fed, sent out to pasture, and the horse secretes a new stock of blood—the last that he will be called upon to shed in man's service.

The third time he is driven entirely into the marsh, being allowed only his nostrils out of the water, and this time he is not withdrawn. In terrible agony he expires with the loss of his last drop of blood, and his wretched body is oftentimes left to decay where it fell.

Many invalids have lost their lives through the application of poisonous leeches, which became so from the impurity of the blood of the poor horses on which they had fattened.

Leaving out of view the sufferings of the poor horses, we thus see that the safety of the human species is often compromised by this horrible traffic, which although, happily, not carried on in our own country, still comes so near home to us as to jeopardize our lives, as most of the leeches used here are imported.

THE TURKISH CAFE.

The introduction of wine and other fermented and intoxicating liquors, which is one of the most important laws of the code of El-Islam, has caused the greater number of the disciples of this faith to become immoderately addicted to other means of inducing slight intoxication, or different kinds of pleasurable excitement. The most prevalent means, in most Moslem countries, of exciting what the Arabs term *keyf*, which I cannot more nearly translate than by the term "placid enjoyment," is tobacco.

It appears that tobacco was introduced into Turkey, Arabia, and other countries of the East shortly before the beginning of the seventeenth century of the Christian era; that is, not many years after it had begun to be regularly imported into Western Europe, as an article of commerce, from America. Its lawfulness to the Moslem has often been warmly disputed, but is now generally allowed. In the character of the Turks and Arabs who have become addicted to its use it has induced considerable changes, particularly rendering them more inactive than they were in earlier times, leading them to waste over the pipe many hours which might be profitably employed; but it has had another and a better effect—that of superseding, in a great measure, the use of wine, which, to say the least, is very injurious to the health of the inhabitants of hot climates.

In the tales of "The Thousand and One Nights," which were written before the introduction of tobacco into the East, and which we may confidently receive as presenting a faithful picture of the state of Arabian manners and customs at the period when they appeared, we have abundant evidence that wine was much more commonly and more openly drank by Moslems of that time, or of the age immediately preceding, than it is by those of the present day.

It may further be remarked, in the way of apology for the pipe, as employed by the Turks and Arabs, that the mild kinds of tobacco generally used by them have a very gentle effect; they calm the nervous system, and, instead of stupefying, sharpen the intellect. The pleasures of Eastern society are certainly much heightened by the pipe, and it affords the patient a cheap and sober refreshment, and probably often restrains him from less innocent indulgences.

The cup of coffee, which, when it can be afforded, generally accompanies the pipe, is commonly regarded as an almost equal luxury, and doubtless conduced with tobacco to render the use of wine less common among the Arabs. Its name, *kahweh*, an old Arab term for wine, strengthens this supposition. It is said that the discovery of the refreshing beverage afforded by the berry of the coffee-plant was made in the latter part of the seventh century of the Flight (or, of the thirteenth of the Christian era), by a certain devotee named the Sheikh Omar, who, driven by persecution to a mountain of El-Yemen, with a few of his disciples, was induced, by the want of provisions, to make

an experiment of the decoction of coffee-berries as an article of food, the coffee-plant being there a spontaneous production. It was not, however, till about two centuries after this period that the use of coffee began to become common in El-Yemen. It was imported into Egypt between the years 900 and 910 of the Flight (toward the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, or about a century before the introduction of tobacco into the East), and was then drunk in the great mosque El-Azhar by the fakeers of El-Yemen and Mekkeh and El-Medeeneh, who found it very refreshing to them while engaged in their exercises of reciting prayers and the praises of God, and freely indulged themselves with it. About half a century after it was introduced into Constantinople.

In Arabia, in Egypt and in Constantinople it was often the subject of sharp disputes among the pious and learned, many doctors asserting that it possessed intoxicating qualities, and was, therefore, an unlawful beverage to Moslems; while others contended that, among many other virtues, it had that of repelling sleep, which rendered it a powerful help to the pious in their nocturnal devotions. According to the fancy of the ruling power, its sale was therefore often prohibited and again legalized. It is now, and has been for many years, acknowledged as lawful by almost all the Moslems, and is immoderately used even by the Wahhábees, who are the most rigid in their condemnation of tobacco, and in their adhering to the precepts of the Koran and the Traditions of the Prophet. Formerly, it was generally prepared from the berries and husks together, and it is still so prepared, or from the husks alone, by many persons in Arabia. In other countries of the East it is prepared from the berries alone, freshly roasted and pounded.

Cairo contains above a thousand *kahwehs*, or coffee-shops. The *kahweh* is, generally speaking, a small apartment, whose front, which is toward the street, is of open wooden work, in the form of arches. Along the front, except before the door, is (or was) a *mastabah*, or raised seat, of stone or brick, two or three feet in height, and about the same in width, which is covered with matting; and there are similar seats in the interior, on two or three sides. The coffee-shops are most frequented in the afternoon and evening; but by few except persons of the lower orders, and tradesmen. The exterior *mastabah* is generally preferred. Each person brings with him his own tobacco and pipe. Coffee is served by the *kahwegee*, or attendant of the shop, at the price of five *faddahs* a cup, or ten for a little *bekreg*, or pot, of three or four cups. The *kahwegee* also keeps two or three *nárgeelehs* or *sheeshehs*, and *gozehs*, which latter are used for smoking both the *tumbák*, or Persian tobacco, and the *hasheesh*, or hemp; for *hasheesh* is sold at some coffee-shops. Musicians and story-tellers frequent some of the *kahwehs*, particularly on the evenings of religious festivals.

It is strange that the eye of man should have that magic power we have all felt that it possesses. We can contemplate other bright and beautiful objects without withdrawing our gaze; and what is there in the formation of an eye that should create in us any uneasiness? It is the consciousness that the eye is the index of the mind—that when a man fixes his eye on us we are the subject of his thoughts, and that a being gifted with a soul like ourselves is employing its energies and setting its machinery at work about ourselves. It is this conviction that makes us modestly, and almost involuntarily, shrink from such an inspection.

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but in being resolutely minded in a just cause.

SAFFRON-CULTURE IN THE ABRUZZI.

The saffron of commerce is the prepared stigmas of the *Crocus sativus*, which is now found growing wild in parts of England, but it is supposed was introduced at some remote period from Asia. The common safflower or false saffron frequently cultivated in gardens, and used as a substitute for true saffron in dyeing, is the *Carthamus tinctorius* of botanists, and quite a different plant from the first, and far less valuable. The true saffron, as we have said, is a species of crocus, only growing a few inches high—a fact which will enable our readers to better appreciate the following description of its culture by the peasants in the Abruzzi:

At the Pharmaceutical Conference at Bristol, says the London *Garden*, Mr. H. Groves narrated a botanical tour in the Abruzzi, a sea of mountains where the Apennines present their grandest chain. On the lower spurs of these mountains, at a height of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, the cultivation of saffron has been carried on for many generations. The mountains are calcareous, and except to the botanist who has roamed them, present a very barren aspect, only relieved by the beech thickets which straggle up their flanks as far as the tree limit. The cultivated ground commences below the beech thickets, and is but a little less stony than the ground above; however, corn and potatoes thrive well, and a little lower down the saffron plots are established. Here the stones are removed as much as is possible in a soil that consists of little else, and the ground is well trenched to the depth of half a metre, and prepared in August with animal manure, preferably that of sheep, so as to be ready for the planting of the bulbs in the following October. The bulbs are planted in ridges, with intervening furrows, which for economy of soil are sown with corn, as this crop is gathered before the saffron flowers appear, and the furrows remain free as pathways for the gatherers; besides which they are so disposed as to drain the plot.

In the latter part of October and the whole of November the crop is gathered. Women gather the flowers early in the morning, and remove the stigmata at their leisure. Several flowers usually grow from one bulb, in some instances as many as ten to twelve. Once planted, the saffron plots remain good for two years, at the end of which they are dug up, and in the third year are planted with corn, after which they may be used again for saffron, although they seek to keep the plots shifting as much as possible. Cows are lovers of saffron bulbs, and field mice would commit great havoc were they not looked after by the peasants, who keep small guns and traps constantly in the fields. Many of the wealthy landowners owe their position to saffron dealing, which in reality is speculation, as the price per kilo ranges from 100 to 300 lire. The poorer cultivators sell at the price of the year, but the richer dealers set aside their saffron in tins if the price does not suit them. Some seasons have yielded such profits that one year's harvest has surpassed the value of the land under cultivation; at others the cultivation would have ceased were not the beds of two years' duration; and consequently no expense entailed to wait the result of a second season. The adulteration of saffron is carried out in various ways, the chief one being by mixing with it boiled and shredded beef, the shreds being stained with saffron water and afterward dried. The filaments of the stamens are also dyed in the same manner and intermixed. Another adulterant is an almost impalpable yellow earth found occasionally in the mountains; and finally, before taking the product to market, it is damped with wine or water. Dealers accustomed to buying saffron avoid these adulterated specimens, so that the Aquilan or Abruzzi quality rules higher than any other kind, not excepting that of Spain.

A TURKISH CAFE AT CAIRO.—SEE PAGE 478.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.

By Ella B. Washington.

"When I lived in Tennessee
I went courtin' Rosa Lee;
Her eyes was dark as Winter night,
Lips as red as berries bright!
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, 'Now, don't be foolish, Joe!'"

Wooing and wedding, the common law to which common and uncommon humanity inevitably yield obedience some time in their lives—that blends with it a charm so inexhaustible we never grow too old to feel its influence! Whether it be prince or pariah, plebeian or patrician, in high or low estate, weddings are always interesting, whatever color or complexion they represent.

Especially among the peculiar people of whom I am writing were such events cherished as the *ultima thule* of pleasure, grandeur, fun, and frolic. Speaking from long observation and experience, the incidents related are real, not imaginary—fact, not fiction. Surrounded with slaves from infancy, they formed part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture loses half of its reality.

They watched our cradles, they were the companions of our sports; their hands assisted our bridal decorations, and tenderly wrapped us in our shrouds. And so, in turn, we endeavored to promote their pleasure at weddings and Christmas frolics, cared for their needs in sickness, and frequently sustained them through the last dread agony. There were preliminary steps of official form necessary before the wedding festivity could be properly conducted. For instance, the consent of the master and mistress was courteously asked, as well as that of the parents on both sides; also, the sanction of the Church.

When the plantation beau had succeeded in persuading some gushing girl to take him "for better for worse" (mostly the latter), he speedily presented himself before his master, and thereupon a ludicrous scene would ensue, somewhat in this wise:

Saturday night, a favorite time, the family supper over, household grouped around a table in the library, elderly gentleman in spectacles seated in a dignified arm-chair, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper—rappings, not spiritual, at the door, which a daughter opens quickly, evidently, from the expression of her face, posted in regard to the mission of the party desiring to enter; some whispering, with smothered laughter; and then, acting as advance guard, she says:

"Papa, James wants to see you, particularly."

Paterfamilias looks up vacantly over his spectacles, finally catches the idea, and replies, still digesting the news:

"I reckon I know what he is after. Let him come in, and behave yourself, Nellie! Don't laugh, or he'll not get through for an hour."

This with an admonitory shake of the head at the irrepressible daughter, who is evidently bent on mischief.

Just then the door slowly opens, and Jim or Jeems, as he is called, pops his head through the door, followed by

THE EBONY BRIDAL.—PREPARING THE WEDDING GARMENT.

the rest of him, which represents, on the whole, a fair specimen of his race, a genuine Cuffy, very dark as to complexion, very curly as to hair, with features to correspond. He makes a low bow, accompanied by a spasmodic clutch at his forelock, followed by an insane attempt to dodge into the crown of his hat, which the hat but partially permits. He stammers, breathes hard, rolls up his eyes, grins as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, utters a convulsive chuckle, looks as if he would like to retire rapidly anywhere, and finally, after a desperate effort, blunders out, "Massa, me an' Melia (dodges behind the hat again) has 'cluded to get married, if you has no 'jections; and having successfully effected this climax, Jeems expands into a grin like a facetious gorilla, showing a shining set of grinders of unequaled ivory, then plucking up courage, continues, "I'se got a 'spectable character an' de proper 'havior an' conducement, an' 'Melia's fambly has gin dere consent, pervidin' you say de same, massa." At this point Jeems executes another bow of a very elaborate character, and clutches the front lock of wool most energetically. Old gentleman looks benevolent, and says, "Well, James, I have no objection; you have always given me satisfaction; Amelia is a good girl; you will do well, and I hope make her a kind husband."

"Thank you, massa; de Lord knows I'se gwine to try; 'scuse me, I'm much obligated;" and he straightens up, expands ecstatically, and makes his exit with a final flourish. Arriving at the servants' hall, Jeems boisterously announces his triumphant success, cuts various capers of exuberant excitement, and makes a tremendous swell rehearsing the interview with "ole massa" in original fashion.

"Yah, ha! Dis here darky's a whole team, he is; takes him to argufy and 'spute de questions 'cordin' to law; he knows a thing or two, he does—yah, ha! didn't me an' massa 'scuss de facs ob de case ober superlujus like? I tell you we did. Dat darky from ober Mass Allen's plantation cum sparkin' 'Melia—thort *he* was gwine to cotch her; fool, he was, couldn't come it nary time!"

At this point Jeems, in ecstacies, frisks off to seek his 'Melia, singing as he goes snatches of an old song:

> "De bess-lookin' feller in de county, oh!
> My ole massa tole me so;
> I look in de glass an' foun' 'twas so,
> Just as massa tole me, oh!"

The engagement being duly announced by consent of all parties, there at once began elaborate preparations for a big wedding, which, if the bride-elect happened to be a housemaid—this class being considered *par excellence* the upper-tendom of darkydom—then the projected festival became a most important affair, in which the white family were much interested, especially the young lady whose *fille de chambre* the girl might be; many handsome articles little worn being selected from the mistress's wardrobe for her maid's trousseau.

There were various commissions for city purchases on a moderate scale, for the word fashion was not unknown among slaves. Though the vase might be colored differently, there were the same feminine foibles developed in greater or less degree, according to character and intelligence. A wide or narrow check was all important in the turban handkerchief or apron; and an observer might readily detect among them the peculiarities which distinguish higher society.

The plantation belle was in some sort the same capricious creature who treads the boards of a city ball-room; the respectable matron of the field held a similar range of influence with her who presides and dictates in polished circles; the sable beau assumed the dandy's air of conscious exquisiteness, and the most intelligent were the ruling spirits that led the mass, as elsewhere.

So it came about, when this particular wedding was in prospect, there were great preparations and much jollification, both among blacks and whites, in anticipation of the event. All the finery that could be spared from our toilets was in requisition; there was culling over of wardrobes; ransacking of those ancient institutions called bandboxes; artificial flowers, ribbons and tinsel ornaments were eagerly sought after, to provide the incessant demand for head-dresses—they being considered a *sine qua non* of the toilet required for the occasion.

Preparing the wedding garment!

Who shall describe its infinite importance in the eyes of the assembled group in that simple, comfortable room, a fire of substantial logs burning on the hearth in the broad, deep chimney! those scenes come before us like the faces of familiar friends, so many such have we looked upon in "the days that are no more!"

Observe the enterprising matron at the table, with muscular arms bared above the elbows, flat-iron resolutely grasped in one hand, the other keeping the interesting garment in place! She evidently "means business," and feels the importance of her work, so seriously sentimental and solemnly sublime, and is, we opine, resolved to achieve a triumph in the ironing art, and reduce the article under hand to an immaculate and supreme degree of smoothness never before accomplished on any similar garment or occasion.

How energetically she manipulates that flat-iron, that seems stolidly or solidly unconscious that it, of all other irons, has been selected to do such distinguished duty! Its associate stands on the corner of the table, condemned, probably, for culpable coldness, and consequently neglected.

How carefully has every plait been folded, and every wrinkle smoothed, until it seems a work of supererogation to press another stroke upon the garment already reduced to a state of unexceptionable unwrinkled smoothness. Judging from the piquant and very decided expression of Madame Mère's uplifted countenance, with the resolute and oracular turn of her head, we may surmise she is bestowing some matronly advice, or laying down the law to her interesting young daughter, whose maiden meditations, no longer fancy free, have resolved themselves into a sentimental reverie. Possibly she is resisting some suggestion on the damsel's part, who stands by her mother's side looking on, with hands meekly folded, one on the other under her apron, an image of patient resignation.

The bride-elect, as we suppose her to be, has already removed the handkerchief that covers heads both young and old, taken out her hair (only done on state occasions, as it is a work of time and importance). And here it is requisite to mention that a fashion prevails among the negroes of cultivating length of hair—a difficult achievement—by plaiting multitudinous little locks very tight all over their heads, and tying them with a string, each particular lock standing up for itself—we should call it a *coiffure rampant;* after which extraordinary arrangement of the tresses, their heads present the appearance of an enraged porcupine. It is generally hidden by the turban handkerchief during the week, but on Sunday carefully taken out, and combed into a frisette elaborate enough to satisfy the ambition of any Broadway belle.

In connection with this, we must notice another singular custom common among them. They are frequently seen with a lock of hair on the crown of their heads, tied closely up to a small stick about an inch long, the scalp being so tightly drawn, eyes and mouth stand ajar, fixed in a grotesque gape, while winking would be an impossibility.

Noticing a boy undergoing this operation one day, I said: "What is your hair tied up so tight for, Joe?"

The boy gave a ghastly attempt at a grin, when the boy's mother, standing near, came to the rescue, and replied: "Him palate down, Miss Nellie, 'cause he dun cotch a bad cold, and I bin tie he hair up, for fetch up he palate."

There was one smart middle-aged man—the plantation quack—who contrived skillfully to combine the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher, doctor, surgeon, sage, oracle, with a considerable tincture of the knave; and to him were referred cases of moral, social or physical trouble, for all of which he contrived to manufacture some infallible remedy, the faith of his followers being so implicit in his skill, they believed themselves benefited always. He was absurdly self-important and pompous, tossed his head disdainfully at "common darkies," and made ineffectual efforts to turn up his flat nose, which said organ disastrously defeated. I said to him one day: "Uncle Abram, are you a doctor or a preacher?" Looking down at his youthful interrogator with the superior air of an elephant contemplating a mouse, he replied: "'Twould be onpossible for you to comperhend how my cobberosity perscribes to smaggatiate. I don't 'ticularly confine my interlecs to no professions, but I'se what de white folks calls a chieftin." This man was held to be especially skillful in the profound art of "pulling up palates."

From the palette to the picture again is an easy transition. Observe in the corner, near the table, two figures—one a girl of precociously developed curiosity, bent upon acquiring knowledge, and determined to explore every accessible avenue of information. She is the "entistenningest, knowingest little darky," evidently improving the present opportunity. We should surmise that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, that heathen Chinee was peculiar." Leaning forward, with one hand supporting her chin, mouth open, eyes staring, ears pricked up, in a fixed attitude of eager interest, she listens with all her might to the interesting observations Madame Mère is making to the serious and sentimental young lady. I have heard remarks to this effect: "Don't you s'pose I knows what I'se talkin' about, chile? You needn't try to tell me nuffin'. Ain't I bin ioning long 'fore you was born? Dis darky's hard to beat wid a flat-ion, she is; ole missis allays sed so. Go long, set down, chile; you bin studdyin' 'bout Billy tell you ain't got no sense; but you'll come to 'fore long. Dis lub ain't nuffin but nonsense, arter all; it jes makes fools ob you yung folks, till you larns sum senso an' gets ober it. Dat's what I tells my ole man, an' he an' I gits on jis' as comferable as any ob 'em does."

The girl listening has evidently been making premature efforts at adornment in dress, the womanly weakness already developed, as we see her feet incased in gaiter boots, the back of her head ornamented with a skeleton chignon.

The boy is enjoying himself hugely, relying on the tender mercy of the chair for support, hands and feet relaxed in the intensity of repose, with fantastically fringed breeches reaching slightly below his knees, an ax he had been playing with on the floor; wrapped in the drapery of slumber and his shirt, he is giving himself to "pleasant dreams."

In the opposite corner, seated on a bench, are two veterans, apparently "going it strong" (we don't approve of slang, but it's so expressive!) on pipes, tobacco and gossip. The woman whose back faces front leans toward her companion in the eagerness of her narration, possibly rehashing the newest scandal, the latest event of death or marriage, or religious revival—a favorite topic. One of the auditors seated next her, in skirt and short gown, with arms folded comfortably, seems a resigned listener, more under the soothing influence of the "weed" she smokes than excited by the curiosity that inspires the girl to whom she is *vis-à-vis*.

Standing in the doorway near is a dignified dame, erect as a grenadier, looking down with somewhat scornful expression at the veteran gossip, or across at the important business progressing on the table. She, too, is devoting her leisure moments to energetic smoking, whiffing away wreaths that hover coyly overhead, then vanish in thin air. There is no concealing the melancholy fact that this woman is by nature what we call prim, and primness under high pressure is an alarming quality. Even her dress has a planky, straight-laced look, while the head-handkerchief has a subdued, melancholy aspect—its ends drooping like the tail of a demoralized rooster held at "half-mast" in a pouring rain.

The wedding garment is preserved carefully by the negroes with peculiar reverence—some singular sentiment or superstition reserving them to be used at their deaths as a shroud. On the occasion of a negro quarter being destroyed by fire, the irreparable loss most profoundly and loudly lamented was the destruction of their cherished wedding garments.

At last the eventful Saturday night arrives—this day of the week being always selected, to give them opportunity for rest on Sunday, or of keeping up the frolic in more subdued form, if they desired it on that day. A large room, used as a laundry, adjoining the kitchen, had been prepared for the festival—dressed with evergreens—the tin candlesticks around the wall polished to extreme brightness, and decorated with sprigs of holly—the floor nicely scrubbed, and benches placed around the walls, which were freshly whitewashed. Another room was similarly prepared for the meat supper; the cake, lemonade, etc., were usually handed on waiters to the company.

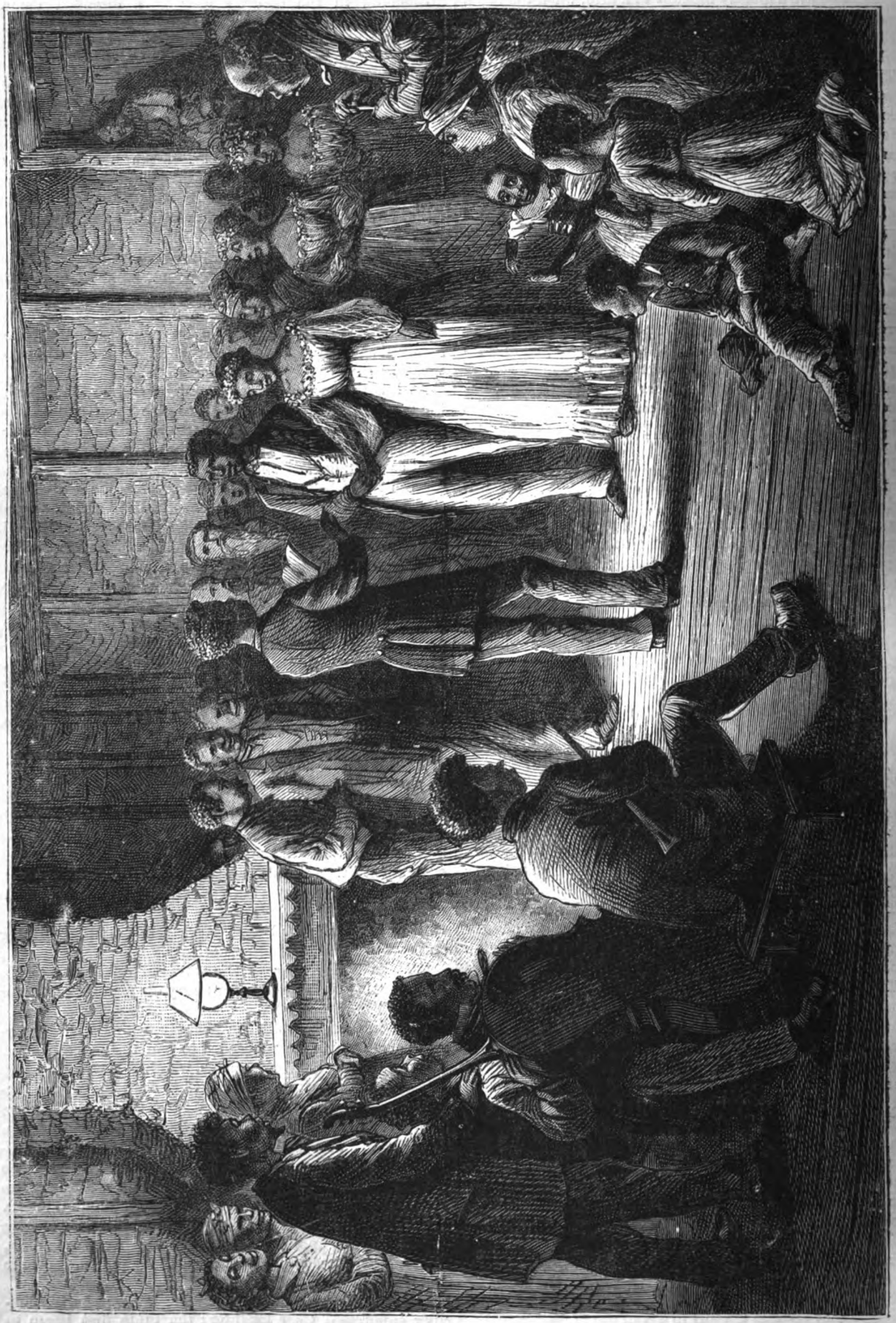
Guests from the plantations adjoining assembled in force, and at a late hour the ceremony took place. The bride's dress was carefully arranged, the wreath and vail being adjusted by the hands of her young mistress. The white family were called to witness the nuptials, and as they entered, the bride and groom, with their attendants, rose, formed in line, and a colored man—the religious leader—stepped forward to perform the service. He held a book in his hand, as he could read a little, and liked the imposing effect of appearing educated. Nothing daunted by the crowd, or the presence of his master's family, he began with a prayer, followed by an exhortation to the pair now before him on their duties in the new relation they were about to enter upon; then, turning to the groom, he said, solemnly, "Jeems Jeffusson, is you bin gwine marry dis woman for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says Jeems, bowing half to the preacher and half to the bride, in great gravity.

"'Melia Melindy," says the reverend questioner to the woman, "is you bin gwine for marry dis man for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says 'Melia Melindy, with a modest courtesy; upon which he proceeded to join their right hands. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, who had been previously drilled in their parts, came forward to draw the gloves, succeeding admirably with the bride's; but, alas! Jeems's glove would not come—it was clinging white cotton, and held on tenaciously. Poor Jeems looked the very image of helplessness, and gazed angrily at the rebellious glove as if he longed to tear it off; but etiquette forbade. His arm was extended, his palm open with a kind of spasmodic motion, as the first bridesmaid tugged at the forefinger. By degrees the others came up, till there was one tugging at each digit, while a sixth directed; but the more they pulled, the more that glove "would not stay pulled."

At length the girls began to giggle; the crowd with difficulty suppressed their laughter; the bride first began to



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MARCHING TO THE FEAST.

titter, and finally lost patience, exclaiming: "Pull it off yourself, Jeems, anyway!"

But the superintendent of the ceremony waved her off solemnly; and after picking a while longer at the thumb and fingers, the tenacious glove yielded, and by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," Jeems's brawny

THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MAKING THE BED.

hand was laid bare, and grasped the more delicate one of 'Melia, after which the ring was placed on her finger, and the preacher concluded as follows:

"An' now, in de name ob de blessed Lord, I pernounces you man an' wife, an' wishes you many happy returns. Salute de bride." Upon which the lips of Jeems Jeffusson resounded on those of 'Melia Melindy like the report of a Christmas cannon.

After shaking hands with the happy couple, and wishing them a bright future, the white people retired, leaving the company to unrestrained enjoyment. Looking in at the supper-room, there was a temporary table formed of extended boards covered with a white cloth, and well supplied with substantials, such as roast fowls, ham, corned beef, mutton; and, conspicuously rampant, a roast pig, standing on his four feet in a dish full of potatoes, a string of sausages ornamenting his neck, around which they formed a savory chain, and an apple between his teeth. His grin was grotesquely horrible. That particular pig seemed to feel that the author of the Essays of Elia had not misrepresented his merits.

Until nearly dawn of day the frolic continued. We could hear, when waking in the night, the merry murmur of voices, shouts of laughter, with the sound of shuffling feet, mingled confusedly with the squeak of fiddles and the jingle of triangles, until at last they ceased, and the crowd retired in a state of sheer exhaustion.

The illustration on page 484 evidently represents quite a *distingué* affair, bride and attendants in full dress, with wreaths of full-blown roses on their heads, and smiles on their full-blown lips. The bridegroom's countenance has a painful toothache expression, or else he apprehends that future henpecking hangs over his devoted head, though the demure young woman at his side now appears so eminently amiable. There may be lurking under this harmless exterior possibilities that will develop into a future Xantippe.

Holding on to their instruments, the musicians sit solemnly contemplating the scene, while conspicuous in the group, near the fire, we see a fellow with side-whiskers and smirking countenance, evidently a "heavy swell" gotten up without regard to expense.

Another very domestic group on the opposite side seem to have dropped in sociably, without their "store-clothes"—old man leaning on his cane, swallowing the whole affair with intense satisfaction; while his old woman, with mouth agape and staring eyes, resolutely grasps her kicking, squalling baby, who resembles a galvanized monkey or an infant orang-outang on "a rampage." Some youth of aspiring mind, bearing a family resemblance to a mummy, has climbed into a window-sill, and from this agreeable altitude enjoys a clear view of the whole room. The parson devotes himself earnestly to his business, and a lady of complacent countenance looks over from another corner, while all is "merry as a marriage-bell."

Next illustration presents a delirious scene, wherein, *à la* Doesticks, the entire company seem to be on a "regular bender," having a high old frolic, in animated and energetic fashion; the very madness of revelry has taken possession of the crowd—the dance has become a romp set to music.

In the centre of the picture we see the belle of the ballroom, who has evidently been attacked in the rear and captured by some enterprising admirer, who seeks to hold her *vi et armis*, while the struggling damsel extends her hands pleadingly to the favored one rushing to her rescue, like another Theseus following his Ariadne. How he prances and leaps, one foot poised high in air, the other on tiptoe, as with arms extended ready to press the subject and squeeze the object, he advances at "double quick," his mouth wide enough open for her to jump down his throat by mistake for a cellar-door. He hears the voice of his beloved, not in altogether dulcet tones, exclaiming, "Lem me go, I tell you, Billy! or I'll kick you rite in yer moufe presenly; you's de sassiest nigger (always used as an opprobious epithet) I ebber did see; you needn't s'pose I wants any ob ye huggin', when I'se got Jeems for betterer for worser; he's jis' de prettiest darky in dese diggins; ef you don't lem me go he'll knock you down presenly; take yer ugly old face away from here, or I'll jis' gouge yer eyes out—I will; don't be flinging yer arms 'bout dis chile—she dun spliced for life to somebody else; go 'long, I tell yer;" and with this she gives a vigorous shove and sends the impertinent aggressor on Jeem's property reeling across the room, the delighted husband clasping her willing waist, and joining in hearty guffaws at his discomfited antagonist, who is picking himself up off the floor, looking very sheepish and insignificant.

There is Juba, doing the double-shuffle, with his coat-tails at an angle of forty-five degrees, very much as if the "devil was in his heels," as Pompey premised; near him an ancient matron, throwing herself back, heels and hands elevated in an agony of amusement at her opposite neighbor, who seems solemnly absorbed, keeping time to the music. "Look at dat ole fool dar," she shouts to any one who listens, "Lord! how she pat de foots an' claps her hands; cotch me takin' all dat trouble. Yah, ha! Ain't you gittin' tired ober dar, Sukey? Want me to help you, gal?"

"I feels like de mornin' star—I does, fur shure. Tell dat feller he better stop tootin' out ob dat horn he got. Yah, ha! he don't take kere, he'll blow heself away presenly, or buss up for sartin, see ef he don't;" and at this climax of her wit, she goes into such convulsions of laughter that she and the chair roll over together on the floor.

In the rear a chaotic crowd reel and surge in waves of insane merriment; one energetic fellow tears his partner's dress into hopeless rents, with his leap-frog style of dancing. Another, ignorant of the figures, runs after his girl in the style of an animated elephant, breathing like an asthmatic grampus, till at the order, "partners round," with a puff and snort of congratulation he comprehends his acknowledged right to seize and whirl her in his arms. Time passes, not with leaden wings, but on flying feet; the madness, the intoxication of delight absorbs the revelers till they succumb to sheer exhaustion; some curl up in corners, but most of the beaux—

> "Dance all night till the broad daylight,
> And go home with the girls in the morning."

The beachamber of a bride is sacred, whether the newly-wedded maid be a queen upon her throne or a beggar-girl who has found at last some one to shelter her from poverty and temptation—so we intrude with hesitancy upon the privacy of 'Melia Melindy's.

'Melia's mammy, like most darkies, was blessed with a superabundance of heirs, and as the maternal mansion boasted but two bedsteads, our heroine had early forsaken the family bed for the floor, where, with the peculiar taste of her race, she was always able to find a plank as soft as a feathered nest close to the glowing hearthstone. As years went on, and she was promoted to her present rank of housemaid, her fondness for a lowly couch increased, and her favorite resting-place was the rug before her mistress's fire; there she slept peacefully, after the fashion of a faithful watch-dog, with one important exception: 'Melia was "awful 'fraid of ghosts," and her blankets were always wrapped so tightly around her head when sleeping, that neither the sound nor air could penetrate the heavy folds.

But now that our sable friend has suddenly become the most interesting person on the plantation, to the female

population of cabin and parlor, missis has taken down the extra bedstead in her own nursery, happily no longer needed there, and has presented it to the bride-elect, with a barrel or two of her best duck and goose feathers. It has been placed in position by her father in the large, empty room next her mother's, and thither 'Melia retires and locks herself in to set her house in order for the important occasion. For a while she is annoyed by the shuffling of feet, mingled with smothered laughter, at the door; for her teasing companions are trying to peep in through the cracks between the planks; but our bride is a smart girl, and she coolly draws within the latch-string at which they are vigorously pulling, while she sends a broadside of sarcastic rebuke into the crowd with wondrous effect. "Go away, 'Tildy Jane; I knows what you arter; but 'tain't no use. Go 'long and fix yer own weddin'-chamber, if you got any beau dat's wurth habin'. Sukey! you better take yer eye away from dat rat-hole 'fore I poke my finger in it—den you can't roll it up at Jim no mo'. You tink I ain't seen! but I tell you what, I *is* seen the green monster big as a meetin' house in dat pop eye of yourn; and I knows you's got a hankerin' arter Jeems yourself. 'Tain't no use, chile; Brudder Zekiel tie us together to-night so tight you can't tech him; go hang up yer fiddle, gal, and roll yer eyes at somebody else. As to you, Jemimy, you so ole and ugly you'll never get anybody to hab you, so you needn't want to know nothin' 'bout brides and grooms. Go 'long, 'oman, and try and be reconciled to lib single all yer days—missis needn't save no feathers for you, though your old head is 'most white and foolish enuf to go partnership wid dat cackling goose in de yard dat done loss her mate. Polly Ann, 'tis quite ondecent for a young gal like you to be peepin' in de bride's room! Go home an' nuss your mammy's baby till you's ole enuf to go out and work in de field, den you can begin to tink 'bout beaux and weddins."

A faint attempt at a "don't care" laugh floated in through the cracks and rat-hole; and then the heavy tread of broad, flat feet was heard receding down the passage, and 'Melia remained in quiet possession of her sanctum. Her young lady had offered her services to assist in decorating this apartment, but she had dropped a deep courtesy, and declined the honor—only asking that her own work, when completed, should be inspected and commended.

"Monarch of all she surveys," she glances proudly around the neat room, and slowly begins her labor of love. From the heap of evergreens in the corner she selects the handsomest sprays of holly, cedar and pine, and arranges them on the narrow shelf over the huge fireplace. True, they were rather crowded, and were mingled in such disorder that it looked as if the different species of plants had disagreed as to their respective merits, and fallen into a general *mêlée;* but upon the whole, the dark-green leaves contrasted prettily with the whitewashed wall, and the cracked vase in the centre was properly regarded by its owner as the crowning glory of the mantel. A mass of cedar was next thrown into the grimy chimney-place, where it formed a friendly screen for the sooty bricks, whose color reminded one unpleasantly of dark complexions. Two gaudy prints in dark-stained frames were hung upon the wall, and 'Melia gazed first with admiration at the lady equestrian, in her blue-and-green riding-dress, and then with sympathetic emotion at the parting of a pair of disconsolate lovers, who looked stoically down at her from behind the shadow of a red handkerchief, intended to deaden the sound of a kiss the picture-lover was in the act of bestowing upon his companion's bright yellow cheek. Holly and cedar drooped over these interesting portraits, and fastened together the white cotton curtains that hung at the window. The floor is carefully swept, and then—with a sigh that sounded like the escape of steam from a hoarse engine—'Melia turned to the bed.

She cautiously shakes up the mattress freshly filled with clean straw, tossing it up and catching it again in her strong arms, as if it were a moderate-sized base-ball; then, with a caressing embrace, she presses her beloved feather-bed to her bosom—throws it coquettishly from her—gathers it in her arms again, and again casts it away (like a large tabby cat playing with a helpless mouse), until it looks like an unsubstantial mountain. And finally, desisting from such violent exercise, she gently pats the resounding tick until the quivering mass subsides, a correct level is obtained, and sheets and coverlet of spotless whiteness hide the soft foundation from the view of the curious.

Ruffled pillow-cases now press into shape a bushel of goose-feathers, intended to support the thick skulls of the happy couple, so soon to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony; and 'Melia Melindy, like every other loving damsel, upon a similar occasion, dreams a joyous, innocent dream, as she smooths out the last wrinkle on the snowy counterpane.

Such reveries are perhaps regulated by the rank, education, disposition or complexion of the dreamer. Let us listen for a moment to the *sotto-voce* soliloquy of our excellent brunette heroine, the excited state of whose mind can be imagined when we announce the fact that she had forgotten her blankets! Forgotten the blankets in which she nightly shrouded her crimped hair, whether the thermometer stood at 110 deg. or at zero!

This matter of the blankets has remained an unfathomable mystery until this day, and no one has yet been able to explain how 'Melia slept without the night-cap, to which she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy.

'MELIA MELINDY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Well, I 'spec I'll be mouty happy—dere ain't many culled folks like my Jeems—he ain't no fool, I tell you! He got sense in dat big head ob his, sure as you lib! I sartin believe he gwine marry me for lub and not for money; case he know I ain't got nuthin' but my lock-chest mammy gib me, an' all dose fine clothes Miss Nellie gib me. Ain't I got lots of head hankerchiefs, though! Now I *jest* think ob it! I'll gib Jeems one, sure as preachin', to tie up his head de next time he plait he hair, dat I will! 'Twill look real 'fectionate, and I lubs Jeems, I does. I'll be a good wife, and not bother him when he cross and tired. I'll bake he ash-cake and fry he meat, and not say turkey. I don't care what de wimmin folks say 'bout my making lub-goose ob myself. Jeems tell me he ain't got a simption ob respect for folks as go to interferin' 'tween man and wife, an' I ain't got none neither; so we gwine our own way, an' gwine to act sensible. Hi! what dat make me feel so curious like when I talk 'bout man an' wife? Somethin' keep knockin' 'gainst my right side, jest like a bat thumpin' at de window night-times, when de fire burn bright. Yah, ha. Jeems tell me he dun feel dat 'motion heself, an' dat 'tis all de lub-fever. 'Melia, don't be a fool, gal; stop talkin' an' begin to dress yourself."

EMULATE the habit of the homely yeast, which, though it is working night and day, never fails to rise the very moment it is stirred.

CIVILITY is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.—THE BALL.

OUR TURN NOW

About the middle of August, last Summer, I obtained the largest specimen of the *Ulula*, or great horned owl, I have yet seen, under the following circumstances:

A brood of valuable chickens began to disappear, night after night, in a most mysterious fashion. The children mourned the loss of a lop-eared rabbit and some fan-tailed pigeons, which were great favorites.

I set a steel trap, baited with a young pullet, expecting to capture the thief, in the shape of a polecat or fox. In the morning I found the pullet untouched, but a young bantam had gone. During the day, however, I succeeded in catching a Newfoundland pup, who woke the echoes for acres around until released. Old Dolly, the mare, then literally put her foot in it, and succeeded in utterly ruining the trap and laming herself for a week.

The next night I sat out in the wood-shed until midnight, with a shot-gun, playing sentinel. The intense stillness of a Summer's night brought with it a drowsiness that proved too much for me, and I woke up to find myself stiff and sore from sleeping in the open-air on a wood-pile, and another chicken among the missing. That day there was a terrible disturbance in the oak grove, near the orchard. Our gardener, a fresh importation from the "sister isle," gravely informed me that "all the burds were foighting a cat-burd."

OUR TURN NOW.—THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

"A cat-bird!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"And it must be the same I have heard ye spake of," replied honest Bartholomew. "It do be lookin' for all the

whole wurld loike a cat—a gray-marked cat, sur, wid yellow, starin' eyes, an' the ears of the crathur standin' straight up on the head of it."

Anxious to see this ornithological phenomenon, I started at once with Bart for the grove.

I must premise, by the way, that Bart has shown on more occasions than one a more than national predilection to extraordinary bulls, and has always evinced at least an equal aptitude at evading the point by some ready *repartee* when pressed to acknowledge his mistakes; as, for example, when I gently intimated my admiration for his talent at making bulls, notwithstanding the annoyances they sometimes caused when they happened to be practical ones, he disarmed me by replying that he hoped my honor surely "wouldn't be after finding fault wid him for being *bully*."

Once, when on a visit to Kentucky, where I first met my "man Friday," I had him with me on a hunting excursion. On the naked limb of a dead tree, not far from where we happened to stand, Paddy saw, for the first time in his life, a red-headed woodpecker. Astonishment for a moment held him dumb, when, turning toward me, he ventured to speak.

"Arrah, sur," said he, "would you look at the crathur batin' his face to pieces agin' a tree, and his head all a gore of blood!"

But a truce to Bart and woodpeckers—we have a different matter in hand. As I approached the scene of action I found a large owl sitting, stupid and sullen, in an oak tree, beset by birds of all kinds, colors, sizes, and degrees. A great round cat-like face, with feathery ears standing three inches high, large, staring, yellow, moony eyes, a body nearly as big as a turkey, and plumage mottled over with black, orange, and white, seemed in some degree to answer Bart's description, and proclaimed the bird to be the *Strix Virginiana*, or great horned owl.

The dazzling beams of the midday sun made darkest midnight in his eyes. Helpless and defenseless in the midst of his foes, like a blind feathered Samson shorn of his strength and fallen among Philistines, he shuffled about uneasily on his perch, but made no vain attempts at reprisal. What noisy triumph, what exultant chatterings, what indignant screams came from his tormentors.

A great blue-backed shrike was among the number, nearest the owl. Although himself a despoiler of nests and a remorseless destroyer of creatures smaller and weaker than himself, he joins the hue-and-cry with as hearty a good-will as many of our smaller fry of dishonest politicians do when one greater than themselves is brought to account for his rogueries.

Next, two noisy jays, who have little, if any, right to a better reputation, only less destructive because less powerful, vent their garrulous indignation on the common foe. Even the little kingbird, on the topmost bough, insults his defenseless majesty; and the blackbird below, if last, is by no means least in the fray.

Mindful of beak and talons, I sent Bart home for a tablecloth, in which we easily enveloped his owlship, and bore him off, despite his struggles, in triumph.

It is scarcely needful to say I lost no more chickens after this.

I at first determined to keep him alive, but he proved so fierce and intractable, that I found that I could do nothing better than to chloroform and stuff him, and set him up to repose, *otium cum dignitate*, over the bookcase, in company with a fishing-frog and a horseshoe crab. I found his entire length to be twenty-two inches—his wing fifteen and three-quarters.

This owl does not often make his appearance in localities so thickly settled as the part of New Jersey—Vineland—where the specimen referred to was captured. He generally prefers deep and impenetrable swamp-lands, covered with the gloom of a primeval forest, for his abiding-place.

Often the traveler in the Adirondacks hears a hollow and unearthly voice—"Wawaw O! wawah O!"—breaking in upon the midnight silence of the forest, and perhaps sees the noiseless spectral flight of the Ottowuck, oho, as the Cree Indians used to call the bird, from the strange sound it utters.

It is, perhaps, a peculiar confirmation of the idea referring the owl to a place among birds corresponding to that occupied by the feline race among quadrupeds—an idea spontaneously expressed by my gardener in calling the bird in question a "cat-bird"—that the specimen in my possession manifested, when alive, the greatest antipathy to dogs, ruffling up his feathers, snapping his bill, lowering his wings, and following the hated object with his eyes until it disappeared.

The nest of the great horned owl is extremely large, and consists of a great mass of dried leaves, feathers, grass, and so forth, placed in a hollow tree, or in the fork of some large bough, and containing three or four eggs, which, in size and color, might easily be mistaken for hens' eggs.

It is very generally distributed over the whole of the United States—east and west, north and south.

Early in February the great horned owls are seen to pair, and it is said that the curious evolutions of the male on the wing are impossible to describe. Extremely ludicrous are his howlings and the snappings of his bill; but no sooner is the female assured that his intentions are sincere and affectionate, than she joins him and becomes his mate.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell—
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well.
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
Oh! when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom,
And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill.
Oh! when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"Mourn not for the owl or his gloomy plight—
The owl hath his share of good.
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord of the dark green wood.
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside.
So, when the night falls, and dogs do how
Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl.
We know not alway
Who are kings of the day;
But the king of the night is the bold horned owl."

LOVE.—There is a mysterious influence in nature, which renders us, in her loveliest scenes, the most readily susceptible to love. In all times, how dangerous the connection, when of different sexes, between the scholar and the teacher! Under how many pretenses, in that connection, the heart finds the opportunity to speak out!

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips
And gowd amang her hair;
Her breasts are lapt in a holie vail,
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The honey lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip
Maun touch her ladie mou';
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span;
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for Heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread;
An' comely she sits in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves her ringlets frae her cheeks,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
And her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o' God;
My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my love wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,
Cast by no earthly han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
And poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady goes
Wi' a fu' an kindly han';
Oh, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my love,
An' fa' on Lady Ann!

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

HAROLD EVERTON was a flirt; I need have no hesitation in affirming that fact. He had been engaged since his twentieth year (he was now five years older), to gentle, lovable Norah Howell, his sweetheart and friend from early childhood; and whom—as every one knew—he loved as dearly as so careless, hair-brained a fellow could love anything.

Yet, spite of this well-known fact, there was scarcely an unmarried woman in Morristown, if she could claim the least attraction on the score of either beauty, intellect or style, who had not at one time or another the power to say that for her sake Norah Howell had been slighted by Harold Everton.

Norah, however, was one of the truest-hearted, most forbearing little creatures that ever lived; and, spite of his seeming inconstancy, believed as firmly in her lover's truth and affection as she did in her own; yet she was but a woman, and she did sometimes find it a trial to be left moping at home, apparently unsought and uncared for, in the very prime of her youth and beauty, while the man for whose sake she steadfastly turned her face from all other suitors, was playing the agreeable at balls and frolics all over the country.

If she ventured upon a remonstrance occasionally, when matters grew a little too aggravating, the long engagement upon which her father had insisted was always the ready excuse. He—Harold—was ready and anxious at any time to fulfill his part of the compact. When he could once have his precious Norah to be all his own, he was ready to devote himself, soul and body, to her every whim and caprice; but as long as the marriage to which he looked forward as the consummation of his earthly bliss was arbitrarily postponed from year to year, thereby occasioning him such cruel suspense and disappointment, his dear girl ought not to blame him if he strove by all innocent means to console himself under the trial.

"But you forget, Harold," Norah would urge, "that by this thoughtless conduct you are lengthening the engagement whose culmination you profess to be so anxious to hasten. Papa has always said that we should not marry until you, by your prudent behavior and attention to business, should convince him that—that——"

"That I was worthy to be trusted with his daughter. Speak it right out, Norah, for I know that is what he did say. Well, I acknowledge his discrimination. I am not worthy of you; I have always said so, and I don't suppose I shall be, if your father makes me wait a hundred years. You ought not to have taken me, if you wanted the sort of fellow *he* wants. You have always known what a careless, imprudent, good-for-naught rascal I am. Your love is all I have ever had that could encourage me to hope to be anything else. Through love of you, I may, perhaps, be able to acquire the qualities I lack. That is what I have always hoped and believed, anyhow."

What could Norah say to that, especially as she, too, did believe, with all the strength of her loving heart, that her fickle, indifferent lover, when he became her husband, would cast aside at once the follies of his youth, and, for love of her, become all that her father could expect?

She had great confidence in her influence over him, when once he should be fairly subjected to it; and if she could have had her own way, poor innocent, trusting child, she would have married him at a day's notice.

Fortunately for her, however, her father was better acquainted with the world and human nature, and was very resolute not to bestow his only child upon an idle, versatile fellow, whose chief merit was that no one knew anything very bad about him. The conditions he had imposed were neither burdensome nor unreasonable in any eyes save those of Master Harold himself; but until these conditions should be complied with, Norah Howell should never become Norah Everton.

Mr. Howell was not rich, but he was able to leave to his motherless daughter an inheritance sufficient to support her comfortably and independently, should he be taken away from her, and, in his secret heart, he would have been far from sorry could he have seen her unpromising engagement broken off, and known that his pretty daughter would remain *his* pride and delight, and no one else's, to the end of his existence.

Of a rupture with Harold, however, there was little chance, did he conduct himself with only tolerable prudence. Norah Howell was fidelity itself, and had so long been accustomed to consider herself the property of Harold Everton, that her relations with him seemed to her scarcely less indissoluble than those with her father. Thus matters stood at the time my story opens.

The young folks of the community had been considerably excited by the prospect of an entertainment to be given by

Mrs. Judge Waldron, the leader of the Morristown aristocracy, in honor of her son and his bride, just returned from a wedding tour across the Atlantic.

The ladies generally, our friend Norah among the number, had called upon the bride, and the unanimous verdict pronounced upon her was that she was beautiful and accomplished, as she was known to be well-born and wealthy.

Harold and Norah had both received invitations to the coming entertainment, as had also Mr. Howell; he, however, owing to some unexpected business arrangement, was prevented from attending, and the lovers, according to our delightfully informal American customs, made their arrangements to go together, though no chaperon of either sex accompanied them.

It had been some time since Norah had enjoyed such a pleasure. For several weeks she had accompanied her *fiancé* nowhere of an evening except to church; nor could she always claim him as an escort even there. Upon this occasion, however, the same day upon which Mrs. Waldron's invitations were issued, an affectionate little billet had been sent from the store by Harold, claiming, quite as a matter of course, the pleasure of his dear Norah's company upon the evening in question. His dear Norah never dreamed of contesting the right, and was only too glad to have an opportunity of according him the pleasure for which he sued. Thus, when the eventful evening arrived, Norah, lovely as an apple-blossom in her pink silk and white roses, was handed into her father's carriage by Mr. Everton, and the two drove off, supremely happy.

BONNIE LADY ANNE OF DUNDEE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 491.

Norah was separated from her escort at the door of the ladies' dressing-room, and, unaccustomed as she was to large companies, felt timid and uncomfortable upon finding herself alone with strangers.

There were many guests from a distance present—a large party from New York, the native city of the bride, having arrived that day by the railroad, expressly to add, by their presence, fresh lustre to the occasion.

At first, it seemed to Norah that none but strangers were around her; but soon, amid the chatter and confusion, she was able to distinguish, here and there, a familiar face and voice, and at last, in company with a young friend scarcely less timid than herself, she found courage to emerge from the dressing-room into the hall beyond.

This, too, was full of guests, both ladies and gentlemen, and, at some distance, leaning over the balustrades of the staircase, she beheld her lover, devoting himself, with his usual *empressement*, to a tall, showy-looking girl in orange satin and black lace, whose vivid toilet seemed thoroughly in keeping with her brilliant black eyes and high-pitched, though musical, voice.

Norah soon caught Harold's eye, giving him a little signal that she was awaiting him. He acknowledged her motion with a nod and smile, and raised himself from his leaning position as if about to come toward her. His companion, however, at that moment making to him some bantering remark, he deemed it necessary to tarry long enough to reply to it, and the lively chatter continued between them, he ever on the point of going, but never doing so, while Norah, vexed and uncomfortable, awaited his pleasure.

The brother of her friend approached almost as soon as they left the room, and the two had walked off together, supposing that she, of course, would follow in an instant. She was obliged to continue, however, in her awkward and embarrassed position full five minutes before Harold approached to relieve her from it.

He seemed, when he came, so utterly unconscious of having given any cause for offense, that Norah could not, without open rebuke, have made him aware of her feelings; this her sweet temper forbade her to do; and satisfied and happy, now that he was once more with her, she permitted, as she had often done before, the slight he had offered her to pass unnoticed.

At the door of the parlor a fresh flood of timidity overpowered her.

"Don't leave me, Harold," she whispered. "Do keep close to me all the evening. These strangers will frighten all my pleasure away."

"Are they not as strange to me as they are to you? Why should you be afraid of them? I assure you I am not. The only one of them to whom I have as yet been introduced was the pretty girl in orange satin to whom I was talking up-stairs. She is Miss Gordon, the sister of young Mrs. Waldron. I do not know when I have met with a livelier or more entertaining girl. There is a brother here, too—an Honorable, by-the-way, a member of the State Legislature—and the two expect to spend the Winter in Morristown. That is he standing in the doorway yonder, near that vase of oleanders. Brighten up, Norah, and chat and laugh as you do at home. There isn't a prettier girl in the room than you, if you did but know it. Perhaps you can fascinate the M. C. if you try. I give you fair warning that I intend to start a flirtation with the sister! Where's the use of living, if one can't have a little fun!"

Norah's heart sank within her as this forewarning of her escort's desertion reached her ear. She was too well accustomed to his light speeches to regard this one seriously, yet a dim presentiment of the lonely, uncomfortable evening that lay before her gave her courage to say:

"Do stay near me, Harold. I don't want to fascinate any one. If you think me pretty, that is all I care for. You will meet Miss Gordon many times this Winter, when I am

not with you, and you can flirt with her then to your heart's content; but let me feel that you belong to me to-night; please do."

Harold had no opportunity to reply to these words, even had he wished to do so, for they had by this time reached that part of the room in which their hostess, with her son and daughter, stood ready to receive their guests.

once hoped would have occupied the present position of the fair New Yorker.

Mrs. Waldron conversed with Norah for some time, and when her attention was at last claimed by the approach of other guests, and Norah was again alone, she found, to her intense mortification, that Harold had left her—slipped away without word of excuse or apology, as if anxious to be rid

ONCE TOO OFTEN.—"'WHO IS THAT LADY?' HE ASKED OF AN ACQUAINTANCE STANDING NEAR. 'THAT,' WAS THE REPLY, 'IS MRS. SENATOR GORDON, ONE OF THE MOST ADMIRED OF OUR WASHINGTON BELLES.'"—SEE PAGE 491.

Norah and her escort were very cordially greeted, for the former was an especial favorite with the elder Mrs. Waldron. There had been a time, some two years before, when Arnold Waldron would have loved right well to have held Harold Everton's position in regard to Norah Howell. That was long since over, of course, but the affair had been no secret to Mrs. Waldron, and there was a warm feeling in the hearts of both mother and son toward the young girl they

of her; and now, far off in the midst of the brilliant throng, she beheld his handsome face overtopping all others, beaming with excitement and pleasure, in lively converse with the dashing Miss Gordon.

For the first time in her life, almost, Norah was seriously angry with him. After her late appeal, it seemed so arrantly selfish and unkind to leave her, a timid, frightened girl, thus entirely alone in so uncongenial a crowd, that her feelings

were rather irritated than wounded, and the embarrassment she had at first felt was partially dispelled by indignation.

Upon glancing around, she beheld at some distance, placidly enjoying her position as wall-flower, an elderly friend, toward whom it was her first impulse to make her way. While she was revolving in her mind the easiest method of reaching, through the crowd, this pillar of refuge, she was addressed by Arnold Waldron, who had noticed Mr. Everton's desertion with lively indignation.

The manner in which Norah Howell was treated by her careless lover was no secret in the community amid which she moved, and her patience and forbearance with the truant were a standing marvel and admiration. In no one were these feelings more keenly developed than in Arnold Waldron.

"I see you are, for the present, unclaimed, Miss Howell. May I not have the pleasure of conducting you through the rooms before the dancing commences? Our guests have nearly all arrived, and mother and my wife have excused me from further attendance."

Gladly enough Norah accepted the proffered arm, and Mr. Waldron, exerting himself to the utmost to amuse and set her at ease, soon had the satisfaction to see the clouds of worriment and discomfort chased away from her sweet face.

As they stood at the upper end of the dancing-hall, an almost imperceptible motion from Arnold caused to approach them a tall, fine-looking man, whose dark eyes had more than once turned upon Norah a glance of admiration and interest.

"Miss Howell, permit me to introduce my brother-in-law, Mr. Gordon."

And Norah, who had not hitherto noticed the approaching stranger, now raised her bright, blue eyes, with a blush that rendered her more than usually charming. She acknowledged the introduction with a modest grace peculiarly her own, and an agreeable conversation ensued, Mr. Gordon being evidently both pleased and desirous of pleasing.

The sound of the bugle which warned them that the dancing was about to commence recalled again to Norah's mind the remembrance of her neglectful lover.

Mr. Waldron, with a bow, departed to rejoin his bride, with whom, of course, he was expected to open the ball, and Mr. Gordon, after some hesitation—for he had supposed until now that another claimant for the honor would have appeared—requested Miss Howell's hand for the coming dance.

"I believe it is customary—" she stammered. "I suppose my escort, Mr. Everton, will expect to dance with me."

Mr. Gordon apologized for his inadvertency.

"I had hoped that you, like myself, were without a partner. The second dance, then. May I claim you for that?"

She handed him her *carte*, and while he was writing his name upon it she again looked round in search of Harold, experiencing at his neglect so keen a feeling of mortification and embarrassment, that she would gladly, if possible, have deserted at once the gay scene from which she had anticipated so much enjoyment. At last, just as the sets were about filled, she beheld him leisurely drawing near. He quickened his steps a little as he approached, saying:

"Come, Norah, there is a set in the centre of the hall we can join if you are quick enough."

He hurried her off, giving her no time for a word of adieu to her companion; but, spite of his exertions, they were too late, another couple having filled the vacant place before they could reach it.

"Too bad!" said Harold. "We shall be more successful next time, perhaps;" and with no other word of apology, he relapsed into his ordinary careless chat, making no comment upon, even if he noticed, her grave and uninterested manner. He remained near her during the dance, but as the dancers dispersed, at its conclusion, he started to his feet.

"I am engaged to Miss Gordon for the second dance. I know you won't mind, Norah. I shall claim you for the third, remember. You'll excuse me now, won't you?"

"Certainly," replied Norah, quietly; "you need feel no hesitation in leaving me. I see *my* partner for the second dance already approaching me;" and giving him no time for reply, she placed her hand upon the arm of Mr. Gordon, who had just joined her, and together they walked away.

Harold gazed after them with a not very well pleased countenance; but his mind was too full of his new inamorata to allow much room for consideration of any other subject, and after only a momentary pause, he joined Miss Gordon, and in the delight of bearing her away from all other aspirants to her favor, though only for the period of a single dance, he quite forgot the dangers which might possibly be threatening his interests in another quarter.

Norah, meanwhile, found that the evening, spite of its inauspicious commencement, was likely to be a pleasant one. She had no lack of partners, and Mr. Gordon, when he was not engaged with others, availed himself of every opportunity to prosecute his own claims upon her attention.

From Harold she received no more courtesy than the laws of society absolutely demanded, yet she was almost ashamed of herself when she realized how little she had actually missed him; except the sensitive soreness she could not but feel when remembering how inexcusably she had been neglected by him, her evening was a thoroughly pleasant one, and she parted from her new acquaintance, Mr. Gordon, with a very earnest, even if unacknowledged, hope that she might meet him again.

Upon their homeward ride, Harold's frivolous jests and idle banterings were listened to with far less interest than usual by his appreciative *fiancée*. Never had his instability and shallowness been so apparent to her as when thus brought into close comparison with the cultivation and intelligence of Mr. Gordon, and her brief answers and total lack of interest at last awakened even Harold's obtuseness to the fact that Norah was not quite her usual cheerful, happy self.

"What is the matter, Norah?" he cried, sharply. "You have not spoken a dozen words since you entered the carriage. Surely you are not going to play sulky with me because I did not accede to your very foolish request to stay by you all the evening?"

"Surely not," she replied. "I might, perhaps, have felt more sure of your affection for me if you had done so; but I am not, I hope, so foolish as to exhibit resentment because you did not."

"That is all right, then," he continued, with a constrained laugh. "Do you know, I was just beginning to suspect you of being—just a little bit—jealous of my orange satin beauty?"

"You would suspect me very wrongfully, then, I assure you. I am not jealous of her or any one else, if by jealous you mean a belief that you care more for another than you do for me. If the day ever comes when I am made to believe that, Harold, that day will see the termination of our engagement. I give you fair warning."

Her tone was very quiet and utterly unembarrassed. He could not see her face, and was not quite able to decide whether she had spoken in jest or earnest. He chose to believe the former, and made some feeble joke by way of rejoinder, to which she made no response. The conversation utterly flagged after that, and both parties were heartily glad when the carriage stopped, and their *tête-à-tête* came to an end.

That evening was the inauguration of a new era in Norah Howell's life. Her lover had taught her the dangerous lesson that it was at least possible to find entertainment and happiness apart from him, and she did not forget it. Mr. Gordon called upon her shortly after the ball, and succeeded in making himself so agreeable both to her and to her father, that he received from the latter a very urgent invitation to repeat his visit. He did so, not once, but many times. Sometimes alone, sometimes in company with his sisters and Arnold Waldron. The Winter was a very lively one, parties innumerable being given to the newly-married couple, many of which, under her father's escort, Norah attended, and at all of which she found an attentive partner in the person of the Honorable M. C.

It had been hitherto her custom to decline all invitations in which Harold was not included, though he, by no means, followed her example. Many a long, lonely evening had she spent at home, while he was playing the attentive gallant to some other woman. Now, however, yielding partly to her father's urgent solicitations, and partly to her lately awakened desire to prove to Harold her independence of his companionship, she went as freely as he did.

There was no quarrel between them. When Miss Gordon did not monopolize his attention, he still visited his betrothed almost as frequently as he had ever done, and occasionally honored her by his escort in society; but there was a coldness, a reserve gradually springing up between them, of which neither as yet was quite conscious, and sometimes, in her heart of hearts, Norah sorrowfully acknowledged that, since Mrs. Waldron's ball, Harold had never been to her quite what he was before. At last came the crisis.

A concert of more than usual excellence was to be given at Morristown. Harold invited Norah to attend it with him, and together they had repaired to the place of amusement. By skillful manœuvring he had managed to obtain seats nearly adjoining those of the Waldron party, and he himself sat immediately behind Miss Gordon, between whom and himself a whispered conversation was kept up, annoying to the rest of the audience as it seemed to be entertaining to themselves. He sat leaning forward with his elbow upon the back of Miss Gordon's seat, and absorbed as he was by her, he, of course, had very little attention to spare to the lady who sat beside him.

Norah had been troubled with a headache before leaving home, and the close air, lights and music soon increased it to so severe an extent, that she found herself quite unable to remain longer where she was. Harold's neglect, accustomed as she had been to it, seemed harder to bear than usual to-night, and never had she given stronger proof of the extent of her love and forbearance than in the long hour in which she sat by his side, enduring patiently the sickening pain in her head, and the sharper pain in her heart, rather than call him away from a pleasure he seemed to enjoy so keenly.

At last, however, she found that she had no alternative, and she was obliged to recall his attention to herself by a light touch, and the whispered words:

"Harold, I am feeling very ill; I shall be obliged to return home."

He was startled by her white face and suffering tone, and rose quickly to his feet.

He drew her shawl around her with a few low words of anxious solicitude, and offered her every attention in his power, his real affection for her at once awakened by her evident suffering.

As they were turning to leave, Miss Gordon, who but imperfectly understood the cause of their departure, tapped him lightly upon the arm with her fan, saying, in an audible whisper, and with one of her most alluring glances:

"Be sure to return, Sir Galahad, and as quickly as possible."

He colored highly with gratified vanity, as the young lady gave this public demonstration of her interest in him, and his manner toward Norah from that moment lost much of the affectionate assiduity it had lately exhibited.

With some difficulty they succeeded in reaching the entrance of the hall, where Mr. Howell's carriage was in waiting for them. The coachman, an old and trusted servant, was soon found, and Harold, while assisting Norah in, gave him many charges to drive slowly and carefully, to avoid jarring more than possible the young lady's head. He did not, however, follow her into the carriage himself.

His unusually affectionate manner had softened Norah's heart toward him as it had not been softened for months before.

"I am so sorry to deprive you of your concert," she said.

And, as she spoke, she bent her head and pressed her lips softly upon the hand which still clasped hers. Undemonstrative as Norah was by nature, that impulsive caress could not have failed to reveal to him somewhat of the remorseful tenderness at that moment filling her heart, had he not been so fatally blinded by his excited vanity and the remembrance of the siren voice still lingering in his ears. As it was, perfectly unconscious of the pearl thus cast before him, he passed it by unnoticed.

"I *do* hate to miss that next aria," he said, hesitatingly. "Would you mind driving home without me, Norah, dear? Of course you are perfectly safe under old Robert's care, or I should not think of proposing such a thing."

The hand he held was suddenly withdrawn, and the same voice which but now had spoken so gently and affectionately, replied with almost discordant harshness:

"Certainly not, sir. Return at once, I beg of you. Home, Robert!"

She sank back in her seat. The carriage drove off, and Mr. Everton, feeling not a little ashamed of himself, after a momentary hesitation, returned to listen to the aria, and—Miss Gordon.

Norah, meanwhile, after a slow and tedious drive, arrived at her father's door.

As the carriage stopped, a man sprang forward to assist her to alight, and the voice of Mr. Gordon said:

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Howell; but knowing that you were ill and alone in the carriage, I have taken the liberty of following you. I hope your ride has revived you?"

Norah's manner, rather than her words, expressed her appreciation of this kindness, which, coming as it did so shortly after her lover's desertion, was balm to her wounded feelings. She accepted his proffered assistance; and when she gave him her hand at parting, there stole into her heart, so cruelly lacerated and betrayed, a feeling of trustful reliance, such as even in his happiest days Harold Everton had never succeeded in awakening there.

That gentleman was petrified with dismay and astonishment upon receiving, next morning, from the hands of a private messenger, a letter and parcel from Miss Howell. The parcel contained the letters he had written, and the ring, picture, and other little mementos he had at various times given her.

The letter contained the following words:

"Do you remember, Harold, the warning I gave you long ago? I told you that if ever you forced me to believe that you cared more for another than you did for me, our engagement should at once terminate. When you left me last night, sick and suffering, so sorely in need of your tenderness and protection, to return to Miss Gordon's side, I became convinced that she was dearer to you than

I, and the relations which have so long existed between us were severed in that moment. I do not pretend to deny that the separation will grieve me deeply, but I have sufficient self-respect to believe that I cannot long be unhappy in remembering a man who has ceased to remember me. You have my best wishes for your welfare wherever you may go, or whatever you may do; and the one request I make of you, in consideration of the past, is that you will make no attempt to see me or to alter my decision. It is irrevocable. Notwithstanding what I have written, I trust you will credit my sincerity, when I subscribe myself,

"Very truly, your friend, NORAH HOWELL."

None could have guessed from reading that cool, unimpassioned letter the tears and suffering it had cost the writer. Certainly Harold Everton did not. He cursed the heartlessness and infidelity of the female sex, and of Norah Howell in particular. He wrote to her a wild, disjointed letter, in which he reviled alternately himself and her, and insisted upon an immediate interview. A sad and gentle, but very decided answer was returned, in which the interview was positively refused, and a return of the writer's letters and picture solicited. He sent them to her promptly, and in great wrath publicly professed himself glad that the engagement was terminated.

To convince Norah and all the rest of the world of his utter indifference, he devoted himself more exclusively than ever to the fair New Yorker, the term of whose visit was rapidly drawing to a close. The day before she left he offered his heart and hand for her acceptance, and met with a most unequivocal and disdainful rejection.

Morristown became hateful to him after this, and a longer residence there, suffering as he did from mortification and wounded vanity, was not to be borne. He disposed of his business, and shortly after joined a company of Californians on their way to the modern El Dorado, and for several years after was completely lost sight of.

Five years later he returned to his native State, the dissipated wreck of his former handsome self. Chance carried him to the capital shortly afterward, during a session of Congress, and at a Presidential levee he beheld, the centre of observation and admiration, a beautiful, intelligent-looking woman, whose gentle blue eyes and white brow looked as if no trouble or annoyance had ever visited their owner.

"Who is that lady?" he asked of an acquaintance standing near.

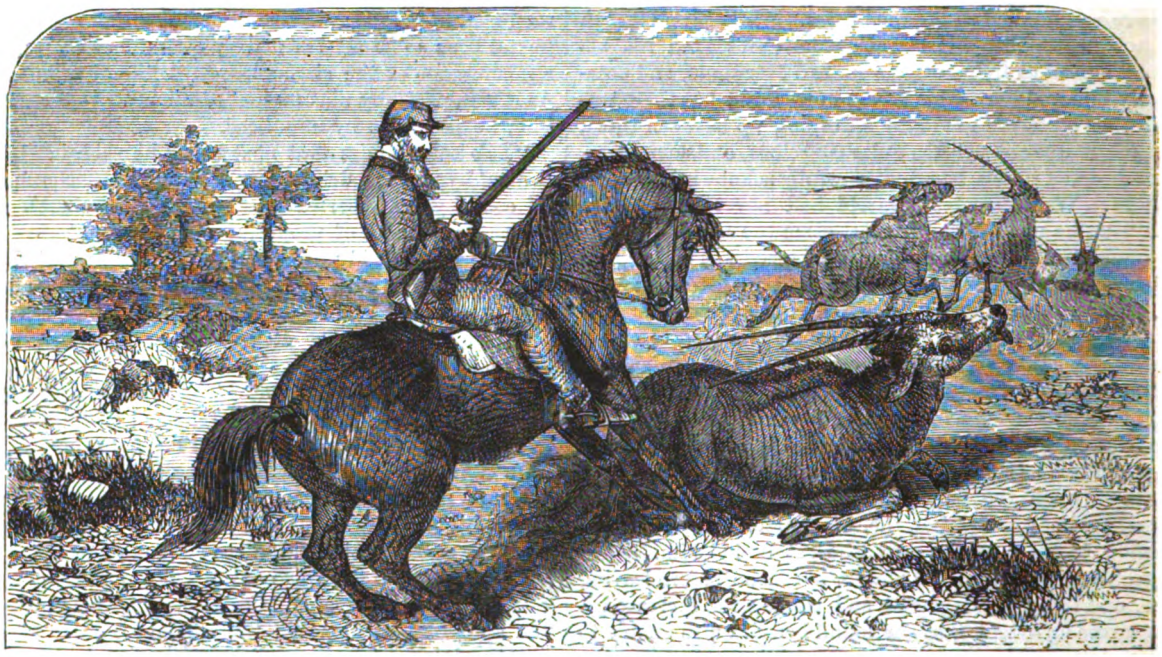
"That," was the reply, "is Mrs. Senator Gordon, one of the most admired of our Washington belles—a lady who, according to her husband's account, is possessed of a temper so sweet and a forbearance so angelic as to defy any trial that can befall them."

A spasm of remorseful tenderness swept across the dark face of the stranger.

"Let him not be too sure of that!" he said, bitterly; "for by sad experience I can tell him that both her temper and her forbearance *may* be tried *once too often*."

HUNTING ANTELOPES.

WE had taken the road toward the camp when we saw a troop of gemsboks, the most beautiful of all the antelope tribe, careering wildly across the plains, having evidently espied us, and taken fright in consequence.



HUNTING ANTELOPES.—"I FIRED WITH SUCH GOOD AIM THAT SHE FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED."

These creatures are lovely in shape and color—the prevailing claret tint interspersed with stripes of different hues, that remind one of the zebra, although they are not formed with such evenness and nicety. A long, black line extends down the back; the ears and breast are white; the tail, thick and dark, sweeps the earth, and the head is ornamented with a pair of horns, sometimes a yard in length. These horns curve slightly, and taper gracefully to a point, decorated at the base with twenty or thirty rings, which, at the first glance, give them a spiral conformation.

The animal understands perfectly how to make them formidable weapons of defense, and the natives assured me that more than once they had found an orzy dead by the side of a lion, whose sides he had pierced with his horns, and from which he had been unable to withdraw them until the enemy, in his death struggles, had crushed his life out under his strong paws.

A very strange peculiarity is that, not only do the females possess horns, but they are longer than those of the males, and in a battle with any beast of prey they show a great deal more courage than their mates.

They are found in such sterile, arid places, that the natives believe firmly they never drink, and their swiftness is such that they are extremely difficult to bring within a fair aim.

This day we had a long chase, but as I had never succeeded in killing one, I was determined not to relinquish the pursuit.

My horse was fresh, and could run like the wind, and away we flew. I was not very hopeful, however, until it seemed to me that the antelopes somewhat relaxed their speed, running as if they had already made a long journey that day, and this unexpected pursuit had taken them at a disadvantage. My horse, on the contrary, could not have been in better condition. Poor beast! he was killed by a fall not many weeks after, and I mourned him as if I had lost a friend.

I husbanded his strength for the decisive moment, searched among the troop for the finest horns, and selected a female of the most remarkable beauty.

Certainly, all the credit was due to my faithful horse. When I had managed to separate my intended victim from the rest of the band, and uttered one warning cry, away dashed Bryan, at a pace which, those who watched us said, appeared as if we were absolutely skimming through the air.

We gained rapidly upon the antelope; the foolish creature, quite mad with fear and fatigue, absolutely checked her flight, and seemed inclined to essay a battle.

She quickly relinquished her design, and turned again to flee, but the hesitation proved fatal. I had found time to overtake her, and fired with such good aim that she fell mortally wounded, and Bryan was close upon her flanks as she touched the earth

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.—"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE SAW AVENANT ENTER, BEARING THE GIANT'S HEAD, WHICH STILL IMPRESSED HER WITH TERROR."

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN HAIR.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a king's daughter, who was so handsome there was nothing in the world to be compared with her for beauty, and she was at once called the Fair One with Golden Hair, because her locks were like the finest gold, marvelously bright, and falling all in ringlets to her feet.

There was a young king amongst her neighbors, who was unmarried, handsome, and very rich. When he heard all that was said about the Fair One with Golden Hair, although he had never seen her, he felt so deeply in love with her that he could neither eat nor drink, and therefore resolved to send an ambassador to ask her hand in marriage.

The ambassador arrived at the fair one's court and delivered his message; but whether she was that day out of temper, or that the compliment was not agreeable to her, she answered the ambassador that she thanked the king, but had no inclination to marry.

The ambassador quitted the court of the princess very low-spirited at not being able to bring her with him. He carried back all the presents he had been the bearer of from the king, for the princess was very prudent, and was perfectly aware that young ladies should never receive gifts from bachelors; so she declined accepting the beautiful diamonds and the other valuable articles.

When the ambassador reached the capital, the king began to cry like a child. They endeavored to console him, but without the least success.

There was a youth in court who, on account of his graceful manners, was called Avenant.

"If the king had sent me to the Fair One with the Golden Hair," said he, one day "I am certain she would have returned with me."

Mischief-makers went immediately to the king, and said:

"Sire, you know not what Avenant asserts—that if you had sent him to the Fair One with Golden Hair, he would have brought her back with him. He pretends that she would be so fond of him that she would have followed him anywhere."

At this the king flew into a rage—a rage so terrible that he went quite beside himself.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "this pretty minion laughs at my misfortune, and values himself above me! Go!—fling him into the great tower, and let him starve to death!"

The royal guards dragged Avenant at once to prison. The poor youth had only a little straw to lie upon, and would soon have perished but for a tiny spring that trickled through the foundations. One day he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh:

"What does the king complain of; he has not a subject more loyal than I am. I have never done anything to offend him."

The king by chance passed close to the tower, and hearing

the voice of one he had loved so dearly, he stopped to listen, notwithstanding those who were with him, who hated Avenant, said to the king:

"What interests you, sire? Do you not know he is a villain?"

"Silence!" said the king; "I would hear what he has to say."

Having listened to his complaints, the tears stood in his eyes. He opened the door of the tower and called to the prisoner. Avenant came, and knelt before him in deep sorrow, and kissed his feet.

"What have I done, sire, that I am thus severely treated?"

"Thou hast made game of me and of my ambassador," answered the king. "Thou hast boasted that if I had sent thee to the Fair One with Golden Hair thou wouldst certainly have brought her back with thee."

"It is true, sire," rejoined Avenant, "that I should have so impressed her with some of your majesty's high qualities that I feel persuaded she could not have refused you; and in saying that, sire, I uttered nothing that could be disagreeable to you."

The king saw that Avenant was innocent. After giving him an excellent supper, he called him into his cabinet, and said to him:

"Avenant, I still love the Fair One with Golden Hair; her refusal has not discouraged me, but I know not what course to take to induce her to marry me. I am tempted to send thee to her to see if thou couldst succeed."

Avenant replied that he was ready to set out the next day.

"Hold," said the king; "I would give thee a splendid equipage."

"It is unnecessary," answerd Avenant; "I need only a good horse, and letters from your majesty."

The king embraced him, for he was delighted to find him prepared to start so quickly.

One morning that he had set out at the first peep of day, in passing through a large meadow, a charming idea came into his head. He dismounted, and seated himself beside some willows and poplars which were planted along the bank of a little river that ran by the edge of the meadow. After he had made his note, he looked about him, delighted to find himself in so beautiful a spot.

He perceived on the grass a large carp gasping, and nearly exhausted, for, in trying to catch some flies, it had leaped out of the water on the grass, and was all but dead. Avenant took pity upon it. He picked it up and put it gently back into the river.

As soon as the carp felt the freshness of the water, she began to recover, and rising joyously to the bank of the stream, "Avenant," said she, "I thank you for the kindness you have done me; but for you I should have died. You have saved me; I will do as much for you."

After this little compliment she darted down again into the water, leaving Avenant much surprised.

Another day, as he continued his journey, he saw a crow pursued by a large eagle, which had nearly caught it, if Avenant had not seized his bow and arrow, which he always carried with him, and taking a good aim at the eagle, "whizz!" he sent the shaft right through its body. It fell dead, and the crow, enraptured, came and perched on a tree.

"Avenant," it cried to him, "it was very generous of you to thus succor me—I, who am only a poor crow; but I will not be ungrateful; I will do as much for you."

Avenant resumed his journey. Entering a great wood so early in the morning that there was scarcely light enough for him to see his road, he heard an owl screeching in despair.

"Hey-day!" said he, "here's an owl in great affliction. It has been caught, perhaps, in some net."

He at last discovered some nets which had been spread by fowlers during the night to catch small birds.

He drew his knife and cut the cords. The owl took flight, but returning swiftly on the wing, "Avenant," it cried, "it is needless for me to make a long speech to enable you to comprehend the obligation I am under to you. I have a grateful heart; I will do as much for you."

These were the three most important adventures which befell Avenant on his journey. He was so eager to reach the end of it that he lost no time in repairing to the palace of the Fair One with Golden Hair.

Avenant was so handsome, so amiable, and did everything with so much grace, that when he presented himself at the palace gate the guards saluted him most respectfully, and they ran to inform the Fair One with Golden Hair that Avenant, ambassador from the king, her nearest neighbor, requested to be presented to her.

At the name of Avenant the princess said:

"That betokens something agreeable to me. I would wager he is a pretty fellow, and pleases everybody."

"Yes, in sooth, madame," exclaimed all her maids of honor; "we saw him from the loft in which we were dressing your flax, and as long as he remained under the windows we could do no work."

"Very pretty," replied the Fair One with Golden Hair; "amusing yourselves with looking at young men! Here, give me my grand gown of blue emboroidered satin, and arrange my fair hair very tastefully; get me some garlands of fresh flowers, my high-heeled shoes, and my fan. Let them sweep my presence-chamber, and dust my throne; for I would have him declare everywhere that I am truly the Fair One with Golden Hair."

Avenant was ushered into the hall of audience. He was so struck with admiration that he could scarcely speak; nevertheless, he took courage, and delivered his oration to perfection. He besought the princess that he might not have the mortification of returning without her.

"Gentle Avenant," she replied, "the arguments you have adduced are all of them exceedingly good, and I assure you I should be very happy to favor you more than another, but you must know that about a month ago I was walking by the river side, with my ladies, and in pulling off my glove I drew from my finger a ring, which, unfortunately, fell into the stream. I valued it more than my kingdom. I have made a vow never to listen to any offers of marriage if the ambassador, who proposes the husband, does not restore to me my ring. You now see, therefore, what you have to do in this matter; for though you should talk to me for a fortnight, night and day, you would never persuade me to change my mind."

Avenant was much surprised at this answer; he made the princess a low bow, and begged her to accept a charming little dog he had brought; but she replied that she would receive no presents.

When he returned to his lodgings, he went to bed without eating any supper, and his little dog, whose name was Cabriolle, would take none himself, and went and lay down beside his master. All night long Avenant never ceased sighing.

"Where can I hope to find a ring that fell a month ago into a great river?" he said; "it would be folly to attempt looking for it."

And then he sighed again and was very sorrowful. Cabriolle, who heard him, said:

"My dear master, I entreat you not to despair of your good fortune; you are too amiable not to be happy. Let us go to the river side as soon as it is daylight."

Avenant gave him two little pats, without saying a word, and, worn out with grieving, fell asleep.

Cabriolle, as soon as he saw daybreak, frisked about so that he waked Avenant, and said to him:

"Dress yourself, master, and let us go out."

Avenant was quite willing; he arose, strayed mechanically toward the river, on the banks of which he strolled with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his arms folded, thinking only of taking his departure, when suddenly he heard himself called by his name—"Avenant! Avenant!" He looked all around him, and could see nobody.

"Who calls me?" he asked.

Cabriolle, who was very little, and was looking close down into the water, replied:

"Never trust me if it be not a golden carp that I see here."

Immediately the carp appeared on the surface, and said to Avenant:

"You saved my life. I promised to do as much for you. Here, dear Avenant, is the ring of the Fair One with Golden Hair."

Avenant stooped and took the ring out of his friend the carp's mouth, whom he thanked a thousand times. Instead of returning to his lodgings, he went directly to the palace, followed by little Cabriolle, who was very glad he had induced his master to take a walk by the river side. The princess was informed that Avenant requested to see her.

"Alas, poor youth!" said she, "he is come to take leave of me. He is about to return with these tidings to his master."

Avenant was introduced, and presented her with the ring, saying:

"Madame, I have obeyed your commands. Will it please you to accept the king my master for your husband?"

When she saw her ring quite perfect she was astonished—so astonished that she was dreaming!

"Really," said she, "courteous Avenant, you must be favored by a fairy, for, by natural means, this is impossible!"

"Madame," he answered, "I am not acquainted with any fairy, but I was anxious to oblige you."

"As you are so obliging," continued she, "you must do me another service, without which I never will be married. There is a prince not far from here named Galifron, who has taken it into his head that he will make me his wife. I sent word to him that I did not wish to marry, and that he must excuse me; but he has never ceased to persecute me. He kills all my subjects, and before anything can be done you must fight him and bring me his head."

Avenant was a little astounded at this proposition; he mused for a few minutes upon it, and then answered:

"Well, madame, I will fight Galifron; I believe I shall be conquered, but I will die as becomes a brave man."

The princess was much surprised at his determination; she said a thousand things to prevent his undertaking the adventure. It was of no use. He withdrew to seek his weapons and everything else he might require. When he had made his preparations, he replaced little Cabriolle in his basket, mounted a fine horse, and rode off.

At length he arrived in the neighborhood off Galifron's castle. All the roads to it were strewn with the bones and bodies of men whom he had eaten or torn to pieces. He did not wait long before he saw the monster coming through a wood; his head was visible above the highest trees, and he sang in a terrible voice—

"Ho! bring me some babies, fat or lean,
That I may crunch 'em my teeth between!
I could eat so many! so many! so many!
That in the wide world there would not be left any!"

Upon which Avenant immediately sang to the same tune:

"Ho! here is Avenant to be seen,
Who comes to draw your teeth so keen;
He's not the greatest man to view,
But he's big enough to conquer you."

The rhymes were not quite adapted to the music, but he made them in a great hurry; and it is really a miracle they were not much worse, for he was in a desperate fright. When Galifron heard these words, he looked about him in every direction, and caught sight of Avenant, who, sword in hand, uttered several taunts to provoke him. They were needless, however. He was in a dreadful rage, and snatching up an iron mace he would have crushed the gentle Avenant at one blow had not a crow lighted at that instant on his head, and with its beak most adroitly picked out both his eyes. The blood ran down his face, and he laid about him on all sides like a madman. Avenant avoided his blows, and gave him such thrusts with his sword, running it up to the hilt in his body, that at last he fell bleeding from a thousand wounds. Avenant quickly cut off his head, quite transported with joy at his good fortune; and the crow, who had perched itself on the nearest tree, said to him:

"I have not forgotten the service you rendered me in killing the eagle which pursued me. I promised you I would return the obligation. I trust I have done so today."

"I owe all to you, Monsieur Crow," replied Avenant, "and remain your obliged servant;" and forthwith mounted his horse, laden with the horrible head of Galifron. When he reached the city, all the people followed him, crying, "Behold the brave Avenant, who has slain the monster!" So that the princess, who heard a great uproar, and who trembled lest they should come and announce to her the death of Avenant, dared not inquire what had happened. But the next moment she saw Avenant enter, bearing the giant's head, which still impressed her with terror, although there was no longer any occasion for alarm.

"Madame," said Avenant to the princess, "your enemy is dead. I trust you will no longer refuse the king, my master."

"Ah, pardon me," said the Fair One with Golden Hair; "but, indeed, I must refuse him, unless you can find means, before my departure, to bring me some water from the Gloomy Grotto. Hard-by there is a deep cavern, full six leagues in extent. At the mouth of it are two dragons, who prevent any one from entering; flames issue from their jaws and eyes. Inside the cavern is a deep pit, into which you must descend; it is full of toads, adders and serpents. At the bottom of this pit there is a small cavity, through which flows the fountain of Health and Beauty. Some of that water I must absolutely obtain. Whatever is washed with it becomes something marvelous. If persons are handsome, they remain so for ever; if ugly, they become beautiful; if young, they remain always young; if old, they become young again. You may well imagine, Avenant, that I would not quit my kingdom without some of this wonderful water."

"Madame," he replied, "you are so beautiful already that this water will be quite useless to you; but I am an unfortunate ambassador, whose death you desire. I go in search of that which you covet, with the certainty that I shall never return."

The Fair One with Golden Hair was immovable, and Avenant set out with the little dog Cabriolle to seek in the Gloomy Grotto the water of beauty.

Having nearly got to the top of a mountain, he sat down to rest a little, allowing his horse to graze, and Cabriolle to run after flies. He knew that the Gloomy Grotto was not far from that spot, and looked about to see if he could discover it. He perceived a horrible rock, as black as ink, out

of which issued a thick smoke; and the next minute one of the dragons, casting out fire from his mouth and eyes. It had a green and yellow body, great claws, and a long tail coiled round in more than a hundred folds. Cabriolle saw all this, and was so frightened he did not know where to hide himself. Avenant, perfectly prepared to die, drew his sword, and descended toward the cavern, with a phial which the Fair One with Golden Hair had given him to fill with the water of beauty. He said to the little dog Cabriolle: "It is all over with me; I shall never be able to obtain the water which is guarded by those dragons. When I am dead, fill the phial with my blood, and carry it to the princess, that she may see what she has cost me. Then go to the king my master, and tell him my sad story."

As he uttered these words, he heard a voice calling, "Avenant! Avenant!"

ESCAPE OF LADY ARABELLA STUART.—SEE PAGE 491.

"Who calls me?" he replied; and he saw an owl in the hollow of an old tree, who said to him:

"You let me out of the fowler's net in which I was caught, and saved my life. I promised I would do you a good turn, and now is the time. Give me your phial. I am familiar with all the windings of the Gloomy Grotto. I will fetch you some of the water of beauty."

Oh, I leave you to imagine who was delighted! Avenant quickly handed the phial to the owl, and saw it enter the grotto without the least difficulty. In less than a quarter of an hour the bird returned with the phial full of water. Avenant was in ecstasies! He thanked the owl heartily, and, reascending the mountain, joyfully took his way back to the city.

He went straight to the palace and presented the phial to the Fair One with Golden Hair, who had no longer an excuse to make. She thanked Avenant, gave orders for everything to be got ready for her departure, and finally set out with him on their journey. She found him an exceedingly agreeable companion, and said to him more than once, "If you had wished it, I would have made you king, and there would have been no occasion for us to quit my dominions." But his answer was always, "I would not be guilty of such treachery to my master for all the kingdoms on the face of the earth, although you are to me more beautiful than the sun!"

At length they arrived at the king's capital city, and his majesty, hearing the Fair One with Golden Hair was approaching, went to meet her, and made her the most superb presents in the world! The marriage was celebrated with such great rejoicings that folks could talk of nothing else. But the Fair One with Golden Hair, who secretly loved Avenant, was never happy when he was out of her sight, and was always praising him. The courtiers seeing this, aroused the jealousy of the king, who cast Avenant into a dungeon. The queen fell into a deep melancholy.

The king took it into his head that perhaps she did not think him handsome enough. He longed to wash his face with the water of beauty, in hopes that the queen would then feel more affection for him. The phial full of this water stood in the queen's chamber; she had placed it there for the pleasure of looking at it more frequently; but one of her chambermaids, trying to kill a spider with a broom, unfortunately threw down the phial, and all the water was lost. She swept the fragments of glass away quickly; and not knowing what to do, it suddenly occurred to her that she had seen in the king's cabinet a phial precisely similar, full of water, as clear as the water of beauty; so, without a word to any one, she adroitly managed to get possession of it, and placed it on the queen's chimney-piece.

The water which was in the king's cabinet was used for the execution of princes and great noblemen who were

CAPTAIN SAM'S CHANGE.—"THE CAPTAIN BURST INTO A LAUGH, WHICH MADE THE MINISTER'S CHANDELIERS RATTLE, AND THE HOLY MAN HIMSELF, SEEING THROUGH THE MISTAKE, HEARTILY JOINED THE CAPTAIN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

condemned to die for any crime. Instead of beheading or hanging them, their faces were rubbed with this water, which had the fatal property of throwing them into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened. So it happened one evening that the king took down the phial which he fancied contained the water of beauty, and rubbing the contents well over his face, he fell into a profound slumber and expired.

The queen then went directly to the tower, where with her own hands she took the irons off the hands and feet of Avenant, and putting a crown of gold upon his head, and a royal mantle over his shoulder, said :

"Come, charming Avenant, I make you king, and take you for my husband."

He threw himself at her feet in joy and gratitude.

THE ESCAPE OF LADY ARABELLA STUART.

THIS unhappy lady was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Duke of Lenox, younger brother of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and father of James I. of England. Her mother was the daughter of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth. As great-grandchild of Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII., she stood in the same relationship to Queen Elizabeth as did James, afterward the King of England.

The scene which we have engraved on page 500 represents the escape of Lady Arabella Stuart from Highgate, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1611. Since her clandestine marriage with William Seymour, the son of Lord Beauchamp, she had been an object of great jealousy to that cowardly and vindictive pedant, James I. of England. During her residence at Lord Essex's at Highgate, a beautiful village situated on a hill about six miles north of London, she had made arrangements with her husband, who was a prisoner in the Tower of London, through the medium of some trusty friends, to escape in male attire, and get on board a French vessel which was to be awaiting them at Gravesend.

On the appointed morning Arabella disguised herself by drawing a great pair of French fashioned hose over her petticoats, put on a man's doublet, a man's peruke, with long locks over her hair, a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots, with red tops, and a rapier by her side. Thus arrayed, she started, between three and four o'clock in the early morning, accompanied by Mr. Markham, a chosen friend of her husband's. Walking with as much haste as she could to a small inn, called the Red Lion, about a mile and a half from Highgate, on the way to Blackwall, she there mounted her horse, while Mr. Markham mounted another, and rode by her side.

Having gained the vessel, she there found that her husband had not arrived. Concluding that he had not effected his escape from the Tower of London, she set sail for Flanders, but was unhappily intercepted when half way across the English Channel, and conducted to the Tower. In the meantime her husband had escaped, and hiring a collier, had reached Flanders in safety. Lady Arabella languished in confinement till the 27th of September, 1615, when she died a pitiable lunatic, the victim of one of the most cowardly and cruel monsters that ever disgraced the throne of England.

ALL those animals who are associated with man become immediately participants in his misery ; when once domesticated they become liable to disease, whereas in a wild state they could have perished only from age or accident.

CAPTAIN SAM'S CHANGE.

"WELL, there's nothin' to do, but to hev faith, an' keep a-tryin'."

The speaker was old Mrs. Simmons, boarding-house-keeper, and resident of a certain town on the Ohio River. The prime cause of her remark was Captain Sam Toppie, of the steamboat *Queen Ann*.

Captain Sam had stopped with Mrs. Simmons every time the *Queen Ann* laid up for repairs, and he was so genial, frank, and manly, that he had found a warm spot in the good old lady's heart.

But one thing marred the otherwise perfect happiness of Mrs. Simmons, when in Captain Sam's society, and that was what she styled his "lost condition." For Mrs. Simmons was a consistent, conscientious Methodist, while Captain Sam was—well, he was a Western steamboat captain.

This useful class of gentlemen are in high repute among shippers and barkeepers, and receive many handsome compliments from the daily papers along the line of the Western rivers ; but, somehow, the religious press is entirely silent about them, nor have we ever seen notice of any special mission having been sent to them.

Captain Sam was a good specimen of the fraternity—good-looking, good-natured, quick-witted, prompt, and faithful, as well as quick-tempered, profane, and perpetually thirsty. To carry a full load, put his boat through in time, and always drink up to his peg, were his cardinal principles, and he faithfully lived up to them.

Of the fair sex he was a most devoted admirer, and if he had not possessed a great deal of modesty, for a steamboat captain, he could have named two or three score of young women who thought almost as much of him as the worthy boarding-house-keeper did.

Good Mrs. Simmons had, to use her own language, "kerried him before the Lord, and wrastled for him"; but it was very evident, from Sam's walk and conversation, that his case had not yet been adjudicated according to Mrs. Simmons's liking.

He still had occasional difficulties with the hatstand and stairway after coming home late at night ; his breath, though generally odorous, seemed to grieve Mrs. Simmons's olfactories, and his conversation, as heard through his open door in Summer, was thickly seasoned with expressions far more scriptural than reverential.

One Christmas, the old lady presented to the captain a handsome Bible, with his name stamped in large, gilt letters on the cover. He was so delighted, and so proud of his present, that he straightway wrapped it in many folds of paper to prevent its being soiled, and then stowed it neatly away in the *Queen Ann's* safe, for secure keeping.

When he told Mrs. Simmons what he had done, she sighed deeply ; but, fully alive to the importance of the case, promised him a common one, not too good to read daily.

"Daily ! Bless you, Mrs. Simmons ! Why, I scarcely have time to look in the paper, and see who's gone up, and who's gone down, and who's been beat."

"But your better part, cap'en ?" pleaded the old lady.

"I—I don't know, my good woman—hard to find it, I guess—the hull lot averages purty low."

"But, cap-en," she continued, "don't you feel your need of a change ?"

"Not from the *Queen Ann*, ma'am—she only needs bigger engines to——"

"Change of heart, I mean, cap'en," interrupted Mrs. Simmons. "Don't you feel your need of religion?"

"Ha! ha!" roared Captain Sam; "the idea of a steamboat captain with religion! Why, bless your dear, innocent old soul, the fust time he wanted to wood up in a hurry, his religion would git quicker'n lightnin'. The only steamboatman I ever knowed in the meetin'-house line went up for seven year for settin' fire to his own boat to git the insurance."

Mrs. Simmons could not recall at the moment the remembrance of any pious captain, so she ceased laboring with Captain Sam. But when he went out, she placed on his table a tract, entitled, "The Furnace Seven Times Heated," which tract the captain considerately handed to his engineer, supposing it to be a circular on intensified caloric.

Year after year the captain laid up for repairs, and put up with Mrs. Simmons. Year after year he was jolly, genial, chivalrous, generous, but—not what good Mrs. Simmons earnestly wanted him to be.

He would buy tickets to all the church fairs, give free passage to all preachers recommended by Mrs. Simmons, and on Sunday morning he would respectfully escort the old lady as far as the church-door.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Simmons's church building was struck by lightning, a deacon dropped in with a subscription-paper while the captain was in. The generous steamboatman immediately put himself down for fifty dollars; and although he improved the occasion to condemn severely the meanness of certain holy people, and though his language seemed to create an atmosphere which must certainly melt the money—for those were specie days—Mrs. Simmons declared to herself that "he couldn't be fur from the kingdom, when his heart was so little set on mammon as that."

"He's too good for Satan—the Lord *must* hev him," thought the good old lady.

Once again the *Queen Ann* needed repairing, and again the captain found himself at his old boarding-place.

Good Mrs. Simmons surveyed him tenderly through her glasses, and instantly saw that something unusual had happened. Could it be—oh! if it only *could* be—that he had put off the old man, which is sin! She longed to ask him, yet, with a woman's natural delicacy, she determined to find out without direct questioning.

"Good season, captain?" she inquired.

"A No. 1, ma'am—positively first-class," replied the captain.

"Had good health—no ager?" she continued.

"Never was better, my dear woman—healthy right to the top notch," he answered.

"It must be," said good Mrs. Simmons, to herself—"it can't be nothin' else. Bless the Lord!"

This pious sentiment she followed up by a hymn, whose irregularities of time and tune were fully atoned for by the spirit with which she sung. A knock at the door interrupted her.

"Come in!" she cried.

Captain Sam entered, and laid a good-sized, flat flask on the table, saying:

"I've just been unpackin', an' I found this; p'r'aps you ken use it for cookin'. It's no use to me; I've swore off drinkin'."

And before the astonished lady could say a word, he was gone.

But the good soul could endure the suspense no longer. She hurried to the door and cried:

"Cap'en!"

"That's me," answered Captain Sam, returning.

"Cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, in a voice in which solemnity and excitement struggled for the mastery, "hez the Lord sent His angel unto you?"

"He hez," replied the captain, in a very decided tone, and abruptly turned, and hurried to his own room.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" almost shouted Mrs. Simmons, in her ecstasy. "We mustn't worry them that's weak in the faith, but I shan't be satisfied till I hear him tell his experience. Oh, *what* a blessed thing to relate at prayer-meetin' to-night!"

There was, indeed, a rattling of dry bones at the prayer-meeting that night, for it was the first time in the history of the church that the conversion of a steamboat captain had been reported.

On returning home from the meeting, additional proof awaited the happy old saint. The captain was in his room—in his room at nine o'clock in the evening! She had known the captain for years, but he had never before got in so early. There could be no doubt about it, though—there he was, softly whistling.

"I'd ruther hear him whistlin' Windham or Boylston," thought Mrs. Simmons; "that tune don't fit any hymn *I* know. P'r'aps, though, they sing it in some of them churches up to Cincinnaty," she charitably continued.

"Cap'en," said she, at breakfast, next morning, when the other guests had departed, "is your mind at peace?"

"Peace?" echoed the captain—"peaceful as the Ohio at low water."

The captain's simile was not so scriptural as the old lady could have desired, but she remembered that he was but a young convert, and that holy conversation was a matter of gradual attainment. So, simply and piously making the best of it, she fervently exclaimed:

"That it may ever be thus is my earnest prayer, cap'en."

"Amen to that," said Captain Sam, very heartily, upsetting the chair in his haste to get out of the room.

For several days Mrs. Simmons lived in a state of bliss unknown to boarding-house-keepers, whose joys come only from a sense of provisions purchased cheaply and paying boarders secured.

From the kitchen, the dining-room, or wherever she was, issued sounds of praise and devotion, intoned to some familiar church melody. Scrubbing the kitchen-floor dampened not her ardor, and even the fateful washing-day produced no visible effect on her spirits. From over the bread-pan she sent exultant strains to echo through the house, and her fists vigorously marked time in the yielding dough. From the third-story window, as she hung out the bed-linen to air, her holy notes fell on the ears of passing teamsters, and caused them to cast wondering glances upward. What was the heat of the kitchen-stove to her, now that Captain Sam was insured against flames eternal? What, now, was even money, since Captain Sam had laid up his treasures above?

And the captain's presence, which had always comforted her, was now a perpetual blessing. Always pleasant, kind, and courteous, as of old, but oh, so different!

All the coal-scuttles and water-pails in the house might occupy the stairway at night, but the captain could safely thread his way among them. No longer did she hurry past his door, with her fingers ready, at the slightest alarm, to act as compressers to her ears; no, the captain's language, though not exactly religious, was eminently proper.

He was at home so much evenings, that his lamp consumed more oil in a week than it used to do in months; but the old lady cheerfully refilled it, and complained not that the captain's goodness was costly.

The captain brought home a book or two daily, and left them in his room, seeing which, his self-denying hostess carried up the two flights of stairs her own copies of "Clarke's Commentaries," "The Saints' Rest," "Jay's

Exercises," and "Morning and Night Watches," and arranged them neatly on his table.

Finally, after a few days, Captain Sam seemed to have something to say—something which his usual power of speech was scarcely equal to. Mrs. Simmons gave him every opportunity.

At last, when he ejaculated, "Mrs. Simmons," just as she was carrying her beloved glass preserve-dish to its place in the parlor-closet, she was so excited that she dropped the brittle treasure, and uttered not a moan over the fragments.

"Mrs. Simmons, I've made up my mind to lead an entirely new life," said the captain, gravely.

"It's what I've ben hopin' fur years an' years, cap'en," responded the happy old lady.

"Hev you, though? God bless your motherly old soul," said the captain, warmly. "Well, I've turned over a new leaf, and it don't get turned back again."

"That's right, cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, with a happy tear under each spectacle glass. "Fight the good fight, cap'en."

"Just my little game," continued the captain. "It ain't ev'ry day that a man ken find an angel willin' to look out fur him, Mrs. Simmons."

"An angel! Oh, cap'en, how richly blessed you hev been!" sobbed Mrs. Simmons. "Many's the one that hez prayed all their lives long for the comin' of a good sperrit to guide 'em."

"Well, *I've* got one, sure pop," continued Captain Sam; "and happy ain't any kind of a name fur what I be all the time now."

"Bless you!" said the good woman, wringing the captain's hand fervidly. "But you'll hev times of trouble an' doubt, off an' on."

"Is that so?" asked the captain, thoughtfully.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Simmons; "but ev'rything'll come right in the end. I know—I've been through it all."

"That's so," said the captain, "you hev that. Well, now, perhaps you wouldn't mind interdoosin' me to your minister?"

"Mind!" said the good old lady. "I've ben a dyin' to do it ever sence you come. I've told him about it, and he's ez glad fur you ez I am."

"Oh!" said the captain, looking a little confused, "you suspected it, did you!"

"From the very minute you fust kem," replied Mrs. Simmons; "I know the signs."

"Well," said the captain, "might ez well see him fust as last then I reckon."

"I'll get ready right away," said Mrs. Simmons. And away she hurried, leaving the captain looking greatly puzzled.

The old lady put on her newest bombazine dress—all this happened ten years ago, ladies—and a hat to match.

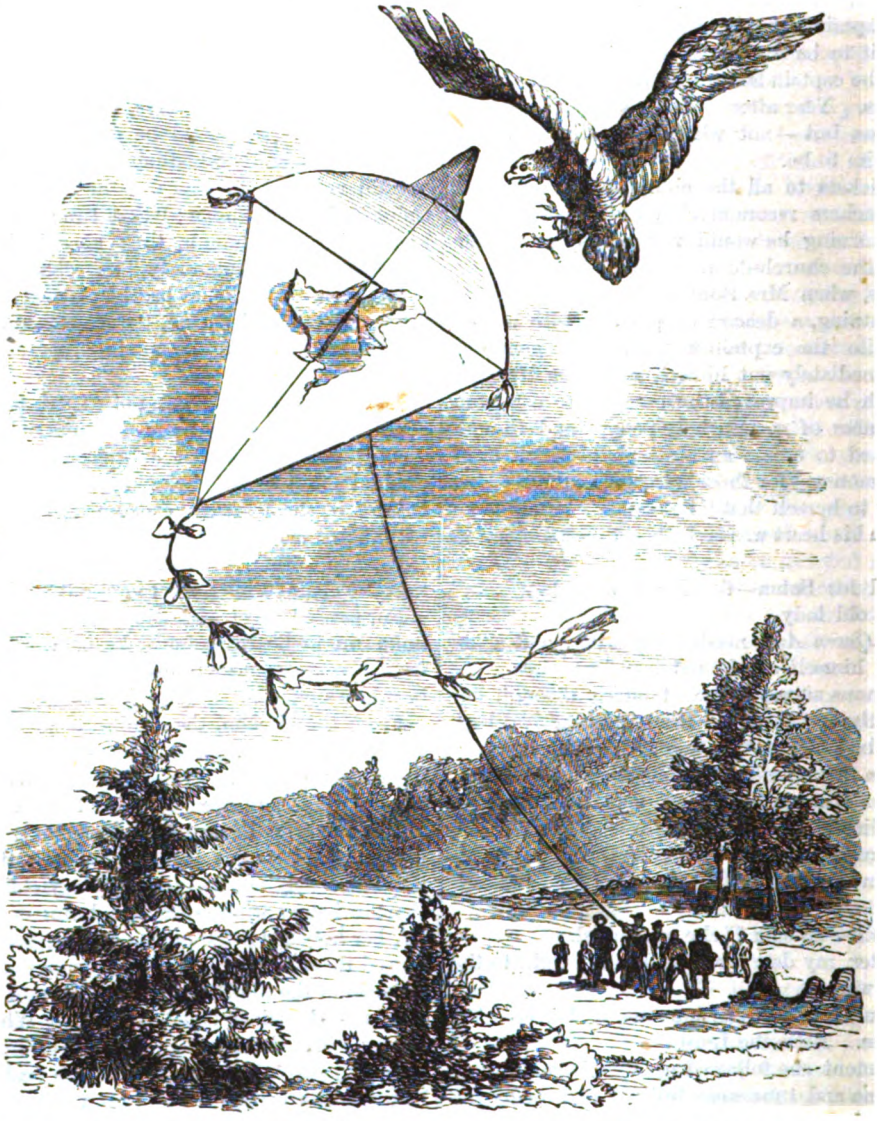
Never before had these articles of dress been seen by the irreligious light of a week-day; but, then, this was an unusual occasion; the day seemed fully as holy as an ordinary Sabbath.

They attracted considerable attention in their good clothes and solemn faces, and finally, as they stood on the parson's doorstep, two of the captain's own deckhands saw him, and straightway drank themselves into a state of beastly intoxication in trying to decide what the captain could want with a preacher.

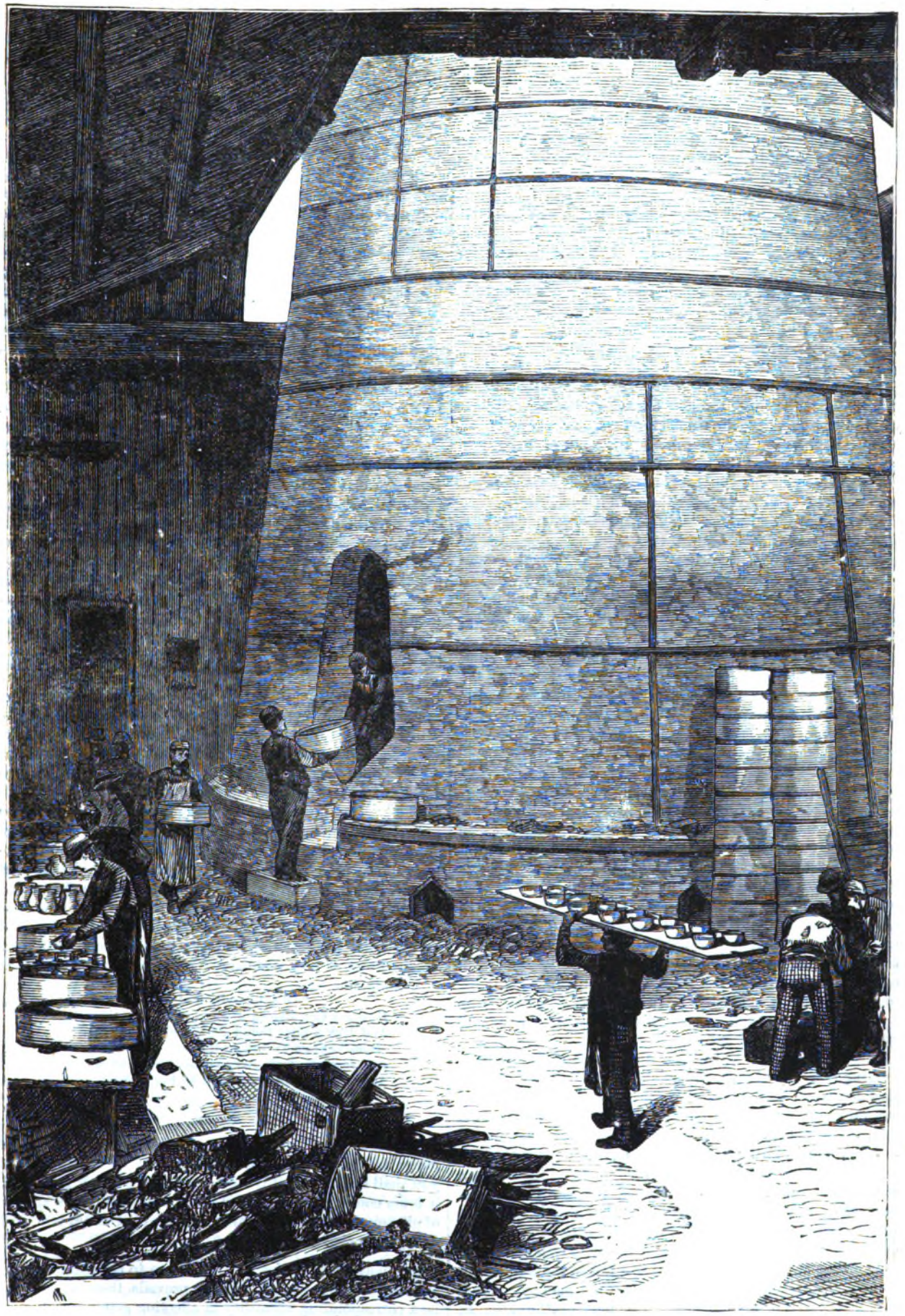
The minister entered, cordially greeted Mrs. Simmons, and expressed his pleasure at forming the captain's acquaintance.

"Parson," said the captain, in trembling accents—"Don't go away, Mrs. Simmons—Parson, my good friend here tells me you know all about my case; now the question is, how soon can you do the business?"

The reverend gentleman shivered a little at hearing the word "business" applied to holy things, but replied, in excellent temper:



CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.—"A VERY LARGE HAWK WAS SEEN TO FLY SLOWLY OUT OF A NEIGHBORING GROVE AND GO DIRECTLY TOWARD THE KITE."—SEE PAGE 506.



MANUFACTURE OF POTTERY—FILLING THE OVEN.

"The next opportunity will occur on the first Sabbath of the coming month, and I shall be truly delighted to gather into our fold one whose many worthy qualities have been made known to us by our dearly beloved sister Simmons. And let me further remind you that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and that therefore——"

"Just so, parson," interrupted the captain, wincing a little, and looking exceedingly puzzled—"just so; but ain't thar no day but Sunday for a man to be married——"

"Married!" ejaculated the minister, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Simmons.

"Married!" screamed the old lady, staring wildly at the captain—"married! Oh, what shall I do? I thought you'd experienced a change! And I've told everybody about it!"

The captain burst into a laugh, which made the minister's chandeliers rattle, and the holy man himself, seeing through the mistake, heartily joined the captain.

But poor Mrs. Simmons burst into an agony of tears.

"My dear, good old friend," said the captain, tenderly putting his arm about her, "I'm very sorry you have been disappointed; but one thing at a time, you know. When you see my angel, you'll think I'm in a fair way to be an angel myself some day, I guess. Annie's her name—Annie May—an' I've named the boat after her. Don't take on so, an' I'll show you the old boat, new painted, an' the name *Annie May* stuck on wherever there's a chance."

But the good old woman only wrung her hands, and exclaimed:

"Thar's a lovely experience completely spiled—completely spiled!"

At length she was quieted, and escorted home, and a few days afterward appeared, in smiles and the new bombazine, at the captain's wedding.

The bride, a motherless girl, speedily adopted Mrs. Simmons as mother, and made many happy hours for the old lady; but that venerable and pious person is frequently heard to say to herself, in periods of thoughtfulness:

"A lovely experience completely spiled!"

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.

The Baltimore *American* relates a curious incident which occurred a few days since a short distance from that city.

One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend, at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large kite, and, as the wind was strong enough, the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly slowly out of a neighboring grove and go directly toward the kite.

The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange-looking object, and then circled about under it perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled around several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and, after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the kite, coming out on the under side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give it up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on the long string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a savage manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away toward the woods from whence he came.

The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.

The mention of ladies attending assemblies in slippers, and of pumpkins and lizards being found in the garden, makes it probable that this story came from the East. *Chindee* is a Hindoo word for ragged clothing, and *Ella* a not uncommon woman's name in India. The story of Catskin in Mr. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England," very like that of Cinderella, is thought to be of Eastern origin. The main incident in the story of Cinderella has a parallel in history. Strabo relates that an eagle let fall the slipper of Rhodopis into the bosom of a king of Egypt, who was so struck with the smallness of it that he made proclamation that he would marry the female to whom it belonged. In the "Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Aunois," Cinderella appears under the name of Finetta, a name not unlike the Tamil word *Punetta*, meaning Little Kitten, and used by Hindoo women when addressing their children. Pussy (*pusei*) is also a Tamil name for a cat. The Tamil belongs to the Turanian family of languages, of which the Lap, Fin and Turkish are members.

Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in these laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations; the exact quantity permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly.

Vair, the skin of the gray squirrel (*petit-gris*) was the fur held in the fourteenth century next in estimation to ermine. It was so called from its variety of color, the back of the squirrel being gray, the underneath part of its body white. Cinderella's slipper was of this fur, a "pantoufle de vair," which being wrongly written "verre," gave rise to the rendering of a glass slipper.

The Italians have a similar story to the above, which has been turned into a musical play. The lord of the village gives a grand *fête*. The snow is on the ground, and a slipper is discovered on the following day. The lord says that he will marry the owner. All the female guests (including several old women) make the fitting attempt, but the shoe only fits the foot of one, a poor village-girl. The lord makes good his promise, and the wedding concludes the drama, which is very popular. The name of the heroine is not Cinderella.

"Of Cinderella and her slipper;
How her two sisters used to chide and whip her;
And how a fairy found her all alone,
When her two sisters to the ball were gone;
And how she took compassion on her grief,
And brought the magic art to her relief."

The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and by a species of ultramundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme!

Prudery is often the mantle chosen to conceal triumphant vice. Where inward remorse prevails, there will always be a corresponding absurdity in affecting genuine virtue.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

EARTHENWARE.

The manufacture of earthenware is conducted in a manner analogous to that already described under Porcelain. As examples of this kind of goods, may be mentioned majolica-ware, the Fayence of the French, the Delft ware of the Dutch, and common varieties of pottery which are in use in England and this country.

It was Josiah Wedgewood who brought to perfection the manufacture of earthenware. He introduced new glazes, new material and new methods generally, and founded, as we have before stated, a vast industry in England.

The clay for this manufacture is generally weathered for one or two years before being used; it is thus given a better color and rendered more pliable. After this exposure, certain quantities are weighed out, put in large vats and worked together until they are thoroughly mixed and become of the consistency of thick milk. Other ingredients are then mixed with these clays, such as feldspar, kaolin, and a few others, to give body and consistence to the ware. After the whole has been ground and mixed up together, it is put in a large press and, by means of heat, the materials become more solid and better for use.

An earthenware manufactory is arranged in such a manner that each branch is kept separate. In making a water-pitcher, the body of the pitcher is made in two equal parts, and the handle is made separately. The presser, as he is called, takes sufficient clay for the molds, and when both halves are filled, he puts them together and straps them tightly; he then finishes the inside of the pitcher by smoothing it with a wet sponge. He then takes off the strap and places the mold, with its contents, in a small room which is kept at a high temperature. This is done to harden the clay and evaporate the water. After a while the clay appears white, and the mold is taken out and opened. The pitcher is then finished off and the handle is put on. This being done, it is ready for its first baking.

Within the last few years earthenware manufactories have increased rapidly in this country. There are now extensive establishments at Trenton, N. J., East Liverpool and Cincinnati, Ohio, Geddes, N. Y., and St. Louis, Mo. The industry bids fair to become a flourishing one in the United States.

There is another branch of this business which, a few years ago, was in an experimental condition in this country—namely, the manufacture of fire-bricks. For a long time, nearly all the fire-bricks used here were imported from England; at the present time the production in America has reached more than 50,000,000 annually, with a prospect of a rapid increase.

Fire-brick is made of a peculiar kind of clay, the principal ingredient of which is alumina, mixed with a smaller portion of silex than is required for porcelain and earthenware. Fire-clay of good quality is found in various parts of the United States, especially in the town of Woodbridge, N. J. At this place it is taken out in immense quantities, and sorted according to quality.

The following is the process pursued in New Jersey for the manufacture of fire-brick: A mixture is made up of 10 parts spotted clay, 6 parts top clay, 4 parts No. 2 sandy clay, 5 parts No. 2 cement, 2 parts fire-sand. The clay being run through the crusher, each kind as it is crushed is put around a pit, the cement and sand being placed evenly upon it; it is then shoveled into the pit, care being taken to spread it evenly over the whole pit, so that all the kinds shall become thoroughly mixed. The proper quantity of water is then let in, then another stratum of the same proportions is prepared in the same way, and repeated till the pit is filled, water enough being added to give it the proper consistency. If left to soak over night, it may then be shoveled into the "tub mill," which is connected with the pit, and being thoroughly mixed as it passes through, is molded into brick by a molding machine, which receives the mud from the bottom of the mill. The molds containing the bricks are carried off, and the bricks dumped from them on a smooth, clean drying-floor, and left until they are partially dry, when they are pressed in metallic molds, each brick receiving twenty-five or thirty tons pressure, which makes them perfect in shape and uniform in size. They are packed or piled as they are pressed, and left to dry, and when dry they are set in the kiln, heated, and burned in the same manner as other bricks, excepting that they require much greater heat, sufficient, indeed, to fuse iron. When thus burned, they are ready for market.

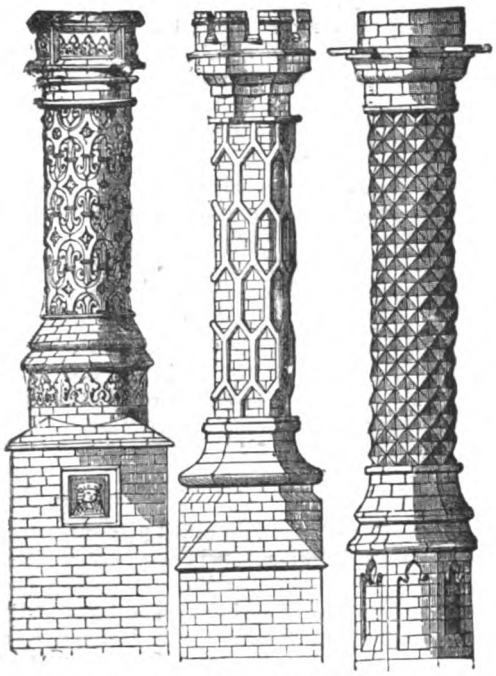
Different Varieties of Porcelain.

In the decoration of porcelain called pate-sur-pate, or clay upon clay, the article ornamented is produced by the application with the brush of white liquid porcelain, used as a pigment, in successive layers upon the colored body of the ware; *i. e.*, a given thickness is added to it with a brush or by immersion, presenting a rough surface in relief, which is trimmed to the required design by cutting implements and sharp scrapers. By successive applications, the painter, who requires to be also a modeler in the treatment of his subject, gains his effect of relief. When the bas relief is completed, the object is subjected to several bakings or firings, and at the last firing it is covered with a coating of glaze. The strong oven fire vitrifies the porcelain and the pigment, embodying them together and rendering the salient objects translucent. These portions, in vitrifying, retain a relief which forms the actual outline and the high lights, while its thinner parts enable the colored groundwork to be seen through. These form the transparency of floating draperies, clouds or flesh, according to the design.

Pate change ante is so named from the color changing from grayish by daylight to a decided pink by candlelight. Messrs. Minton have succeeded in producing a similar dove-color which changes to a light crimson by artificial light. Graffito ware, meaning scratched ware, is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been first invented in the province of Perugia in the fifteenth century. It recalls the decorations on the walls of the houses in Pompeii. The ware is made of two clays of different color. The body of the vessel is formed of a darker clay, and, after drying sufficiently to handle, it is dipped into a liquid slip formed of the lighter colored clay. As soon as the coating is dry the artist, with a sharp wooden or steel point, traces his ornament on the surface, removing the upper light-colored surface, and showing everywhere on the lines of the design the dark body beneath. The vessel is then covered with glaze and fired.

Henri Deux ware is the only description of pottery in which clays of different colors are inlaid together. The artist having made his design, each distinct part of the ornament is stamped on separate bats of clay. The design thus indented is filled up with another colored clay, and when dry the superfluous clay is revoved.

Cloissonné enamel is a specialty in China and Japan. A vessel of copper is first made, and the lines of the pattern are traced on its surface. A fine wire, beaten into a flat, supple riband, is then taken and soldered by one edge to the lines traced on the surface of the copper vessel. The wire stands on its edge, forming a number of cells or cloisons, which are filled with a paste composed mainly of oxide of lead



OLD ENGLISH TERRA COTTA CHIMNEY TOPS.

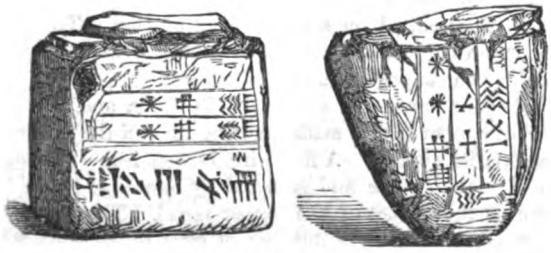
and silica, with some lime and soda, and colored as required, either with the oxide of copper, iron or cobalt. The vessel is then fired at a heat sufficient to vitrify the paste, and finally the whole surface is polished by friction.

The character of the Chinese cloisonné work is coarser and bolder than that of the Japanese, and in both the contrasts of color are successfully harmonized. This kind of ware has been very successfully imitated in Paris, and also by Minton in England. Old Persian ware is distinguished by a special brilliancy and effectiveness of colors. Very good modern imitations have been made by adopting Persian patterns on turquoise and plum-colored enamel ground.

Belleek ware, from Ireland, is quite new. It is distinguished by the high, lustrous, silvery quality of the glaze, which attracts the eye, and recalls the peculiar coating of a sea-shell. It is a genuine porcelain, according to the original derivation of the word.

Chinese and Japanese porcelain has been very thoroughly examined by chemists and potters, and the method of its manufacture has been fully described. The body of it is feldspathic and hard; the glaze is softer than that of European hard porcelain; the colors are properly enamels, transparent or opaque; few coloring oxides are employed, and the whole is made in one firing, at a somewhat low heat.

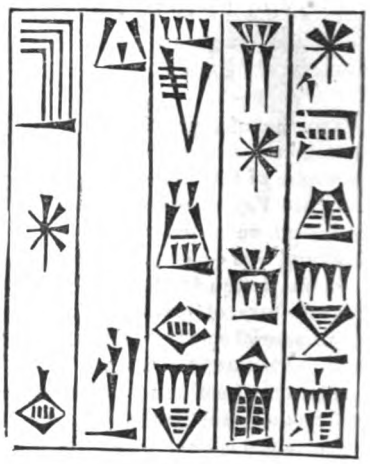
Parian ware, like stoneware and terra-cotta, is composed of clay, mixed with vitrifying ingredients, but it differs from these, both in aspect and composition, in being composed of purely granitic materials. In composition, it lies between stoneware and English or soft porcelain.



INSCRIPTIONS IN BAKED CLAY FROM BABYLON.

Parian figures are produced from a mixed clay, poured in a fluid condition into plaster molds. Great skill is required to prevent the cracking of the material in firing.

If plaster-of-paris, in fine powder, is thrown in a vessel containing a saturated solution of borax, after soaking for some time with a solution of alum a hard plaster is obtained, which is also called Parian, although differing in composition from the above.



BRICK WITH INSCRIPTION FROM BABYLON.

Earthenware is composed of plastic fire-clay, with an addition of fine ground quartz, or refractory stone, and occasionally lime. The ware is brought to a state of biscuit by one firing, and is able to withstand certain alterations of temperature. As the glaze of this ware contains lead, it is deleterious for cooking. Sanitary ware, free from lead, has been made, but the additional cost of the materials is considerable.

Decorative tiles for floors and architectural purposes are classified as follows: 1, plain tiles; 2, encaustic; 3, enameled; 4, majolica; 5, glazed earthenware tiles.

Plain tiles are made from colored dust clay, by a sort of coining process, and are capable of being highly decorative when well made. The clay, or mixture of clays, used, is usually reduced to a fine powder and made slightly damp before pressing. Encaustic tiles consist of a slab of clay of uniform color, inlaid with a device of other clays differently colored. In this ware the colors are not superficial, but are incorporated with the body of the clay before burning, either by pugging dry or in the condition of a liquid slip. Small holes are made in the back of the tile to facilitate drying and to increase the adhesion of the mortar when subsequently used on the wall. The tiles are dried for a week, then heated in a drying oven for two or three weeks, fired

EGYPTIAN WATER-JARS.

ANCIENT ETRUSCAN VASE.

in a stoneware oven for sixty hours, and left in the oven for six days more to cool down. Enamelled tiles are the same as plain tiles in their general composition. By reserving spaces (by oiling or otherwise), and dipping the tile in a slip, or by direct application of the enamels, simple and effective results are obtained. Majolica ware and majolica tiles date back to the earliest history of the art.

In the year 1115, an expedition fitted out from Pisa, conquered the island of Majorca, and brought back as spoils the bricks and tiles which the Moors had manufactured there for a long time previous. This ware is known as majolica, and is highly prized. The Italians soon learned how to imitate it, and, by degrees, the art traveled northward into Germany, France, and England.

In England, the tiles are burnt, then covered with an opaque white glaze, upon which the outlines of the decorations are distinctly traced and filled in with a thin coat of enamel of various colors, and again burnt.

ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY.

Terra cotta, in its application to architecture, still has its advocates and opponents. Very fine specimens made in London, one hundred years ago, and exposed to the weather since, are still perfect. Terra cotta, or literally "burnt clay," in order to yield a material as strong and more durable and less expensive than stone, must be carefully prepared. In the north of England, the purest lumps of fire clay are selected according to color and texture, and used alone without any other clay, while the firms near London prepare more carefully a mixture of clays which produces a body of better texture. There seems to be in every case advantage in using a mixture of clays, as a more compact, homogenous, and better vitrified body is attained, although at the cost of extra labor and care.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, stoneware, characterized by its dense, opaque, vitreous fracture, and impermeable and refractory nature, was already abundantly manufactured in Germany and Holland, whence the industry was imported into England and encouraged by Queen

ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY.

ANCIENT ROMAN POTTERY DUG UP IN LONDON.

Elizabeth. The materials made use of in England are the refractory white and grayish plastic pipe clays of Devon and Dorsetshire, which are used alone or mixed, for small articles. For larger objects, white river sand, ground fire-bricks, and flint are added, to counteract shrinkage and warping.

The heat required is greater than for terra cotta, being one of the highest necessary for any kind of pottery. The manufacture of terra cotta and stoneware are advantageously carried on together, as the refuse materials from the one can be used in the other, and the less hot story of stoneware kilns used for terra cotta.

Bricks are made of somewhat meagre clays, containing a certain amount of oxide of iron and lime. Although fatter clays are easily molded, they shrink more, and even crack in the fire. The fluxes, iron, lime, etc., are useful, as they produce a solid brick at a lower temperature. It is scarcely necessary to go any further into the subject of brick-making, as the manufacture is familiar to everybody, and possesses little intrinsic interest.

The topic of ancient pottery is one which might well be introduced to close an article on the subject. The Assyrians kept their public records of conveyances of lands, deeds, etc., on cylinders and tablets of clay, which were afterward baked. These are handed down to us as material for deciphering the history of those times. A selection from these inscriptions has been published by the trustees of the British Museum. Inscribed earthen bowls from Babylon assist in clearing up many obscure points in the early history of the Jews. "To this day," says Layard, "there are men who have no other trade than that of gathering bricks from this vast heap (the ruins of Babylon) and taking them for sale to the neighboring towns and villages, and even to Bagdad. There is scarcely a house in Hillah that is not almost entirely built with them."

Many bricks found in this region are coated with a thick enamel or glaze. The colors have resisted the effects of time, and preserve their original brightness. The dwellings of the Chaldeans were ornamented externally by diagonal patterns of colored bricks, sometimes molded into half columns, with a variety of wavy patterns. Internally, the plaster walls were embellished with colored cones of terra cotta, imbedded in the plaster, so as to show either their bases or their points, or a part of their sides, combined in lines.

From the Assyrian and Egyptian days, we can pass to the time of the Greeks and Romans, and still we find an extensive variety of beautiful workmanship. The Etruscan vases are famous all the world over. On the Continent of North America there are mounds containing crude specimens of pottery, and in Peru and other States of South America the decorations on tiles and vases are often of an elaborate and tasteful character.

It is a beautiful art, and everybody must rejoice to think that it is constantly increasing in importance and finish in this country. The time does not appear to be far distant when all the styles of porcelain and earthenware described in the preceding pages will be skillfully manufactured in the United States. All the materials required have been found in abundance, and there would appear to be no good reason why the introduction of the business in all its branches should not be crowned with success.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Discovery of the Satellites of Mars.—One of the most important astronomical discoveries of modern times has just been made by Professor Hall, at the Observatory in Washington. He has found two satellites of Mars which have escaped all observers down to the present time. The reason why former astronomers have failed to make the discovery is, that Mars is now nearer to the earth than it has been at any time since 1845, and it is since that date that the great telescopes have been made. They might have been seen by two or three telescopes in 862, but were not sought for. The next favorable opportunity was in 1875, but Mars was then so far south of the equator that it could not well be observed in our latitudes. Of the two moons now discovered, the most extraordinary feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn - twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6,000 miles, and from the surface, less than 4,000. If there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us. The newly-discovered satellites are the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. The outer one does not appear to be more than ten miles in diameter, or thirty miles in circumference. Professor Hall's discovery will enable astronomers to determine the mass of Mars, and will simplify the theories of the four inner planets.

Preparation of Rare Metals.—Dr. Schuchardt, who visited this country at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, has an establishment at Gorlitz for the manufacture of rare chemicals. Calcium, strontium, lithium and cerium are prepared in quantity, according to Bunsen's electrolytic method. Calcium, which is the metallic base of lime, is not a brassy yellow metal, but exactly resembles aluminium. It is brittle, and cannot be drawn out into wire. Strontium is a pale yellow metal, very pliable, and capable of being rolled and drawn. Barium has not yet been obtained in a compact form, owing to its elevated melting point, which appears to be higher than that of cast-iron. Small masses of lithium were fused in an iron capsule to masses of nearly two grains in weight. It is the lightest metal known, being half the specific gravity of water. Cerium is a white metal of low specific gravity. When heated a little above the boiling point of water, it explodes and burns with great brilliancy. None of these metals have any practical application in the arts, although one of them, calcium, is one of the most abundant on the face of the earth.

Bamboo Paper.—Bamboo as a possible paper stock attracted some notice at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. Of the young stems, which are the best for the purpose, a very large supply, it is said, could be annually, by systematic cuttings, furnished from plants flourishing in the marshy parts of the island of Jamaica. It seems that the American paper manufacturers have also wished to make experiments with bamboo, with the view, if possible, of introducing it into the American trade; so that, owing to the proximity of Jamaica to the United States, it is supposed that the supply of bamboo may eventually form an article of trade between the two countries. The new Governor-general of Jamaica, Sir Anthony Musgrave, is familiar with the paper industry of the United States, having spent a portion of the Summer of 1877 in New England. Under his intelligent guidance, a new trade in bamboo may be created.

Use of Platinum in Photography.—In order to make photographs permanent, it is necessary to tone them with gold or some other unoxidizable metal. Instead of employing gold toning, Mr. William Willis, jr., of London, has invented a printing process, in which platinum is substituted for gold. The neutral oxalate of potash is employed as a reducing agent. The paper is coated with a salt of platinum and ferric oxalate, and, on exposure, an iron picture is produced in consequence of the action of the light to reduce the ferric oxalate to ferrous oxalate. If the faint picture be now floated on a warm bath of neutral oxalate of potash, the ferrous oxalate is dissolved and in the instant of solution reduces the salt of platinum in contact with it, and thus forms a permanent picture. The process is a new one, and well worthy of trial by photographers.

African Exploration.—The International Association for Exploring and Civilizing Central Africa is possessed of an annual revenue of 73,000 francs, principally from subscriptions obtained in Belgium, where the scheme is very popular. It has been decided by the executive committee that a station should be founded in the Trans-Tanganyika region. The head of the station and the explorer have been appointed. A depot will be formed at Zanzibar, and three others in intermediate countries; one is to be placed under a Catholic mission, and two under two Protestants, who have volunteered to help the association. The works are to be begun without further delay. By having a depot of supplies, and maintaining constant communication with the coast, the condition of the African explorer will be greatly improved, and we may hope soon to become familiar with every portion of Africa.

A New Remedy for Angina Pectoris.—Dr. Lander Brunton proposes the nitrate of amyl for the treatment of angina pectoris—he says of its action: "On pouring from five to ten drops of the nitrate on a cloth and giving it to the patient to inhale, the physiological action takes place in from thirty to sixty seconds; and simultaneously with the flushing of the face, the pain completely disappeared, and generally did not return till its wonted time next night. Occasionally, it began to return about five minutes after its first disappearance; but on giving a few drops more it again disappeared and did not return. The remedy has been successfully tried in many cases in England, and is well received by the medical profession in America. It is proper to urge great precaution in the use of the nitrate of amyl, as an overdose would easily occasion a fatal paralysis of the nerves

GREAT PROGRESS IN THE ALKALI TRADE.—Toward the middle of the last century, the price of oil of vitriol was $650 a ton; the same substance now sells for $25 a ton. At the commencement of the present century, soda crystals sold at about $300 a ton; their present price is about $22 a ton. In 1876, the annual value of finished products of the alkali trade in Great Britain amounted to $32,500,000. The following table will enable us to form some idea of the enormous growth of the alkali business within recent years. It is a growth which has been coincident with the progress of scientific knowledge.

RAW MATERIALS USED, 1876.

Salt	538,000 tons.
Coal	1,890,000 "
Limestone and chalk	588,000 "
Lime	139,000 "
Pyrites	376,000 "
Nitrate of soda	12,200 "
Manganese	18,200 "
Total	3,562,400 tons.

Capital employed	$35,000,000
Hands "	22,000
Wages paid them annually	$7,000,000
Weight of soda exported	270,856 tons.
Value of exported soda	$11,046,420

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—M. Morel has recently succeeded in transforming the tetra-chloride of carbon into chloroform, but not so economically as to supersede the method from bleaching-powders and alcohol. But being struck with the similarity in the properties of the two substances, the idea was suggested to try the pure tetra-chloride as an anæsthetic. He did so, and found it had superior power to chloroform, with the same general effects. At the first stage of excitation, it acts more like nitrous oxide, the other periods of insensibility and collapse are identical with those of chloroform. The cost of the tetra-chloride is said to be less than that of chloroform. It is very easily made by passing the vapor of carbon, disulphide and chlorine gas through a heated porcelain tube. It is a colorless liquid, insoluble in water, and freezing at 90 deg. Fah.

MEDICATED ICE.—For topical treatment of the throat, it has been suggested to put the medicine in a freezing mixture, and administer it in ice pellets. The disagreeable taste of the medicine is masked by the agreeable sensation of the ice, and even infants take very readily to this form of administration. Sulphurous acid, chlorate of potash in solution, solutions of chlorinated soda, are among the remedies which have been tried in this way for sore throat and other analogous complaints. To freeze the solutions, a test tube is stirred in a mixture of ice and salt. After the contents are frozen, the tube is plunged for a moment in hot water, which loosens the ice and allows it to fall out—it can then be broken up into fragments of a proper size.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

HIGH LIVERS.—Dwellers on hills.

THE best and worst thing you can say of a marriage is that it is a *tie*.

FOOLS and their money soon part. It's worth while being a fool sometimes to have the money to part with, though.

LIVELY.—A late book is entitled "Half-hours with Insects." What a lively half-hour one can have with a bee!

NEW LEAVES.—Adam and Eve, we suppose, were the first to start "turning over new leaves." They did it to keep up the fashion.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.—It would probably be only a laughing matter if a comet should strike the earth—a little *wreck-creation*, as it were.

HOSPITABLE.—"Old uncle Tibbits," said a traveler, "is one of the finest fellows I know. He exhibits *real hospitality*. He not only has a plate ever ready for any of his friends, but he sends a horse to your door whenever you wish to ride." "That, indeed," replied another, "is real *horse*-pitality."

COMPLIMENTS may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspirate the letter *h*, who, being deputed to address William III., exclaimed, "Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been a Nero."

A NEW YORK paper says the will of the rich man of the future will read, "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all descriptions. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains." This instrument will satisfy the family and save the trouble of proving the old man insane.

A SHOEMAKER in a Fifeshire parish once borrowed a horse from a farmer, to enable him to pay a business visit to a neighboring town. Riding home in the evening, with a huge roll of leather strapped on his back, a friend met him, and asked him his motive for carrying it in such a curious fashion. "Weel, ye see," said he, "this is Mr. So-an'-so's horse, and I'll extortion nae man's beast!"

A HEELING medium—A cobbler.

WHERE is the best place for reflection?—In a mirror.

ABOUT the most uncomfortable seat a man can have, as a steady thing, in the long run, is self-conceit.

A MINISTER in Pennsylvania preached so intolerably loud that he was complained of for disturbing public worship.

"KEEP love a secret!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "Can you keep the toothache a secret? Well, no more can you keep love or tight shoes a secret."

WHAT horse is that which is generally most expensive to its owner, and is apt to amble with him into most difficulties? It is one's hobby-horse.

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" asked a farmer of a judge. "You just try it and see," replied the judge. "If not wrong, you'll find it unfortunate."

A WOMAN living in Arkansas, being asked if they had hot Summers there, replied—"I am not so sure about the summers, but I know that we have lots of hot springs!"

"WHY is it?" asks a correspondent, "that the young men of society in Paris, no longer wear their watches so that the chains can be seen?" I robably because they are at the pawnbroker's.

"I ALWAYS meet trouble half way," said Jones. "I don't," responded Jenkins, "but let him have all the walk for his pains, and often he gives up his visit before he gets in sight of my house."

"THE trouble with this goose with wine sauce," said a guest at a hotel to the proprietor, who smilingly asked if everything was satisfactory, "is that the age is in the goose instead of in the wine."

"BE careful how you beat your father at chess," said an experienced old gentleman to a young friend. "I lost my hold on my father's affections by not letting him beat me four games out of five."

"WHAT is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience!"—"Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack, if there is hay in it."

A LITTLE boy being frightened by a large turkey gobbler, ran crying to his father, who exclaimed—"Why, my boy, are you afraid of a turkey? You ate part of one yesterday." "Yes, pa," responded the boy, "but this one isn't cooked."

"I DIDN'T like to stay among the Arizona Indians, they're so fond of cremation," said a returned explorer. "What difference did that make?" asked a friend. "Why, you see," was the reply, "they don't wait for a fellow to die before they cremate him!"

AN old Connecticut statute reads—"A wife shall be good evidence against her husband." In what way, or for what, she was "good evidence" does not appear, but an old bachelor judge ruled that it meant "that a married man was to be condemned on general principles."

EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here;
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?"
"Can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

A POMPOUS lawyer said to the keeper of an apple-stand: "Your business cares seem to wear upon you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," replied the apple-seller, "it's lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers as is killin' me!"

A CITY man, who had just moved into the country, was trying to milk the cow, his wife standing by and looking on admiringly. After a time the husband exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I knew how long cows ought to be milked?" "Why, the same as short ones, my love," said his wife, with an air of superior wisdom.

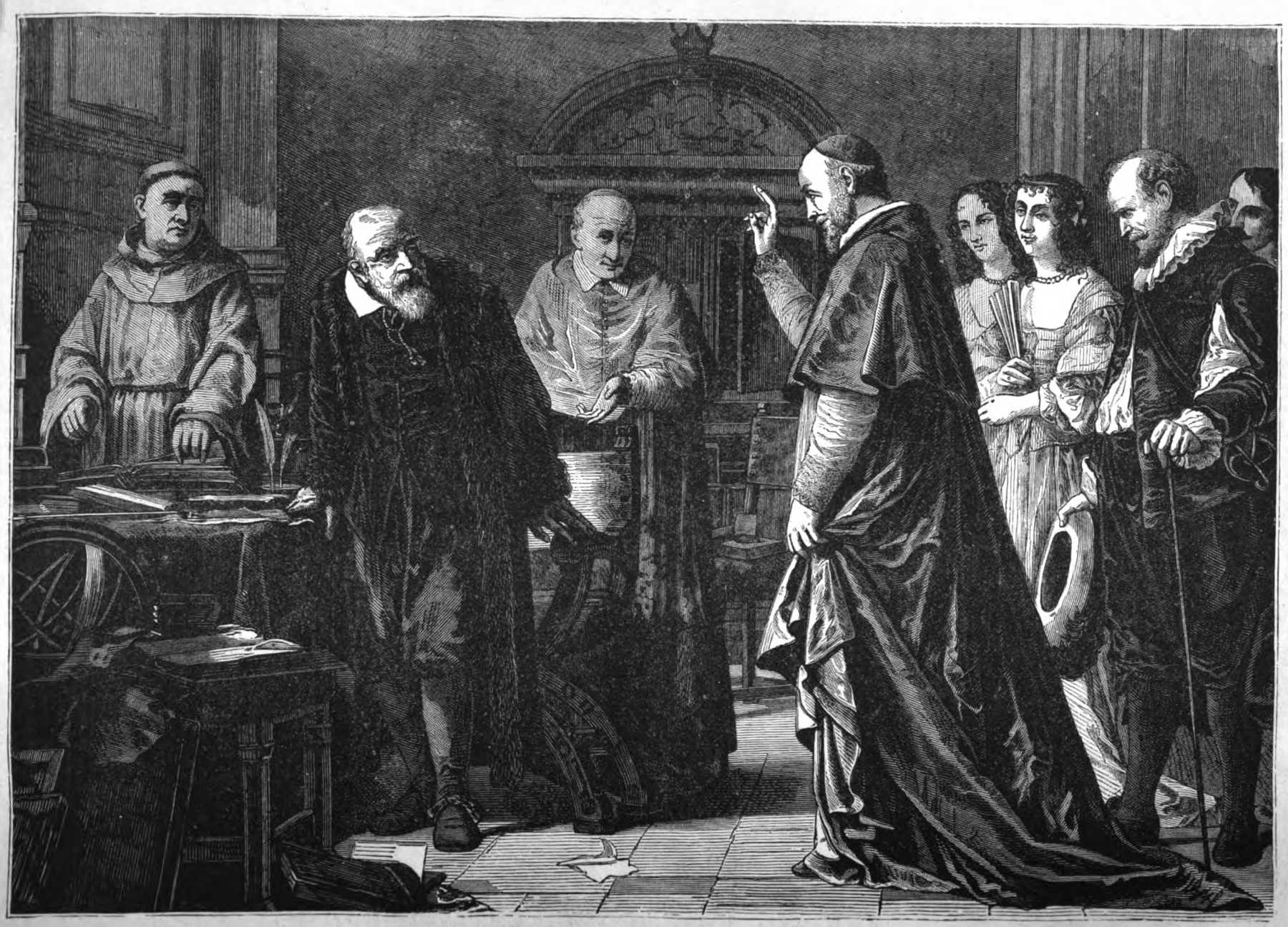
A SINGULAR old gentleman was waited upon with a surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating some time upon its contents, he desired the young man who called with it, to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the visits he had charged he should return them again.

THE Legislature of Illinois having proposed to pass a bill requiring hotel-keepers to furnish every room above the second story with a rope-ladder, as a fire-escape, the landlords hit back by saying that it is a mere device on the part of the legislators to enable them to slip away from their hotel-rooms without paying their bills!

"JUST look at my thimble," said a young lady to her beau; "it is actually worn out. Don't you think I ought to be rewarded for my industry?" The young man said he thought she should be, and the next day he sent her a cap for her finger with the following lines:

"I send you a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

PAPA'S RETURN.



GALILEO BEFORE THE CARDINAL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHAS. LOUIS MÜLLER.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE LATE M. THIERS EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Marseilles on the 15th of April, 1797.

Most writers for encyclopedias and for biographical dictionaries copy, willfully or ignorantly, the stereotyped mistakes of their predecessors. So many such mistakes in regard to the genealogy of M. Thiers have been transferred to the newspapers, that the facts in the case are not generally known. M. Thiers himself never deemed it worth while to correct his biographers, proudly conscious, as well he might have been, that, as the architect of his own fortune and fame, he owed less than almost any other eminent man of ancient or modern times to the accidental circumstances of his birth, to the laws of hereditary influence, or even to parental affection and aid. He was deeply indebted, however, to the tenderness and ambition of his mother, who not only nursed his extremely feeble infancy, and struggled to support him in his boyhood and youth, but also, with the help of his uncle in the Ile-de-France, secured for him an opportunity of obtaining an education. He was thus led by his mother's hand to take the earliest steps in his extraordinary career. But his father was an impoverished and dissipated man, whose proclivities to an irregular life had doubtless been aggravated by the disorders of the first French Revolution. The

THE LATE LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, HISTORIAN, AND EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

elder Thiers deserted his family soon after the birth of his son. He left France and returned after an absence of thirty-five years, only to annoy his son, who was then making his *début* in political life as Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Finance.

This disreputable father had a number of natural children, who had taken, more or less legitimately, his name. Their good-natured and influential half-brother was teased into providing them with offices. One of the daughters among them, having failed to bleed Louis Philippe's ex-minister as copiously as she wished, threatened to open, and did open, in the latter days of the Orleanist monarchy, a *table d'hôte*, (an ordinary, with regular meals at a fixed price), which was much frequented for a while. Over her door she displayed a sign of huge dimensions and emblazoned with her name—"Mme. Ripert, sister of Ex-Minister Thiers,"—in big capital letters. The sign was soon taken down by the police, and her husband and her daughter were each provided with an office. M. Thiers had already settled an annuity upon his father and sent him to a small town in the south of France, where he died obscurely, in the reign of Louis Philippe.

While speaking of the family of M. Thiers, it may be well to dispose of the vile slander which a New York journal heartlessly published before the body of the deceased statesman was buried or was even cold. This was to the effect that M. Thiers married his own illegitimate daughter, in order to bequeath to her his name and property, and made her sister his mistress, as he had already made their mother, with whose husband, "M. Dosne, a stockbroker," it is alleged that he shared the profit of speculating at the Exchange upon political secrets, which his position as Prime Minister enabled him to know.

So calumnious an attack upon the memory of M. Thiers—coupled with a reproduction of the foul abuse heaped on him by one of his bitterest enemies, Dr. Karl Marx, head-centre of the International Society, who declared, in addressing the workingmen in the war of the Commune, that "his private life was as infamous as his public life was odious"—naturally made a profound and painful sensation among the French residents in New York City. The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, when called upon to contradict the offensive assertions of the flippantly written article in question, said with equal dignity and indignation, that it might simply respond with the formula consecrated by usage, by good sense, by good taste, and also by social wisdom, that "private life is surrounded with a wall of defense"—and that it is culpable to violate its inclosures in order to steal its secrets, and serve them up as food for public indiscretion. But it is still more culpable to catch at flying whispers, without consistence and without proof, which partisan malignity always engenders in moments of popular effervescence, when weapons of every kind are pressed into service, and which no eminent man, tossed in the whirlwind of politics, can hope to escape.

The *Courrier* satisfactorily explains how the extreme unpopularity of M. Thiers, on account of political reasons, at one time exposed him particularly to those indecent assaults on both private and public life, to which conspicuous men, and all men or women connected or supposed to be connected with them, are liable, under every form of government and in every country.

But the most scandalous legends, like the one malignantly circulated a long while ago in France, and revived with exaggerations by a New York journal, and based upon the relations attributed by rumor to M. Thiers with the wife of the Receiver-General of the North, whose daughter became Mme. Thiers, never, affirms the *Courrier*, went so far as the odious conjectures, now so complacently presented as a certainty, and never did they reach or disturb the conjugal hearth of M. Thiers. "We therefore regard those assertions," concludes the *Courrier*, "as a gratuitous calumny."

The mother of M. Thiers came to Paris in 1836. She left in October, 1851, her modest apartment in the Rue des Trois Fréres, where she had resided for fifteen years, and retired to the still smaller apartment at the Batignolles, where she died on the 5th of February, 1852. Three mourners were present at her burial: one of them her nephew, another, M. Martin, and a third, the historian and academician, Mignet, her son's constant friend from his early youth. A fourth would undoubtedly have been her son, had he not then been an exile at Brussels.

The father of M. Thiers was neither a woolen-draper, according to Vapereau's Dictionary; nor a poor blacksmith, according to the Dictionary of Conversation; nor a blacksmith at Aix, according to Balzac. He was M. Pierre-Louis Thiers, a lawyer, an advocate of the Supreme Court of Provençe. The father of the latter was M. Charles Louis Thiers, who was likewise an advocate of the Court at Marseilles, and who had held the office of Director of the Archives of that city, previous to 1790. But after this date he no longer held the office. His successor in it was Pellenc, the secretary of Mirabeau. The grandfather of M. Thiers was a very distinguished man, highly respected, strongly attached to the monarchy, and probably having but little enthusiasm for the new ideas of the Revolution. After the fall of Louis XVI., he emigrated to Menton, which then belonged to the Principality of Monaco. Before his death, near the close of the last century, his daughter was married to one of the most honorable residents of that locality. One of her daughters, a cousin-german of M. Thiers, died recently at the age of eighty-four years.

The mother of Louis Adolph Thiers was Mme. Marie-Madeleine Amic Thiers, daughter of M. Amic, Deputy-General of Commerce from Marseilles, at Constantinople, under the reign of Louis XV. M. Amic married in that city Mlle. Santi-Louraika, whose sister had been married to M. Louis de Chenier; so that M. Thiers's mother was a cousin-german of the celebrated French poets, André-Marie and Marie-Joseph Chenier, who were both born at Constantinople. The first was guillotined at Paris on the 25th of July, 1794, and the second, a member of the French Academy, died on the first of January, 1811. Thanks to her kinship with the Cheniers, the mother of Adolphe was able to obtain for him, when he was nine years old, a state scholarship at the Lyceum, in his native city. He subsequently studied law at Aix, where, in 1820, he was admitted to the bar.

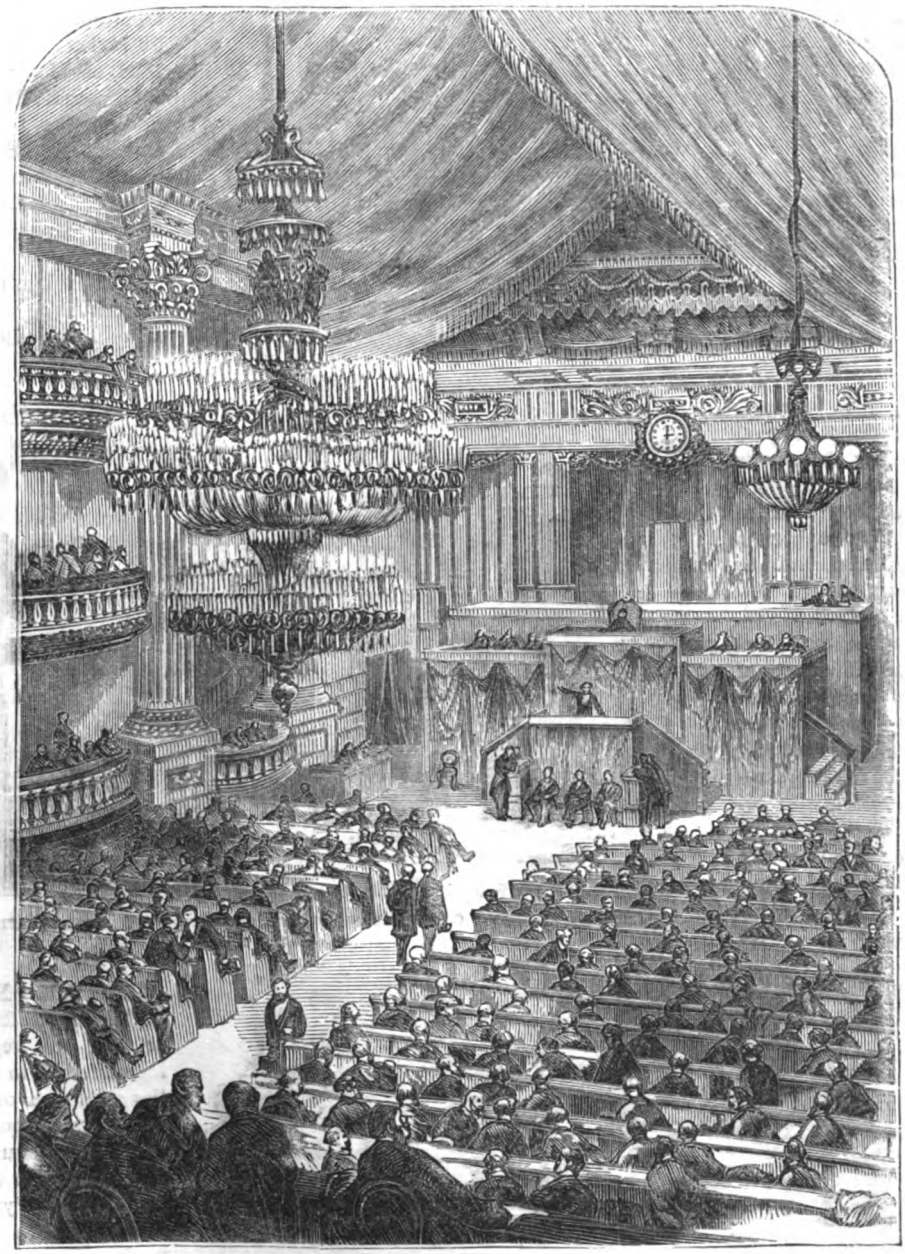
Thus, Thiers is not amenable to the charge, so frequently brought against him, of forgetting, in after life, "the people," from whom it was supposed he sprang. His father and mother did not belong to the working class, but to the *bourgeoisie*, the middle class. Thiers himself was for a large portion of his life pre-eminently a *bourgeois*—an exponent of the qualities, the sympathies, and even the prejudices and defects of that great middle class which, in modern times, and in monarchical as well as in republican countries, is become a main source of national intelligence, virtue, conservatism, enterprise, wealth and power. But first his liberal education, and afterward his prodigious experience, "unclassed" him, or, rather, made him free of all classes, until, toward the end of a long and exciting life, he developed into a representative at large of his nation, and a peer of the highest potentates throughout the world.

At the Lyceum, in Marseilles, Thiers precociously exhibited the marvelous retentiveness of memory and the perfect self-confidence which characterized him throughout life. A solid and brilliant, although occasionally—thanks to the

exuberance of his animal spirits—a somewhat turbulent pupil, he was imbued, like all French boys of the period, with the spirit of emulation and glory aroused by the victories of the first Napoleon; and he took special interest in thoroughly studying geometry and other sciences connected with the military profession.

Napoleon's fall scattered all hopes which Thiers may have entertained of becoming a soldier; but the germ of his fondness for everything pertaining to military life was early formed within him at school, and was never extinguished. When obliged to renounce his ambition to be a Marshal of France, and, instead of meditating on the art of war to pore over musty law-books, he was sent, at the age of eighteen, to Aix, where he provoked the wrath of his instructors and the suspicions of the Commissary of Police, but gained applause from his comrades, by giving unusual attention to political topics.

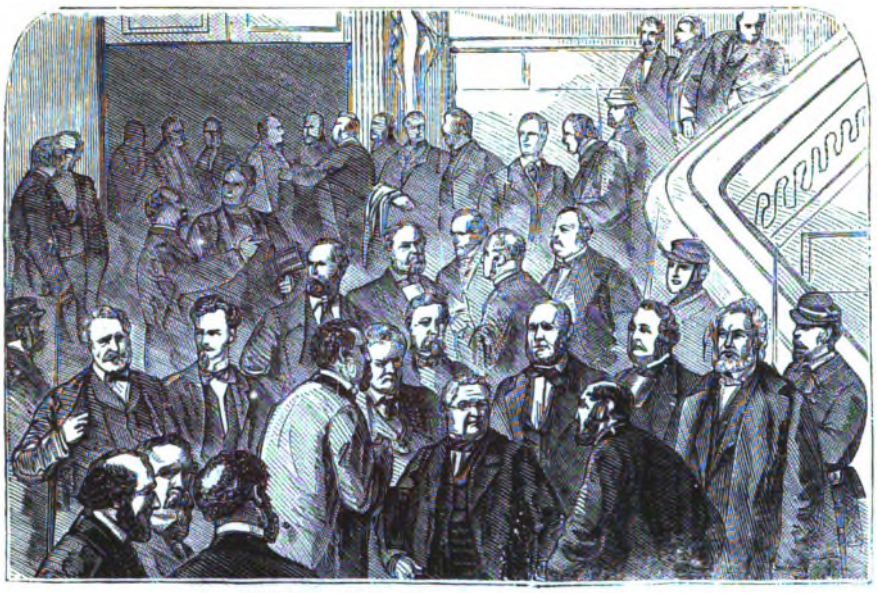
At Aix, he became intimate with a fellow-student, Mignet, destined, like himself, to future renown as a historian of the Revolution; he also formed the acquaintance of Crémieux, Alf. Rabbe and several other young men who afterward rose to distinction. After being received as an advocate, Thiers soon found that he was less fitted for a lawyer's life than for literary pursuits, and he devoted himself exclusively to the study of history and philosophy. Encouraged by M. d'Arlatan de Lauris, a liberal magistrate and a member of the Academy of Aix, he competed, in 1820, for a prize offered by that academy for the best eulogy on the famous Vauvenargues, a native of Aix, and author of the "Introduction à la Connaissance de l'Esprit Humain, Suivie de Reflexions et de Maximes." The essay by Thiers was found to be the best, but as most of the judges were royalists, who looked upon him as a Jacobin, the competition was adjourned to the following year. He wittily revenged this petty injustice. In 1821 he again sent his manuscript, without changing a syllable; but he also wrote another essay, which he forwarded to Paris, to be mailed thence to Aix. For the latter he was rewarded with the first prize, and for the former an *accessit* or second prize. This clever mystification was the laugh of the town at the expense of the academy.



THIERS ELECTED CHIEF OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC BY THE ASSEMBLY AT BORDEAUX, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1871.

After a brief struggle with indifference and aristocratic prejudices at Aix, the two friends, Thiers and Mignet, determined to try their fortunes at Paris, where they arrived about the same time, in a destitute and forlorn condition. It is somewhat vaguely rumored that Thiers, on his way thither, met with a multiplicity of odd adventures. According to one story, he joined a company of strolling actors, and went through experiences similar to those to which Goethe subjects Wilhelm Meister, and Dickens subjects Nicholas Nickleby. In that case, although such experiences are more vexatious and less amusing in real life than in fiction, yet Thiers learned, perhaps, in the little world of the players, something which may have helped him to know human nature, and act well his part on a higher and wider stage. According to another story, he literally fell among thieves, who, after holding him captive for a while, stripped him of all he had that was valuable, and let him go.

At Paris, Thiers was kindly welcomed by M. Rabbe, who aided him in procuring employment as a collector of items



RECEPTION OF THIERS AT BORDEAUX IN 1871.

of news—that is, as a reporter for one of the public journals. Thiers and Mignet then occupied together, in the noisy Passage de Montesquieu, a little fourth-story room, in which they worked hard, night and day, to earn a livelihood and open a path to future wealth and fame. A few months later, Manuel, the celebrated Marseilles deputy, was expelled from the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers wrote articles in his favor, and sought the acquaintance of his compatriot. The great Liberal orator introduced him to Laffitte, who recommended him to Etienne, of the *Constitutionnel*. That journal opened its columns to the young laureate of the Academy of Aix, and published, on the 30th of November, 1821, several extracts from his eulogy on Vauvenargues.

Regularly attached to the staff of the *Constitutionnel*, Thiers was soon remarked for his aptitude to write on any subject, his full comprehension of all its details, his quick perception of its salient points, his extraordinary controversial skill, the vigor of his logic and the purity and force of his style. His review, in March, 1822, of Montlosier's book, "De la Monarchie Française," revealed in him the potential statesman and author. His articles on the annual exhibition of works of art were collected, and, with a prefatory survey of the history of revolutions in painting, and general considerations on taste and art criticism, were published in a volume entitled "Salon de 1822." His "Notice sur la vie de Mistress Bellamy," an English actress, was reproduced as an introduction to her mémoires in the collection of "Mémoires sur l'Art Dramatique." In 1823, his lively and picturesque account of a tour in the South of France and in the Pyrenees, was also reproduced in the shape of a book, which was entitled "Les Pyrenées ou le Midi de la France pendant les mois de Novembre et Decembre, 1822."

THIERS AS PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC RECEIVING THE FELICITATIONS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

THIERS VISITING THE RUINS OF HIS HOUSE DESTROYED BY THE COMMUNISTS.

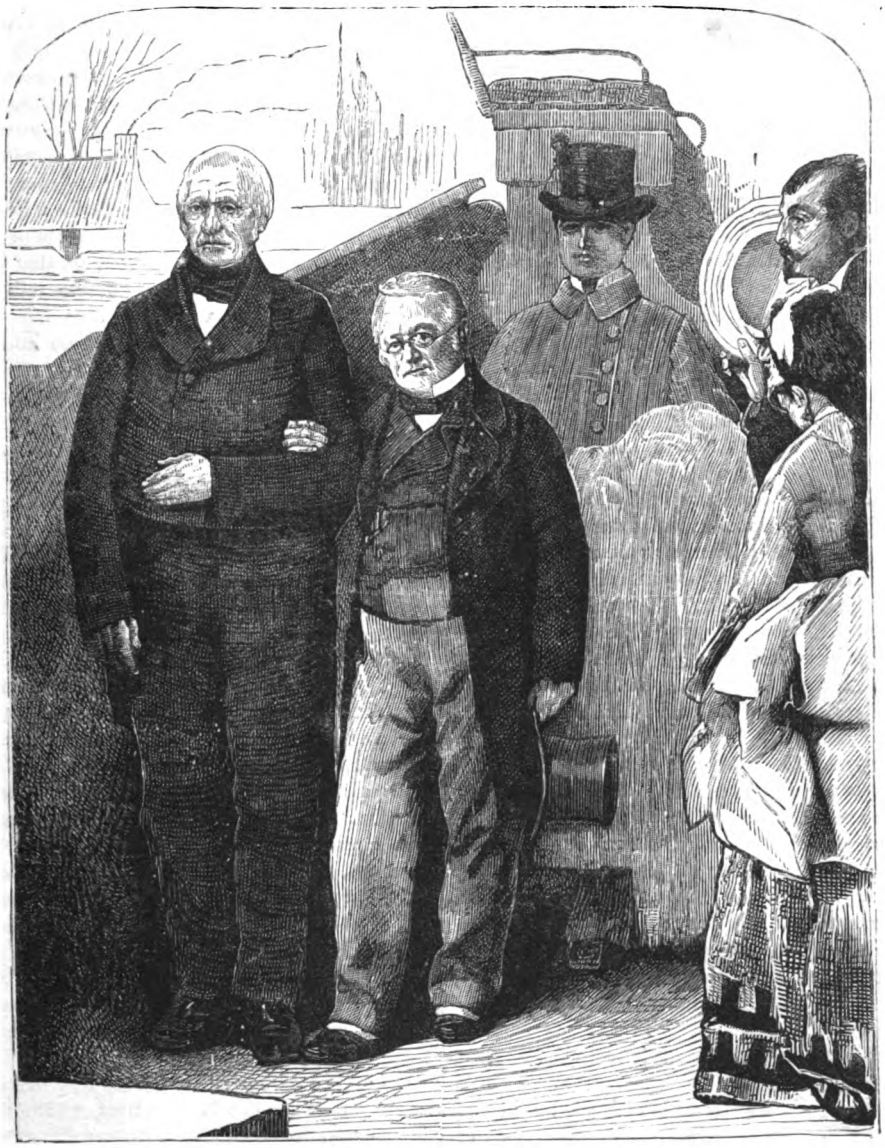
By that time Thiers had safely gone through the narrow passes of poverty and reached the broad road to fortune In addition to his salary from the *Constitutionnel*, he enjoyed part of the income of a proprietary share in that journal, thanks, not to Laffitte,

as it has been asserted, but to the generosity of two rich German book-dealers, Schubart and Cotta, who were enthusiastic admirers of his talents.

In 1823, during the Spanish war and the struggle between Villèle and Chateaubriand, he was associated with Jouffroy, Dubois, De Remusat and Mignet, in editing the *Tablettes Historiques*, a political and literary magazine. The most effective work of Thiers as a journalist was done on *Le National*, which he founded with Mignet and the lamented Armand Carrel. The initial number of this journal was published on the 1st of January, 1830. It has been said with truth that if the Polignac ministry was created in order to overthrow the Charter, the *National* was created in order to overthrow the Bourbons. By it Thiers put the Restoration in a state of siege, and made his journal a machine of war. The article which he published on that constitutional maxim which has become so celebrated—*Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*—was an event. It prepared the public mind for resistance, and hastened the Revolution of July, 1830.

Thiers never wholly laid aside the journalist's pen, which he then found so mighty. He was always ready to take it up on occasion. Thus, in 1848, although he was not personally present at the memorable reform banquets, yet his contributions to the *Constitutionnel* fanned the agitation which attended them, and which resulted in the revolution of February, 1848.

Resuming the editorial charge of the *Constitutionnel* in 1848, he led the opposition to the Guizot Ministry, precipitating its downfall. In 1877, during the crisis of the 16th of May, when the reactionaries of that fateful day overthrew Jules Simon's Ministry and came into power under the Duc de Broglie and M. de Fortou, and Gambetta wisely put the venerable ex-President Thiers prominently forward as a candidate for re-election to the Presidency of the Republic in case of the defeat and resignation of Marshal MacMahon, the old man caught up again his earliest and sharpest weapon, and wrote as well as inspired many of those remarkable articles in the *Journal des Débats*, which traced an ominously suggestive parallel between the Polignac administration and the second De Broglie Cabinet. Thiers evinced his journalistic habit of mind in the numerous pamphlets and addresses published by him from time to time, notably, for instance, in the little work, "Du Droit de Propriété," by hastily writing which in 1848 he responded with eagerness to General Cavaignac's appeal to the members of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences for aid in combating the rampant "socialism" of that day. The treatise had both the qualities and the defects of a journalist's workmanship. It was all right from the point of view of actual society as at present organized—indeed, it was one of the best and most irrefutable statements possible of the prevailing argument in favor of capital *versus* labor—but it was less remarkable for originality or force of doctrine than for facility and lucidity of style. The amelioration of the poor had not hitherto particularly fixed his attention. He expressed a benevolent regret that it does not depend upon us better to feed, clothe and lodge "this people whom we love much more than its flatterers"; but, he asks, is that within the power of ancient or modern science?



THIERS AND GUIZOT.

Colins, the author of that strange book, "Qu'est-ce que la Science Sociale?" did not hesitate to answer Thiers's question affirmatively, and cleverly expose some of his brilliant sophisms. But Colins failed to convert the successful "little *bourgeois*," to whom the equality and liberty which had made him rich seemed sufficient for the happiness of all the world.

Daniel Stern (the late Countess d'Angoult), author of an excellent "Histoire de la Revolution de 1848," went too far, in view of the subsequent prodigious development of the character and the expansion of the views of M. Thiers, in declaring that with him the respect for right was subordinate to the importance of facts, that he adored success beyond principle, that he more willingly appreciated men and things from the point of view of the necessities of the moment than according to the immutable laws of justice, and that, because of the fundamental vice which, after having dictated his judgments upon history, inspired later his political acts, "severe minds, refusing equally to M. Thiers the glory of the statesman and that of the historian, consent to applaud in him only the best informed, the most skillful, the most sagacious and the most valuable of journalists." However true this opinion about M. Thiers may have seemed to Daniel Stern in 1848, it is more just in 1877 to adopt that so well expressed by the New York *World*, as follows: "It is a duty of the journalist, which he owes to his own profession and to the society in which that profession has become so powerful a factor, not to pass lightly over the great part taken by Thiers in developing the influence of the Press. It was as a journalist in the highest sense of that word that Thiers first won, and it was as a journalist that he kept and strengthened his grasp upon the public mind of France. It was by his prompt and keen perception of the power of public sentiment and opinion that he first distinguished himself in the race for position and authority with a whole generation of active, ardent and ambitious rivals. It was by his skill and tact in molding and welding that power that as a historian and a minister of State he widened without weakening his hold upon men. Like the present Premier of Great Britain, he had been a journalist always by instinct, and has wrought through journalistic methods in all the phases of his great career. The tour of Europe which he made in the dark and desperate Winter of the fortunes of France was perhaps the greatest journalistic feat, in its way, on record. He made himself, so to speak, the courier and special correspondent of the French nation, passing from State to State and Court to Court, to plead the cause of his country and to concentrate from a hundred different points the public opinion of the Continent in her behalf. During the steady development of the reactionary principle within the government of Marshal MacMahon Thiers has pursued a similar course, and waged war for the Republic by similar methods. His journeys through France, his daily promenades in Paris, were so many leading articles, not to be suppressed by the censor, not to be answered by military parades. The last and not the least eloquent of them was the funeral of the first President of the third French Republic."

This extract is given in full because it completes the portrait of Thiers as a journalist.

As a historian, Thiers is entitled to rank with the foremost of his competitors. Félix Bodin, one of his colleagues in the *Constitutionnel*, invited him to write conjointly with himself a history of the French Revolution, but soon withdrew from the undertaking, although his name, then better known than that of Thiers, appeared on the title-pages of the first two volumes, published in 1823, of the "Histoire de la Revolution Française." The rest of the ten volumes, the last of which was published in 1827, bore only the name of Thiers. Before beginning the third volume, the young author made the most extensive preparations for completing the whole work.

His success in the parlors of the Opposition had already been no less rapid than in the press. Admitted at first to the intimacy of Laffitte, he became a favorite guest of all the eminent men of the Liberal party, and was welcomed to the famous "green parlor" of old Talleyrand. In society, where his wit and southern vivacity, his diminutive stature and his big spectacles, his odd gestures and, at that time, his peculiar manners, as well as his encyclopedic knowledge, made him an object of special remark, he met many survivors of the great epoch which he intended to describe. Everywhere else, also, he sought and "interviewed" them.

Endowed with admirable good sense, an intuitive faculty of diving into the secret thoughts of all with whom he came in contact, a marvelous faculty for seeing everything, comprehending everything, explaining everything, he seemed to carry light with him. "The special gift of this facile mind," says Demogeot," is to appropriate to himself, by swift meditation, whatever he borrows from everybody." De Lomenie says: "Old relics of the Constituent Assembly, of the Legislative Assembly, of the Convention, of the Council of Five Hundred, of the Corps Législatif, of the Tribunate; Girondists, Montagnards, old generals of the Empire, purveyors of the Revolutionary armies, diplomats, financiers, men of the pen and of the sword, men of head and men of arms—M. Thiers passed in review all that was left of them, questioning one, coaxing another to talk, lending his left ear to this one, his right ear to that one; and then assembling, arranging in his head, all these interrupted remarks, he used to go home, lie down on the *Moniteur*, and add a page the more to that fine 'Histoire de la Revolution Française,' which, upon its first appearance, was placed among the highest of great French historical works. To prepare himself for this work, Thiers studied finances with Baron Louis, and the art of war with General Foy, and, above all, with Jomini. His artillery friends at Vincennes initiated him into the attack and defense of fortified places, and he consulted geographical and strategical charts, journals of the period, memoirs published and in manuscript, verbal processes, official reports, everything which could enlighten him in regard to the men and things of the Revolution. His complete and highly finished narrative, on a large scale, in ten volumes, and his friend Mignet's powerful, concise, striking epitome, in two small volumes, have no doubt contributed, in spite of the fatalist spirit they breathe, to remove the impression that had so long prevailed in foreign countries touching the great event they record—"impressions comprehended in a dim, horrible vision of mobs, massacres, revolutionary tribunals, and guillotines. By the side of its monstrosities, there were unseen springs and motives of the highest interest to mankind, which are analyzed by these historians."

In France, both works attained a speedy popularity, especially that of M. Thiers. Royalists denounced it as partial and inaccurate, but a host of eye-witnesses vouched for its authenticity and fidelity, and all liberals delighted in its bold rehabilitation of revolutionary principles and deeds, in the very face of the Restoration, which it tended powerfully to overthrow.

After retiring from the Ministry, in 1840, M. Thiers undertook another great historical work—the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire"—preparing for it even more carefully than for his first task. He made several visits to Germany, Italy, Spain, and England, either to explore battle-fields, or to search for original, authentic documents, and the testimony of surviving eye-witnesses. The first two of the ten volumes of the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" appeared in March, 1845.

This second great work of M. Thiers is universally acknowledged to be the fullest account of European affairs from 1800 till 1815. This work seems to have been written with a firmer hand, a riper judgment than his preceding history.

The exciting scenes of the Revolution sometimes betrayed his language into an impetuosity bordering upon passion: but the imperial grandeur of France imposed on the historian a certain calm dignity of tone which becomes almost sublime when he reaches the battlefields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Wonderful as is the genius displayed by several other modern French historians, not one of them has surpassed M. Thiers in a thorough knowledge of the arts of war, administration, finance, and diplomacy, an apprehension of past occurrences so perfect as to lend his narrative the charm of a recital by an eye-witness, and a style full of simplicity, ease, and clearness, borrowing its animation and occasional eloquence only from the rapid and majestic course of events.

As an orator, Thiers showed marked individuality and power, while, through his printed speeches, he swayed a prodigious influence over vast masses of men far beyond the reach of his penetrating voice, with its somewhat singular cadences.

When he first appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, he unsuccessfully employed a pompous and declamatory style of speech, to which his short stature and shrill accents and strange gesticulations lent additional ridicule. He was laughed at as a *Mirabeau-mouche*. But on his re-election in 1831, he wholly changed his manner, adopting a conversational style, which suited his person and revealed his real value, without preventing his rising, on occasion, to eloquence.

"He occupied the tribune for twenty years," says Eugene Loudun, "less as an orator than as a *causeur*." The conversation, which had disappeared from the *salons*, he brought into the Assembly; he spoke in the free-and-easy way, with the vivacity and charm so greatly admired, and so effective in the society of former days. He would talk, or rather chat, for hours, without notes, sometimes persuading, always amusing and instructing his hearers, and forcing even his enemies to listen to him with pleasure and, not unseldom, with conviction. Even De Cormenin, who did not believe in his sincerity, and regarded him as a comedian, said, as if addressing him directly: "You play your part admirably, but it is only a part that you are playing; I know all that, and, nevertheless, I am delighted to be seduced by you; I yield, so long as you are speaking. I am under a spell, and I almost prefer to hear error from your lips than truth from the lips of anybody else."

One favorite gesture of M. Thiers was very characteristic; when animated in debate, he would turn sideways with his whole body, throwing out his two arms horizontally, as if he were sowing wheat in a field, or rather as if he were pulling at his ideas in order to hurl them forth; removing them from one spot to heap them up on another.

In effect, he used to take his ideas not from within the depths of his own consciousness, but from some external source; he did not literally create, but he assimilated. After keeping ideas in his mind long enough to give them shape, he felt the need of bringing them out, that others might share in them. He was accustomed to turn, not toward his friends in the Assembly, but toward his opponents; it was not necessary to speak to those who had given him what he brought, and he therefore addressed those to whom he brought it.

Moreover, he used to extend his two hands, half opened, as if he were weighing the truth, holding it up, that all might see it. This was the "gesture of authority," which cannot be analyzed; it is bestowed by nature alone, and but few men possess it.

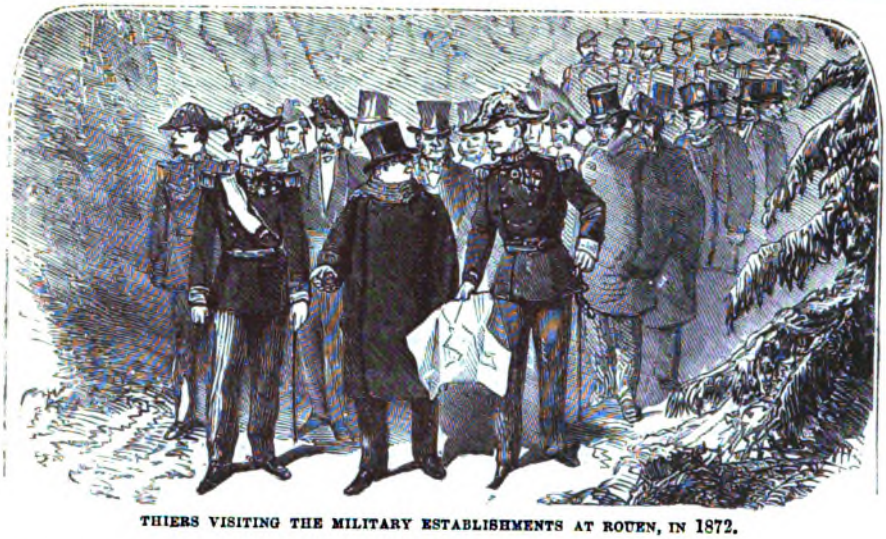
After all, the secret of this power of Thiers as an orator was in his complete mastery of his subject, whatever it might be; his full and perfectly clear exposition of it, however difficult it was; his invariable habit of striking at the root of the matter in hand and appealing directly to his audience, and his intense earnestness in avowing his convictions. The latter trait became more conspicuous as he grew older. It gives peculiar emphasis and weight to his last public speech, which was delivered upon his arrival at St. Germain, on the very eve of his death. That speech was as memorable—let us hope it may be as influential—as the farewell message of Washington. M. Thiers said, in reply to a congratulatory address from the inhabitants of the old court suburb:

"For many years past I have looked upon the Republic as the only form of government possible in France. Those who, without being able to substitute anything for it, seek to prevent it from taking root, are the real disturbers and anarchists on whom France will soon call to account for the moral and material injury which has been inflicted upon her this year. You may reckon, therefore upon my constancy in support of the Republic; but you must allow me to be not less urgent in giving it the epithet of conservative—for, if it is to be permanent, it must give guarantees to order as well as to liberty. Look at the progress which our opinions have made this year, and you will see that it is due to the tranquillity and the firmness of the country Let us persevere in this attitude. Calm and determined, we shall succeed. For my own part, I entertain no doubt as to our own success; everything presages it, and I do not scruple to foreshadow it to you in all confidence."

This final expression of mature judgment and heroic patriotism is a striking example of the highest style attained by Thiers as an orator.

As a statesman, Thiers began his public career at a high point of departure, and ended it at an almost giddy pinnacle of distinction and influence. It has just been so fully detailed in the daily newspapers, that a rapid outline of it will here suffice. The direct agency of his editorial articles in the *National* in shaking the foundation of the throne of the Bourbons has already been indicated. When the famous, or rather the infamous, *Ordonnances* were signed on the 23d of July, 1830, a solemn protest against them was drawn up by Thiers, and signed by him and a few other leaders of the Liberal party, declaring the *Ordonnances* unconstitutional, and avowing the intention to resist them, leaving it "for France to determine how far resistance should be carried."

The people of Paris began the resistance, erecting barricades on the 27th. On the same day a provisional government was formed, consisting of Lafayette, Laffitte, Manguin and Thiers. On the 28th the insurrection had become a revolution, which terminated in the downfall and exile of Charles X., and the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne. Thiers, who had desired this result, and done so much to accomplish it, was at first General Secretary to the Department of Finance, displaying such ability that his chief, Baron Louis, in resigning, recommended him as his successor. But he received only the position of Under Secretary of State, and this he resigned at the fall of the Laffitte administration, while he retained his seat as Deputy from Aix. His former associates were now thunderstruck at his desertion of them. He had become as conservative as Casimir Périer himself. At the death of the latter, he became Minister of the Interior. He suppressed the Vendée insurrection, arrested and imprisoned the Duchesse de Berri, who was rallying the Legitimists to arms, sent an armed expedition to Antwerp, saved Belgium and raised the dignity of France. He then became Minister of Commerce and Public Works. During his administration, an extensive system of internal improvements was perfected, the statue of Napoleon I. was placed on the top of the Column Vendome, the Triumphal Arch of l'Etoile, the Madeleine Church and other public structures were completed, and fresh life

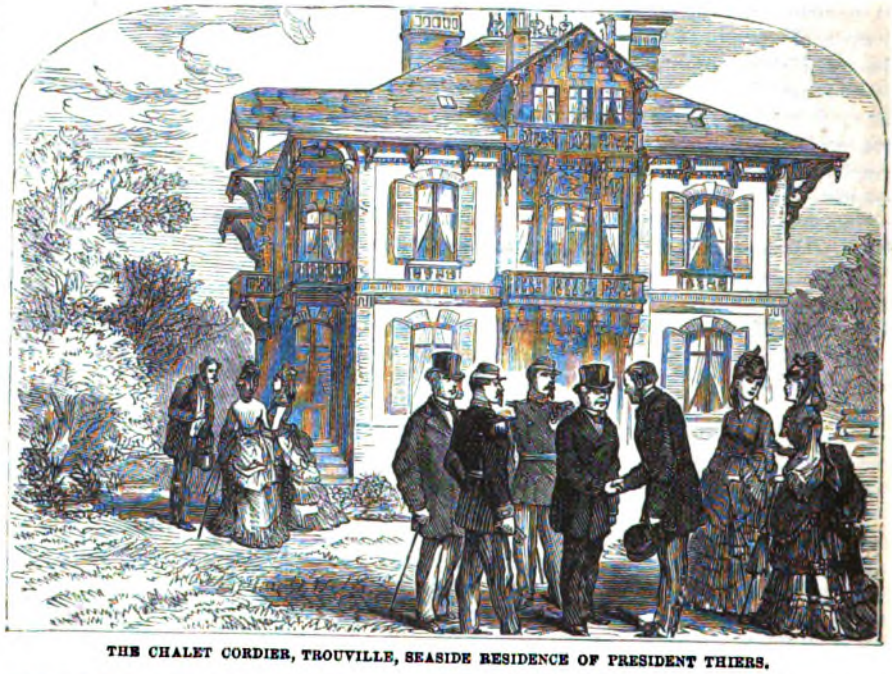


THIERS VISITING THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS AT ROUEN, IN 1872.

was infused into every department of industry. In the latter part of 1833, he was elected member of the French Academy, and, subsequently, member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. In 1834 he was once more appointed Minister of the Interior. At that time the country was greatly disturbed, and, finally, on the 12th of April, insurrection broke out in Lyons and other cities, and barricades were again erected in Paris.

M. Thiers, whose preference for legal measures of redress had led him, on the eve of the revolution of 1830, to retire from Paris to Montmorenci, and exposed him to charges of supineness, if not cowardice, bravely stood fire on this occasion, exhibiting great coolness, energy and sagacity. Party spirit then raged so violently that the ministers were divided among themselves. M. Thiers and Marshal Soult quarreled, and the latter resigned. The next cabinet had but a brief existence. A new ministry was formed, and M. Thiers was again assigned to the Department of the Interior. He strenuously opposed the suggested amnesty for political offenders; another quarrel ensued, and the ministry again retired. It was intended to place M. Thiers at the head of the next cabinet, but M. Guizot would not take office under him, and the Broglie Ministry came into power.

M. Thiers was in the royal

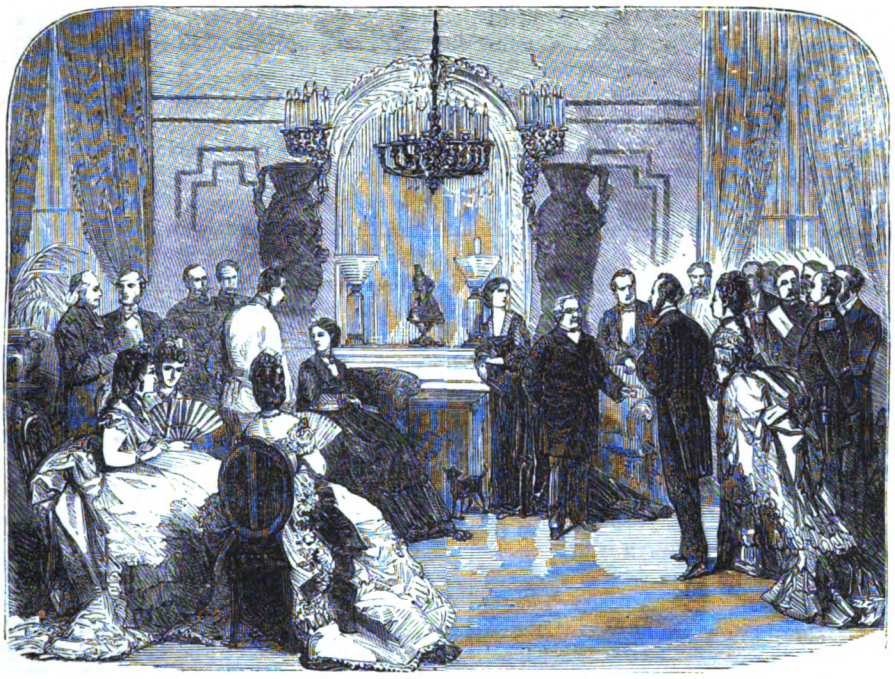


THE CHALET CORDIER, TROUVILLE, SEASIDE RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT THIERS.

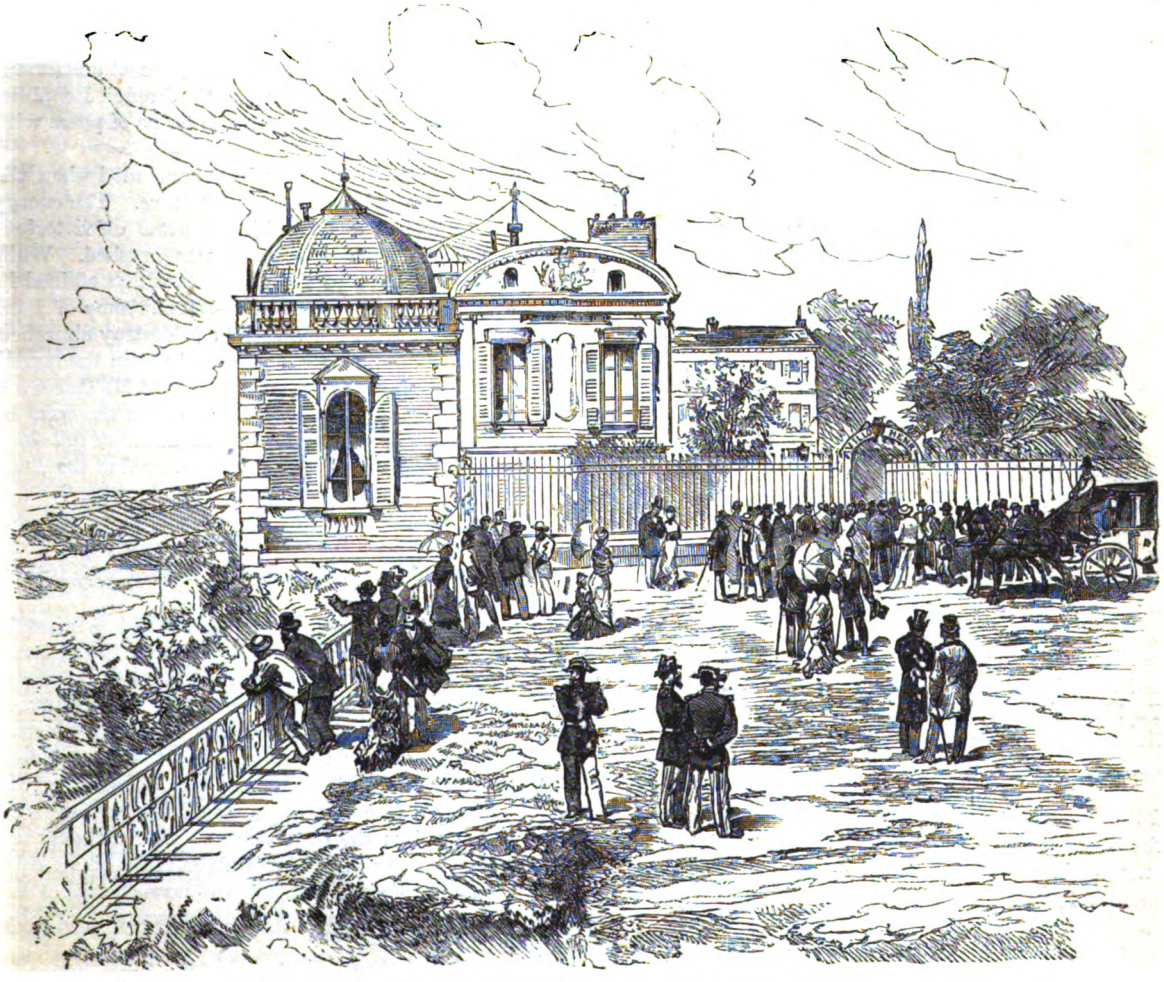
A PRESIDENTIAL LEVÉE AT THE PALACE OF THE ELYSÉE.

cortége on the 28th of July, 1835, the anniversary of the Revolution of July, and narrowly escaped assassination from the discharge of Fiéschi's infernal machine. Immediately afterward the "September laws" were prepared, restricting the freedom of the Press and of juries. They were heartily supported by M. Thiers, and were at last enacted. He seemed to have outgrown the famous protest of 1830. When in February, 1836, the Ministry again disagreed, the Duc de Broglie resigned, and M. Thiers succeeded him as President of the Council and Minister of Public Affairs. After a few weeks a vessel was sent to St. Helena to bring back to France the body

of the Emperor Napoleon. M. Thiers found the Premiership a thorny honor. The King was unwilling to adopt his policy, which consisted in interference in Spain for the purpose of checking the encroaching policy of England. M. Thiers resigned on the 28th of August, and was succeeded by M. Molé. After a visit, in the Summer of 1837, to Italy, where he paid homage to the Pope, and whence he brought many curious and precious relics of antiquity and specimens of art to enrich his elegant house on the Place St. George (which the Communists long afterward destroyed, with all its treasures), the ex-minister headed the coalition of all the elements adverse to the Molé Cabinet. That Ministry fell in 1838. Marshal Soult was appointed Premier, but he refused to give M. Thiers the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. M. Thiers became a candidate for President of the Chamber of Deputies, but he was defeated by a large majority. After seven years of official life, he now passed from the Administration to the Opposition party. He immediately resumed



THE SALOON OF THE CHALET CORDIER.



PAVILION HENRI QUATRE AT ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, WHERE THIERS DIED.

his literary pursuits. But his party was successful in 1840, and he was again placed at the head of the ministry. But he had no better luck than before in carrying out his policy, either at home or abroad. The King, after artfully letting him fortify Paris and otherwise commit himself to an active foreign policy, withheld his sanction of extreme measures. After six months of mortification and discouragement, he resigned. M. Guizot took his place, and kept it till the overthrow of the Orleans monarchy, in 1848.

Both in the *Constitutionnel* and in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Thiers led the opposition to the Guizot Ministry. In the memorable final session under the July monarchy, he made a strong, aggressive speech, in which he announced "that he belonged to the party of revolution in Europe, and that he would never betray its cause." He had now fully recovered his old popularity. But when the Guizot ministry fell, and Thiers, on the night before February 24th, was summoned to the Tuileries to form a new ministry with Odillon Barrot, barricades were springing up all over Paris, the air was ringing with shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" Thiers found that it was too late to save the throne, and he could only resign.

After the flight of Louis Philippe and the proclamation of the Republic, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, and offered himself as a candidate for the Constituent Assembly, "being unwilling," said he, "to remain a stranger to the destinies of his country." He failed at the general elections, but on the following 4th of June he was elected by four departments. He gave his option for the Lower Seine, and was chosen by more than 60,000 votes to replace M. de Lamartine. His election was thought to be a peril for the Republic. The charge that he then secretly aspired to be made President of the French Republic is improbable. It is more likely that he expected an opportunity might arise for restoring the Orleans monarchy. At all events, he loyally put at the service of the government his lofty reasoning faculty, his practical good sense, and his consummate knowledge of affairs.

On the 10th of December he voted for Prince Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, although he profoundly distrusted him. M. Bixio having repeated before the Assembly the statement of certain journals that M. Thiers had declared "such an election would be a shame for France," he was challenged by the ex-minister, and the duel was fought immediately. Re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, M. Thiers took a prominent part in all the important discussions. He labored earnestly to defeat the President at the next election.

At the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2d, 1851, M. Thiers was arrested, imprisoned for a while, and then banished. In the following year he returned to his cherished studies, and completed the "History of the Consulate and of the Empire." The Academy of Moral and Political Science awarded an extraordinary prize of 20,000 francs to this great work.

Meanwhile, Louis Napoleon, after having kept up for a year the farce of a Republic, had restored the Empire in 1852. In 1863 M. Thiers was elected to the Corps Legislatif. He soon was recognized as the leader of a powerful opposition. He tried to wrest from the Imperial grasp the liberties which had been repeatedly promised. He denounced the foreign policy of the government as destructive to the best interests of France. He opposed intervention in the affairs of Mexico and the establishment of an Empire under the ill-fated Maximilian. He also opposed the union of the Italian States into a single nation.

In 1859 he was again elected to the Corps Legislatif. He opposed with all his might the war with Germany as involving the most disastrous consequences to France. His predictions were terribly fulfilled. The armies of France were defeated, and, finally, on the 2d of September, 1870, the Emperor capitulated. The news reached Paris the next day, and on the 4th a decree was promulgated declaring the end of the Empire.

M. Thiers would not participate in this Revolution, regarding it as an illegal mode of procedure. His services, however, could not be dispensed with. He was chosen President of the Corps Legislatif, but perceiving the drift of events, he withdrew in a few months and vacated his seat. Deciding to remain in Paris during the siege, he was about to enter anew upon literary pursuits, when public exigencies, together with the urgent solicitations of the Government of National Defense, constrained him to return to political life. The members of the government unanimously appointed him an envoy to the English Court, and to other neutral Courts of Europe, with a view to establish friendly relations between the new administration of France and the several cabinets. It was no fault of his that he succeeded but imperfectly in his delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking.

He returned to France toward the end of October, 1870. Several times he attempted to negotiate with Bismarck, in the name of the Government of National Defense, an armistice, which Germany was on the point of accepting when the insurrection of October 31st exploded. At last, on the 29th of January, 1871, an armistice which M. Thiers had succeeded in concluding put an end to active hostilities. The officers of the Government of Defense had retired to Bordeaux, and an election was ordered for a National Assembly, to pronounce upon the question of peace or a continuation of the war. The election was held on the 8th of February, when M. Thiers was chosen a Deputy from twenty-six departments. The Assembly met on the 16th of February, and on the 17th Thiers was elected, by an almost unanimous vote, Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic, and was duly commissioned to arrange terms of peace with Germany.

Scarcely had a treaty of peace been concluded when the insurrection of the Commune startled France. The energy and skill of M. Thiers enabled him to come off victorious in this fresh trial. The Commune was crushed. While many of the instigators of the atrocities which stained its record—such as the execution of the Archbishop of Paris and other hostages, with the attempts to destroy churches, palaces and other monuments, and even to burn the beautiful city—suffered exemplary punishment, yet M. Thiers was too intelligent and too just not to try to check the cruel reprisals of some of the "Versaillists," who did their full share in the work of destruction. M. Thiers declared at the councils of war that "he was a champion of moderation."

The title of President of the French Republic was conferred upon M. Thiers by a law of September 1st, 1871, which extended his term of office three years, with full executive power.

Among the principal acts of President Thiers must be counted a loan effected on the very day after the insurrection of March 18th; the rapid reorganization of the army; an enormous tax levy; the gigantic loan of three milliards of francs, subscriptions being eagerly made for fourteen times that fabulous sum; the payment of the great indemnity to Germany before it fell due; the liberation of the French territory before the day assigned for the departure of the hostile armies; the restoration of order, industry and commercial prosperity; and the establishment of amicable relations between France and foreign powers, with a fair prospect of permanent peace. And all this was accomplished within three short years!

It was a sad pity that the coalition of the three monarchical parties (the old Bourbons, the Legitimists and the

Bonapartists) compelled Thiers to resign the Presidency of the Republic on the 24th of May, 1873. A previous tender of his resignation, because the National Assembly negatived, but not without reason, his proposal to abrogate important commercial treaties of France, and to adopt a stringent protective policy, laying a tax, for instance, upon raw material, had not been acted upon. The appointment of a committee of thirty, to be associated with him in the administration of affairs, greatly irritated President Thiers, who had become too much accustomed to success easily to brook contradiction. The caricaturists could not fail to take advantage of this and of other foibles which he had. "Glancing over the French illustrated papers for the last twenty years, one finds in them every phase of his character strongly pictured out," says Mr. Round. In one paper we find him represented as a mule, whom all the members of the French cabinet are trying to lead in one way, while he is exerting his greater strength to back into a window, upon which the words "*Café de la Constitution*" are written. In another he is represented as a monthly nurse, who dandles the Republic as a new-born child on her lap, at the same time that she is scolding everybody in the household and ordering all the servants out of the way.

When this attempt of Thiers to consolidate and make permanent "the Conservative Republic" by legislative enactment failed, he again offered his resignation, which, this time, was accepted. But he lost power by only a slight majority of fourteen votes. Marshal MacMahon was elected his successor as President of the French Republic. Thiers became, after his retirement from office, a stronger and still stronger friend and advocate of the Republic.

In January, 1876, he was elected to the Senate from Belfort, and in the month following, to the Assembly from Paris, accepting the latter seat.

From his "loop-hole of retreat," in Place St. George, he looked forth as keenly as ever upon the course of events. Whenever he walked or drove out, his appearance was greeted by the most touching and spontaneous demonstrations of his unbounded popularity. "Papa Thiers" had become an idol of the people's affections. Within doors, he devoted himself mainly to his books, pictures, sculptures, and medals, and to the entertainment of his friends and admirers, who, with a host of distinguished foreign visitors, daily gathered around his hospitable board, and thronged his parlors. Contemporary politics were by no means a forbidden topic — on the contrary, indeed, his home became the centre of influences no less strong because they wore no outwardly visible and official shape.

A general impression got abroad that something like the old dual system of government in Japan had been revived in France, and that if MacMahon was the French Tycoon, Thiers was a sort of French Mikado. If the nominal ruler held court at the Elysée, so did the real ruler at his rebuilt house on Place St. George.

MacMahon's egregious blunder of the 16th of May, 1877. deeply intensified the situation. The downfall of the Jules Simon Ministry caused the greatest agitation and even alarm in France and throughout Europe. The figure of "the old man eloquent" was again brought into bold relief before the world. Certain mocking Royalists made merry at seeing the venerable ex-President Thiers work hand-in-hand with the young ex-Dictator Gambetta—whom the former used to stigmatize as *un fou furieux*. But Gambetta himself was wise and patriotic enough to give way to Thiers as the leader of the Republican Party, and to avoid every extravagance.

All eyes were beginning to turn toward the Liberator of French Territory as a possible, nay, a probable, candidate for re-election as President of the French Republic, and in his own turn, the successor of MacMahon, in the event of certain emergencies that might speedily arise.

It is unnecessary to seek in the vindictiveness many are fond of attributing to Thiers the stimulating motive which seemed of late to make him "renew his youth" and to be extraordinarily careful of his health. Enough that he, like everybody else, was impressed with the conviction that he had yet much work to do for his country and for mankind, and that he must keep himself in fit condition to do it. Up to a very recent date, so far as any but his most intimate friends were aware, he enjoyed a good prospect of living until he should be more than ninety years of age, and in the full possession of his bodily and mental faculties. No warning of danger, save the very significant one of "an occasional nervousness," to which all overworked men of the period, whether young or old, are liable—a nervousness that sometimes made intolerable for him the murmuring waves by the seaside, and the rustling leaves in the forest of St. Germain. A knife falling suddenly upon the floor of his quiet room drove him one day almost to distraction. But these fits of nervousness were only intermittent.

On Sunday, September 2d, the aged statesman appeared to be in his usual good health, while walking on the terrace of St. Germain. Meeting a little girl who attracted his notice, he kissed her and patted her head; he was fond of children. On the next day, he seemed even better than usual.

After his habitual routine of work and exercise, he sat down a little earlier than usual to his "second breakfast," as he wished to catch a particular train, in time to keep an engagement with Gambetta. "Thiers ate pretty heartily," writes a Paris correspondent, "until his dessert was put on the table, and then he refused a peach, a fruit for which he always had a particular liking. At the same time a terrible change came over his face, and Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne, her sister (a lady who has for years been a member of his family), ran to his side." Briefly, he had been fatally stricken down by an attack of *apoplexie foudroyante*.

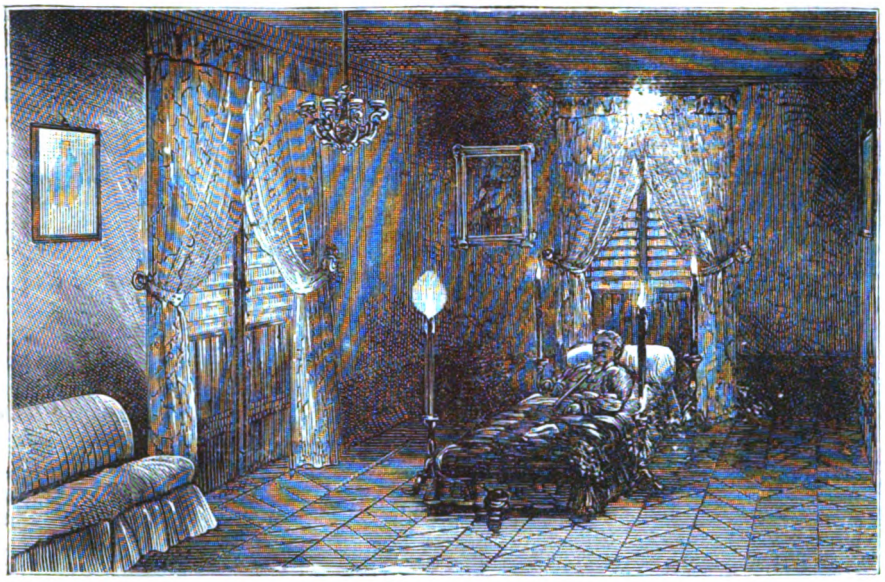
He was due in Paris for a consultation with Gambetta on the issue of a manifesto on the very day, and almost at what proved to be the hour of his mortal agony. While the younger man sat waiting for him in the Place St. George, death was claiming his own at St. Germain.

Thiers died at 6 o'clock P.M., on the 3d of September, 1877, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was buried at Père-la-chaise, on the 8th of September. President MacMahon's proffer of a State funeral having been declined by Mme. Thiers, the religious ceremonies were observed in the Church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, not in the Church of the Madeleine.

The whole route to the cemetery was lined with an immense number of people, notwithstanding the rain, and there was not the slightest disorder, notwithstanding the troops posted in the rear of Père-la-chaise, and held in reserve in the barracks as well as ostentatiously paraded throughout Paris.

The speeches of M. Grévy, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies; Admiral Pothuans, Messrs. de Lacy and Vitry, and ex-Premier Jules Simon, at the grave, were remarkable for moderation. The very silence of Gambetta was far more eloquent than any speech from him could have been. The ex-Dictator left the cemetery before the speeches were pronounced.

It may not be amiss to end this article with the concluding words of Jules Simon's oration: "Adieu in the name of the country to the historian of the Revolution, to the champion of liberty, to the liberator of the territory, and to the first President of the French Republic!"



THE REMAINS OF EX-PRESIDENT THIERS LYING IN STATE AT THE PAVILION HENRI IV.

ON WITH THE OLD LOVE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

MISS JANE FINCH was lonely; the sensation was an odd one, and she was at a loss what to do with it. She had lived for fifteen years a solitary life, had prided herself for a decade and a half on being independent of and indifferent to the rest of the great human family, and now she grew suddenly weary of her self-imposed solitude. It might be because it was Thanksgiving week, and everybody about her was so busy and bustling and happy, or it might be from many other reasons; but whatever the cause, the fact remains that, on a certain sunny morning in November, Miss Finch awoke to the knowledge that her condition was not to be envied.

In vain she tried to argue herself back into her old self-satisfaction. It was just as true now as it was yesterday that her brother James had married Sarah Jones—a girl she thought she had good reason to hate; but, someway, there was no pleasure to be gained from comparing their poverty with her riches.

She tried to woo back her old content, by thinking of the seven little Finches who could be so well-dressed, so well-educated, and so altogether comfortable with her money, and *who should never get a cent of it.* But this, contrary to all past experience, only had the effect of making her more uncomfortable than before. She tried to picture the "Old Woman's Home" she was going to endow; but the great massive piece of architecture brought with it no consolation whatever.

A monster turkey was just being brought into her next-door neighbor's: it reminded her that the following day was Thanksgiving, and also reminded her that she had yet to provide herself with the culinary wherewithal without which no Thanksgiving Day might be properly celebrated; for Miss Finch was a Massachusetts woman, and not once, in all her fifteen years of social exile, had she failed in the outward observance of this holiday.

It always made Miss Finch's face burn to think of Captain Abel Jones—first cousin to her obnoxious sister-in-law. Long ago, when she was in her teens, they had been lovers, and everybody knew that, as soon as he got his ship, Abel Jones and Jenny Finch were to be man and wife; but one evening she ran over to Sarah's (they had once been bosom friends), and hearing voices in the parlor, had stopped a moment to discover who was there. In that moment she had seen Miss Sarah crying, as if her heart would break, with her head on Mr. Abel's shoulder.

Quite ignoring the fact that these two had been brought up together, and that Abel had time and again told her that Sarah was just the same to him as a dear sister, Miss Finch grew righteously indignant; yet she was just—very just indeed! she would not judge them on this evidence, although to most any one it would have been proof enough of a very disagreeable fact; but she would wait, and see how their conversation accorded with their position. So she waited.

"Don't cry," said Mr. Abel Jones, pleadingly. "I am sure I can fix it all right. She isn't nearly so fond of me as you think; and you know, Sarah, how dear you are to her. I'll break it to her gently, and I'm sure she'll give me up of her own accord."

Now, Miss Finch hadn't a jealous nature, not at all! but the most unsuspicious idiot in the universe couldn't have misunderstood that speech. It was very evident he wanted to be free from *her*. So she stole gently out, without letting them know of her presence, walked home at railroad speed, and, with a very proper self-respect, immediately tied up his

THE TOMB OF EX-PRESIDENT THIERS IN THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

ON WITH THE OLD LOVE.—"'I KNOW IT!" SHE SAID. 'BUT I THOUGHT——' AND THEN SHE STOPPED SUDDENLY SHORT. 'THOUGHT WHAT?' AND THE CAPTAIN DREW HIS CHAIR EAGERLY TOWARD HER."

picture, his few presents, and his fewer letters, and sent them back to him, with the pretty falsehood that she found she didn't like him well enough to marry him, and should be obliged if he would release her from the engagement.

She didn't propose to be jilted by him—and she wasn't.

Then she went off on a visit, staid two months, and came home to find her brother James engaged to her false friend—and her false lover nowhere.

In vain she endeavored to prevent this marriage. Her brother would not be convinced, without absolute proof, that Sarah Jones was not a perfect woman. She begged, pleaded and urged. But pride prevented her giving him the one fact of which she had become possessed, and so the two were married, and she took her fortune (left her by her father's only sister) and herself to another town, gradually withdrew herself more and more from the world, until, at twenty-six, she was a confirmed misanthrope, seeing no one.

This sort of existence she had kept up until the time our story opens.

Why Sarah Jones married James Finch, and why Abel Jones was still a bachelor sea-captain, were mysteries she did not trouble herself to explain. Sure of their treachery, what mattered it to her how they spent their lives?

To-day Miss Finch, in thinking over her past, acknowledged to herself for the first time that she might have been hasty; not so far as the stalwart sailor was concerned, but about her brother.

"I don't suppose I ought to have expected him to give up his sweetheart without any reason," she thought. "I wouldn't have done it myself. I believe I'll send them a good Thanksgiving dinner. From all I can hear, they ain't able to do much in that line for themselves;" and with a sudden twinge of conscience, the more acute from being unusual, Miss Finch hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and started off to market.

Oh, the marvelous purchases she made! Pumpkins, and cranberries, and turkeys, and chickens, and barrels of potatoes, onions, apples, flour, and everything else in the eating line that could be desired.

"I'll give 'em a Thanksgiving that will last the Winter," she said, grimly; and then, all of a sudden, she felt a great desire to partake of the good things she had generously provided.

"I've a good mind to go down and eat dinner with 'em. I don't know as I'll be welcome, but they can't do more than shut the door in my face. I believe I'll try it, any way. James and I are the only ones left, and I don't think it is right we should live any longer in this way. According to all accounts, Sarah's been a good wife to him."

And so that night Miss Finch started off for a visit to her brother's.

James Finch looked forward to Thanksgiving Day with no great pleasure.

Captain Abel Jones had just returned from a voyage to the Indies, and, as was his custom, repaired immediately to the home of his cousin Sarah, there to remain until such time as his ship should be ready to start again.

"And you hear nothing at all from Jenny?"

To him Jane Finch, spinster, aged forty-one, was not the grim, formidable woman she seemed to everybody else.

He had not seen her since her girlhood, and his memories of her were all of that happy time.

"No," said James Finch, sadly. "We hear *of* her, but nothing *from* her. She still lives alone, and still refuses to hold communication with any of us."

Captain Jones looked around the poorly furnished little room, and sighed.

"She has changed greatly," he said; "if she can enjoy her wealth, while you are struggling on in this style, I cannot understand it. But there's no use in talking it over. Years ago we decided that it was incomprehensible. Come, to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and we must bestir ourselves to give it a hearty reception."

The husband and wife well knew what that meant.

Captain Jones proposed to provide the Thanksgiving dinner. James Finch, with all his poverty, was a proud man.

"I can't take it," said he, resolutely. "If I was in need, Jones, I'd come to you; but I can get along very well without that; and so, until I'm unable to provide myself with one, I won't have any."

What the captain would have said, must for ever remain a mystery, as, just at that moment, the disputed dinner, in the shape of Miss Jane's donation, drove up to the door.

It was in vain that Mr. Finch protested that the load was not for him. His name and address on the card were correct, and the expressman refused to be convinced.

Then the captain was impaled as the sender; but his astonishment was so evidently genuine, that the veriest skeptic in the universe could not but have believed him innocent.

But that mystery! Mrs. Sarah was a utilitarian. She did not waste her energies in trying to imagine where the things came from—not she! She rolled up her sleeves, put on a big apron, and went to work.

Oh, the marvelous time she made that day! But, after all, it was little wonder, for she impressed everybody—from the big, good-natured captain to little six-year-old-Jimmy—into service. The captain cut up pumpkins, her husband chopped mincemeat, and the children beat eggs and butter and sugar, and picked over the raisins. Verily the Finch family proved, that though "too many cooks" may "spoil the broth," they don't spoil a Thanksgiving dinner, for a better-looking, better-smelling, better-tasting meal than that of which the Finches partook the next day, we defy the greatest epicure in the country to produce.

Miss Jane made her appearance, bright and early, on Thanksgiving morning. Mrs. Sarah was alone in the kitchen when she entered.

"How do you do, Sarah?" said she, not very cordially, it must be confessed, for, although prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship to James and the little ones, she could not, even now, look upon her sister-in-law except as a traitor, whom she would be obliged to make the best of.

"Oh, Jane!" and Mrs. Sarah, with one rush, left her cranberries to take care of themselves, and gave her husband's sister a heartier welcome than she deserved by a good sight.

Miss Jane didn't return her kiss, but she suffered it; and though she did mutter "Judas!" under her breath, I think she was a good deal more comfortable than she would have been if her hostess had been as cold and stiff as herself.

"Draw right up to the stove, and take off your things," and the little woman bustled about, in a whirl of delight. "Oh, won't James be glad! Dear, dear! He ought to be here this minute. And to think it's Thanksgiving Day, and we've got so much to be thankful for!" And then her thoughts went back to their unknown friend of the day before, and like a flash the truth came to her. "Oh, Jane!" she went on, with a grasp, "I see now, it was you sent us the things. Oh, dear! how can we ever thank you?" Then she rushed back to the cranberries, which showed signs of stewing over, and, for the first time since her entrance, Miss Jane had a chance to put in a word.

She had just opened her mouth to say something in explanation of her sudden appearance, when the door opened, and in walked Captain Abel.

"Got anything for me to do, Sally?" he asked, with a laugh; and then the great-whiskered man stopped short, perceiving the stranger, who sat just in front of the fire.

Miss Jane had been a beauty in her youth, and even now was not at all ugly. Her eyes were bright, her teeth were as white as ever, and her dimples were not things of the past, by any manner of means. But for a few wrinkles, and a hard look, which was the natural result of her hard life, she would have been a very handsome woman. She had not changed so much as had the captain; but both were recognizable, and each, after one glance, knew the other. Mrs. Sarah looked up from her cranberries eagerly.

"Oh, Abel, here's Jane—Jane Finch!"

Captain Abel came forward, and extended his hand; but it was an awkward meeting. They had not seen each other since the breaking off of their engagement—over a score of years before—and both of them were uncomfortably conscious of the fact. But Captain Abel drew a chair up to the stove, and tried to talk as if he had forgotten all about it; they discussed the weather, the crops, and everything else they cared nothing about, until Mrs. Sarah, who was all in a whirl with the surprise of Miss Jane's visit, and who could not keep still—try as she would—broke into the conversation with:

"Oh, Abel, do you remember the last day we saw Jane, dear? What a mess I was in! I was engaged to Jim, and nobody knew it; and mother was bound you and I should make a match of it. I never shall forget the afternoon we decided to tell her all about it. Goodness, how I cried—on your shoulder, too, Abe—and how you tried to convince me that poor ma didn't care much about you, and had just as lieve I'd take somebody else, if you only explained it to her properly—and you were right, too!"

And the little woman, quite overcome by these reminiscences, opened the oven-door, and commenced an energetic basting of the turkey contained therein.

Poor Miss Jane was too much astonished by this revelation to be prudent.

"And wasn't you in love with Sarah?" she asked, breathlessly, of the captain.

"In love with Sarah!" he repeated. "Why, I was engaged to you."

"I know it!" she said. "But I thought you——"

"Thought what?" and the captain drew his chair eagerly toward her. "Was that the reason you acted so toward me?"

If silence gives consent, Miss Jane confessed that it was, and he went on:

"Well, now that you know it wasn't so, what are you going to do about it?" And Captain Abel hitched his chair closer still.

Miss Jane didn't pretend not to understand.

"We're too old!" she murmured.

But, a week after, she was Mrs. Abel Jones; so it is to be supposed that Captain Abel vetoed that notion.

WONDERFUL WATCHES.

A WATCH about the size of an egg, said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibited in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty, While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church at eve.

A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the Society of Antiquarians a few years since; it had an alarm, and showed whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures, representing morning, noon, evening, and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and month, the name of the months, the phases of the moon, etc.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs.

A watch at present in the Swiss Museum is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were inserted in snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, ear-rings, breast-pins, and even finger-rings.

George III. carried one of these little time-keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and pinion weighing the seventeenth part of a grain.

Mary Queen of Scots had a watch made in the shape of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope, which acts as a musical-toned bell, while the dial-plate serves as the palate.

LEAFLESS TREES.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."

CLOTHED in their Summer mantle of grateful green, how very slight a hint is given by the trees of the anatomy that lies beneath—of the skeleton upon which the muscle and tissue, as it were, of buds and leaves are hung!

On a bright, quiet day in the middle of June, when every branch teems with luxuriance of foliage, when the Spring leafage has become matured, and the secondary shoots are well established, and all nature seems reveling in the glorious richness of fruition, how impossible it is to picture the country in one's mind's eye denuded of its gay trappings, and lying forlorn, bleak and deserted under the dreary weather and chilling blasts of Christmas!

These changes sprang up in our mind as we thought of the rapid transition from the extreme wealth of foliage to the abject poverty of the "leafless trees," a transition which every year seems to increase in rapidity. Time flies at such a pace as we advance in life, that we appear no sooner in the midst of Summer, than it has flown, and we are back again to the dreary Winter weather. Back again, it seems, almost with as little interval as lay between the shifting scenes which so delighted us as boys in the famous rotatory chamber. A gap of time, bridged over now as easily almost in half a year as then in half an hour; the cabalistic "hey, presto!" of the magician flowing as glibly for us, and with nearly as quick results, as ever. The magic and the mystery remain still; we look out upon the landscape, full and teeming, and, as we gaze, rich tints of Autumn creep imperceptibly through the shimmering green. We but withdraw our eyes to make sure, by reference to some little detail, that this is so, and as we look back again, the

smiling country lies bleak and desolate, the trees stand bare and leafless.

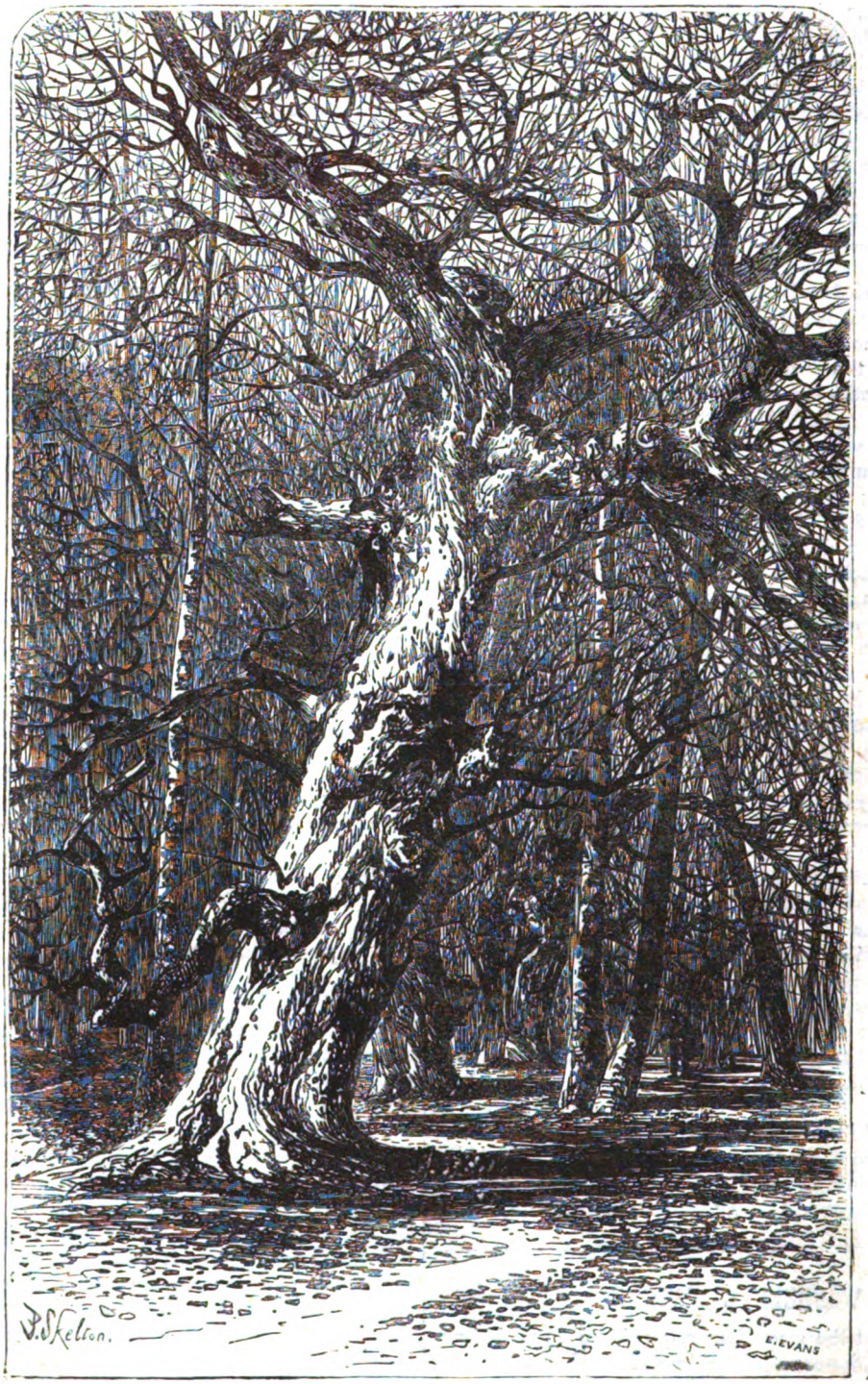
"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
With wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

We who in populous cities are pent, take little heed, perhaps, of "leafless trees." Save the occasional glimpses we have of them in passing through our squares and parks, or when business obliges us to take the return ticket for a few miles' "run" by rail, we seldom see them, and, if we give them a thought, it frequently conjures up the country for us rather unpleasantly than otherwise.

The country means for us, generally, a place to loll and lounge about in, where we spend our holidays, and do little but lie upon the grass, and smoke and read under the shade of some spreading oak or elm. The notion of it denuded of its leaves is too apt to give us a chill, and we fail to invest it with that beauty which in reality it possesses.

See yonder stately oak, with gnarled and knotted trunk, and far-extending arms, angular and sturdy! Lord of the forest, but yet in his very prime subject to the ruthless influence of the unerring seasons, and reduced, through no fault of his, to nakedness and poverty, in spite of his strength, equally with the slender birch or graceful ash. No more exempt than these from the storms of wind and frost which come to tear down the ample covering of its vernal days, those bright-green folds of Nature's drapery, which are, as it were, the testimonies of his wealth and vigor, giving him that robust, bold aspect which in Summer looks imperishable.

Have we not known many a human parallel to this, many a prosperous gentleman, thus stripped of all that made him bear his head so proudly, and with defiance of the blasts of time or the nipping, unexpected frosts of fate? Have we not seen his vitality, his sap, depressed and checked at the very moment when his freshness and his power seemed the strongest, and until he stood a leafless tree, shorn by misfortune of all that made life dear? Hardy, indomitable, true at heart, persevering and oak-like in all his qualities, he has yet succumbed to the uncontrollable and inevitable. By nature but little inclined to bend to the blast, his combat and his opposition have given him, in his nakedness, a wrinkled, seamed, uncouth and angular bearing, but leaving withal a remnant of the old, defiant look. He makes comparatively but little moan about his trials; cruel winds howl through his branches, as with the rest of his brothers in their leafless hours; but his skeleton rattles less than theirs—it is firmer knit, and has better hope of a future Spring.



LEAFLESS TREES.—SEE PAGE 527.

THERE is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

POMERANIAN PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

POMERANIAN PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

POMERANIA, so called from the Slavic *Po' More*—"By the Sea," is a part of Prussia on the Baltic, the town best known to us being Stettin, on the Oder. It is a low, sandy tract, with some fertile districts. It was part of the old Wendish monarchy, but has been subject to Poland, Prussia and Denmark, though, since 1815, Prussia has held the whole of Hither and Further Pomerania.

Our illustration shows Pomeranians of Waizaker on their way to church. They are chiefly Protestants, and in their churches the men and women sit apart, the women on the right, the men on the left. The boys are in the gallery, and the girls under the choir. At the end of the service, the women all go out first, and no man leaves the building till the women have vanished from it.

Men and boys wear red knee-breeches, with well-woven black waistcoats and blue coats. The last are peculiar in shape. Girls and young women wear red dresses, but as they grow older they change them for black. When red, the dresses have blue or light-green borders; when black, they are bound with blue silk ribbon, of a hand's width.

The bust is covered with a fine black broadcloth waist, with red bands; but the main part of the waist is hidden from view, being covered by a silk jacket of a color generally matching the dress. A ribbon which is attached to a jewel worn in the back hair, gayly streams in the rear; and a neatly puffed lace collar adorns the neck. The sleeves are of the same material as the collar. The headgear consists of a plain round hat, trimmed either in blue or black, which reaches to the cheeks.

PALACE OF THE DUKES OF INFANTADO, AT GUADALAJARA.

GUADALAJARA, an old Spanish city, of some 5,000 inhabitants, the chief place of a province, situated on the left bank of the Henares, possesses some edifices worthy of a traveler's notice. Among these is the edifice shown in our illustration—the palace of the Dukes of Infantado—a somewhat curious compound of Gothic and Moorish architecture—very curious in the details of the work, and producing, on the whole, an imposing effect. This vast palace of the once powerful Dukes of Infantado, shows the declining state of the old Spanish nobility, and their falling fortunes. The edifice is in a deplorable state of decay.

The Saragossa Railroad train, on its way to Madrid, rattles through this old town on its course through the valley of the Henares.

HER REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning of the 20th of December, 18—, was a bright and lovely one, and the aristocratic guests gathered around the breakfast-table of Swinburne Hall seemed to appreciate it—the noble hostess herself most of all; and as her husband's eyes lingered adoringly upon her face, every one in the room silently acknowledged her beauty.

That she was not an Englishwoman was plainly to be seen; but beyond the circumstance that the baronet had married her in Paris, and the fact of her having been born in India, where her father, a Mr. Vail, held a civil appointment, nothing was known respecting either herself or family.

The warm sun of her native land had left the shadow of his kiss upon her features, tinging them with that delicate, half-bronzed, golden hue which marks the Hindoo race. Her mother must have had Indian blood in her veins. It asserted its presence, not only in her complexion, but in her eyes—dark, dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, one instant sleepy, the next eloquent of passion. There was dangerous fascination in her smile, too, and no man had ever been known to resist it.

Breakfast was over, and the contents of the mail-bag having been distributed, a partial silence ensued, most of the guests being engaged with their letters.

Suddenly Sir Charles Swinburne ejaculated, "Strange!" His wife looked up with quickly suppressed, but a sudden, wild anxiety in her face, and the lawyer opposite thought, "She has a history, and imagines, perhaps, that her husband has lighted upon one of the stray chapters. I've noticed that look before."

"My cousin Lester has arrived in England, and will soon be here."

Lady Swinburne's face was deadly pale for a moment; then the rich color came back to lip and cheek, and she said, in an unruffled voice:

"How nice of him to visit us first of all! How is Lord Evelyne's headache, Lady Evelyne?" and she turned to a stout dame at her side.

There was nothing more, and Mr. Graham, the rising young lawyer, puzzled over the matter until the next day, when Mr. Lester made his appearance.

The arrival or departure of a guest generally takes place very quietly at every well-regulated mansion in the country. His presence or absence from the dining-table first announces the fact to the remaining visitors, by which sensible arrangement welcomings and leave-takings are avoided.

Such, at least, was the custom at Swinburne Hall. Sir Charles was the only member of the family present to receive his cousin, who had passed the last fifteen years of his life in India.

A slight flush suffused his handsome countenance, as he extended his hand to his long-absent relative. If not produced by pleasure at the meeting, it certainly was not caused by shame. Nothing could be more cordial than their manner, and the few brief words exchanged between them.

"I have directed your old rooms to be prepared for you," said the host, as he led the way; "the same you used to occupy in my father's time. I thought you would like them best."

"Thoughtful and kind as ever," observed his guest.

"If you find them improved, you must thank my wife, for it was her taste that presided over the arrangement of them."

"I shall not forget to whom I am indebted," observed his cousin.

There was something not exactly harsh in the sound of the speaker's voice, but studied, metallic-like, as if he labored under some strongly suppressed emotion. Sir Charles took no notice of the change—perhaps he did not observe it—but left, after once more shaking hands with him at the dressing-room door. Although a cheerful fire blazed in the grate, Mr. Lester, without removing the large cloak lined with sables in which his person was enveloped, threw himself into an easy-chair, where he remained motionless while his valets and the servants were arranging his baggage.

"Come to me in an hour," he said, when the imperials were opened, and the contents of his dressing-case placed upon the table ready for use.

The valet and servants withdrew.

Mr. Lester rose from his seat, walked deliberately toward the door, and locked it. Judging from his manner, it must

have been a relief to him to find himself alone, for he threw off the cloak impatiently, and commenced pacing the floor of the room.

As he is destined to act an important part in our narrative, it would be disrespectful not to introduce him somewhat more particularly to our readers.

Although nearly forty, he appeared many years younger. Neither dissipation, the effects of climate, nor age, nor that which tells more powerfully than age, the war of passion, had left their traces upon his handsome countenance, which most persons were struck with at first sight, although the expression, in reality, was anything but amiable or pleasing. It was too sensual. There was a mocking glance in the eye, and a smile about the lips at once cold and cruel.

Despite his long residence under an Indian sun, his whole person denoted great strength and unbroken manly vigor.

"At Swinburne," he muttered several times to himself. "Standing near the window from which I saw my cousin Charles's arm encircle the waist of the only woman I ever loved. She is dead, and another woman has taken her place —another! He little imagines who that other really is."

Here the speaker indulged in a low, quiet laugh, paused, walked toward the window, then laughed again.

"I could have sworn that she was here," he continued, looking round him. "Humph! she has not forgotten my taste," he added, as he examined one after the other of the different *flaeons* of perfume upon the dressing-table. "She has children—daughters, my lawyer tells me. I wonder if they are like her? Flowers, too!" he added, "fresh as her own beauty when I first beheld her; the conservatory must have been ransacked to supply them. Does she think to propitiate me by such flatteries? I wonder how she will meet me—with cheeks blanched with terror, or with smiles? I would sooner see her terror," he continued, after a pause. "Smiles pall upon me—life begins to lose its zest with me. This visit may revive it. It is something to hold the honor of a man who rivaled me at my mercy. My cousin knows to whom his lands are mortgaged. I read it in his looks when we first met. Therefore, he hates me, and his wife fears me."

Two hours later Lady Swinburne welcomed Mr. Lester to Swinburne Hall, with a brilliant smile and extended hand; but as the jeweled fingers touched his, an involuntary shudder shook her delicate frame. But one saw it—Mr. Lester. A menacing glance answered it.

"The Marchioness of Belgrave, her daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Margaret Pimlico, Miss Currey, Lady Priory, and Mrs. General Orby," said the baronet, presenting him to the rest of the ladies.

"I cannot endure this," whispered Lester, as he took the hand of his hostess on retiring for the night. "We must come to an understanding."

"Yes; I perceive it will be best," murmured her ladyship.

"When shall I see you?"

"In the morning."

"And where?"

"In the park. I generally walk there from twelve to two. You will find me by the waterfall," was the hurried reply.

"I wish, my love," said her husband, as soon as they found themselves alone, "you would be a little more cordial in your manner to my cousin."

His wife regarded him earnestly.

"I am under considerable obligations to him," he added, hesitatingly.

"Obligations!" repeated her ladyship, bitterly. "To him?"

"Yes—pecuniary ones. To be sure, I pay a fair interest for the money, and the debt is amply secured by a mortgage on Swinburne; but were he to call it suddenly in, we might find ourselves embarrassed."

"Pay it," said his wife. "I will consent to any sacrifice! Give up our house in town, and let me remain in the country. There are my jewels, too! I know that they are very valuable—my marriage settlement, and the insurance upon your life for the children. *Pay it*, if you love me—anything rather than remain in the power of that man."

These passionate exclamations, which were broken by a flood of tears, surprised the baronet, who began to reproach himself for having unnecessarily alarmed her.

"Why, pet," he said, drawing her fondly to him, "I never saw you so nervous before! There is nothing to be seriously uneasy at. The timber on the estate would all but clear the incumbrances. Not that I should like to fell the old oaks my father was so proud of. You shall keep your diamonds," he added, "and your house in town. What should I do in London without you? I merely hinted that you might be a little more friendly with Lester."

"I cannot bear him to touch my children," she sobbed.

"This is childish!"

"Call it what you will, it revolts me."

"Nonsense! You must not mind what people say. My cousin has been a little wild, perhaps."

"Wild!" repeated his wife, with a shudder.

"But not worse," continued her husband, without appearing to notice it, "than the rest of the world. India, by all accounts, is not the most moral country in the world."

"Thank you, Charles," said her ladyship, blushing deeply.

"There!" ejaculated the baronet, kissing her; "you have almost betrayed me into making a rude speech. Ah, Margaret! if all women were pure and single-hearted like yourself, the world would be better, and men more worthy of the name."

The tone of tender confidence, of unbounded love in which these words were uttered, rang like a death-knell in the ears of the unhappy woman.

Chapter II.

The waterfall in Swinburne Park was a spot of great natural beauty. No Capability Brown had been permitted to mar its loveliness, under pretense of improving nature. The limpid waters gushed from the chasm freely and unconfined, till they fell into the lake at the foot of a pile of rock. The only attempts at ornamentation were a few shells, and the remains of a statue overgrown with lichen.

As Mr. Lester advanced to the place of rendezvous, Lady Swinburne met him. She appeared pale, but calm—provokingly calm, he thought. He would much rather have seen her flushed and agitated, unable to meet his gaze, as in days gone by.

"Punctuality is not always a lady's virtue," he observed, raising his hat with the most ceremonious politeness. "Permit me to thank you!"

"I am not here to listen to compliments," observed her ladyship, quietly. "We each of us know their value. You wish to speak with me."

"Margaret, my heart is on fire. I cannot paint the misery I endure at beholding you another's. Europe has realized the promises of your youth, developed your understanding, added grace and refinement to your beauty. I am mad when I reflect you once were mine. Have you not one word of pity for me?" he added; "no reply to the avowal of my sufferings?"

"I came to hear what you had to say to me, Mr. Lester, not to listen to a senseless rhapsody which, if I did not

know you, would excite my mirth. You forget," she continued, "that whatever phase of character you may assume to others, to me you are known—falsehood has no vail, cunning no device, brutality no outrage," she added, with marked emphasis upon the words, "that can surprise me more."

"I love you, Margaret—passionately, madly love you!"

"Men never strive to appear contemptible and infamous in the eyes of the women they love."

The countenance of Mr. Lester changed. The voice and manner of the speaker stung him even more than her words.

"By heavens, you bear it bravely!" he replied, sneeringly.

"How should I bear it?" demanded the lady.

"You forget how completely you are in my power—that one word from my lips will reduce you to such abject misery, that mercy itself could never find you. I have but to return to the house, and proclaim to your guests the relationship that existed between me and their hostess, years since, in India, to see them shrink from you as from a living leprosy—to hear your husband cast you off—drive you from the house to which your presence is a disgrace, separate you from your children, who would henceforth blush to hear you named."

At this allusion to her daughters, the firmness of Lady Swinburne gave way, and she wrung her hands in speechless agony and shame.

"How the world will laugh," he continued, "when it learns the tale. How that the virtuous, immaculate wife of my cousin Charles——"

"Hold!" shrieked the unhappy woman. "Have you no touch of humanity in your nature? no sense of manhood or of pity? *You* to reproach me! You! infamous as cowardly. I was scarcely fifteen when the wretched man who calls himself my father threw me in your power—sold me to you! You had beggared him at the gaming-table; obtained possession of bills he had forged, and left him no means of saving a dishonored life but the sacrifice of his only child. Young as I was," continued the speaker, with increasing vehemence, "I never was your willing dupe. I hated and despised you. I was the victim of loathsome violence!"

"Perhaps you will prevail upon society to believe it," observed the well-bred ruffian.

"My husband will believe it," replied the lady.

"Pshaw!"

"And avenge me," she added, significantly.

"I never fight with the man who is my debtor."

"Coward!"

"Margaret, this is folly—madness," said her persecutor. "If I have shown you my power, it is that you may not drive me to use it. Why should we not be friends?"

"Friends!" repeated his victim, bitterly.

"Neither Charles nor the world need suspect ——"

"Do not pollute my ears by your infamous proposals. I would prefer death to safety at such a price. Leave me, for I look into my heart and shudder. Leave me, for your own sake if not for mine."

"A menace!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughingly.

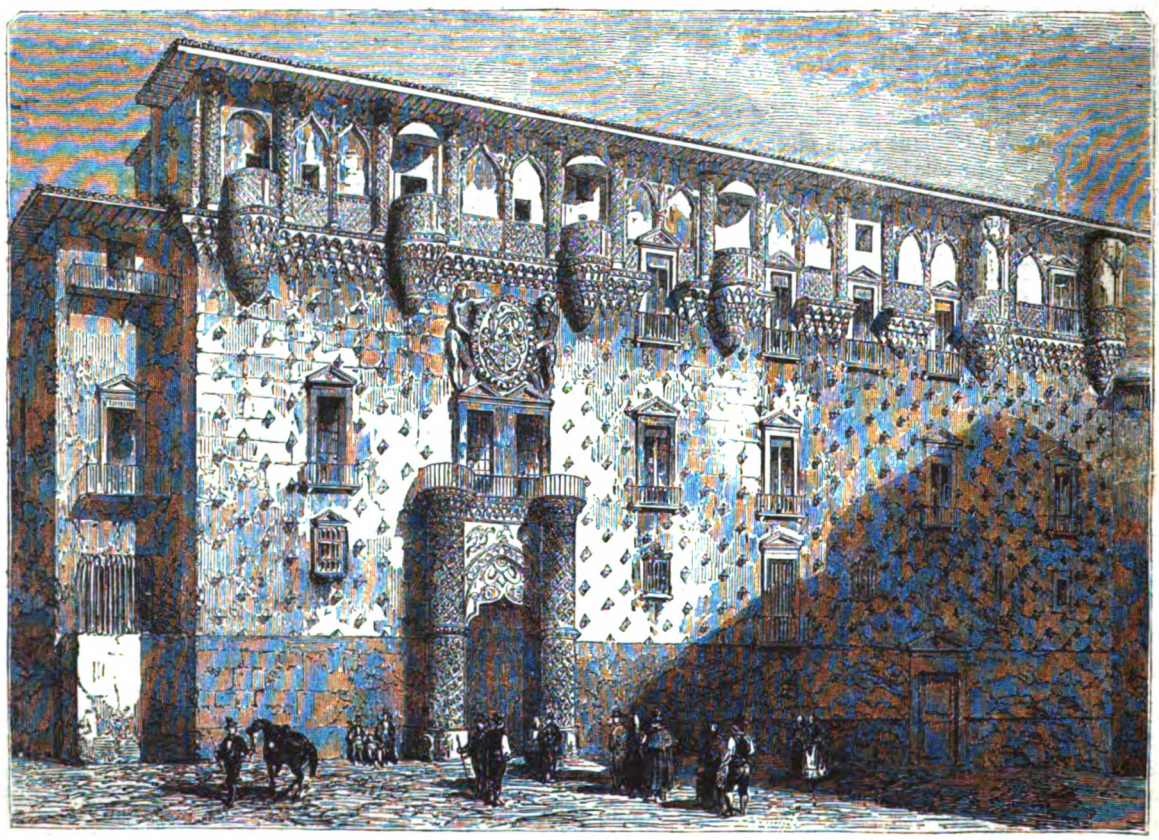
"No; a prayer—a prayer! Spare me if you are a man."

Lady Swinburne threw herself at his feet. It was the wife and mother he had humbled, not the woman.

A cynical smile passed over his features as he regarded her.

"Margaret," he said, "you ask too much of me—a self-denial I am not in the habit of practicing. Call me selfish, if you will—perhaps I am so; but your beauty is my justification. Never did my heart beat so passionately as now. The utmost I can accord is three days to reflect before you answer."

"Three days!"



PALACE OF THE DUKES OF INFANTADO, GUADALAJARA, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 530.

HER REVENGE.—"LADY SWINBURNE THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 530.

"If you decide on quitting Sir Charles, and flying with me to the Continent, all that wealth can lavish, you can command. If you determine on remaining with your husband, you may trust to my prudence and discretion to guard your reputation."

"Only three days!" repeated the unhappy woman.

"Am I not generous?"

The look that answered the unmanly question might have warned him that there were limits to the forbearance of the being he had so cruelly outraged and insulted, which it might be dangerous to pass. But his evil passion blinded him.

He saw in her the weak, defenseless woman only, prostrated by terror, and entirely at his mercy.

"If this misery is to fall upon me," she sobbed, "I cannot remain beneath the same roof with my children. It would kill me to know myself a living lie."

"You will elope with me, then?"

"I did not say that. Three days! yes, three days to reflect!" and Lady Swinburne turned abruptly away from her companion, and walked rapidly down a side path.

He did not attempt to follow her.

Before long, she reached what was evidently her destination—a small, low cottage; for she knocked at its door, and when bidden to enter, obeyed with the air of one who knows the place.

"Miriam, he has found me!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and wringing her hands piteously.

Without a word, the single inmate of the room, a low-browed, dark-skinned, handsome woman, walked to a small chest, which she unlocked, took from it a strongly perfumed essence, and commenced bathing the brow of her visitor.

"I know," she said, at last; "my son told me of his arrival."

HER REVENGE.—"TAKING UP THE WATER-BOTTLES ONE BY ONE, SHE POURED INNO EACH A PORTION OF THE CONTENTS OF THE PHIAL SHE CARRIED IN HER BOSOM, AND CAST THE REST INTO THE BASIN AND EWER, IN ALMOST EQUAL PARTS."

"He threatens me."

"Let him threaten."

"Declares that he will reveal everything—heap misery upon my husband—shame on my innocent children!—unless I—spare me the rest. You know him."

"How did you reply?"

"By scorn and defiance."

"That was unwise."

"I could not help it. My heart would have broken had I attempted to conceal the loathing and contempt he has filled it with. It was folly. I felt so afterward, and humbled myself in the dust before him."

"That was weak."

"Entreated his forbearance."

"And he replied by insult?"

"Yes."

The woman's brow darkened ominously.

"If I had been there, Margaret, you should not have humbled yourself in vain."

Lady Swinburne raised her eyes wearily.

"He has given me three days to decide between death and shame."

"Three days!" exclaimed her *confidante*, for the first time betraying something like animation in her gesture and looks. "Had he known that I was so near you, he would not have granted you as many hours. Three days," she repeated to herself. "In India, I have known a province lost and won in half the time."

A low cry burst from Lady Swinburne's pallid lips.

"Can you save me?" she asked, softly.

"*I can.*"

"And will you?"

"I will."

"Bless you, Miriam! bless you! Husband! children! home! are mine again—all mine!"

"*Upon one condition*," added the woman.

"Condition! yes, anything! Is it money? You shall have all that I can command."

"No."

"My diamonds, then? They are yours. Peace of mind is far more precious than the most costly gems."

"You ought to have known me better," replied the Jewess. "My services, like my friendship, are not to be purchased by gold or jewels."

Stooping, she whispered a few words in the ear of her visitor, whose countenance suddenly became overshadowed by an expression of uneasiness and distaste.

"It may not be in my power," she faltered.

"I ask it no further than your power to grant or refuse may extend hereafter," was the reply.

Still Lady Swinburne hesitated.

"Take your chance," said the woman, coolly.

"I consent."

"You must do more."

"More!"

"Yes; for now I doubt you. There is a secret pride, Margaret, lurking in your heart, which, like the seed of the Auruxis, only requires unclouded sunshine to put forth bitter fruit. You must swear to me."

"I will; yes, anything," faltered Lady Swinburne, alarmed lest the Jewess, offended by her hesitation, should recall her promise.

"Remember that it is a solemn compact between us," said Miriam, after her visitor had repeated the words she dictated; "as you value your safety, your husband's love, the esteem of your children, do not attempt to trifle or palter with it."

"Never."

"Living or dead, I should know how to avenge it. It is well that we have three days before us, otherwise I should be pressed for time. To-morrow night you must contrive some excuse to send for me to the Hall."

"Nothing more easy; I can be ill."

"Illness will be as good a reason as any other. Let it be about the hour when your guests are engaged in the drawing-room."

"I understand."

"Lester must not see me. He would take the alarm, and exposure become inevitable."

"What is it you propose?" demanded her ladyship, lowering her voice to a whisper, and looking into the dark face bending over her with terrified eyes.

"I will inform you when next you see me."

"Not life? Oh, not life!"

"That will depend upon accidents I have no power to control. You are strangely pitiful. Have you forgotten your wrongs?"

"No."

"Yet you would spare him?"

"I would not unnecessarily burden my soul with crime. The consequences might prove disastrous to us both."

The Jewess smiled disdainfully.

"You would kill him, then, if you could do it safely?"

"As I would the venomous reptile that had coiled its loathsome folds about my foot!" exclaimed her visitor, "and sleep peacefully after having done so. My wrongs have armed me with a right more sacred than legal justice."

"We understand each other, Margaret," observed the strange woman, in her passionless voice. "It is time that you returned to the house; your prolonged absence may be noticed by your guests; but before you depart, I must remove all traces of these tears."

Returning to the box, or species of casket, from which she had taken the essence applied so successfully to restore her visitor from her fainting fit, the speaker mingled several drugs in a basin of water, and set it before her.

"This reminds me of old times," said Lady Swinburne, as she bathed her features in it.

When the mistress of Swinburne Hall made her appearance among her visitors, they one and all congratulated her upon the effect of her walk.

Chapter III.

Two days had already elapsed since the interview at the fountain.

"*To-morrow!*" murmured Felix Lester to himself, as he looked insolently into the pale face of Margaret Swinburne.

At that moment she raised her eyes, and meeting that gaze, returned it defiantly.

An hour after, as she sat in the nursery, bending tenderly over the little bed where her two children lay asleep, the head nurse entered the chamber.

"Mrs. Arvane is below, and wishes to speak with your ladyship."

A deadly pallor swept over the exquisite face of Margaret Swinburne; but the tone in which she replied was thoroughly commonplace.

"What brings her here so late, Edson?"

"She came with her son Hugo, who staid to play with Master Harry, if you please, my lady. Poor Hugo is quite ill."

"Send Miriam to my dressing-room. I will be there in a moment."

It seemed as if the suffering woman could not tear herself from the presence of her children, for she hung over them with agonized kisses and choking sobs.

Five minutes later she entered her dressing-room. In the centre of the apartment stood Miriam Arvane, the Jewess, whose life was a mystery to all but the mistress of the Hall.

"Has any one seen you except the servants and your son?" asked Lady Swinburne.

"Not a living thing," was the reply; "but I recognized his voice as I passed the door of the drawing-room, and felt that my task had become a duty."

"Are you prepared?"

Miriam nodded in the affirmative.

"The time has been long enough for justice to prepare the blow."

To illustrate her meaning, the speaker drew from her bosom a long, slender phial, filled with a liquid so pure and colorless, that the most careful observer would have pronounced it water.

"Will no taste detect it?"

"None."

"Miriam, you possess fearful knowledge."

The Jewess smiled.

"How did you obtain it?"

"My father, as you have heard me say, was a surgeon to one of the company's native regiments. In our campaign on the hills, he had ample opportunity, as well as time, to devote himself to his favorite pursuit—botany. He could not educate me as girls are usually educated—to figure in the waltz, to play and sing, work useless embroidery, make unmeaning sketches, and call them drawings from nature; but he taught me all he knew, and it has served me more than once."

"Heaven help and pardon us!" murmured Lady Margaret.

"Pardon!" repeated the unscrupulous woman. "Pardon is for criminals; our deed is a sacrifice, and not a crime. I have interrogated my heart—for I have such a thing—taken counsel with my conscience, and both assure me that the death of Felix Lester will be an act of justice. If, however, you think otherwise, it is not too late to retract; the deed is not performed; the choice is in your hands."

"It is, it is."

"*And the alternative in his.* Your husband's misery and your children's shame."

At these words her hearer rose from the seat on which she had thrown herself, as suddenly as if she had received an electric shock; her glorious eyes flashing; her delicately chiseled nostrils slightly distended with indignation and shame.

"Never!" she exclaimed; "never! I am calm now, fixed in my hatred of him, pitiless as his own vile nature. My husband and children! Thank you for reminding me of them; though I scarcely needed it, for my resolution has long since been taken. They shall never blush at the tale of my disgrace."

"In which room does he sleep?"

"The Amber Chamber."

"Let us go," said the woman; "the servants, by this time, are at supper, and we shall be unobserved."

Lady Margaret took the small silver lamp from the dressing-room table, and, without uttering a word, walked toward the door, followed by the speaker. Everything appeared to favor their design. They did not encounter a single domestic in the corridors; and, if they had, the excuse would have been ready; they were about to visit Hugo, who, in obedience to his mother's instructions, had pretended sickness, as an excuse for remaining at the Hall all night.

The Amber Chamber, so called from the prevailing hue of the tapestry and hangings, although exceedingly old-fashioned, was one of the most luxuriously furnished in the house. Large, roomy, down-cushioned chairs stood on each side of the fireplace, in which a wood fire was cheerfully burning. At the foot of the bed there were two couches, *en suite*, and a magnificently inlaid wardrobe and cabinet.

The toilet-service also was of peculiar beauty, formed of rare old Venetian glass, placed upon a table inlaid by the cunning hands of the mosaic-workers of Florence.

It was toward this table that Miriam Arvane directed her steps. Taking up the water-bottles, one by one, she poured into each a portion of the contents of the phial she carried in her bosom, and cast the rest into the basin and ewer, in almost equal parts.

"It is done," she whispered.

"Should he not drink?" gasped her companion.

"Let him but dip his hand into the water, it will prove sufficient," was the reply.

Lady Swinburne shuddered.

HER REVENGE.—"'MY GOD! SHE SAID, IN AN AWFUL WHISPER, 'SHE IS DEAD!'"

FLOWER AND LEAF OF THE TREES THAT PRODUCE QUININE—CINCHONA, SUCCIRUBRA, CONDAMINEA, AND CALISAYA.—SEE PAGE 538.

"It is time you return to the drawing-room," said the Jewess. "Do not look so pale."

"Do not leave me," faltered Lady Margaret. "How shall I live until to-morrow?"

"You are childish and weak," was the scornful reply. "But I can stay if you wish me to—and, perhaps, it may be best; the discovery of the morning may shake your nerves. I will go down to the housekeeper's room, and say that I have your permission to sleep here at the hall, for fear Hugo should be worse."

"Children are incautious," said Lady Margaret, anxiously. "Is there no danger of Hugo's betraying that his illness was an assumed one?"

"Not the slightest," was the reply. "I have trained him for an end."

"For an end."

"Have you forgotten our compact?" and Miriam Arvane's black eyes flashed. "*He is to be your daughter's husband.*"

Lady Swinburne turned away abruptly, and left the room.

"Where have you been, my dear?" asked Sir Charles, as his wife re-entered the drawing-room.

"Hugo is ill," was the quiet reply.

"Who is Hugo?" whispered Felix Lester, to a stout dowager at his side.

"A child, the son of the widow of Sir Charles's steward," was the reply. "He is a great deal at the hall as playfellow and companion of the young heir."

MAD FREAKS.—"THE DEAD MAN RETURNED IMMEDIATELY TO LIFE, AND ADMINISTERED A GOOD TRIMMING ALL AROUND."—SEE PAGE 539.

Felix Lester inquired no further. Had the speaker by any accident pronounced the name of Miriam, a terrible design would, in all probability, have been defeated.

"Anything to avoid me," he thought, and immediately commenced a conversation on a very different subject.

Chapter IV.

If any feeling of remorse lingered in the breast of Margaret Swinburne, it would have been effectually extinguished by the assured, triumphant look her persecutor gave her as he extended his hand to bid her good-night.

"Death cancels every debt," thought his victim, as, with less reluctance than she generally displayed, she gave it to him.

"She accepts her fate," murmured Felix Lester, as he entered his chamber; "yields, like a sensible woman, to a destiny she cannot avoid."

The presence of his valet was irksome to him, and he dismissed him.

"At the usual hour in the morning, sir?" inquired the man, pausing at the door.

"Yes; mind that I answer when you knock. I have particular reason for not wishing to be late."

"I shall be punctual, sir."

These words were the last words uttered by any human voice, except his own, that ever fell upon the ear of the guilty man, who nodded carelessly, so impatient did he feel to be alone.

His first care, directly the valet left him, was to draw the bolt of the chamber door.

That done, he exchanged his coat for a dressing-gown, then sunk into one of the luxuriously cushioned chairs by the fireside.

"How glad I am that Charles is my debtor. I hate him. His oily tongue won from me the only woman I ever loved. But for him I might have been a husband and a father. What is the use of the enormous wealth I have gained? Use? None. Strangers may inherit—the lawyers fight for it—the fiends take it, for aught I care, provided no one of the race of Swinburne ever benefits a farthing by my labors."

The recollection that he had not yet made a will suddenly struck him, and he mentally resolved that not another week should elapse without repairing the omission, as, in the event of his dying intestate, his cousin would inherit all.

"If I did not feel so strong and well," he thought, "the idea might make me nervous. Whew! how close the room is!"

Either the wine the speaker had taken at dinner—he was in the habit of indulging freely—or the heat of the apartment, had created a sensation of thirst. Walking to the toilet-table, he took up one of the Venetian bottles, and filled a glass with water.

Just as he raised it to his lips, an owl, or some vagrant bird of night, attracted probably by the lights within the room, fluttered its soft, downy wings against the window. Some men would have been startled. Mr. Lester only laughed.

"Here is to you, old fellow!" he exclaimed, and instantly drained it off.

Whatever the nature of the drug the widow had prepared, it was tasteless as well as colorless, for not the slightest suspicion of there being anything unusual in the draught once struck him.

A few minutes afterward the head of the wretched libertine, still filled with thickly crowding fancies, which would continue to press upon him, reposed upon his pillow.

A feeling of drowsiness gradually crept over him, invading every limb, but not the brain—that continued active as ever, teeming with a thousand fantastic images, each succeeding the other like a troop of conscience-startled phantoms. Being unaccompanied by pain, this peculiar state inspired no alarm, and the doomed man would not have been startled from his waking dreams had not the sensation of thirst once more oppressed him. He struggled against it for some time, till it became intolerable, and then attempted to rise from the bed. The muscles, rebellious to his will, refused to perform their office; he could neither move hand or foot. Had the fabled head of Medusa been presented to his gaze, and turned him into a living statue, he would not have been more helpless.

Cold dews of terror started upon his forehead; he tried to call for assistance; inarticulate murmurs, too faint to be heard beyond the chamber, broke from his lips. Voice as well as strength was gone.

In this state Mr. Lester remained for several hours, a prey to all the agonies of rage, remorse and despair; every minute appearing like an age, in which the events of his evil life passed in review before him, terribly distinct, hideous in the startling reality with which they confronted his mental vision. He knew that he was poisoned, and guessed the hand that had done it.

The thought that henceforth Lady Swinburne would live happily with her husband and children, her honor unstained, her crime unsuspected—for the chances of detection were but few—inflicted a keener pang than the certainty of approaching death, or the recollection that her husband would succeed to his enormous fortune. Could the unhappy wretch have clothed his thoughts in speech, how fierce would have been his words! To a mind like his it appeared doubly hard to die—every means of enjoyment and the luxury of a long-cherished vengeance within his grasp—and to know that his death must enrich the man he would have wronged!

Dead at last. Cold and stark. But the tragedy of the night was not completed.

In another chamber, that of Margaret Swinburne, it was going on bravely.

The wretched woman had not undressed, and now lay motionless upon a couch, her fair face as colorless as marble, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over her breast. They had a peculiar look, like dead hands. There was a strange fixedness in her attitude, too.

Not three feet from the couch stood Miriam Arvane, a horrible beauty in her face, a yellow gleam in her eyes, like that of the tigress who beholds her prey.

"At last!" she muttered. "At last, Margaret Vail, I am avenged. I have waited years for this. Felix Lester forsook me for you ten years ago, and I—waiting—patient—crafty—made the acquaintance of his new fancy, won your confidence, became your trusted companion. I followed to England after your marriage with Charles Swinburne; I have led you into the commission of murder; and now—now I am avenged. You, who thought to escape the consequences, shall suffer them all. The poison was a well-known one to medical men, and the half-empty vial, which I have hidden in your bosom, shall convict you. The world's verdict shall be this: Lady Swinburne had some powerful—probably a guilty—motive in wishing the death of Felix Lester. He died by her hands; she attempts to commit suicide; but the poison which proved fatal to Felix Lester, for some reason, simply stupefies Margaret Swinburne. Let me see;" and the woman bent over the motionless form upon the couch. "She will awake to disgrace, to her husband's scorn—her children's execration—in ten hours. It will then be—nine o'clock, and the murder will be discovered at eight."

For a moment the beautiful fiend smiled; then, with a heart-breaking sob, pressed her hand to her heart.

"Oh! Charles Swinburne—now that *she* is dethroned, will you love me?"

Long she stood there, her hand over her heart, her lips parted and pale; then the smile came back, and, stooping still lower, she laid her hand upon Margaret Swinburne's cheek.

A low cry escaped her. Hastily she touched her lip, brow and hands, then laid her ear upon the motionless breast.

"My God!" she said, in an awful whisper. "*She is dead!*"

* * * * * * *

Sir Charles Swinburne and his two children left England immediately, and for twenty years never set foot upon its shores.

Miriam, the mysterious occupant of the cottage, was never seen after the fatal night of the murder and the suicide, as it was supposed.

QUININE, AND THE TREES THAT PRODUCE IT.

PERUVIAN BARK, Jesuit's bark, and in our day, under its prepared form, quinine, are the great weapon of the human race to combat malarious fever, whether in the Roman Campagna, the fens of Lincolnshire, the meadows of New Jersey, the Western prairies, or the Isthmus.

The first use of the bark as a febrifuge, really authenticated, was in the case of the Countess of Cinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who was cured of a fever by it in 1638. Of course those who recommended it to a lady of her rank must have produced evidence of its beneficial powers—whether we believe or reject the story of the sick Indian who recovered by drinking from the pool in which a log of this tree from the arid slopes had been thrown.

The cure of so great a lady was noised abroad; and, as she took back to Spain a supply of the precious bark, its merits were soon tested and made known, and Cinchona took its high degree in *Materia Medica*. The Jesuit missionaries next became such ardent admirers of its merits, that it took the name of Jesuit's bark. The original Indian name, Kina-kina, gave place in Peru to that of Ceaspi-chucchu, or Fever-tree.

Condamine and Jussieu first gave full descriptions of varieties of this tree, while others began to explore and determine the district in which it was found. This tract of country is crescent-shaped, on the western slope of the Andes, between the ninth degree north and nineteenth degree south. It loves the wooded hillsides, cool, dry spots, generally shady. The species in which the quinine is active are found between the altitudes of four and ten thousand feet, in the highest becoming a shrub. Where the

woods are intermingled with grassy stretches the varieties found are of little value.

We give in our illustration specimens of fine varieties of the *Cinchona succirubra*, *Condaminea* and *Calisaya*.

These trees are sought out by *cascarilleros*, who then encamp sometimes for six months, till they complete their work, raising crops of vegetables in the woods, signs of which puzzle future travelers. The trees are cut down, the outer or dead bark removed, and the live bark within stripped off in long pieces like shingles. The bark on the branches is taken off entire. Each tree will give eight or nine *arrobas* of bark. These strips are then carried to the camp and stacked up to dry. When thoroughly freed from moisture, the bark is made up in bales of coarse woolen cloth, which are enveloped in wet hides, which are allowed to dry on, forming a tight, hard box. In this shape it is carried to the ports and shipped.

The yellow varieties, embracing the *Cinchona Calisaya*, *ancifolia*, *Condaminea*, *Micrantha*, *pubescens*, are the most esteemed. Then follow the red and orange, while the gray is the least esteemed of all.

Attempts made to introduce the tree elsewhere have almost always failed, and year by year the destruction of this useful agent goes on. Hence an anxiety exists that it may become so rare as to be almost unobtainable as an ordinary remedy.

MAD FREAKS.

A GREAT philosopher, writing his life, says in one passage: "There are times in which I am so unlike myself that I might be taken for a man of directly opposite disposition. I am seized with a delirium—the heart is heated, and the imagination grasps its object with a hold so sure that for the time nothing can break it. At these periods plans the most ridiculous, childish and void of sense flatter my ideas, and persuade me that it is reasonable to sacrifice everything for the accomplishment of it."

He intimates further on that he thinks he must be quite alone in this singularity, because he cannot find any method to explain it. That, however, would seem to be very poor reasoning, for who is not sometimes seized with a whim, violent and inexplicable, and altogether resembling a freak of madness? This kind of perversity is frequently illustrated in stories as well as undeniable fact, and some one has called such impulses the promptings of a demon who occasionally takes possession of us without our knowledge. Else how can we understand that mad desire many feel to throw themselves in front of an advancing railway train, or to fling themselves from the top of a monument?

Poe describes a person haunted in this way by the fiend of the perverse, and driven at length, absolutely against his will, to reveal a horrible secret that must insure his destruction. The same idea is practically illustrated nearly every day in the accounts of the discovery of murder. The criminal is seen to have taken every possible precaution against detection, except one, and that the most obvious; and in nothing is this so strongly displayed as in the common characteristic of a person who has taken human life to linger about the scene of his crime. The spot woos him with a dreadful fascination which he finds impossible to resist; and no matter how far the first impulse of flight after his sin has carried him, he is nearly always certain to obey that perverse and stronger impulse which lures him back. Dickens has given a graphic example in the conduct of Sykes after the murder of Nancy.

But a similar inexplicable influence is frequently the source of acts less serious; and some such sudden twist of the fancy often turns a little world awry. Everybody will recall the strange story of Wakefield, as told by Hawthorne. With what skill, beyond all imitation, he shows Wakefield possessed of a sudden whim to leave his wife, purposing to remain away but a little while, to see how she will take his absence! The freak becomes a mania, and in the end he finds it impossible to go back at all. A like distorted impulse has carried other men into exile, as we see in the lives of hermits; and the freak of a moment governs the course of a whole future existence.

These things have also a humorous expression, and perhaps not as rarely as might be supposed. Grimaldi's freak was a little like Wakefield's—both practical jokes, but the clown's broader and less imaginative, and, better still, not deepening into a grim and sad reality before the end. Grimaldi—who was, like clowns in general, very serious in private life—one day began to wonder if his family really loved him as much as he had reason to hope for. There was no practicable way of testing his wife's affection; but he might that of his children. He provided himself with a coffin, and pretended to be dead. The children were sent into the room to see him, as he lay there still and apparently extinct. He probably expected them to break out into violent demonstrations of grief; but, if so, never was a man more mistaken, for they gave vent to the greatest glee, singing and dancing, and very heartily rejoiced that they should be thus bereaved; and the little comedy ended very naturally by the dead man returning immediately to life, and administering a good trimming all around.

Impulses are difficult to understand at all times, and those people who seek a motive at the bottom of every action very often look to the wrong source. Many an important step has been taken for no reason whatever. In a dilemma, for instance, how seldom do we argue which horn we shall choose, especially if there be very little time for the *pro* and *con*! We follow the notion of the moment, and the result we call fate.

Walking through a city, we come to a point where we must choose one of two streets, and which shall we take? There is no real reason why we should turn up the right rather than down the left. But we seldom stop to consider; we only go on whichever way the mood of the instant takes us; and then if anything happens, we are prepared to admit that some unseen hand guided the way, after all.

But those very mad impulses are, doubtless, often entirely due to some derangement of the physical health. Mrs. Mathews relates a curious instance in the life of her husband, the celebrated comedian. He was once confined to the house for a long time by some cause. He was naturally accustomed to a great deal of outdoor exercise. When he was allowed to go again into the open air, while standing in his garden, a friend came up—some one he highly esteemed. After shaking hands, a conversation ensued, in the midst of which Mathews suddenly clinched his fist and knocked his friend down. No one was so astounded at this act as Mathews himself. He could not explain what mad impulse prompted it; but the impulse was as uncontrollable as it was spontaneous. The only possible theory was that unaccustomed confinement had deranged his nervous system, which was doubtless the fact. The very same cause would, perhaps, explain such whimsical performances as we have hinted at in the earlier portion of this little paper.

THE world is a cocoa-nut; there is the vulgar outside shell, good for beer-cups; and the white, delicate kernel, the real worth, food for the gods.

OCEAN BRIDES.

By Henry Gates.

"I am lonely," saith the Sea;
"Keeps the earth a bride for me,
Born my passion to control,
By the queenhood of her soul?

"Many brides my lips have kissed—
Ruby set on amethyst—
Loved, deserted, left my breast,
Heaving for a deeper rest.

"First Phœnicia's eastern art
Purpled through my azure heart;
Oh, beloved! be my wave
Silent by thy nameless grave!

"Carthage, child of southern skies,
Wooed me with her burning eyes;
Won, and passed for evermore,
Like the ripples of her oar.

"Genoa, fair, proud and free,
With a bride's love gifted me;
Centuries have passed away
Since she on my bosom lay.

"Then Venetia's form divine
Stirred the pulses of my brine;
But on memory is the sweet
Pressure of her flying feet.

"Scandinavia's stormy soul,
Brought my wild heart love's control;
Round her icy crags I moan
In my desertness alone.

"Lovely, passionate, cruel Spain
Filled me with sweet human pain;
From my soul her golden dream
Faded like a sunset gleam.

"Then Britannia's earnest look
All my crystal being shook;
Isles of empire! not to ye
Kneels again the queenless Sea.

"Who shall share my mighty throne,
Rule by inborn right alone,
Bid my mystic moon-force be
Handmaid of her royalty?

"Ah! I feel my life-stream surge
By Columbia's eastern verge,
And a light is on her hair;
Can my crown be settling there?

"Yes! her spirit calms my breast,
Comes at last the deeper rest,
Comes the changeless bride to be
Queen forever of the Sea!"

THE SHADOW CROSS.

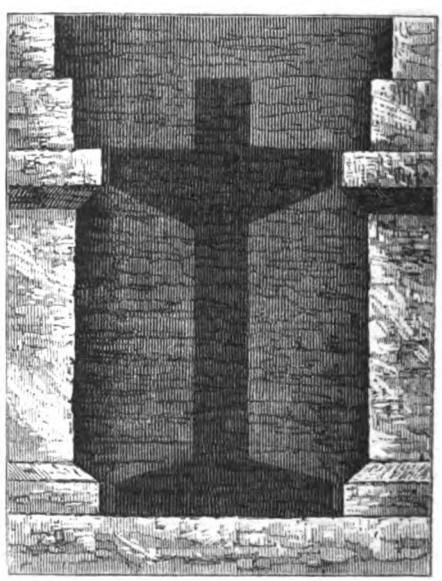
There are many instances on record of curious phenomena in the projection of shadows, but none more so, in its perfectness and the striking appropriateness of its situation, than the one which we here present. Neither is it an example of those wonderful instances which are (often for too obvious reasons) usually located in some distant country. It is a phenomenon which has occurred even in our own City of Brooklyn, and, strange as it may seem, was produced *entirely* by accident. Its locality was that of the Dutch Reformed Church, of Pierrepont Street. It was projected directly in the centre of a niche on the front of the church, where it could be seen, every evening and through the night, for a number of years.

Much genuine superstition was created (among the unenlightened) by its nightly appearance and mysterious origin, as it towered in the niche, spreading its dark, sepulchral proportions in this lonely recess.

As may be seen by reference to the engraving, its shape was perfect, and one peculiarity which rendered it of still *deeper* interest consisted in the strange outline of the underside of the horizontal extensions, reminding one *very forcibly* of the arms of the figure whom we *always* associate with the form of the cross. Its delusion in this respect was astonishing, and was spoken of by everybody.

Notwithstanding the complexity of its appearance, a little study of the disposition of the lights which cast the shadow explained all. There were two of them, both situated on the opposite side of the street, at equal angles from the plane of the niche. The shadow of the projecting base on the *right* was thrown to the *left* of the *recess*, forming the *left* outline of the cross, while the *left base* projected a shadow at the same angle, constituting the *right* outline; that space where the shadows were thrown upon each *other*, being in *double* shadow, presented a darker appearance than the surrounding shade, and constituted this strange and interesting phenomenon. A moment's study of the illustration will enable any one to understand the "*modus operandi*" of the shadows.

It is to be regretted that this curious spectacle some years since disappeared, and no longer exists. Its disappearance was due to the change in position of the street lights which produced it, and it is needless to remark that unless those same original conditions are realized, it will never be seen again.



THE SHADOW CROSS.

THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER TOLD.

"A GUARDIANSHIP! Well, it's no new thing for me," added John Steele.

He placed the letter on the table. A packet lay there also. After a moment he took this up, and broke the sealing-wax. A package of yellow letters fell into his hand; closely united was also a velvet miniature case, and an old-fashioned English locket. He turned the open face of the locket to the light.

It revealed a curious face—an aquiline nose, an artist's eye, the mouth of a ravening animal, half concealed by a beard of silk. John Steele looked at it long and earnestly. "Poor Bert! He'll do better, now that he is out of the body," he said.

He had always been the friend of his old schoolmate, discerning the delicate soul inthralled by the law of a depraved physical nature inherited from a line of debauched men.

"Fortunatley, the child is a girl," murmured Steele, taking up the case of purple velvet.

It opened softly. The face of an angel smiled upon him.

THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER TOLD.—"SHE WAS ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIS CHAIR, HER BLUSHING, BRIGHT FEATURES HIDDEN ON HIS SHOULDER."

It was the portrait of Bert Vane's daughter, taken in her seventh year. Her father's brow and eyes in fairy tracery, the dead mother's sweet mouth, the curls of beauty, and the smile of innocence.

"We called our child Violet, John," said the letter. "You see, she is a delicate thing to be left unsheltered. God forgive me my life!—for if I did not tell you, you would *know* that folly has shortened my days. But I was never fit to be a father.

"Will you take my little girl into your keeping? She is a good child, for the blood that flows in her veins seems to be that of her mother's family, with a little of the best of mine—enough to endear her to you, for you always loved me, believed in me, John, when I did not believe in myself. When we meet again ——

"My daughter has a fortune. I trust you with her and it, as I would trust no other man on earth. John—noble John Steele! my weak hand trembles—my dying, dying sight fails me ——"

That letter was Bert Vane's final act, written in the last hour of his life.

The child was at school in New England, and, after mature thought, John Steele decided that she had better stay there for the present. He was about to embark for a trip to Europe, and had no person with whom to leave her if he had her brought to Lakehome. But he wrote to the matron of the school, inclosing a kind note for the child, settled the business transactions of the matter, and then took passage on board the *Europa*, in charge of his young brother Herbert, destined for a musical education.

* * *

He was absent two years.

Leaving his stepbrother in Germany, he returned to Lakehome. For months he was much engrossed by business, then he found a spare opportunity to visit the Westerly Academy. The matron received him with dignity. But he had not much time to spend on ceremony.

"I should like to see the little girl," he said, "and I should like to talk with her alone"—looking at his watch.

Madame stared, and withdrew. A few moments, and the door swung open again. A girl of seventeen, with clustering curls, and the trailing robes of womanhood, swept softly toward him. He looked into the oval face, chaste as a flower, and saw the lineaments of the child's portrait.

"But——" he stammered.

"You thought I was a little girl, Mr. Steele? No; papa thought me only a child when he died, but I was fifteen."

She had a strange, sweet dignity. She was utterly lovely. And John Steele was strangely confused.

The train he had meant to take went by without him, the conversation with Violet so deepened and broadened—she showed such frank happiness in his company.

"I have wanted to see you so much, Mr. Steele," she said. "That note, so kindly worded to the comprehension of a little child, made me love you."

John's swelling heart came to his throat, but the artless eyes, sweet as heaven's truth, met his calmly.

"I am so old and ugly, she does not think that I have a heart," he thought, the blood receding again, and leaving an aching void. "I am her guardian—that is all. I must not forget."

It was decided that she was to go to Lakehome. The inmates of the academy parted from her as if they loved her. But it did not need the beaming looks of teachers, or the clinging embraces of the pupils, to show John what a treasure she was. He was lost in a kind of maze for days.

She stole quietly as a sunbeam into her place at Lakehome. She brought flowers into the house, she opened the grand piano, she sang to its music the sweetest words. Finding that she had been taught to ride, John gave her the little brown pony, Barley, who had hitherto consumed his useless days in idleness; and every night, as he drove out from the city, Barley and his mistress came to meet the buggy.

So fair the sweet face under the plumed cap, its frank eyes nearly drove wild her guardian. If he but told the truth, he knew that he should acknowledge himself her slave.

The Summer went by. Winter came.

"Will you stay here, Violet, or shall we go into the city for the season?"

"Which would you like?"

"I have no choice but to satisfy you."

"Then, we will stay here—it is *home*. And we will have company, and keep the holidays—make time fly, in short. How I love this old mansion!—do you know it, guardy?"

He did not say that of late it had been a paradise. He responded indifferently—turned away with white lips, and a choking in the throat.

The weeks flew by—Christmas came. The house was full of company—smiling matrons, gay girls, indulgent papas, favorite sons and brothers. It was a happy time. Alas! alas! that earthly happiness is so short.

It was Christmas Eve, and in the midst of the merriest game John Steele had just kissed Violet under the mistletoe, when the door swung open, admitting a new arrival—a young man of one-and-twenty, handsome, healthy, debonair.

"Brother John!"

"Herbert!"

It was the young musician, from Germany. Fresh and ardent, he was one of them immediately. In the confusion, John did not see that, from the first, he admired Violet.

He had come and seen, and he conquered. John observed, with a sharp surprise, the change in Violet. She was another being to his young brother from what she had been to him. He was incredulous. It could not—must not be. Then he forced himself to reason calmly.

What right had he to rebel? They were both young and happy—it was fitting.

"Only she is all the world to *me*, and *another* fair face will please Herbert as well!" his tortured spirit cried. "But tis a dangerous thing to play with souls."

He dreaded to interfere—he dared not confess.

"Fool! I should only frighten and wound her, my little dove! What am I in her eyes! A dull, plodding graybeard! Why should I scare her in her happy dream?"

Then a gleam of hope would force its way into the darkness.

"But she has been happy with me until that boy came. *Might* she not be willing, if she knew—ah! if she knew but *half* my love? Oh! I cannot, cannot lose her!"

And yet, to all observant eyes, he was the grave, reserved, quiet John Steele—courteous with his equals, kind to his inferiors. He was, as ever, the thoughtful host, the indulgent, the steady friend.

The hidden war with himself went on for weeks. At last he made his decision.

"When Herbert asks her hand of me, I shall know whether or not she truly loves him. If all her heart is not his, I will hope—I will offer my love to her. If she confesses to loving him, I will be silent for ever."

The holidays went by, the house grew quiet—Herbert sought an interview with his elder brother.

John listened quietly.

"I have expected this, Herbert. I will talk with Violet."

"But you can give me your consent."

"I can say nothing now."

With a look of surprise, Herbert withdrew—went down the wide oak stair, crossed the terrace, whistling.

John rang the study-bell.

"Pompey, ask Miss Vane to come to me."

He turned faint at the sound of her light step on the velvet of the hall, yet fought off the weakness successfully before he came in. The pain remained, but she saw no sign of it.

She wore a dress of blue, her bronze curls clung about her shy face, her pet greyhound Caliph followed close at her side. He motioned her gently to a seat.

For a moment he did not speak—he felt tired with suffering.

Her dog, which he had given her, crossed the room, and laying his slender head upon his knee, looked up wistfully into his face.

"What is all this Herbert tells me, Violet?" with a forced smile, a steady voice.

"He has told you?" with a swift blush.

"Told me what, Violet? Come closer, little one, and let me look into your face. What could he tell me?"

"That we love each other."

She was on her knees beside his chair, her blushing, bright features hidden on his shoulder. She could not see his face. His face?—no, ah! no!"

"My child, have you quite given your heart to this young brother of mine so soon? It is but a little while that you have known him."

"*Utterly!* A little while?—but it seems a long while that we have been together. I have been—I am so happy with him, guardy!"

"But you have been happy with me—have you not?"

"Ah! that is different."

A little silence. He quietly and forever put away all hope.

"Yes, very different, my Violet. Kiss me, little one—only once. There; thank you, dear. Go now and say to Herbert that I give you to him, and to the life you have chosen, as his wife."

She slipped away, like a beam of light. But Caliph, for the first time in his life, when permitted, did not follow her. He pressed closer to John's knee, and uttered a pitiful whine. Gaining no attention, he joined the silence of the stately room, easing his troubled heart by the employment of lapping up, with his slender tongue, the tears that fell on the folded hands of the master of Lakehome.

THE COAST FISHERIES OF AMERICA.

By Alfred Trumble.

The Western Continent, rich in every natural source of wealth, finds her vast resources landward fully equaled, in their way, by the mine of profit hidden in the mysterious fastnesses of the two oceans which lave her proud feet.

The coast fisheries of the United States, and the Canadas in particular, are the richest and most varied of their kind in the world. So much so, indeed, that the deep-sea fisheries, which are so profitably followed by the Europeans, are almost entirely neglected on this side of the Atlantic for the opulent harvest of the inshore fishing grounds. It is only in pursuit of that elephant of the ocean, the whale, that our Nimrods of the deep wander far off shore, and the number engaged in that pursuit is but a small percentage of the many thousands who subsist from year to year off their hard-earned gleanings from the green fields of the sea.

The coast fisheries of America are, practically, without a boundary line. From the Chilian fisherman, who battues his giant terrapin on the lava-built, scoria-sowed islets of the Galapagos, to the Greenlander, halibut hunting in his iceberg-haunted seas, the weather-tanned knights of the net, line, and fishspear are common brethren.

The fish sought are the same. Their mode of capture is the same. In brief, the coast fisheries of the western continent are a chain whose links connect many parallels, and bind many otherwise very different peoples in one common bond of fellowship.

THE EARLY AMERICAN FISHERIES.

The written history of the American coast fisheries is coeval with the first actual development of the continent. The French, in 1504, were the first of the eastern nations to reap a harvest from our teeming waters, and long before the mysterious fastnesses of the shore had been developed, our surf-lashed coasts were a fallow field for finny fortune-hunters. As early as 1517, at least fifty French and English vessels are recorded as fishing on the same grounds that are now hunted over by our annual cod and mackerel fleets.

The first English fishermen established themselves in Newfoundland, in 1517, and from that time forth, the development of the fisheries was constant and active. Cod, halibut, herring, mackerel, in short, all the fish known and sought for to-day, formed the object of the water-hunts of over two centuries ago. The only difference is, that in those times, men came from Europe and fought the stormy waters for their prize in vessels which could be carried on the decks of those which follow the same trade in this era of advanced art in all things.

In the Centennial Exposition was a series of models from Gloucester, Mass., representing, in picturesque shape, the codfisheries, from the earliest date of the New England Colonies to the present time. Prominent among the models, figured that of a fishing vessel of the past—the *Grand Banker*, famous in the cod fisheries of a century ago. She was almost as heavy and clumsy a craft as the *Half Moon*, immortalized in Irving's "Knickerbocker"; a strange contrast to the yachtlike vessels which supply her place in this year of grace, 1877.

Allusion to the *Grand Banker*, calls up reminiscences of the early New England fisheries, from the year 1624, when the first ship-load of fish was sent to England from Plymouth by the Puritans. Nine years later, the first lading of the same sort was exported from Boston. In 1639, the development of the fisheries was considered so important that an Act was passed exempting the fishing fleets from taxation for seven years, and relieving the men engaged in the fisheries from military duty, at that time compulsory on all adult males. It is of that time that an old historian writes that all the American waters are "rich with fishes," of which he describes seventeen peculiar to fresh water, and nineteen special denizens of the sea. The same vivacious author notes that as early as 1647 two whales were captured in the waters of New York—one off Staten Island, the other in the North River. At that time, if our authority is to be believed, the burghers of New Amsterdam disdained common fish, devoting their gastronomic forces principally to salmon, bass, bluefish, and lobsters, the latter of which were sometimes found "from five to six feet in length."

In the sixteenth century, over $400,000 worth of fish, principally cod and mackerel, were exported to Portugal, Spain and the West Indies from America. In 1741, 400 vessels and 5,000 men were employed in the fisheries, most of the vessels sailing from Marblehead and Boston. In 1756, 5,756 shad were caught in one draught of the net off Staten Island. The streets of New Amsterdam were all lighted with whale oil in those days, and most of the material was procured from these stupid marine mammalia who blundered into the bay.

Mufford, who wrote in 1716, notes that for over sixty years the business of whale fishing had been followed along the New England and New York coasts.

In connection with these early fisheries occurs the following curious proclamation of Lord Cornbury, dated July, 1708, and addressed to the New York Board of Trade:

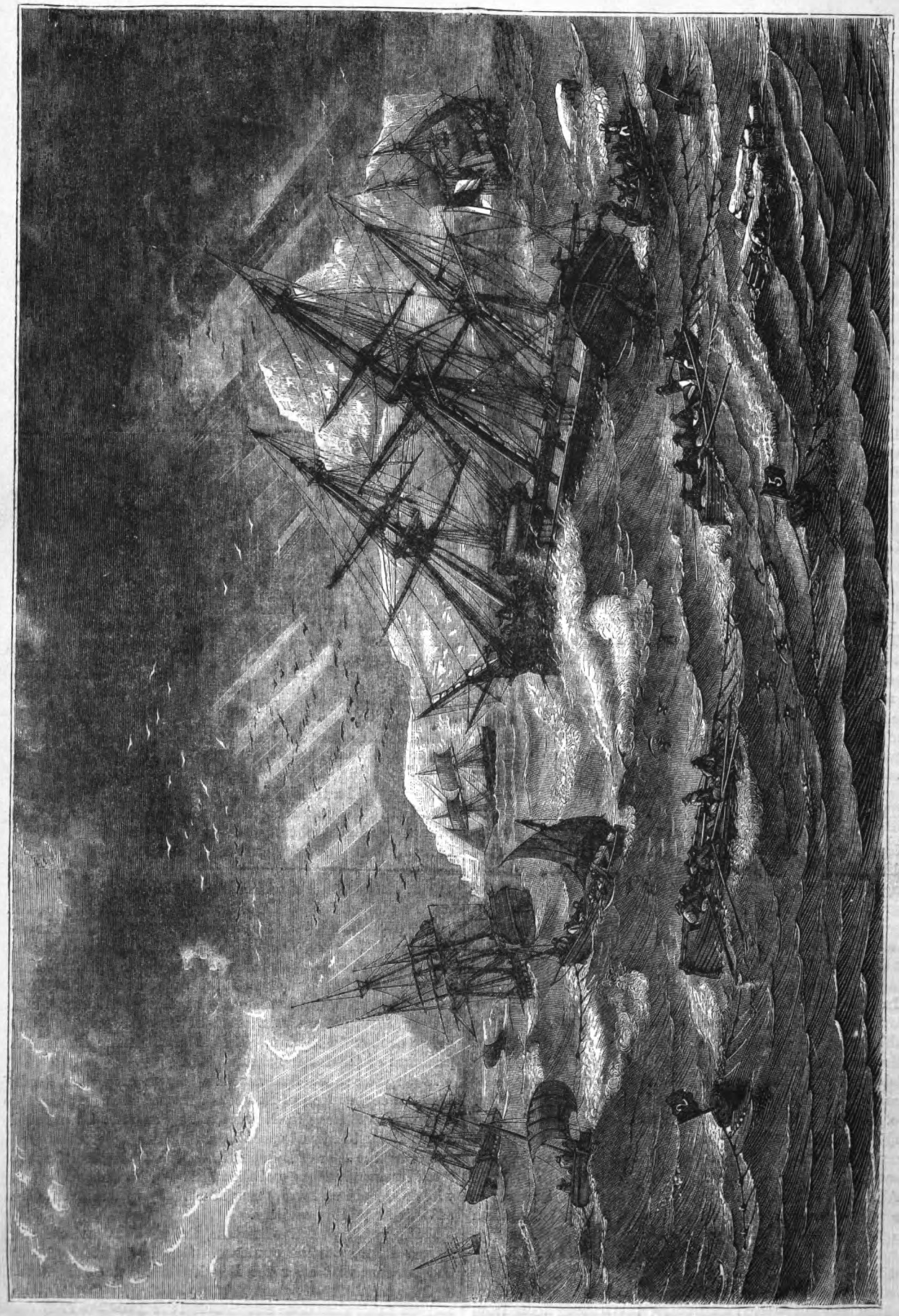
"The quantity of trayn oyl made on Long Island is uncertain; some years they have much more fish than others—for example, last year they made 4,000 barrels of oyl, and this season they have not made above 600. About the middle of October they begin to look out for fish; the season lasts all November, December, January, February and part of March. A yearling whale will make about 4 barrels of oyl; a stunt, or whale two years old, will make 60 barrels of oyl; and the largest whale I ever knew of in these parts, yielded 110 barrels of oyl and 1,200 weight of bones. There might be good improvement made in the fishery of codfish and mackerel; but fish of several sorts is so plenty in the river and bay, before the city, that our people will not take the pains to go to sea."

Apropos of local fisheries in ante-revolutionary days, occur the following somewhat curious facts. The coast fisheries were at that time, probably for the reason given by Lord Cornbury, so neglected that the bay was fished dry, and a natural dearth of phosphoric food was the result. In order to stimulate the prosecution of the fisheries, the General Assembly of New York, on March 8th, 1773, granted the sum of £200 a year for five years, "for the encouragement of a fishery on this coast for the better supplying of the markets of this city with fish." Seven hundred and twenty-five dollars was also offered by the Chamber of Commerce as a premium to the most successful fisherman, and in July, 1774, Peter Parks received £30 for bringing 800 living codfish to market. Robert Heartshorne received a premium of £20 for 456 sheepsheads.

Monopolies in the fisheries were known even then, for in 1726 the corporation of New York granted the sole privilege of porpoise fishing in New York Bay and the Sound and North River to a local speculator.

During the War of Independence, the fishing vessels were turned into privateers, and the coast fisheries were neglected, while their old customers sought nobler prey in the enemies of their struggling country.

During this period of repose, the coast fisheries again swarmed into pristine opulence. So plentiful, indeed, did fish become, that after the Revolution the finest mackerel sold for a shilling a dozen. After the close of the war, the English made strenuous efforts to kill the American fisheries



THE FRENCH COD-FISHING FLEET ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

in 1783, forbidding the exportation of fish to the West Indies, then, as now, extensive markets for our finny spoil, and harassing all American vessels found at sea. In consequence of this, the old fishing vessels once more changed their character. From privateers they were turned into traders, and the coast fisheries relapsed into their most primitive condition. They were prosecuted in small boats from the shore, and the teeming millions in deeper water were left to propagate undisturbed.

The Federal Government finally inaugurated the system of bounties on fishing vessels, and allowances on barrels of pickled fish, and the business revived. The payment of bounties ended in 1866, after $16,000,000 had been disbursed. As an encouragement to the present fisheries, the duties on salt used in them are still remitted.

COD-FISHERY—TAKING IN THE FISH.

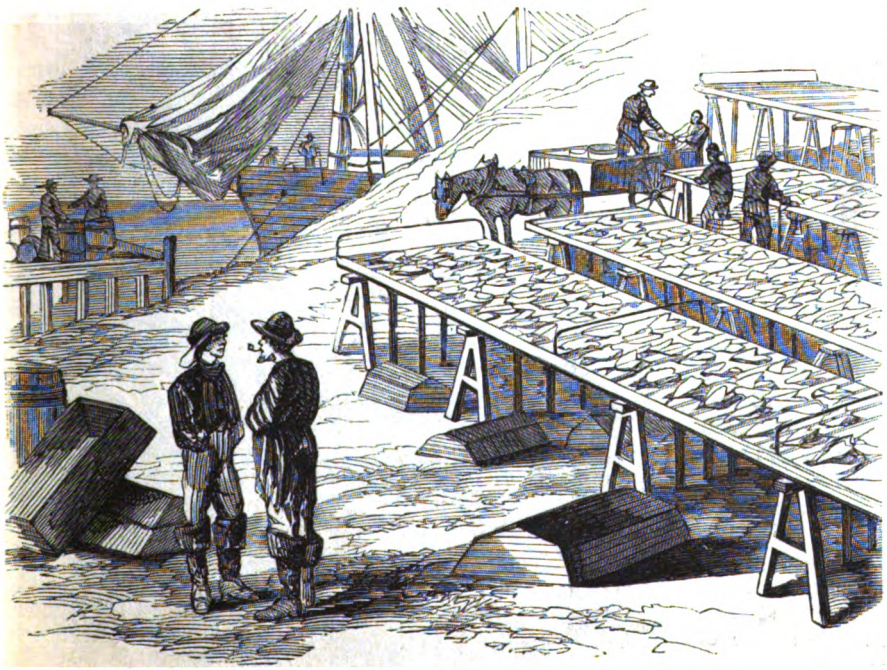
The chief coast fisheries of America in general, and of the United States in particular, are those for cod and mackerel, and of the two the cod-fishery takes the lead, although in practice, usefulness and profit, they are very similar. There is this difference, however: mackerel belong exclusively to our Atlantic Coast; the cod is fished for both in the Atlantic and Pacific. It is only within the last few years—that is, since the annexation of Alaska—that the cod-fisheries of the Pacific Coast have begun to be developed. In 1861, there was but one vessel of any size engaged in the fishery in those waters. A fleet of fifty now sails annually from San Francisco alone.

The number of men employed in the cod and mackerel fishery—most of them follow both—in the United States, is 15,000. From the United States and Canada together, they number at least 50,000.

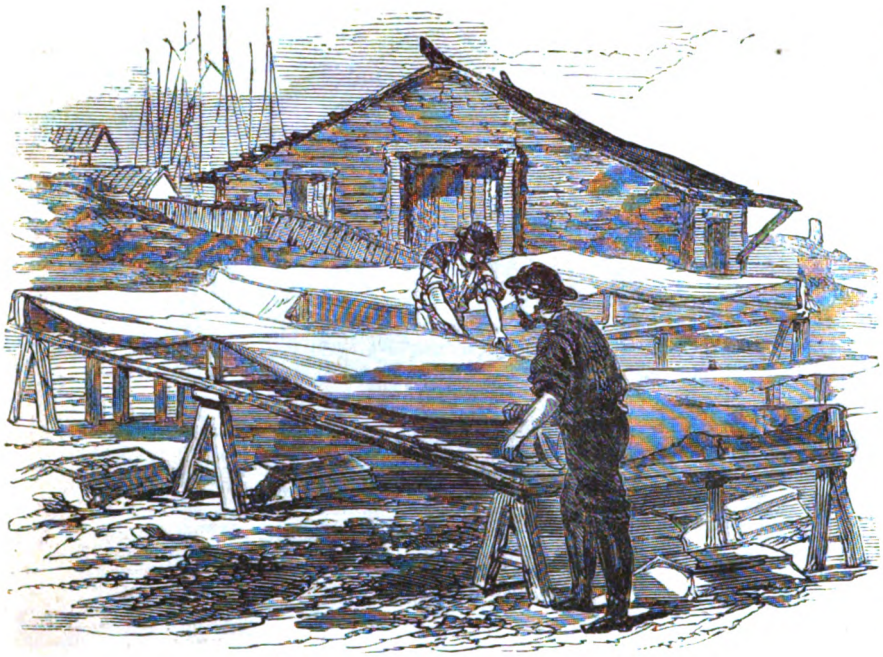
THE COD-FISHERY.

The cod-fishing grounds of the Atlantic Coast are, to use a Hibernicism, in the waters off Nova Scotia, and about Newfoundland and the Bay of Fundy. In 1876, 8,000,000 pounds of codfish were taken by the hundred or so schooners forming the fishing fleet which sails annually from Gloucester, Mass. The Nova Scotia fishermen garnered a harvest worth $2,331,159. Besides these fleets, the waters of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the South coast of Newfoundland, are annually fished by large vessels from France, which visit the Banks for that purpose and return to Europe at the end of the season deep-laden with spoil. The objective point of the French fisheries, be it mentioned here, is rather the cod-liver oil than the fish as food; although thousands of tons are carried to France for curing. During their visit, the barren islands which they make their headquarters, are transformed from a semi-desert, doubly redolent of fish and fish oil, to a land alive with busy people.

The annual Atlantic cod-fishery, begun by the Gloucester fleet at the beginning of February, endures until the end of Summer. The cod's spawning season ranges, according to localities, from January to May. Their chief spawning-grounds are George's Banks, the first visited, the Cape Breton Shore, and the soundings off Newfoundland and in the Bay of Fundy. The French fishing season is from April to September.



COD-FISHERY—THE FISH ON THE FLAKES.



COD-FISHERY—COVERING THE FISH FROM THE SUN.

The cod is a jolly fellow, a sort of Bohemian of the waters. He is not at all particular as to his lodgings, so long as he gets plenty of herrings and small fish, or, failing these, crabs, clams, and other crustacea, for all of which he evinces a truly epicurean fondness. A Canadian writer avers, that in the stomach of one veteran cod, of ninety pounds, which he hooked on the Banks, he found ninety-seven herring. From eight to twenty herring are commonly found in the poke of these finny gourmands, which fact, associated with the vast number of cod, perhaps accounts for the absence of any great shoals of herring on our shores.

The Winter fisheries for cod are serious work, as the writer can testify, from personal experience. Sooner or later, the fishermen who venture habitually on the Banks in Winter, either in the cod or mackerel fishery, are swallowed up by the sea. But the greater profit of the Winter cruises is the loadstone rock which draws the ocean adventurers to destruction, and the son takes his drowned father's place, and is succeeded by his son in turn when he rests his own bones beside those of his forefathers under the icy waves. The sullen surge that sings his doom carries no note of warning to his successor.

In 1876, the Winter fleet from Gloucester, numbering between thirty and forty sail, was caught in the December gales on the La Have Banks, east of Massachusetts. Ten vessels and ninety-eight men were lost. The total of vessels lost out of Gloucester last year (the most disastrous in the annals of that 250-year-old fishing town) was twenty-seven. Two hundred and twelve men perished, and $150,000 was lost. Since 1830, these Winter fisheries have cost the same place three hundred and forty-two vessels, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two men, and $1,595,000.

Cod are fished for either with trawls or lines. The bait is clams, herring, mackerel, and squid; and barrels of these, together with an ample supply of salt, constitute the bulk of a fishing vessel's cargo.

The Gloucester fishing vessels are invariably schooners of from 150 to 250 tons burden, and are the finest craft that visit the Banks. They are all built at Cape Ann or Gloucester, especially for the fisheries, and are marvels of stanchness, grace, and speed. Most of the fast schooners employed in the fruit trade, between New York and the West Indies, were originally fishermen. In fact, in the Winter season many of the Cape Ann skippers sail in the West India trade, rather than incur the expense of docking their vessels from season to season.

The trawl used in cod-fishing is a long line, buoyed at intervals and anchored at each end. To this line several hundred stout hooks are fastened by short cords. A number of these trawls are set, and the ground in the vicinity is "baited," as it is termed, which operation consists in emptying a few barrels of clams overboard. These quickly attract the fish, who seem to have the same keen scent for prey as a buzzard or a coyote, and who, after devouring the clams, seek the baited hooks. In the Summer fisheries, laying the trawls is pleasant work enough, but when the wild north wind blows bitterly over the storm-tormented sea, and the spray sweeps in one's face in a rain of icy

COD-FISHERY—DRYING THE SOUNDS.

bullets, it is a task the mere thought of which, once having shared it, chills men's hearts.

The trawls are visited at regular intervals by dories, each manned by two men, who take off the fish and rebait the hooks. The French fishermen do the thing on a much more extensive scale, for they lay tralls with from 7,000 to 10,000 hooks, and use large boats, with crews of seven and eight men to clear the lines and rebait them. Under ordinarily favorable circumstances, an American trawl will take from 500 to 1,200 fish a day.

Much fishing is done off the banks in Summer from small boats, with hand-lines, and to the passengers of incoming European steamers the sight of these miniature fleets is a familiar one. Much line-fishing is also done from the larger vessels in the intervals of the visits to the trawls. Your cod is a lusty fellow, and bites readily and hard, and it is no small task to land a sturdy twenty-five-pounder on a schooner's deck.

BOILING COD LIVER OIL.

A DOMINION PESSIMIST.

He dies easily, however, and then the work of trimming him for stowage in the hold is commenced. This is a business of itself, and the men engaged in it have served a regular apprenticeship. The cod passes first to the "throater," who cuts his throat and lays him open down the belly. The "header" then extracts the liver, which he throws into a tub, and removes the head and entrails, which, at sea, go overboard; ashore, they are sold for manure. The tongues are taken out, and the "sounds," or brains, which are excellent food. The heavier portion of the backbone is removed, nearly to the tail, by the "splitter," and the fish is laid open. This is the most difficult operation in the preparation of the cod, and the manipulator is better paid than any of his fellows. Next to him the "salter," to whom the fish now passes, is the daintiest of the workmen. It is his business to wash the fish well, cleansing it of all particles of blood, salt it thoroughly, and pile it up to drain, after which it is packed in the hold.

On the larger vessels these men are always extra hands, and do not form part of the crew proper. They are paid regular wages, while the crew share in the profits of the catch, as do also the captain, mates and cook.

The rapidity and accuracy with which the cod is cut up and salted is amazing. Like the famous hog butchers in Cincinnati, it is often the foundation of wagers, and there is always a brisk competition on the part of each workman to outstrip his fellows. As a consequence, there is no "soldiering" in the job of preparing a cod.

Arrived in port with a full cargo, the cod are taken ashore, and after soaking for some days in a pickle of salt and water, are taken out and spread on the "flakes" or drying-frames singly, to bleach and dry by exposure to the sun and air. Constant attention is now required, and at the least sign of

CODFISH DRYING ON NEWFOUNDLAND.

lain they are piled together and covered with stout tarpaulins. In parts of Newfoundland, where the most primitive style of drying—common to the Indian tribes of the Pacific Slope—is still in use, thousands of pounds of the fish are annually spoiled.

When the fish begin to exhibit that whitish appearance familiar to every one, and which fishermen call the "bloom," the drying is completed. They are then assorted and packed, according to quality, for shipment. Those sent to warm latitudes are packed by pressure in small casks, called "drums," and in that shape travel to the confines of the earth.

A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

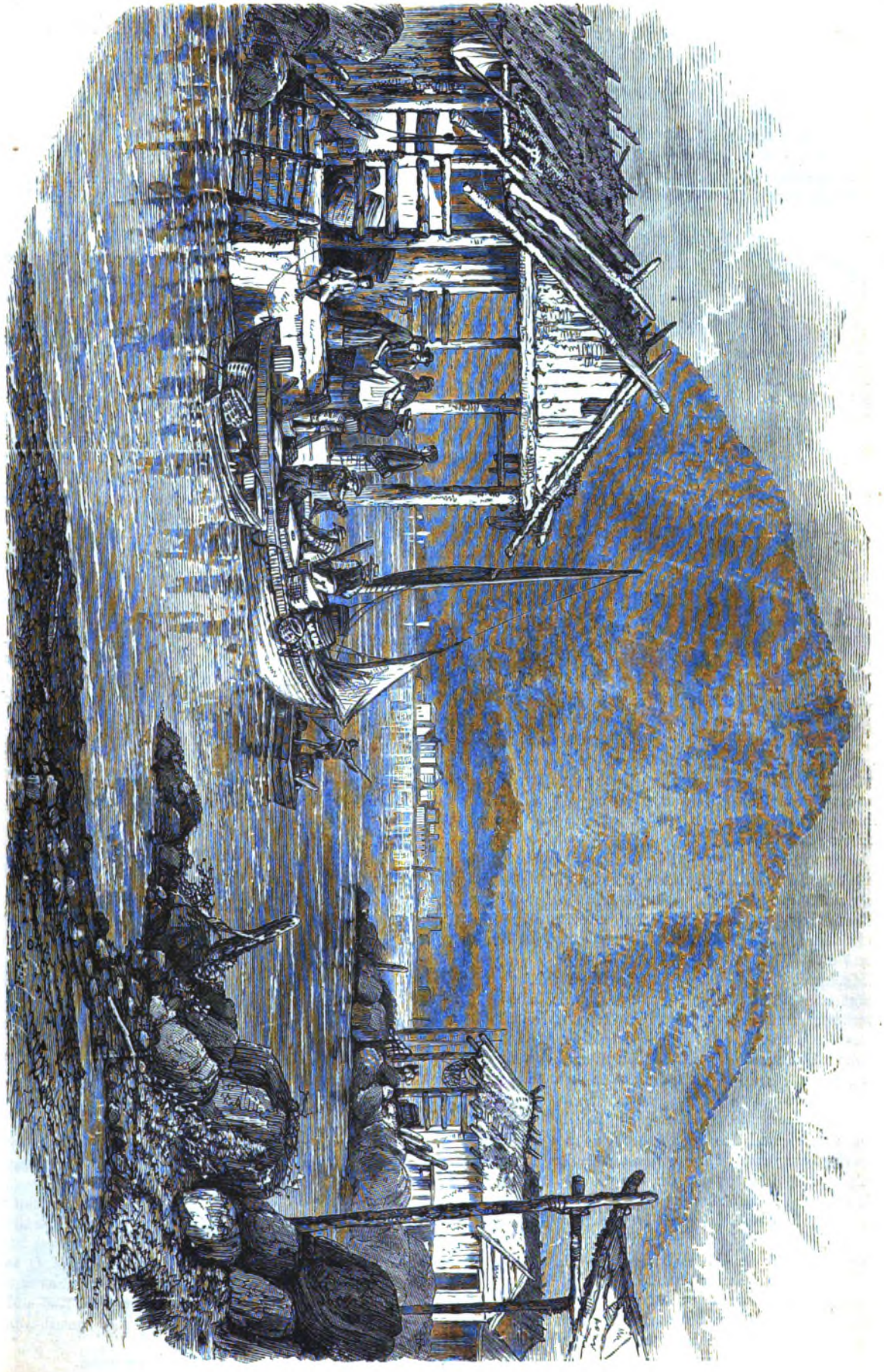
The liver of the cod, after having been dried, is steamed, and the oil used in medicine thus extracted. The residue is then boiled, and furnishes an oil very much in request for the preparation of fine skins. A thousand fish yield about 300 pounds of liver, giving from twenty to thirty gallons of oil.

The cod-fishery of the Pacific coast centres on the coast of Alaska and in the Ochotsk Sea. The seasons are about the same as those on the Atlantic coast, the fishery beginning in March and ending in August.

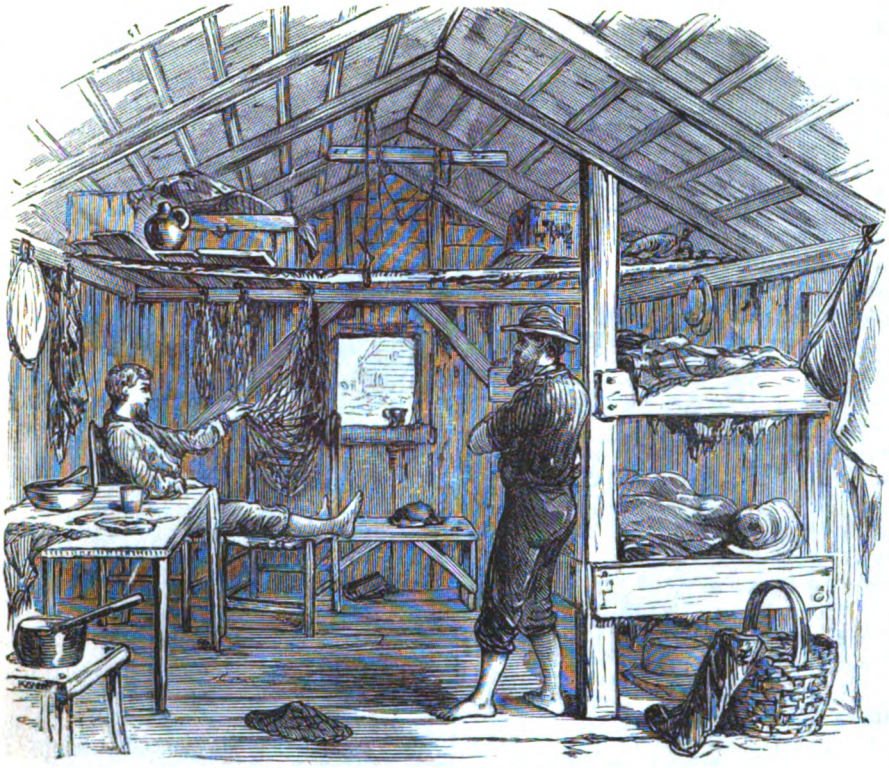
In 1870, 10,612,000 pounds of salted cod, valued at $754,840, and 10,000 gallons of cod-liver oil, worth $10,000, were the result of the Alaska fisheries.

The cod is by nature a traveler, and in life turns up almost from Australia to the North Pole. He is fished for at the Cape of Good Hope, and by the Indians of Labrador, and the Esquimaux of Greenland, but his real peripatetic mission is accomplished after death. In the forest fastnesses of the Upper Amazon, the Indian trader deals him out to his savage customers, and in Italian cook shops, Belgian and Dutch taverns, German schenkes, French cabarets, Portuguese wine shops, and Spanish fondas, the ragged descendants of Saxon and Latin find his flesh savory, served in a hundred different modifications of cookery, from the abominable oil stew to the sublime Dutch grill.

Salt cod is a coveted dainty of the West Indian negro—indeed, a common brand of the fish is put up for that dusky gourmand's special use, under the name, "West Indian"—and finds a place on every table in the tropics; as inevitable a concomitant of the breakfast there, as curry is in the East Indies, and in a country of poor beef and poorer cookery of it, a by no means despicable contribution to the palate.



A NEWFOUNDLAND GROCERY STORE.



INTERIOR OF FISHERMAN'S HUT.

THE MACKEREL FISHERY.

What the cod is abroad, mackerel is in the country for which it is fished—an universally popular dish. It is always in season; salted or fresh, mackerel occupies the place on an American breakfast-table that cod does in the tropics.

The mackerel season begins in March and endures until November, steadily increasing all the time. The first cargoes landed are invariably of poor quality, although of good size; but as the season advances the fish improve. The quality suitable for packing comes in at about the middle of July.

Early mackerel are fished for as far south as Cape Henry, and from thirty to fifty miles off shore. From May to July they are found along the coast from Cape May to Gay Head. Thence they progress steadily northward until from August to November the Canadian fishery assumes its hugest proportions.

Mackerel, like cod, are baited with a mixture of salted clams and small fish, ground fine. This bait is thrown overboard, and sinking to the depth at which the fish lie, lures them to snapping indiscriminately at bait and bare hooks. So ravenously do the fish bite, that a single fisherman often fills a barrel in less than half an hour. Each fisherman uses two lines at once.

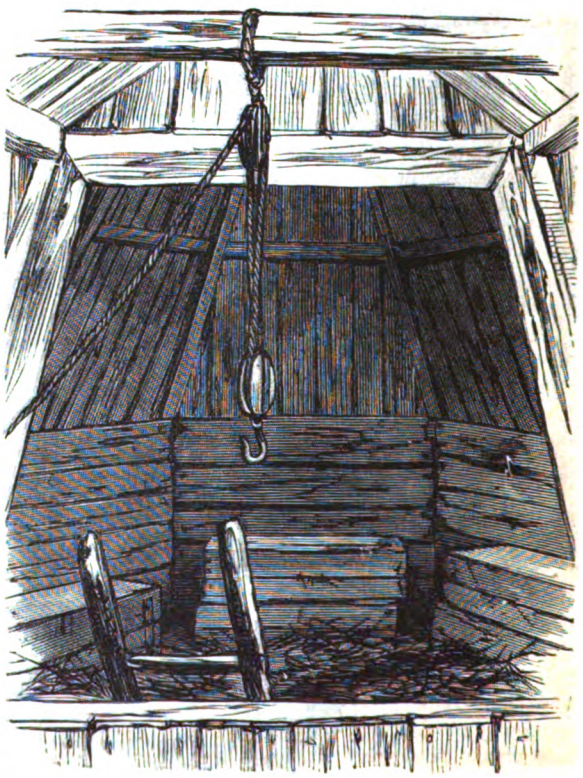
In 1873 the seine was first brought into use in the mackerel capture, and the line fishery, as a specialty, is now rapidly dying out. The seines are vast nets, 175 fathoms long and 24 fathoms deep in the middle, gradually diminishing to half that size at the ends. The upper edge is floated by buoys. Along the lower edge a purse line is rove through iron rings, which also serve to sink the net. The seine is cast from a large barge, the ground having been previously baited as for line fishing.

Two boats accompany the seine barge, and as the net is cast they carry the purse and cork lines to the right and left until the extreme limit of the long ropes is reached. Then a slight sweep is made, and the lines gradually drawn, until the net is, in fishing parlance, "pursed up" with the fish inclosed in its meshes. The schooner now runs down to the scene of the cast, and the fish are dipped aboard.

The process of seining in good weather is perfectly easy, but high winds and uneasy seas render it impracticable, and then the time is eked out with line fishing. Seining is often subject to failure, too: the fish frequently diving under the net, or taking fright and backing out before they are inclosed. From 200 to 300 barrels of fish are as many as can be well handled in a single cast, and the fishermen, therefore, rarely attack the largest shoals.

Mackerel go in large shoals, but scatter sometimes over miles of ocean. In consequence of this the mackerel schooners usually sail in fleets, baiting a large area, and prosecuting their labors with military precision. Long practice lends the various vessels of a fleet a unity of action as perfect as if their movements were directed by a commodore. As all are of about the same size and rigged alike, the effect of such a commercial navy can be imagined as a picturesque one.

The preparation of mackerel for market, which takes place after every day's fishing, is in some respects very



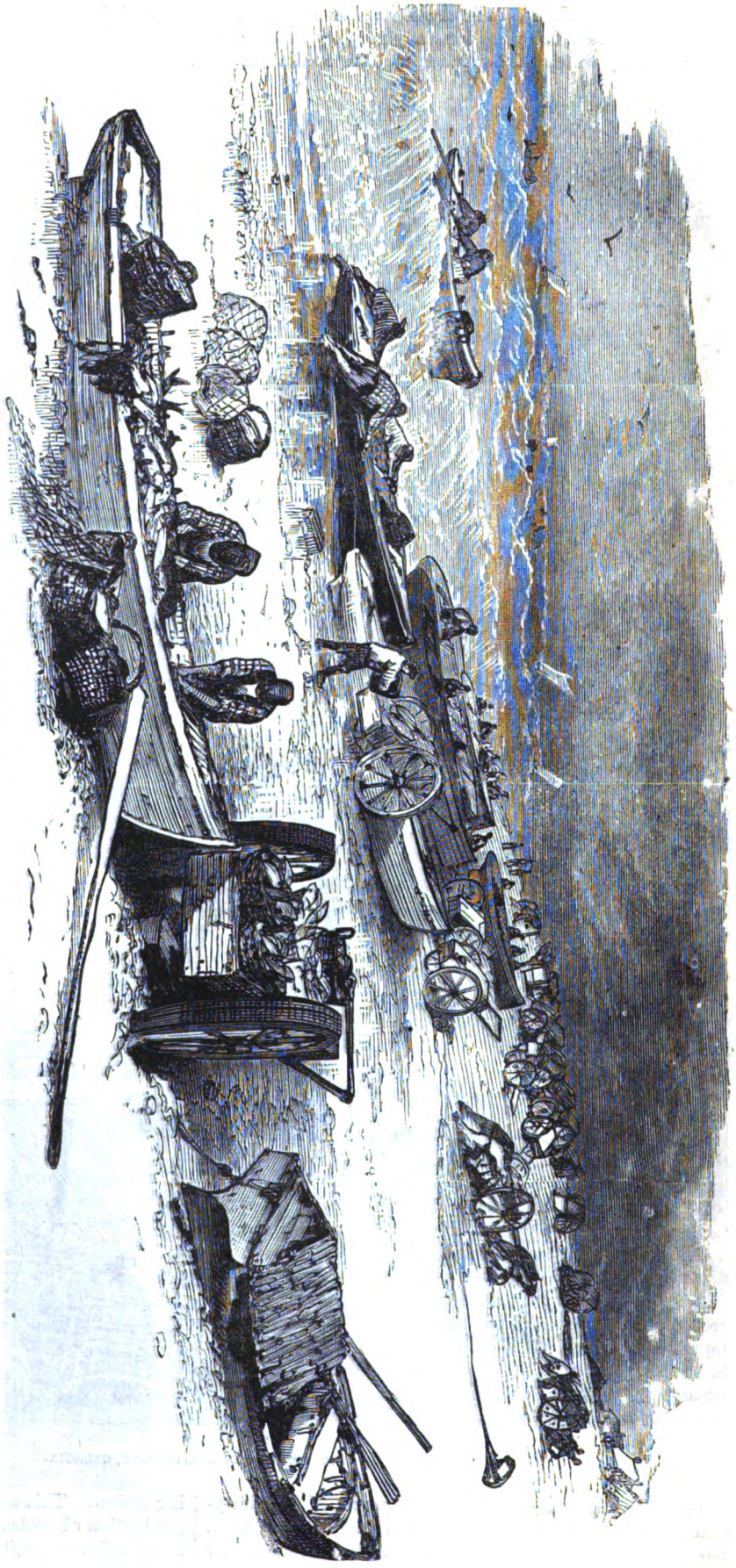
INTERIOR OF FISH ICE-HOUSE.

similar to that of the cod. They are dressed by splitting them down the back, taking out the "gibs" or entrails, and letting the blood soak out of them by immersion in clear salt water for several hours. Then they are taken out, laid singly in barrels, and a handful of salt is sprinkled over each. After settling, some of the pickle is drained off, and the barrel is filled and headed up.

Two hundred and fifty-one thousand barrels of salted mackerel were inspected in the United States in 1875, and 32,000 cans of the fish preserved. The Canadian fisheries, for the same year, yielded 151,460 barrels.

From fifteen to twenty men constitute the crew of a mackerel schooner. Like those on the cod-fishermen, they are employed on what is known as the "half-line lay." They receive no stated wages, but draw half the value of the entire catch for themselves, out of which they pay the wages of the cook, half the bait bill, and the same share of the packing. In a good season they realize a profit of 40 per cent. The average earnings of a mackerel fisherman are $300 a season.

The other half of the catch goes to the owners of the schooner, who pay their share of the expenses, and a percentage to the captain.



THE BEACH—BRINGING IN THE FISH.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTES.

The cod and mackerel fisheries have long been a bone of contention between the Canadians and the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod, Cape Ann, and the other New England fishing centres. In fact, the whole history of the West Atlantic fisheries is one of almost constant strife.

The French, who were the first to prosecute the western fisheries, began to quarrel with the English as soon as fisheries of that nation were established on Newfoundland, and when the New Englanders joined in the hunt matters became still more complicated.

In 1763, the French were relieved of further dispute by the Treaty of Paris, under which they were granted the right to fish on the waters of the Newfoundland Banks. This was subsequently altered, and they came into virtual possession of the St. Pierre and Miquelon fishing

grounds, which they hold to-day. In 1852, the trouble between the United States and the Dominion assumed so serious a shape that two years later a reciprocity treaty was entered into by which the fishermen of both sections were allowed common rights in all waters north of the thirty-sixth parallel. This treaty terminated in 1866, and fresh disputes broke out and continued until 1871, when a new compact was entered into, with the thirty-ninth parallel as a southern boundary. In 1873, a final treaty for ten years was sealed.

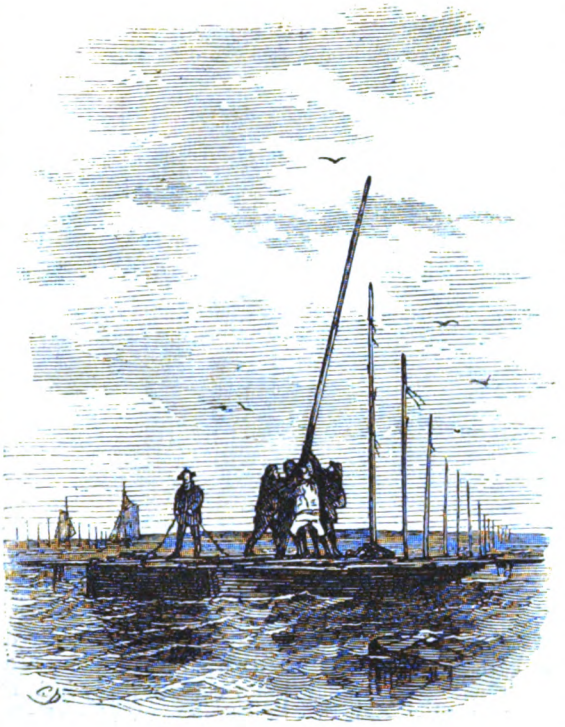
The chief charge against American fishermen, was that of reckless destruction of fish on the Banks during the spawning season. This was disproved to a certain extent by the production of evidence that quite as many of the Dominion fisher-folk were guilty of the same offense. Nevertheless, the Canadians continue to harp on the same string, and in

FISHING AT THE SEA ISLANDS, GEORGIA.

a recent work on the fisheries, published there, the writer says:

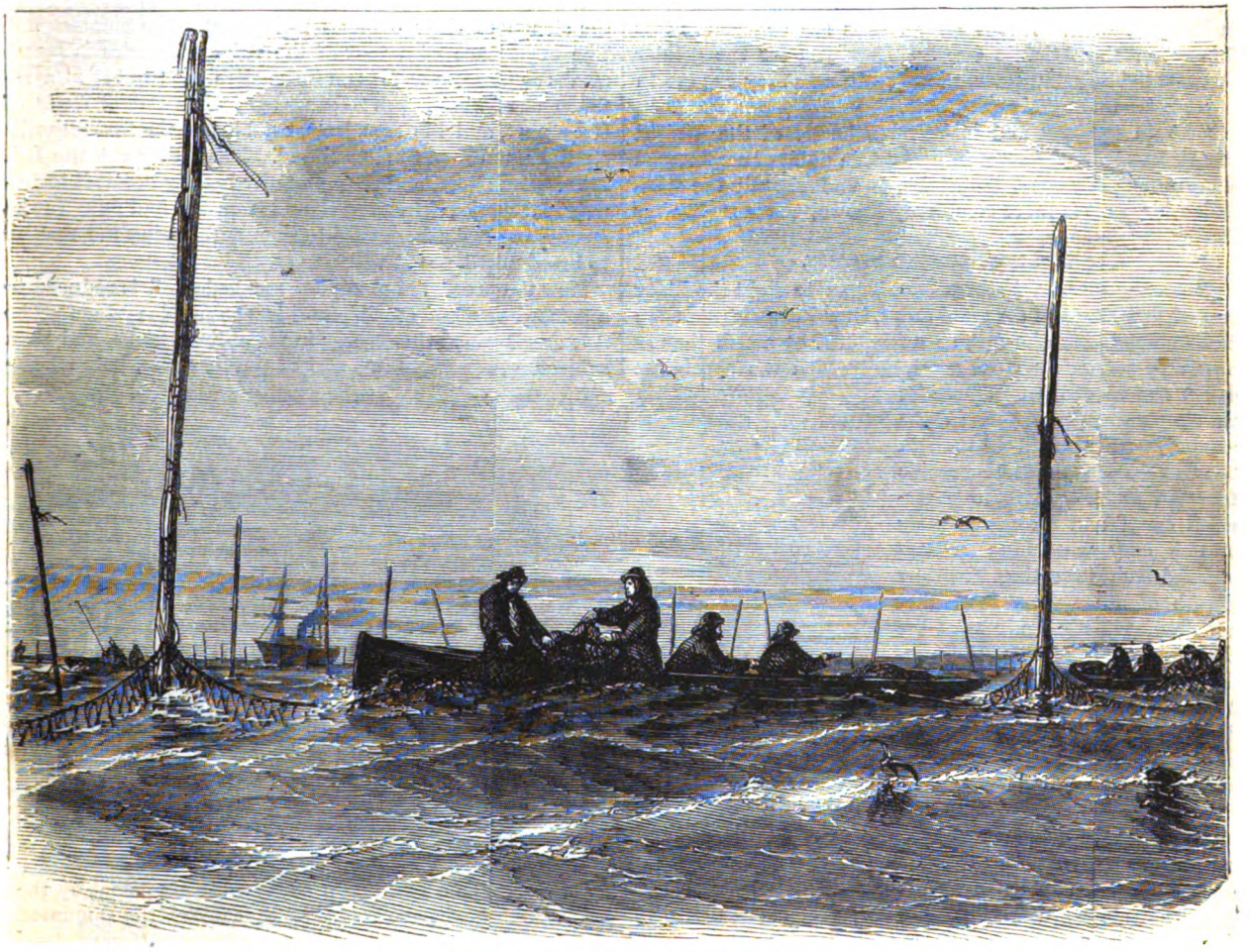
"When the Winter trips were not prosecuted, and the fish had leave to spawn undisturbed, the Summer fishing on George's Bank was excellent. The young fish were hatched, attained their maturity, and supplied the places of the older ones, and this might have gone on for ages without danger of deterioration. With the commencement of the Winter trips, there has been a marked falling off, and of late years fish have been growing scarcer and scarcer. The cause of the popularity of Winter fishing is, that at that season of the year, the fish are to be found in particular places, and the vessels can be more quickly filled up. The wanton destruction which is now carried on at George's Banks will probably be carried into other fishing grounds as soon as the supply there is exhausted."

In opposition to the gloomy views of this Dominion pessimist, it is only necessary to adduce the evidence of one of the most learned and correct ichthyologists of the day—a man whose decisions in matters of pisciculture are held binding all the world over, and who states, in effect, that to depopulate the fishing-banks is a natural impossibility. By examination and comparison, he learns that a single cod deposits frequently, at one spawn, 8,000,000 eggs; that a cod-roe will commonly average one-half of the weight of the fish, and that in a cod of eighty pounds he has found forty-two pounds of eggs. That, in short, after three and a half centuries of ceaseless fishing, the cod swarms the fishing banks in greater legions than ever.



SHAD FISHERY—SETTING THE POLES.

The same rule applies with mackerel fishery. The fish are as plentiful as they ever were, and are likely to continue so. Their real and most dangerous enemies are not man, but their own kind—the greater fish which prey upon the lesser, until life beneath the waves



VIEW OF SHAD FISHING, NEW YORK BAY.

SHAD-FISHING—MENDING NETS.

runs a long gamut of ceaseless slaughter. In addition to the already developed resources of our coast fishing grounds, Labrador has lately entered the lists, and extensive cod and mackerel fisheries are now being prosecuted on their shores.

Another of our national food fishes, the halibut, forms an extensive and valuable item of these sub-arctic fisheries. In the Oskotch Sea, on the Pacific, and on George's Bank, and the East Coast of Greenland, American industry flourishes in this direction. About forty vessels are engaged in this fishery on the Atlantic Coast. They are, for the greater part, owned in Gloucester, and the business they engage in is extensive and highly profitable.

Next to the cod and mackerel fisheries of the United States, however, the most important, in point of commercial value among our coast industries, is undoubtedly the menhaden, or, as it is more commonly known, the moss-bunker fishery.

THE MOSS-BUNKER FISHERY.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first began to fight the flinty soil of New England for scant crops, they learned from their Indian neighbors the use, as a fertilizer, of a fish then as now very common on our coast, and which the aborigines called the menhaden. Three of these, planted in a hole in the ground, with a grain of corn in the centre, were the Indian recipe for "tall maize and fat, long tasseled ears," and for many years it was only when the settlers were driven to eating them by dearth of other finny food that the despised little denizens of the deep were put to any other use. In fact, it was not until less than half a century ago that the menhaden fishery began to assume any commercial importance. To-day it is prosecuted from Cape May to New Brunswick, and thousands of millions of the fish are annually caught.

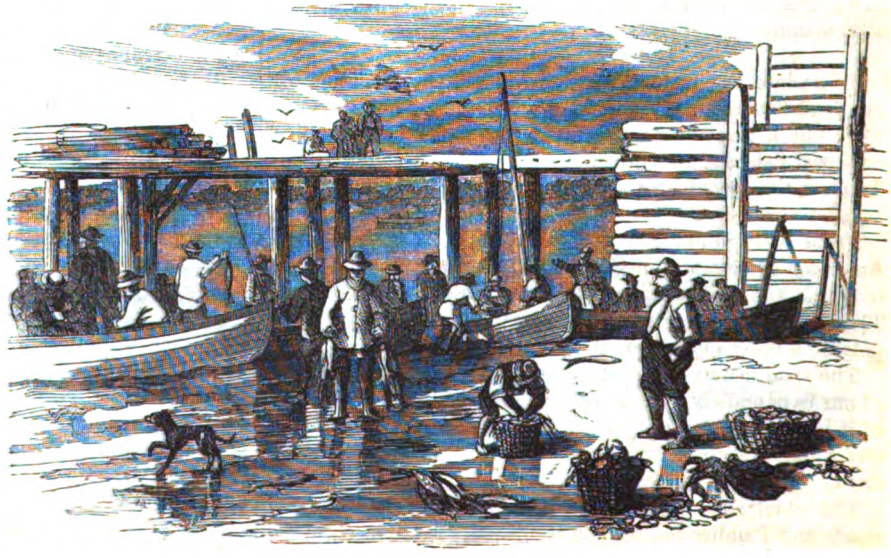
During the last twenty years the fishery has grown to a great industry, and menhaden oil, under the name of raw linseed, neat's foot, and fish oils, is quoted in every market of the world. It is more famous as an adulterator than as pure oil, and is only known by its true name, or rather names, to the initiated.

The menhaden, or moss-bunker, otherwise known as the bony fish, for a reason which will be obvious to any one who ever eats it, is a little, silvery creature, with firm, solid flesh, of an infinitely finer flavor than that of the shad, which it somewhat resembles. In the season, from March until November, it swarms the coast in vast shoals. It is caught in seines, after the same fashion as mackerel, and its capture involves the labor of very considerable colonies of fisherfolk, whose principal settlements are on the northern coast of Long Island and the opposite shore of Connecticut.

On the coast of Maine, menhaden are fished for in Summer by vessels which, in the Winter season, are employed in the West India trade. In their case, however, the industry is a comparatively insignificant one. What fish they catch they try out on board, after the fashion of the whalers. It is to Long Island and Connecticut that we must look for the mammoth harvest from the moss-bunker fishery.

There the smoke of the oil factories darkens the sky, and the stench of their odorous toil pollutes the Summer air. The experience of a tour of the fish-oil factories is by no means as pleasant as it is an instructive one; but it is a refinement of what it was 26 years ago, when Daniel Wells, of Greenport, and his associates, established the first oil-mills on the Sound, on Shelter Island. Then they cut the fish into liberal slices, and after partially boiling it, left it to ferment for weeks, skimming the oil from the foul fluid in the fermenting casks from time to time, and leaving the residue to breed pestilence at will.

Now the process of obtaining menhaden oil is reduced to a somewhat more sensible and less scentable system. The fish are steamed thoroughly in metal-lined tanks, and then subjected to pressure in a sort of timber drum, between the



SHAD-FISHING—ASSORTING FISH.

SEINE-FISHING ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.

fissures of which the expressed oil finds its way into a groove at the base, whence a tube conveys it to a reception tank. There, after a thorough steam pressure, which separates all water and other impurities, it is barreled and sent to market.

The refuse or scrap, constituting what was originally the body of the fish, is put to the same use as the pilgrim fathers found for it in its entirety. It is dried and ground up, and in various mixtures of guano, or alone, makes a most valuable manure.

THE SHAD FISHERY.

To go into the history, or even a detailed description, of our food fisheries, however, would exceed the limits of any work but a three-volume treatise. The most important of our coast fisheries, individually, have already been described. To close the account without doing justice to the shad fishery, however, would be to leave the work half done.

From early in January until the fish cease running, the American *cuisine* is supplied with one concomitant at least, to which the refinement of all other nations is a stranger. The shad is sui-generis, a melting morsel to the republican palate; a finny idyll for both fisherman and gourmand.

The shad fishery, properly speaking, is rather an industry of our bays and rivers than of the coast, and the prosecution of it has created in every sheltered cove and river-mouth of our Atlantic seaboard a colony of followers of the lucrative craft.

The chief shad grounds are the Savannah River, Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, off the North Carolina coast, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Delaware and North Rivers. The earliest shad come from the far South in January, trending northward as the season advances, until they are finally found as high up as the Bay of Fundy, where they are fished for and salted down for Winter use like cod.

Apropos of Canadian coast fishing, be it here remarked, is the gross superstition of the fishermen. When the fish become very scarce, they perform a series of grotesque incantations, by climbing over rocks on all fours, whistling, hallooing, singing and slapping the rocks with their hands. By these antics they hope to bring back the wayward fishes, and should they prove successful, their rejoicings are uproarious and of long duration.

Shad are caught in three kinds of nets. Many heavy hauls are made with drift nets, contrivances from 1,000 to 1,500 feet long and 20 feet deep, towed by the ends from skiffs, and gradually brought together to inclose the prey. Tyke or pole nets are a combination of a funnel-shaped net leading into an inclosure of network fastened to poles. The stakes used in this style of fishing are familiar to every one who has ever sailed through New York Bay and the back waters of Staten Island Sound. The third net is the seine, which is in universal use in the Delaware River and the Southern fisheries.

So heavy has been the capture of shad in some years that the fish have been actually sold for manure; and the indiscriminate chase of them in the spawning season so depleted certain fishing grounds that but for the efforts of the pisciculturists the supply in them would have ceased altogether. As it is, the once famous fisheries in the Potomac and James Rivers are now almost entirely destroyed.

Nevertheless, our shad fisheries are not likely to fail us yet a while. In 1875 the Fish Commissioners turned

4,580,000 artificially hatched young shad loose in the Hudson River alone, and large numbers were sent to other rivers, East and West. Shad hatcheries are busy in Connecticut too, and salmon spawn are hatched by the million in Maine In this latter regard California and the Pacific Coast generally has greatly the advantage of the Atlantic seaboard. There the salmon fisheries are perennial. Thousands of the fish are dried for Winter use by the Indians and settlers, and millions of pounds canned fresh for foreign markets In value, the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River alone exceed those of any other fish on the west coast

THE OYSTER.

The oyster only needs the power of speculation often fancifully ascribed to it to be really worthy of itself, for it is certainly the leader among our lighter table fishes, and too much honor cannot be done its honorable name. Not that the world fails in due attention to this delightful creature. His luscious lobes slip down the throats of every nation almost from pole to pole. Who is there among Americans who does not envy the old Pilgrim who, in the story of his travels to Virginia in 1626, says: "In the River Tamescot they found oysters nine inches long, and were told that on the other side they were twice as great."

However that may have been, mammoth oysters are by no means a rarity to-day. They are always drawn from beds which have long lain undisturbed. Thirty-five years ago a vast bed of the largest and juiciest oysters ever known was discovered in Little Neck Bay, near the New York shore. These were the famous Saddle Rocks, so called from a rock in the vicinity, and for twenty-five years the owners, A. & P. Dorlon, drew a fortune from them. Then the bed was used up, and such "Saddle Rocks," as we eat to-day are simply large and fine oysters gleaned from other varieties.

Custom decrees that oysters shall not be eaten in a month without an R in it. This is simple nonsense. They are as good then as at any other time. Oysters spawn during the tabooed months, it is true, and at that time are thin and poor; but all brands do not spawn at once, and good qualities of "Summer" oysters are found everywhere in Virginian waters, and in many places along the Long Island Sound. The belief, however, is generally held, in spite of reasoning, and people willfully deprive themselves of that most refreshing of Summer food at a time when it could be really best enjoyed.

Of course, all places where oysters are grown have their favorite brands. The best-esteemed in the New York markets are the Shrewsburys, a medium-eyed, yellow-meated, plump and savory oyster, somewhat approximating in flavor to the little, coppery "native" of which Englishmen are so fond. The Shrewsburys, which are soonest in season, are followed by Norwalks, which are in every way their superior. Norwalks are always removed from the Sound a few weeks before coming to market, and planted near the mouths of streams where the mixture of salt and fresh water, as the tide fluctuates, is supposed to highly benefit their flavor. Then come a long line of Blue Points, Little Necks, and so on, *ad infinitum*. To New Yorkers, the oysters from the carefully cultivated beds at Gregory's Point are esteemed next in quality to the defunct "Saddle Rocks," recollections of which arise to the memory of all old local oyster gourmands as a blissful dream.

DRAWING THE SEINE ON THE SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.

Of late years, another bed of large oysters, the Eaton Necks, has been found, but, as was before stated, mammoth oysters, as a rule, are only the careful cullings of many sorts, and not the product of any one particular bed.

Millions of dollars are invested in the wholesale oyster business, all of the large dealers having their own beds, in some of which nearly $200,000 is invested. A large firm will employ half a dozen schooners, as many sloops, and a couple of hundred men, in working its beds, and oyster dealers in New York often own plantings in Virginia and Maryland waters, as well as their own. The oyster-beds of

ASHLEY RIVER—NEGRO FISHERMEN STARTING FOR LOBSTER AND PRAWN GROUNDS.

Delaware Bay belong entirely to Philadelphians, and furnish the chief supply to the City of Brotherly Love.

For years the English oyster supply has been falling off, and a large export trade to that country, as well as to the Continent, had sprung up here in consequence. American oysters are much more highly esteemed on the Continent than in England. John Bull clings to his high-flavored idol still, with commendable devotion. On the Pacific Coast, and parts of the West Indies, oysters are common, but generally poor and thin. Thus, in San Francisco, the Bay is well supplied with natural beds, yet most of the oysters eaten there are brought from Santa Barbara and Acapulco, and even they are by no means of fine class. On the contrary, Eastern oysters transplanted there wax in size and lusciousness rapidly, but do not spawn, and the beds have to be constantly artificially renewed.

CAPTURE OF A SEA-MONSTER NEAR CHARLESTON.

THE CLAM.

If the oyster has its song the clam has its carol of triumph. When stern and unthinking custom decrees to the former a season of inglorious rest, its little rival fares merrily down many throats, and is the honored centre of chowder parties and clambakes where fat men, and, eke, thin ones, and women, too, demonstrate to admiring eyes the wonderful and elastic capacity of the stomach. The relative qualities of oyster and clam were admirably expressed by a local *littérateur* who wrote, "There is a subdued poetic feeling about the oyster, whereas the clam is at bottom positive, assertive, and aggressive. There are distinct choices among them, but in all there is, as we have said, the same aggressive and inartistic flavor."

Writing of his American travels, in 1748, Professor Kalm says: "There is a shellfish which, by the English here, is called clam, and which bears some resemblance to the human ear. They are met with in vast numbers on the seashore of New York, Long Island and other places. The shell contains a large animal which is eaten by both the Indians and Europeans settled here. As soon as the shells are caught, the fish is taken out of them, drawn upon a wire and hung up in the open air, in order to dry by the heat of the sun."

RUNNING BLACKFISH ON TRURO BEACH, PROVINCETOWN BAY, MASS.

SALMON-FISHING IN CANADA.

Think of this, ye gourmands of the clam-bake, and speak of the "good old times" if you dare.

The yearly fish sales of New York alone are estimated at $2,000,000, this being, of course, the wholesale sum. Twenty million pounds of fish are sold in New York annually, and all fish, from the salmon and Spanish mackerel to the lowly herring, are procurable. Of the export trade of the city, it would be impossible to give even an approximate idea. Bluefish, sheepshead, striped and black bass, eels and all the other denizens of our Northern waters, are familiar to every one.

A characteristic industry of our Northern coasts is sword-fishing, which is carried on out of Boston to a considerable extent. It is only rarely, however, that a specimen of that military denizen of the deep finds its way to this city. The Bostonians monopolize him for themselves.

During the last score of years the Florida and Gulf fisheries have assumed vast importance among our coast fisheries, and our Winter supply of food fishes is, to a great extent, drawn from them. There is the pompano, light, handsomely shaped, with its blue-fibred flesh and rich, oily flavor. There are lumbering turtles, as toothsome as they are ugly; gigantic sheepshead, shipped by the thousands; and snapper or mullets, a sort of black bass with red scales. The jew-fish disputes with the red snapper for the palm of popularity, and the great channel bass, with its huge, flat disks of scales, on which ingenious ladies paint landscapes and flowers, kings it over all right royally.

The mullet swims in immense shoals, and is caught in cast-nets, thrown as the Mexicans throw a lasso. In organized hunts, however, the great shoals are run into shallow water, where, prevented from escaping by the long seine, they are driven ashore. Incredible numbers are caught by these drives. The fish are worth eight dollars a barrel on the beaches, so some idea of the lucrative nature of the fishery may be had. Frequently a thousand dollars' worth repays a single cast of the seine.

In Florida the mullets are salted down like mackerel, and are a dish never absent from Summer or Winter tables, as long as the supply endures.

But my article, like the subject of which I treat, has seasonable limits. As I write these last lines, a living panorama of my subject passes before me. I hear the morning song of fishermen ringing along our whole line of coast, and see the sails of our fishing craft whitening every league of soundings from the iron-bound coast where the wild wind warps the stunted pines and blows the surge to fierce foam, through the spice-haunted tropics to the bleak region of ice and snow, where the latest additions to our people hunt the fur seal and the walrus in bleak sub-arctic seas. Our whalers lie, black and ugly, defiling the Summer wave with their sluggish oily sweat, among the fair islets of the Bahamas, with the rank smoke of their furnaces darkening the sky. In the legendary Caribbean, shark-hunters pursue their grisly prey, for whom, in the oil of their livers, modern science has found a use. Our sealers populate lonely reefs

BLUE-FISHING—"BOTTOMING."

A FIRST IMPRESSION.—"'I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME FINER HOLLY THAN THAT YOU HAVE,' SAID A FAMILIAR VOICE AT HER ELBOW, 'THOUGH I WISH FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART YOU WOULD NOT USE IT IN DRESSING UP SUCH A HORRID THING AS THAT.'"

and our salmon fisheries wake the echoes of the great Pacific rivers to life. Truly we leave no opportunity neglected. Whether we troll for bluefish for sport, or drive them for profit, we do it equally with heart and soul, and honor the gift of our great waters as we should. The fruits of the American fisheries minister to the appetites of the world, and the profits form no inconsiderable part of the nation's income.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

By Mrs. Nellie Ames.

"Marry well," said Deacon Middleton to his daughter, "or don't marry at all. I've no objection to supporting ye as long as ye need it; but I don't take any stock in shiftless men. That young Dutcher boy h'ain't got no kind of push to him. He's bound to be a hanger-on all the days of his life. Mark my words now."

This was touching a tender chord in Bessie Middleton's heart. Only the evening previous Harry Dutcher had told her the story she had known for some time, and asked her to be his wife when he should have earned money enough to commence life respectably. This was to be kept secret for a while, each of the lovers having a well-defined reason for so doing—Bessie feeling her father's distrust of the young man, and Harry realizing his inability to compete with other suitors for Bessie's hand.

In some strange way Deacon Middleton had blundered on to the truth, not from having really seen anything to arouse his suspicions in this direction, but possessed of the very natural desire that his daughter, in choosing her companion

for life, should secure the one most likely to take the best care of her.

After a moment's pause, which Bessie made no attempt to break, the deacon continued:

"William seems to have the right sort of stuff in him. He is prudent and industrious, and will get a living where another man will starve."

William Dutcher was Harry's cousin, a man Bessie was only slightly acquainted with, and for whom she entertained a deep-seated aversion—an aversion she could neither explain nor understand. She had always forced herself to treat him politely whenever she met him in society, and more than once had taken herself to task for the dislike she could not overcome.

The deacon went on, relentlessly:

"I've noticed that the girls don't seem to think much of William, some way, but I suppose that's on account of his not being handsome as some; but I was looking at him yesterday as he sat in church, and I thought he looked about as well as the rest of 'em. His hair don't fly around his head like young Dutcher's, to be sure, and perhaps he don't spend so much time at the tailor's as t'other one; but I'll bet a cooky he pays his tailor when his clothes are done."

"Don't Harry Dutcher pay his tailor, father?" burst from Bessie's lips before she knew the words were out.

"If he don't, he knows his father will," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"But did you ever hear that Harry was careless about his bills?" said Bessie, determined, now that she had begun, to ascertain if her father had any well-grounded reason for his singular and, to Bessie, extremely disagreeable innuendo.

"I've heard him called mighty extravagant, and all that; and, one thing is certain, a man who won't learn a trade, and goes poking about, making pictures, squinting at cows and clouds and pretty faces, won't amount to much in the long run. William is master of his trade, and has got something put by for a rainy day a'ready; but, law! there ain't none of 'em anything to us as I knows on; so what's the use talking about 'em? But, as I said when I begun, I'd a good deal rather you'd never marry than take up with a man who can't support ye."

Bessie stood at the window, looked out on to her father's broad acres, and wondered what earthly use all his money was to him or anybody else? Everything was dark, silent and cold. She had but one wish, and that one to help her lover in his artistic career, and this she was as unable to do as if she had been a pauper, instead of the rich man's daughter she was.

Harry's father, opposed to his son's "shiftlessness," had utterly refused to have anything to do with the development of his talent; and whatever progress he had made in this direction had been alone and unaided.

"It's all a mess," said Bessie, softly, to herself, as her father turned away. "Harry can have everything everybody else thinks is best for him; but what he himself wants most is denied him; and it's just so with me. William Dutcher! I wonder why folks are for ever holding that man up to me? That would be reason enough for detesting him, if I had no other."

A short time after this Harry left his home. Squire Dutcher, disappointed in all his pet schemes for his son, who refused—obstinately, the squire believed—to be either farmer, merchant, mechanic or lawyer, at last grew tired of compromises, and informed poor Harry that there was no longer room in his house for either him or his daubs. The mortified and miserable young man hastened to bid the woman he loved good-by, and to get out of the village with all possible speed.

"If I can ever earn money enough, Bessie," were his last words at parting, "I shall send for you to come to me. You will understand it, and I don't care what anybody else thinks. Once away from this place, and I will never step foot in it again as long as I live."

Bessie cheered the sentiment, and cried till her lover was fain to come back again and repeat, for the hundredth time, his assurances of never-dying affection.

"I have been compelled to make a confidant of Will," he furthermore told her. "But for him I should not have had the means to get anywhere. He has loaned me a hundred dollars."

"How dreadful to be under obligations to him!"

"Will's a good fellow," responded Harry. "He has always been a good friend to me. I shall send my letters to you under cover of his, and in this way the gossips of the neighborhood will be kept in ignorance of one very interesting item."

And so the lovers parted.

Letters came frequently from the absent one, and nothing could be kinder or more delicate than the behavior of the gentleman entrusted with the lovers' secret.

Six months passed, a year, a year and a half, and Harry had not gained a footing in his profession, to say nothing of having achieved independence. Letters came regularly, however, and were always cheery and hopeful. At last word arrived that the ambitious and determined artist had received an invitation to visit Rome with a connoisseur in art, a gentleman with whom he had only recently become acquainted.

"Two years more, Bess," he wrote; "but I do not dare decline the invitation, for it will do more for our future than anything else in the world could. If I can do what my friend desires, and he is positive that I can, I shall have money enough to commence our Paradise."

And then followed sheet after sheet of ardent protestation.

This was a hard blow, but Bessie rallied from it wonderfully; and when Will Dutcher called to inquire the news of his cousin, she was enabled to tell him he had started for Rome without a single telltale tear.

"Too bad!" said he, sympathetically; "but who can blame him for following what he believes to be his life-work?"

"I do not," answered Bessie, turning her head away.

"I am glad you are sensible enough to take a right view of the case," he continued, soothingly; "so many would be annoyed and impatient with him; but I have always found that artists are a peculiar people. Ah it was so foolish of his father to thwart him! I told the old gentleman so, but all the effect it had was to make him angry."

"Rome's a horrid place!" suggested Bess. "Unhealthy, I mean."

"Yes, at certain periods of the year; but you need have no fears for Harry on the score of health, for I don't believe he was ever sick a day in his life."

"How I have disliked this man!" said Bess to herself, after her visitor had gone; "and how I shrink from him now when I stop to think; and yet how kind he is, and what inestimable service he has rendered me in poor Harry's absence!"

This was all true. William Dutcher had played his cards well. His plans for the future were all laid. He would undermine his cousin if that were possible; if not, he would by some miserable falsehood make lasting trouble for him. He knew that Harry would never return to the home of his boyhood. The insult and unkindness he had received there was an effectual barrier.

Squire Dutcher had shown no sign of relenting, and only laughed when his son's artistic success was hinted at. In

many important respects the field was just as clear as if Harry Dutcher had never been born.

William had control of the whole correspondence, and his attentions to the deacon's daughter had come to be so marked that many of Bessie's friends wondered when the wedding was to take place.

Six months, and no letter. A year, and no letter. What could it mean? With a heart heavy and sore with hope deferred, Bessie constantly consulted her friend. No brother could be more sympathetically attentive. He cheered and encouraged her; spoke hopefully and affectionately of the absent one at all times. He sent her books and flowers, and strove by the most delicate means to win the woman from her sorrow.

It seemed a hopeless case, but he never once became discouraged.

Days lapsed into years, until three times three hundred and sixty-five were counted. Then William Dutcher confided to Bessie that from the first he had understood Harry's silence. The faithful woman sat at Christmas time with her lap full of holly and ivy, dressing a cross which ever since her lover's silence she had annually wreathed and hung in her room.

"I have brought you some finer holly than that you have," said a familiar voice at her elbow; "though I wish from the bottom of my heart you would not use it in dressing up such a horrid thing as that"—pointing to the cross. "I have heard, Bessie, of nursing anger to keep it warm, but I never saw any one so intent upon nursing misery and lovesickness as you!"

"Lovesickness!" said Bessie, with a little start. "I am sorry if my behavior can be so construed."

"Do not be angry, Bessie," he went on. "Go on with your cross. I have a secret for you."

"A secret?" she whispered, stopping her work.

"Yes, Bessie, a secret. You have at last forced it out of me. You must have noticed that for a long time I have been unable to speak of Harry."

"Harry!" she gasped, growing deathly pale.

"Yes, Harry; but how can you expect me to longer consider your feelings when I see you constantly making yourself ill and unhappy, and, more than that, a laughing-stock for those of your acquaintances who have all along imagined there was some bond existing between you and my miserable cousin?"

"Your miserable cousin?" repeated Bessie, like one in a dream.

"My miserable, unfaithful, contemptible cousin, Harry Dutcher. He was married more than a year ago in Paris, and has lived in that place ever since. This is my secret, Bessie Middleton—one which, for the sake of a woman dearer to me than life itself, I have carefully guarded."

Not a word escaped poor Bessie. After a while she rallied and said:

"I believed him *dead*. Surely this is better than that. Let us never speak of him again."

Christmas dawned clear and sunshiny. Will Dutcher had made the most of his opportunity, but this most was extremely unsatisfactory.

Bessie bade him be still. She had loved once, and that once was forever. This, however, did not discourage the young man. Her father was on his side, and everybody believed him engaged; she would be compelled at last to bow gracefully to circumstances.

Christmas dinner at the spacious farmhouse of the Middletons was an affair worth remembering, and to this Will Dutcher was invited. They were all seated cozily at the table, Bessie doing her best to be cheerful, when an unexpected and unbidden guest made his appearance. Harry Dutcher marched on to the scene of action, cool, dignified, handsome.

"Harry!" screamed Bessie, going toward him forgetful of the past.

"And who am I addressing?" the new-comer inquired, taking the little, trembling hands in his own. "Bessie Middleton or Bessie Dutcher?"

"Why, Bessie Middleton, of course," she answered, the light beginning to dawn. "And you?" she continued.

"Have come to claim you. That man"—pointing to Will, who had risen from the table—"wrote me that you were his wife. I believed it for a time, but finally concluded to satisfy myself with a visit. I heard he had lied to me before I reached the house. Deacon Middleton, can I have Bessie? I have earned her, I think, by earning independence. I am perfectly able to care for her as she has always been cared for."

Will Dutcher never heard the Deacon's answer. He sneaked out of the house and out of the town, and took up his abode in a distant city.

One week after Bessie Middleton was Mrs. Harry Dutcher, and the sun never shone upon a happier woman.

A ZULU WAR-DANCE.

In all that world-wide empire which the spirit of English colonization has conquered from out of the realms of the distant and unknown, and added year by year to the English dominions, it is doubtful whether there be any one spot of corresponding area, presenting so many large questions—social and political—as the colony of Natal. Wrested some thirty years ago from the patriarchal Boers, and peopled by a few scattered scores of adventurous emigrants, Natal has, with hard toil, gained for itself a precarious foothold scarcely yet to be called an existence. Known chiefly to the outside world as the sudden birthplace of those tremendous polemical missiles which battered so fiercely, some few years ago, against the walls of the English Church, it is now attracting attention to the shape and proportion of that unsolved riddle of the future, the Native question.

In those former days of rude and hand-to-mouth legislation, when the certain evil of the day had to be met and dealt with before the possible evil of the morrow, the seeds of great political trouble were planted in the young colony, seeds whose fruit is fast ripening before our eyes.

When the strong, aggressive hand of England has grasped some fresh portion of the earth's surface, there is yet a spirit of justice in her heart and head which prompts the question, among the first of such demands, as to how best and most fairly to deal by the natives of the newly acquired land. In earlier times, when steam was not, and telegraphs and special correspondents were equally unknown agencies for getting at the truth of things, this question was more easily answered across a width of dividing ocean or continent. Then distant action might be prompt and sharp on emergency, and no one would be the wiser. But of late years, owing to these results of civilization, harsh measures have, by the mere pressure of public opinion, and without consideration of their necessity in the eyes of the colonists, been set aside as impracticable and inhuman.

In the case of Natal, most of the early questions of possession and right were settled, sword in hand, by the pioneer Dutch, who, after a space of terrible warfare, drove back the Zulus over the Tugela, and finally took possession of the land. But they did not hold it long. The same hateful, invading Englishman, with his new ideas and his higher forms of civilization, who had caused them to quit the "Old Colony," the land of their birth, came and drove them, *vi et*

armis, from the land of their adoption. And it was not long before these same English became lords of this red African soil, from the coast up to the Drakensberg. Still there were difficulties; for, although the new-comers might be lords of the soil, there remained yet a remnant, and a very troublesome remnant, of its original and natural masters: shattered fragments of the Zulu power in Natal, men who had once swept over the country in the army of Chaka the Terrible, Chaka of the Short Spear, but who had remained behind in the fair, new land, when Chaka's raids had been checked by the white man and his deadly weapons. Remnants, too, of conquered aboriginal tribes, who had found even Chaka's rule easier than that of their own chieftains, swelled the amount to a total of some 100,000 souls.

One of the first acts of the English Government when it took up the reins was to allot to each of these constituent fragments a large portion of land. This might, perhaps, have been short-sighted legislation, but it arose from the necessity of the moment. According to even the then received ideas of colonization and its duties, it was scarcely possible—danger apart—to drive all the natives over the frontier, so they were allowed to stay and share the rights and privileges of British subjects. But the evil did not stop there. Ere long some political refugees, defeated in battle, fled before the avenging hand of the conqueror, and craved place and protection from the Government of Natal. It was granted; and the principle once established, body after body of men poured in; for, in stepping over the boundary line, they left the regions of ruin and terrible death, and entered those of peace, security and plenty.

ZULU MESSENGERS.

Thus it is that the native population of Natal, fed from within and without, has in thirty years more than quadrupled its numbers. Secluded from the outside world in his location, the native has lived in peace, and watched his cattle grow upon a thousand hills. His wealth has become great and his wives many. He no longer dreads swift "death by order of the king," or by word of the witch-doctor. No "impi," or native regiment, can now sweep down on him and "eat him up"—that is, carry off his cattle, put his kraal to the flames, and himself, his people, his wives and children to the assegai. For the first time in the story of the great Kafir race, he can, when he rises in the morning, be sure that he will not sleep that night stiff in a bloody grave. He has tasted the blessings of peace and security, and what is the consequence? He has increased and multiplied until his numbers are as grains of sand on the sea-shore.

Overlapping the borders of his location, he squats on private lands, he advances like a great tidal wave, he cries aloud for room, more room. This is the trouble which stares us in the face, looming larger and more distinct year by year; the great, ever-growing problem which thoughtful men fear must one day find a sudden and violent solution.

Thus it comes to pass that there hangs low on the horizon of South Africa the dark cloud of the Native question. How and when it will burst, no man can pretend to say; but some time, and in some way, burst it must, unless means of dispersing it can be found.

There is now at work among the Kafir population the same motive power which has raised, in turn, all white nations, and, having built them up to a certain height, has then set to work to sap them until they have fallen—the power of civilization. Hand in hand the missionary and the trader have penetrated the locations. The efforts of the teacher have met with but a partial success. "A Christian may be a good man in his way, but he is a Zulu spoiled," said Cetywayo, King of the Zulus, when arguing the question of Christianity with the Secretary for Native Affairs; and such is, not altogether wrongly, the general feeling of the natives. With the traders it has been different. Some have dealt honestly—and more, it is to be feared, dishonestly—not only with those with whom they have had dealings, but with their fellow-subjects and their government. It is these men chiefly who have, in defiance of the law, supplied the natives with those two great modern elements of danger and

A WAR DANCE OF ZULUS.

destruction, the gin-bottle and the rifle. The first is as yet injurious only to the recipients, but it will surely react on those who have taught them its use. The danger of possessing the rifle may come home to us any day and at any moment.

Civilization, it would seem, when applied to black races, produces effects diametrically opposite to those we are accustomed to observe in white nations; it debases before it can elevate; and as regards the Kaffirs it is doubtful, and remains to be proved, whether it has much power to elevate them at all. Take the average Zulu warrior, and it will be found that, in his natural state, his vices are largely counterbalanced by his good qualities. In times of peace he is a simple, pastoral man, leading a good-humored, easy life with his wives and his cattle, perfectly indolent and perfectly happy. He is a kind husband and a kinder father, he never disowns his poor relations, his hospitality is extended alike to white and black, he is open in his dealings and faithful to his word, and his honesty is a proverb in the land.

True, if war breaks out and the thirst for slaughter comes upon him, he turns into a different man. When the fierce savage spirit is once aroused, blood alone will cool it. But even then he has virtues. If he is cruel, he is brave in the battle; if he is reckless of the lives of others he regards not his own; and when death comes, he meets it without fear, and goes to the spirits of his fathers boldly, as a warrior should.

And now reverse the picture and see him in the dawning light of that civilization which by intellect and by nature he is some five centuries behind. See him, ignoring its hidden virtues, eagerly seize and graft its most prominent vices on to his own besetting sins. Behold him by degrees adding cunning to his cruelty, avarice to his love of possession, replacing his bravery by coarse bombast and insolence, and his truth by lies. Behold him inflaming all his passions with the maddening drink of the white man, and then follow him through many degrees of degradation until he falls into crime and ends in a gaol.

Such are, in only too many instances, the consequences of this partial civilization, and they are not even counterbalanced, except in individual cases, by the attempt to learn the truths of a creed which he cannot, does not, pretend to understand. And if this be the result in the comparatively few individuals who have been brought under these influences, it may be fair to argue that it will differ only in degree, not in kind, when the same influences are brought to bear on the same material in corresponding proportions. Whatever may or may not be the effects of our partial civilization when imperfectly and spasmodically applied to the vast native population of South Africa, one thing must, in course of time, result from it. The old customs, the old forms, the old feelings, must each in turn die away. The outer expression of these will die first, and it will not be long before the very memory of them will fade out of the barbaric heart.

The rifle must replace, and, indeed, actually has replaced, the assegai and the shield, and portions of the cast-off uniforms of all the armies of Europe are to be seen where until lately the bronze-like form of the Kafir warrior went naked as on the day he was born. But so long as native customs and ceremonies still linger in some of the more distant locations, so long will they exercise a certain attraction for dwellers amid tamer scenes. It is therefore from a belief in the magnetism of contrast that the highly civilized reader is invited to come to where he can still meet the barbarian face to face and witness that wild ceremony, half jest, half grim earnest—a Zulu war-dance.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this paper to find himself, early in the past year, traveling through the up-country districts of Natal, in the company of certain high officials of the English Government.

The journey dragged slowly enough by wagon, and some monotonous weeks had passed before we pitched our camp, one drizzling, gusty night, on a high plateau surrounded by still loftier hills. A wild and dismal place it looked in the growing dusk of an Autumn evening, nor was it more suggestively cheerful when we rode away from it next morning in the sunshine, leaving the wagons to follow slowly. Our faces were set toward a great mountain, towering high above its fellows, called Pagadi's Kop—Pagadi being a powerful chief who had fled from the Zulus in the early days of the colony, and had ever since dwelt loyally and peacefully here in this wild place, beneath the protection of the Crown. Messengers had been duly sent to inform him that he was to receive the honor of a visit, for your true savage never likes to be taken by surprise. Other swift-footed runners had come back with the present of a goat, and the respectful answer, so oriental in its phraseology, that "Pagadi was old; he was infirm; yet would arise and come to greet his lords."

Every mile or so of our slow progress a fresh messenger would spring up before us suddenly, as though he had started out of the earth at our feet, and prefixing his greeting with the royal salute, given with upraised right arm, "Bayette, Bayette!"—a salutation only accorded to Zulu royalty, to the governors of the different provinces, and to Sir T. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs—he would deliver his message or his news and fall into the rear. Presently came one, saying, "Pagadi is very old and weak; Pagadi is weary; let his lords forgive him if he meet them not this day. To-morrow, when the sun is high, he will come to their place of encampment and greet his lords and hold festival before them. But let his lords, the white lords of all the land from the Great Mountains to the Black Water, go on up to his kraal, and let them take the biggest hut and drink of the strongest beer. There his son, the chief that is to be, and all his wives, shall greet them; let his lords be honored by Pagadi, through them."

An acknowledgment was sent, and we still rode on, beginning the ascent of the formidable stronghold, on the top of which was placed the chief's kraal. A hard and stiff climb it was, up a bridle path with far more resemblance to a staircase than a road. But if the road was bad, the scenery and the vegetation were wild and beautiful in the extreme. Now we came to a deep "kloof" or cleft in the steep mountain side, at the bottom of which, half-hidden by the masses of ferns and rich, rank greenery, trickled a little stream; now to an open space of rough ground, covered only with huge, weather-washed boulders. A little further on lay a Kafir mealie-garden, where the tall green stalks were fairly bent to the ground by the weight of the corn-laden heads, and beyond that, again, a park-like slope of grassy veldt. And ever, when we looked behind us, the vast, undulating plain over which we had come, stretched away in its mysterious sunlit silence, till it blended at length with the soft blue horizon.

At last, after much hard and steady climbing, we reached the top and stood upon a perfectly level space ten or twelve acres in extent, exactly in the centre of which was placed the chief's kraal. Before we dismounted we rode to the extreme western edge of the plateau, to look at one of the most perfectly lovely views it is possible to imagine. It was like coming face to face with great primeval Nature, not Nature as we civilized people know her, smiling in cornfields, waving in well-ordered woods, but Nature as she was on the morrow of the Creation.

There, to our left, cold and gray and grand, rose the great peak, flinging its dark shadow far beyond its base.

Two thousand feet and more beneath us lay the valley of the Mooi River, with the broad, tranquil stream flashing silver through its midst. Over against us rose another range of towering hills, with sudden openings in their blue depths through which could be seen the splendid distances of a champaign country. Immediately at our feet, and seeming to girdle the great gaunt peak, lay a deep valley, through which the Little Bushman's River forced its shining way. All around rose the great bush-clad hills, so green, so bright in the glorious streaming sunlight, and yet so awfully devoid of life, so solemnly silent. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten, this wide panoramic outlook, with its towering hills, its smiling valleys, its flashing streams, its all-pervading sunlight, and its deep, sad silence. But it was not always so lifeless and so still.

Some few years ago those hills, those plains, those rivers were teeming each with their various creatures. But a short time since, and standing here at eventide, the traveler could have seen herds of elephants cooling themselves yonder after their day's travel, whilst the black-headed, white-tusked sea-cow rose and plunged in the pool below. That bush-clad hill was the favorite haunt of droves of buffaloes and elands, and on that plain swarmed thousands upon thousands of springbok and of quagga, of hartebeest and of oribid. All alien life must cease before the white man, and so these wild denizens of forest, stream and plain have passed away never to return.

Turning at length from the contemplation of a scene so new and so surprising, we entered the stockade of the kraal. These kraals consist of a stout outer palisade, and then, at some distance from the first, a second inclosure, between which the cattle are driven at night, or in case of danger. At the outer entrance we were met by the chief's eldest son, a finely-built man, who greeted us with much respect, and conducted us through rows of huts to the dwelling-places of the chief's family, fenced off from the rest by a hedge of Tambouki grass. In the centre of these stood Pagadi's hut, which was larger and more finely woven and thatched than the rest.

It is impossible to describe these huts better than by saying that they resemble enormous straw beehives of the old-fashioned pattern. In front of the hut were grouped a dozen or so of women, clad in that airiest of costumes, a string of beads. They were Pagadi's wives, and ranged from the first shriveled-up wife of his youth to the plump young damsel bought last month. The spokeswoman of the party, however, was not one of the wives, but a daughter of Pagadi's, a handsome girl, tall, and splendidly formed, with a finely-cut face. This prepossessing young lady entreated her lords to enter, which they did, in a very unlordly way, on their hands and knees.

So soon as the eye became accustomed to the cool darkness of the hut, it was sufficiently interesting to notice the rude attempts at comfort with which it was set forth. The flooring, of a mixture of clay and cow-dung, looked exactly like black marble, so smooth and polished had it been made, and on its shining, level surface couches of buckskin and gay blankets were spread in an orderly fashion. Some little three-legged wooden sleeping-pillows and a few cooking-pots made up its sole furniture besides. In one corner rested a bundle of assegais and war-shields, and opposite the door were ranged several large calabashes full of "twal," or native beer.

The chief's son and all the women followed us into the hut. The ladies sat themselves down demurely in a double row opposite to us, but the young chieftain crouched in a distant corner apart and played with his assegais. We partook of the beer and exchanged compliments, almost oriental in their dignified courtesy, in the soft and liquid Zulu language, but not for long, for we had still far to ride. The stars were shining in southern glory before we reached the place of our night's encampment, and supper and bed were even more than usually welcome. There is a pleasure in the canvas-sheltered meal, in the after-pipe and evening talk of the things of the day that has been and those of the day to come, here, amid these wild surroundings, which is unfelt and unknown in scenes of greater comfort and higher civilization. There is a scene of freshness and freedom in the wind-swept wagon-bed that is not to be exchanged for the softest couch in the most luxurious chamber. And when at length the morning comes, sweet in the scent of flowers, and glad in the voice of birds, it finds us ready to greet it, not hiding it from us with canopy and blind, as is the way of cities.

The scene of the coming spectacle of this bright new day lies spread before us, and certainly no spot could have been better chosen for dramatic effect. In front of the wagons is a large, flat, open space, backed by bold, rising ground with jutting crags and dotted clumps of luxuriant vegetation. All around spreads the dense thorn-bush, allowing but of one way of approach, from the left. During the morning we could hear snatches of distant chants growing louder and louder as time wore on, and could catch glimpses of wild figures threading the thorns, warriors hastening to the meeting-place.

All through the past night the farmers for miles around had been aroused by the loud, insistent cries of the chief's messengers as they flitted far and wide, stopping but a moment wherever one of their tribe sojourned, and bidding him come and bring plume and shield, for Pagadi had need of him. This day, we may be sure, the herds are left untended, the mealie-heads ungathered, for the herdsmen and the reapers have come hither to answer to the summons of their chief. Little reck they whether it be for festival or war; he needs them and has called them, and that is enough. Higher and higher rose the fitful, distant chant, but no one could be seen. Suddenly there stood before us a creature, a woman, who, for the color of her skin, might have been the original of any one of Macbeth's "weird sisters." Little, withered, and bent nearly double by age, her activity was yet past comprehension. Clad in a strange jumble of snake-skins, feathers, furs and bones, a forked wand in her outstretched hand, she rushed to and fro before the little group of white men. Her eyes gleamed like those of a hawk through her matted hair, and the genuineness of her frantic excitement was evident by the quivering flesh and working face, and the wild, spasmodic words she spoke. The spirit at least of her rapid utterances may thus be rendered:

"Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai, ai. Oh, ye warriors that shall dance before the great ones of the earth, come! Oh, ye dyers of spears, ye plumed suckers of blood, come! I, the Isauusi, I, the witch-finder, I, the wise woman, I, the seer of strange sights, I, the reader of dark thoughts, call ye! Come, ye fierce ones; come, ye brave ones, come, and do honor to the white lords! Ah, I hear ye! Ah, I smell ye! Ah, I see ye; ye come, ye come!"

Scarcely had her invocation trailed off into the "Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai, ai," with which it had opened, when there rushed over the edge of the hill, hard by, another figure scarcely less wild, but not so repulsive in appearance. This last was a finely built warrior arrayed in the full panoply of savage war. With his right hand he grasped his spears, and on his left hung his large black ox-hide shield, lined on its inner side with spare assegais. From the "man's" ring round his head arose a single tall, gray plume, robbed from the Kafir crane. His broad shoulders were bare, and beneath the arm-pits was fastened a short garment of

stripes of skin, intermixed with ox-tails of different colors. From his waist hung a rude kilt made chiefly of goat's hair, whilst round the calf of his right leg was fixed a short fringe of black ox-tails.

INTERIOR OF A ZULU HUT.

As he stood before us with lifted weapon and outstretched shield, his plume bending to the breeze, and his savage aspect made more savage still by the graceful, statuesque pose, the dilated eye and warlike mold of the set features—as he stood there, an emblem and a type of the times and things which are passing away, his feet resting on ground which he held on sufferance, and his hands grasping weapons impotent as a child's toy against those of the white man—he who was the rightful lord of all—what reflection did he not induce, what a moral did he not teach!

The warrior left us little time, however, for either reflections or deductions, for, striking his shield with his assegai, he rapidly poured forth his salutation:

"Bayete, Bayete, O chief from the olden times, O lord and chief of chiefs! Pagadi, the son of Masingorano, the great chief, the leader of brave ones, the son of Ulubako, greets you. Pagadi is humble before you; he comes with warrior and with shield, but he comes to lay them at your feet. O father of chiefs, son of the great Queen over the water, is it permitted that Pagadi approach you? Ou! I see it is, your face is pleasant; Bayete, Bayete!"

He ends, and, saluting again, springs forward, and, flying hither and thither, chants the praises of his chief. "Pagadi," he says, "Pagadi, chief and father of the Amocuna, is coming. Pagadi, the brave in battle, the wise in council, the slayer of warriors; Pagadi who slew the tiger in the night-time; Pagadi, the rich in cattle, the husband of many wives, the father of many children. Pagadi is coming, but not alone; he comes surrounded with his children, his warriors. He comes like a king at the head of his brave children. Pagadi's soldiers are coming; his soldiers, who know well how to fight; his soldiers and his captains, who make the hearts of brave men to sink down; his shakers of spears; his quaffers of blood. Pagadi and his soldiers are coming; tremble all ye, ou, ou, ou!"

As the last words die on his lips the air is filled with a deep, murmuring sound like distant thunder; it swells and rolls, and finally passes away to give place to the sound of the rushing of many feet. Over the brow of the hill dashes a compact body of warriors running swiftly in lines of four with their captain at their head, all clad in the same wild garb as the herald. Each bears a snow-white shield carried on the slant, and above each warrior's head rises a gray heron's plume. These are the advance-guard, formed of the "grays," or veteran troops. As they come into full view the shields heave and fall, and then from every throat out bursts the war-song of the Zulus.

Passing us swiftly, they take up their position in a double line on our right, and stand there solemnly chanting all the while. Another rush of feet, and another company flits over the hill toward us, but they bear coal-black shields, and the drooping plumes are black as night; they fall into position next the first comers and take up the chant. Now they come faster and faster, but all through the same gap in the bush. The red shields, the dun shields, the mottled shields, the yellow shields, follow each other in quick but regular succession, till at length there stands before us a body of some five hundred men, presenting, in their savage dress, their various shields and flashing spears, as wild a spectacle as it is possible to conceive.

But it is not our eyes only that are astonished, for from each of those five hundred throats there swells a chant never to be forgotten. From company to company it passes, that wild, characteristic song, so touching in its simple grandeur, so expressive in its deep, pathetic volume.

The white men who listened had heard the song of choirs ringing down resounding aisles, they had been thrilled by the roll of oratorios pealing in melody, beautiful and complex, through the grandest of man's theatres, but never till now had they heard music of voices so weird, so soft and yet so savage, so simple and yet so all-expressive of the fiercest passions known to the human heart.

A ZULU WITCH DOCTOR.

Hark! now it dies; lower and lower it sinks, it grows faint, despairing: "Why does he not come, our chief, our lord! why does he not welcome his singers? Ah! see, they come, the heralds of our lord! our chief is coming to cheer his praisers, our chief is coming to lead his warriors." Again it rises and swells louder and louder, a song of victory and triumph. It rolls against the mountains, it beats against the ground: "He is coming, he is here,

attended by his chosen. Now shall we go forth to slay; now shall we taste of the battle."

Higher yet and higher, till at length the chief, Pagadi, swathed in war-garments of splendid furs, preceded by runners and accompanied by picked warriors, creeps slowly up. He is old and tottering, and of an unwieldy bulk. Two attendants support him, whilst a third bears his shield, and a fourth (oh, bathos!) a cane-bottomed chair. One moment the old man stands and surveys his warriors and listens to the familiar war-cry. As he stands, his face is lit with the light of battle, the light of remembered days. The tottering figure straightens itself, the feeble hand becomes strong once more. With a shout, the old man shakes off his supporters and grasps his shield, and then, forgetting his years and his weakness, he rushes to his chieftain's place in the midst of his men. And as he comes the chant grows yet louder, the time yet faster, till it rises, and rings, and rolls, no longer a chant, but a war-cry, a pæan of power. Pagadi stops and raises his hand, and the place is filled with a silence that may be felt. But not for long. The next moment five hundred shields are tossed aloft, five hundred spears flash in the sunshine, and with a sudden roar, forth springs the royal salute, "Bayete!"

The chief draws back and gives directions to his *indunas*, his thinkers, his wise ones, men distinguished from their fellows by the absence of shield and plume; the *indunas* pass on the orders to the captains, and at once the so-called dance begins. First they manœuvre a little in absolute silence, and changing their position with wonderful precision and rapidity; but as their blood warms there comes a sound as of the hissing of ten thousand snakes, and they charge and charge again.

A pause, and the company of "grays" on our right, throwing itself into open order, flits past us like so many vultures, to precipitate itself with a wild, whistling cry on an opposing body which rushed to meet it. They join issue, they grapple; on them swoops another company, then another and another, until nothing is to be distinguished except a mass of wild faces heaving; of changing forms rolling and writhing, twisting and turning, and, to all appearance, killing and being killed, whilst the whole air is pervaded with a shrill, savage sibilation. It is not always the same cry; now it is the snorting of a troop of buffaloes, now the shriek of the eagle as he seizes his prey, anon the terrible cry of the "night-prowler," the lion, and now—more thrilling than all—the piercing wail of a woman. But whatever the cry, the cadence rises and falls in perfect time and unanimity; no two mix with one another so as to mar the effect of each.

SCENE IN ZULU LAND.

Again the combatants draw back and pause, and then, forth from the ranks springs a chosen warrior, and hurls himself on an imaginary foe. He darts hither and thither with wild activity; he bounds five feet into the air like a panther; he twists through the grass like a snake; and, finally, making a tremendous effort, he seems to slay his airy opponent, and sinks exhausted to the ground. The onlookers mark their approval or disapproval of the dancer's feats by the rising and falling of the strange whistling noise, which, without the slightest apparent movement of face or lip, issues from each mouth.

Warrior after warrior comes forth in turn from the ranks, and does battle with his invisible foe, and receives his meed of applause. The last warrior to spring forward with a wild yell is the future chief, Pagadi's son and successor, our friend of yesterday. He stands, his shield in one hand and his lifted battle-axe—borne by him alone—in the other,

looking proudly around, and rattling his lion-claw necklets, whilst from every side bursts forth a storm of sibilating applause, not from the soldiers only, but from the old men, women, and children. Through all his fierce pantomimic dance it continues, and when he has ended it redoubles, then dies away, but only to burst out again and again, with unquenchable enthusiasm.

In order, probably, to give the warriors a brief breathing space, another song is now set up, and it is marvelous the accuracy and knowledge of melody with which the parts are sung, like a glee or catch, the time being kept by a conductor, who rushes from rank to rank beating time with a wand. Yet it is scarcely like chanting, rather like a weird, sobbing melody, with tones in it which range from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble. It ends in a long sigh, and then follows a scene, a tumult, a *mêlée*, which scarcely admits of a description in words.

The warriors engage in mimic combat: once more they charge, retreat, conquer, and are defeated, all in turn. In front of them, exciting them to new exertions, with word and gesture, undulate in a graceful dance of their own the "intombas," the young beauties of the tribe, with green branches in their hands, and all their store of savage finery glittering on their shapely limbs. Some of these maidens are really handsome, and round them again dance the children, armed with mimic spears and shields. Wild as seems the confusion, through it all, even in the moments of highest excitement, some sort of rough order is maintained: more, it would seem, by mutual sounds than by word of command or sense of discipline.

Even a Zulu warrior must, sooner or later, grow weary, and at length the signal is given for the dance to end. The companies are drawn up in order again, and receive the praise and thanks of those in whose honor they had been called together. To these compliments they reply in a novel and imposing fashion. At a given signal each man begins to softly tap his ox-hide shield with the handle of his spear, producing a sound somewhat resembling the murmur of the distant sea. By slow degrees it grows louder and louder, till at length it rolls and re-echoes from the hills like thunder, and comes to its conclusion with a fierce, quick rattle. This is the royal war salute of the Zulus, and is but rarely to be heard.

One more sonorous salute with voice and hand, and then the warriors disappear as they came, dropping swiftly and silently over the brow of the hill in companies. In a few moments no sign or vestige of dance or dancers remained, save, before our eyes, the well-trodden ground, a few lingering girls laden with large calabashes of beer, and in our ears some distant, dying snatches of chants. The singers were on their joyful way to slay and devour the oxen provided as a stimulus and reward for them by their chief's liberality.

When the last dusky figure had topped the rising ground over which the homeward path lay, and had stood out for an instant against the flaming background of the westering sun, and then dropped, as it were, back into its native darkness beyond those gates of fire, the old chief drew near. He had divested himself of his heavy war dress, and sat down amicably among us.

"Ah," he said, taking the hand of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and addressing him by his native name; "Ah, t'Sompseu, t'Sompseu, the seasons are many since first I held this your hand. Then we two were young, and life lay bright before us; and now you have grown great, and are growing gray, and I have grown very old! I have eaten the corn of my time, till only the cob is left for me to suck, and, *ow*, it is bitter! But it is well that I should grasp this your hand once more, oh, holder of the Spirit of Chaka*, before I sit down and sleep with my fathers. *Ow*, I am glad."

Imposing as was this old-time war-dance, it is not difficult to imagine the heights to which its savage grandeur must swell when it is held—as is the custom at each new year—at the kraal of Cetywayo, King of the Zulus. Then, 30,000 warriors take part in it, and a tragic interest is added to the fierce spectacle by the slaughter of many men. It is, in fact, a great political opportunity for getting rid of the "irreconcilable" element from council and field. Then, in the moment of wildest enthusiasm, the witch-finder darts forward and lightly touches with a switch some doomed man, sitting, it may be, quietly among the spectators, or capering with his fellow-soldiers. Instantly he is led away, and his place knows him no more.

Throughout the whole performance there was one remarkable and genuine feature, the strong personal attachment of each member of the tribe to its chief—not only to the fine old chief, Pagadi, their leader in former years, but to the head and leader of the years to come.

It must be remembered that this system of chieftainship and its attendant law is, to all the social bearings of South African native life, what the tree is to its branches; it has grown through long, long ages, amid a people slow to forget old traditions, and equally slow to receive new ideas; dependent on it are all the native's customs, all his keen ideas of right and justice; in it lies embodied his history of the past, and from it springs his hope for the future. Surely even the most uncompromising of those marching under the banner of civilization must hesitate before they condemn this deep-rooted system to instant uprootal.

The various influences of the white man have eaten into the native system as rust into iron, and their action will never cease till all be destroyed. The bulwarks of barbarism, its minor customs and minor laws, are gone, or exist only in name; but its two great principles, polygamy and chieftainship, yet flourish and are strong. Time will undo his work and find for these also a place among forgotten things. And it is the undoubted duty of us English, who absorb peoples and territories in the high name of civilization, to be true to our principles and our aim, and aid the great destroyer by any and every safe and justifiable means. But between the legitimate means and the rash, miscalculating uprootal of customs and principles, which are not the less venerable and good in their way because they do not accord with our own present ideas, there is a great gulf fixed. Such an uprootal might precipitate an outburst of the very evils it aims at destroying.

What the ultimate effect of our policy will be, when the leaven has leavened the whole, when the floodgates are lifted, and this vast native population (which, contrary to all ordinary precedent, does *not* melt away before the sun of the white man's power) is let loose in its indolent thousands, unrestrained, save by the bonds of civilized law, who can presume to say? But this is not for present consideration. Subject to due precautions, the path of progress must of necessity be followed, and the results of such following left in the balancing hands of fate and the future.

ABOUT OBELISKS.

FROM the obelisk of Heliopolis, erected somewhere about 2,000 years before the commencement of the Christian era, to the latest production of the metropolitan cemetery mason

* The reader must bear in mind that the Zulu warrior is buried sitting, and in full war dress. Chaka, or T'Shaka, was the founder of the Zulu power, and his spirit is supposed to have passed into the white chief.

is a tolerably long period on which to cast a retrospective glance. For about 4,000 years at least, the obelisk has been a favorite monumental form, and it cannot be very surprising, therefore, that in themselves these erections present a rather bewildering and, apart from the incidents they may be supposed to commemorate, a somewhat dull and monotonous subject of study.

If in looking back we could see the historical events or personal histories of which they have been the memorials dramatically represented, no doubt the obelisks of the world would be interesting enough. Unfortunately, we are not only unable to do this, but we cannot be quite certain how many of them have historical associations strictly pertaining to them. Of course, to every one who is gifted with intelligence, historical knowledge, and imaginative power, a stone shaft that has survived the wreck of empires, witnessed the growth and decay of civilizations, and which links the present with a past extending back almost to the period which, till recently, was regarded as the birth-time of the world—must be an intensely interesting object even apart from particular events associated with it. But it can scarcely be questioned that the interest attaching to such objects would be immensely increased if we could but dispel a little of the obscurity in which the early history of most of them is shrouded.

Not only are the dates of erection of most of them matters of the utmost uncertainty, but the object of their erection is, at least in a great many cases, equally dubious, while antiquarians have many times been found to have associated with one of these mysterious monuments incidents and scenes which in all probability rightly belonged to another. Thus Dr. Burton tells a thrilling story of the obelisk which now stands before St. Peter's, at Rome, which the learned in such matters commonly agree was the work of an Egyptian monarch named by some Phero, and by others Nuncoreus. But, according to Pliny, who ought to be an authority, the story does not belong to this obelisk, but to one erected by Rameses. According to all accounts, the monument was one which might have well awakened the enthusiasm of a monarch who saw his great work just on the point of completion. It was in height "an hundred foot wanting one, and on every side four cubits square"—hewn out of the solid rock. "Certes," says Pliny, according to an old translator, "this obeliske was a piece of worke so admirable that when King Cambyses had woon the citie when it stood by assault, and put all within to fire and sword, having burnt all before him, as far as to the very foundation and underpinning of the obeliske, commanded expressly to quench the fire; and so in a kind of reverence yet unto a masse and pile of stone, spared it, who had no regard at all of the citie besides."

The story of the young prince cruelly bound to the summit of a pinnacle, which, it was feared, might prove too ponderous for the engines by which it was to be raised, does not perhaps belong to the obelisk before St. Peter's; but there is another story almost equally sensational which certainly does. Most travelers to Rome have probably heard the circumstances under which the Bresca family acquired the privilege of supplying the Papal Chapel with palms on Palm Sunday. The obelisk, it should be observed, is one of two which, according to Herodotus, Phero dedicated in the temple of the sun in gratitude for his recovery from blindness, with which he had been afflicted for ten years. One of these stones had been brought to Rome by Caligula and erected in the circus of Nero, a spot now indicated by a square stone within the precincts of St. Peter's, where it fell into neglect and became partially buried. Sixtus V., long before he became pope, had been heard to declare that he should like to attain the pontificate, if only that he might restore this ancient monument and place it in a position worthy of it. On eventually becoming pope, he at once took the work in hand, and, says Dr. Burton, "So great was the interest excited by this undertaking, and so much importance was attached by the pope to the solemnity of its execution, that during the elevation of the obelisk it was ordered that no person should speak, under pain of death. One of the Bresca family, of the ancient republic of St. Remo, being present at the time, and seeing the ropes on the point of breaking from the great friction, violated the order for silence by calling for water." The Papal Guards instantly seized him, as represented in a painting now in the library of the Vatican, but upon being brought forward into the presence of the pope he was asked to name a reward for the service he had rendered, and, as most visitors to Rome have heard related, he requested the privilege of supplying the boughs for Palm Sunday—a privilege which the family is said to enjoy to this day.

Egypt is pre-eminently the land of obelisks, and from thence at various times huge monoliths have been exported to various parts of the world. The largest ever taken to England from the land of the Pharaohs was one taken by Belzoni, and now standing, we believe, at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire. The monolith of this one is twenty-two feet one inch long, as compared with the sixty-three feet monolith of the obelisk which it is proposed to place on the Thames Embankment. The entire height of the monument at Kingston Hall is, we believe, included in the dimensions given; but with the pedestal on which it was originally mounted, the one just presented to England by the Viceroy would reach a height of seventy-nine feet. This, like all the larger Egyptian obelisks, is of red granite from Syene, and the fact that such enormous blocks of stone should have been quarried and deeply engraved, though so amazingly hard that thousands of years have made comparatively little impression upon them, indicates, of course, very high attainments in mechanical and engineering skill. It is supposed that the rough masses of rock were originally torn from the quarries in a manner similar to that by which the stone for the great granite obelisk of Seringapatam was obtained at the beginning of the present century. "A groove about two inches wide and deep," to quote the words of a well-known writer on this subject, "was chiseled out by the workmen in the line where it was required to separate the stone, which being done, a fire was kindled upon it from end to end, and kept up until the stone was sufficiently heated, when the embers were blown off and cold water poured into the groove, whereby a clear fracture in the stone was made without further trouble." The rough hewing out of the solid rock, however, was but part of the work; and when it is stated that five hundred different plans were submitted to Sixtus V. before it was determined to intrust the removal of the obelisk now before St. Peter's to Carlo Fontana, that it cost £9,000 to accomplish, though moved only a few yards, and that six hundred men, forty-six cranes, and one hundred and forty horses were requisite for the work, some faint idea may be formed of the toil and treasure that have been expended in the creation and erection of these colossal monuments all over Egypt, and in the conveyance of them to various parts of the more modern world.

COMMON sense is looked upon as a vulgar quality, but nevertheless it is the only talisman to conduct us prosperously through the world. The man of refined sense has been compared to one who carries about with him nothing but gold, when he may be every moment in want of smaller change.

THE JACKASS RABBIT.

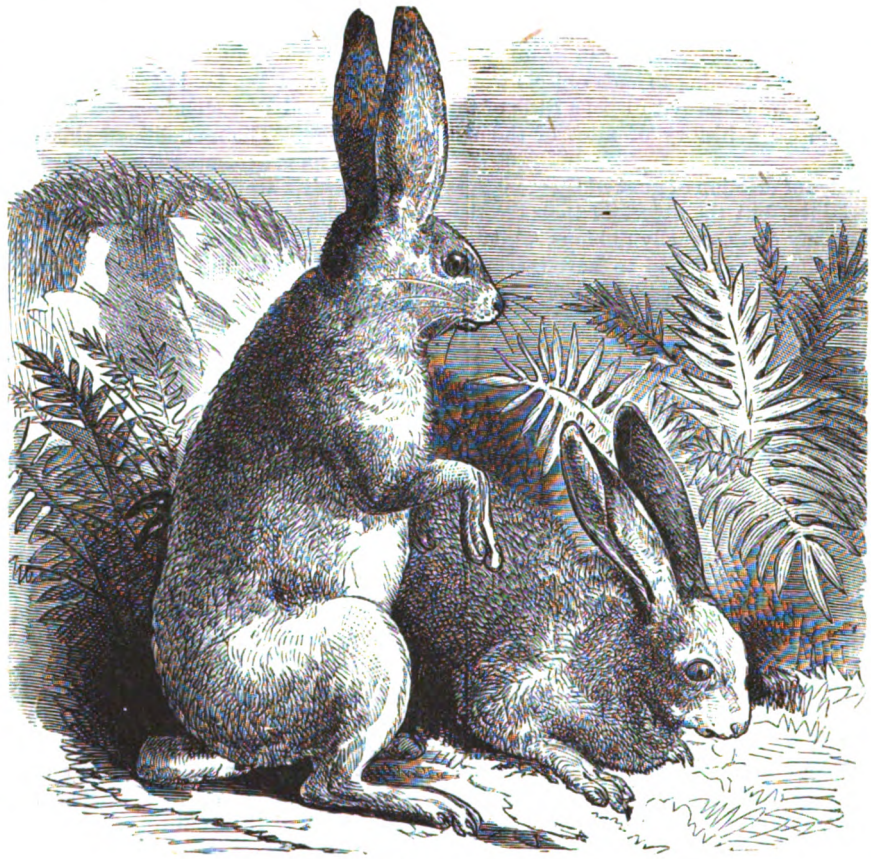
If the Irishman who is reported to have exclaimed, in coming across a jackass for the first time, "Be jabers! the great *great* grandfather of all the rabbits!" had have encountered one of our American jackass-rabbits, he would have beheld an animal surpassing in length of ear even the ancestor to whom his rabbits were accredited.

The jackass-rabbit's ears are, in fact, much longer than his head. Flapping among the stunted vegetation of the plains, as their owner covers the country with a series of prodigious bounds, these ears might be, and, in fact, often are, mistaken for a bird in flight, skimming along near the surface of the ground.

When frightened, however, the Texas hare, as it is sometimes called, lays the ears close back, brings its body into the form of a semicircle, and clears the flora of its *habitat* with flying leaps that bear it in safety from the wolf, or even from the swifter hawk.

Its swiftness, which is unparalleled among hares, is its only means of safety, as it seeks no other hiding-place or protection than a little scratch in the earth, or the shade afforded by a sage-bush.

The contrast of color about the head and tail is very decided when running from you, the position in which it is usually seen. The general color of the back is a light brownish yellow. The sides of the rump, the tibial region all around, and the outer surfaces of the forelegs, light ashy or bluish gray, finely and faintly marked with paralleled lines of black. The tail is white beneath and black above; the nape and base of the ears are black; abdomen beneath, pure white.



THE JACKASS RABBIT.

In some localities, during the Winter, the coarse and stinking creosote-plant constitutes its only food. Its ability to sustain itself upon such a diet is evidence of its hardihood, and proves it able to exist where any other animal of the kind would perish.

Although by no means a delicate morsel, its flesh being hard and dry, highly and not very pleasantly flavored, it is often eaten, and it has probably not seldom kept travelers alive when no other food was to be had. It brings forth two or three young at a birth.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), gives a graphic account of this animal in "Roughing It." We cannot do better than transcribe his humorous and characteristic description:

"As the sun was going down," he says, "we saw the first specimen of an animal, known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the "jackass-rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass.

"When he *is* sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded, or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently, and starts for home. All you can see then for the next minute is his long form stretched out straight, and "streaking it" through the low sage-bushes, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted to the rear, but showing you where the animal is, just the same as if he carried a jib.

"Now and then he makes a marvelous spring with his long hind-legs high over the stunted sage-bushes, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long, graceful 'lope,' and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-bush, and will sit there, and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get under way again. But one must shoot at the creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yardstick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

"Our party made this specimen 'hump himself,' as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the Colt. I commenced spitting at him with my weapon, and all at the same instant old 'Allen's' whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was frantic. He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish. Long after he was out of sight. we could hear him whiz."

A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.—SOWING HEMPSEED IN THE CHURCHYARD.

A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.

SOPHY LANGHAM'S DIARY.

MALDON HALL, October 27th, 1846.—We have been a week here to-day, and I have never once opened my diary. There is a blank in my book from that day we left our dear mother and our quiet house till this day, October 27th.

Our parting from mamma was a sad one. We had never left her before, and both Margery and I feared she would be very lonely without us. We did not, on that account, wish to accept Miss Langham's invitation, but our mother thought it best that we should.

Because my father (the son of a younger son) was not rich, only possessing the pay of an officer in the army; and because he had married a country clergyman's daughter with only a moderate dowry, they scarcely took any notice of him.

Sir Jonathan Langham, his uncle, lived in great style at Maldon Hall, but after his death the maiden heiresses withdrew altogether from the world, and saw no one, not even intimate friends. We had forgotten their existence when Miss Langham's letter came.

In her advanced age she had lost her sister, and shortly after Miss Augusta's death a singular mortality had deprived her of the two nephews who were next in succession to the property. "She was alone," she said, "in the world; and a yearning had come over her to see and make acquaintance with poor Frank Langham's children. Would my mother spare us to her for a few weeks?"

"Allow me, however," continued the writer, "to explain that it is not with any view as to the disposal of my fortune that I send this invitation. Unhappily, my father's will disposes of it, after the death of his daughters, to the next male heir, and this heir now appears to be a young Irishman, very distantly related. He is to visit me shortly."

My mother was decided in her resolution to let us go, by this part of the letter. Miss Langham could not ascribe our visit to any mercenary motive.

It was a cold Autumn twilight when we entered the park; and a feeling of strange awe, a kind of misgiving of approaching evil, stole over me as I watched the old trees bowing their heads solemnly toward us, as if in token of a gloomy welcome.

Maldon is a noble old pile; and as we stepped into the ancient hall, and glanced round at the pillars and arches, the old armor and trophies of the chace, I could not help liking to feel that it had been the home of my ancestors.

A butler, whose age and appearance were in good keeping with the dwelling, ushered us into the grand library, lighted by a large, glowing fire, near which sat an old lady, who rose as we entered, and advanced to greet us.

She led us to seats near the fire, and began by inquiring after the health of our mother, assuring us she felt grateful to mamma for permitting us to visit her.

"I knew your father very intimately in my youth," she said; "we were cousins, you know, but time and the changes of the world divided us. He was some years younger than myself, but he is gone first."

She sighed deeply, and gazed for a moment into the blazing fire. Then turning her gaze full on us, she added, addressing me:

"You most resemble your father."

"Yes," I replied; "Margery is exactly like our mother."

"I have two other guests beside yourselves," she said, after a pause. "The heir of Maldon, Mr. Cornelius O'Halloran, and a Langham—though of a remote branch. They are out shooting, but will be introduced to you at dinner. Perhaps now you would like to go to your rooms and take off your bonnets."

We assented, and were conducted by Miss Langham herself to two charming bedrooms opening *en suite* with a small boudoir.

"These three rooms are at your disposal," she said. "Shall I send my maid to you?"

A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.—THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

I declined with thanks; adding, that we had no lady's maid ourselves, and could dress without assistance; "or at least," I added, "we help each other."

The old lady nodded approvingly, and walked away. We unpacked and prepared for dinner.

Just before dinner the two guests were introduced to us by Miss Langham. Her companion, a pleasant, chatty person, and the rector, a rather taciturn old gentleman, were of our party. The rector's silence was atoned for, however, by the ceaseless chatter of Mr. O'Halloran. He is the most astounding individual I ever met! Tall, handsome, and admirably dressed, he is nevertheless vulgar! Yes, the heir of Maldon would never be taken for a gentleman if one did not know his birth. I could not help observing that he both watched and imitated Anthony Langham, who is as distinguished-looking as a Langham should be.

I have learned since from Miss Langham's companion, that the old lady is sensible of the want of refinement in her kinsman, and regrets the relationship. If he had not made his appearance in the most unexpected way, Maldon would have descended to Mr. Anthony Langham, as next male heir.

Mr. O'Halloran is much struck with Margery's beauty, and offers her the wildest homage, paying her compliments so personal as to be quite unpleasant. My sister blushes and looks indignant; but he cannot perceive that he has offended. We do not see a great deal of him, that is a comfort, as he is shooting all day about the preserves, or rather, I fancy, talking to the gamekeepers, as Anthony says he is not a good shot.

I cannot now recall and put in their right places the little incidents, the sayings, doings, thoughts and feelings of the past week. So adieu, neglected time! All the impression thou hast left is just that I love Miss Langham, like her companion, detest the heir, and pity young Langham, who should have been the master of the old place.

Margery does not share my horror of O'Halloran. She began by laughing at him; she now laughs with him, and actually declares that his eyes are very fine, and that he is handsomer than Anthony Langham!

October 28th.—We are to have a large party here on Hallowe'en. Miss Langham likes keeping up old customs, and we are to have all the weird rites of the charmed evening carried out. She has presented Margery and me with new dresses for the occasion—very pretty ones they are.

My beautiful sister has evidently won the hearts of both our kinsmen. Anthony Langham loves her, I can see, though he is kept from her side by the constant watchfulness of Mr. O'Halloran; so, to console himself, he takes refuge with me, and admires her to me, and listens to my sisterly praises with pleased smiles. Happy Margery! If she marries him she will be truly fortunate. I told her so this evening as we were dressing for dinner, but she only laughed, and said:

"What should we live on, Sophy? He has only his wits for dower."

Hallowe'en came. A large party assembled in the stately saloon, opened for the first time in forty years. We had a grand dinner, at which Miss Langham did not preside, the rector taking her place; and after dinner we joined her in the drawing-room, and began, under her direction, the magic rites of the evening. We burned nuts together (having named them first) and read a laughing augury from their explosion or quiet combustion. We felt (blindfolded) for cups holding earth, water, emptiness, and one a pocket-pistol, these symbols being prophetic of our future husbands' professions; and Mr. O'Halloran loudly exclaimed against the truth of the oracles, when Margery put her little hands into the empty basin, which foreboded single life. The fun of the evening moved even Miss Langham to merry smiles. It must have seemed as if a glimpse of her youth had revisited her. During a pause she said, "There are some Hallowe'en rites more trying to the nerves than these: sowing hempseed for example."

"What is that?" we asked, simultaneously.

"The lady who questions fate," she replied, "takes some hempseed, goes at midnight to the churchyard, and sows it round the belfry tower from whence peal the marriage-bells, and says:

"'Hempseeds, I sow you;
Hempseeds, I mow you;
And he that shall marry me,
Come after me and harrow ye.'"

We laughed, and O'Halloran declared that he wished some of the ladies would try it. A universal exclamation of dislike to the experiment followed, when a footman entered, and told him that a person wished to speak to him on imperative business.

I fancied that O'Halloran changed countenance a little, but he laughed still, and hoping that somebody would prove heroic and try the hempseed sowing, he left the room.

The conversation continued on the same subject, till, in playful daring, I offered to sow hempseed myself. For a moment Miss Langham hesitated, then she replied:

"So you shall, Sophy! Only I stipulate that you shall wrap yourself in a large shawl, and sow your hempseed running to keep yourself warm. The church is so close at hand and so private that there is no real cause for fear."

"Surely you won't go, Miss Sophy!" was the general cry, and Mrs. Moore, approaching me, remonstrated in a low tone; but I persisted in it.

About ten minutes or a quarter to twelve I left the hall alone, wrapt in a heavy shawl, which I drew over my head.

It was a bright moonlight night, and my shadow was cast on the gravel carriage road almost as distinctly as in the sunshine. The wind sighed mournfully through the trees that waved their large arms above my head; and I confess when I turned down the steps leading to the churchyard, a thrill of awe—I would not allow it to be fear—passed through me.

As I approached the church more closely, this feeling of reverential reluctance to perform my foolish task increased. But it was combated by the fear of ridicule, and of the doubts my companions might feel as to my real motive. So I took the basket, and scattered the hempseed, whispering the formula, as I ran round the tower. Suddenly, I heard the sound of footsteps. I darted into an embrasure, and crouched breathless behind a large buttress. The next moment I heard voices as well as footsteps.

"I tell you," said one voice, "It is of no use to make a fool of yourself. You must get the property at once, or you will be found out. Here's the dose, if you like to give it to her."

"No," replied the voice of O'Halloran. "I can't do it. She is very old. I will wait and see what will come of it; if I am found out, why even then we shall have a good booty. We are sure of the plate, if we don't get the estates. But we are all right, and shan't fail of success. Having taken in the lawyer hitherto, as well as the old woman, we have no real cause to fear at present; it's nothing but your impatience to share the property that makes you urge such haste, uncle Ned."

"Uncle Ned!" the voice of the speaker thus named, was that of a tall, fine-looking footman, whom Miss Langham had engaged soon after her sister's death, when she resumed her long interrupted intercourse with the world.

"Well, you have heard what John Green said. He

wouldn't have come down to-night to warn us for nothing. Give her this dose," continued the voice of the footman, "and you will be master here by to-morrow."

"I have said I won't, and I won't," replied O'Halloran, doggedly. "You may do it yourself, if you like; but mind, I don't consent to it."

The footman laughed, and said, "A precious bull that! but I am too old a bird to be took with chaff. I ain't going to put my head in an 'alter for any one; but I advise you to take Jack's advice and warning. Now I must go; I shall be missed."

They moved on. The next minute O'Halloran's foot crushed something, quite audibly in the stillness.

"Hilloa!" said he, with an oath, "what's this? Hempseed all along the path!" Another oath. "Some of those confounded gals have been strewing them! Can we have been overheard?"

"Nobody was here a minute or two ago," replied Ned; "I looked behind every buttress before we began our talk."

"They may have come since. Follow the track of the seed," said O'Halloran.

And they did follow it with fatal accuracy, and drew me, shivering with fear and horror, from my hiding-place.

"Miss Sophy!" cried uncle Ned, in a tone of dismay. Then, with fearful oaths, which even now ring in my ears, he drew a large claspknife from his pocket. I saw the blade glitter in the moonlight.

"Ned," said O'Halloran, in a whisper, "it won't do! Detection would be certain. Go home and wait, for fear you should be missed; I will take care of the gal."

Ned loosed his hold, but O'Halloran held my other arm.

"Now, Miss Sophy," he said, as we were left alone, "you have learned your fate, and no mistake. Die you must, and that this instant, unless you swear that you will never tell a word of what you've heard this blessed night."

I hesitated; surely death would be preferable to even an involuntary participation in so terrible a fraud. But life seemed more precious to me than the old inheritance of our race. I weighed (with the rapidity of excited thought) my mother's and Margaret's tears against the wrong done to Anthony Langham. Besides, uncle Ned evidently feared detection. It might come without my aid. Moreover, I am ashamed to confess it, I was dreadfully afraid of being murdered! Fear confused all my perceptions.

"Come," he said, "will you swear?"

I faltered an assent, and there, under the gray shadow of the church, the impostor dictated an oath so dreadful that I shudder now at the bare recollection of it.

"And now, Miss Sophy," he said, when my pale lips had faltered it out, "we will go home. You have been sowing hempseed, and I (suspecting your intention) followed you for a joke, and frightened you greatly. Recollect that that is the story for aunt Langham."

I obeyed in stunned despair, and we left the churchyard. As we ascended the few steps from the gate to the park, we met Anthony Langham hastening toward them. He said they had been alarmed at my long absence, and Miss Langham had sent him to look for me.

O'Halloran at once related how he had followed me for a joke, and how I had been so frightened by his shadow that I had nearly fainted, and was only just able to walk home. This story my pale looks certainly confirmed. Anthony looked very vexed, I thought, and said, "Such jokes are foolish and dangerous. I feared to watch over your safety, Miss Sophy," he continued, "as I wished to have done, lest I might involuntarily alarm you, should you see me; and I did not think any one would take the liberty of really following you."

"Oh, it is nothing," I said; "nonsense appears to belong to Hallowe'en; and my fear was too absurd to be anything but ridiculous."

Everything that followed seems confused to my memory. I know that Anthony blamed Miss Langham for her folly, and said her age was her only excuse for permitting such a thing; and that O'Halloran agreed with him and (quite truthfully, I doubt not) regretted that I had undertaken the adventure. And then we reached home; and there were idle jests from the young people, upon Mr. O'Halloran's having "harrowed my hempseed!"

I fancied that both Margery and Anthony Langham were very silent, and even appeared displeased; but then my mind was too disturbed for me to be capable of clearly judging of anything. Certainly Margery's "Good-night" was colder than usual.

November 2.—When I woke this morning I cannot describe the acute mental pain that came with the recollection of my discovery and my oath. All the cruel wrong done to Anthony Langham, the imposition practised on Miss Langham, the horrible association with a low London thief forced upon us, rushed on my mind at once.

I scarcely know how I have got through the day.

Anthony Langham has been cold and distant. That horrid O'Halloran began by paying me great attention, but perceived my disgust, and prudently left my side.

November 3.—I had far better have died! far better!

He—the wretch! the monster! the possible murderer, has proposed to Margery—has been accepted!

I have kneeled at her feet; I have implored her not to marry him. She denies that it is for his wealth she accepted him; she says she loves him! She accuses me of mean jealousy. Oh, Margery, my own sister—my darling, if you could but know!

O'Halloran caught me alone for a few moments after I had learned the news. He began by urging on me the fact that he was restoring to us the inheritance of the family; that we should benefit by his crime; when I gave utterance to my agony, my disgust, my horror, and warned him that, if he persisted in seeking Margery's hand, I might be tempted to break my oath, he threatened to take my life. What shall I do? What will be the end?

I have been very ill since I wrote last in this volume, and remember nothing of many unrecorded days. A brain-fever prostrated me. They sent for my mother: she came, and at once installed herself by my bedside.

One night, while she was watching, she heard me say, "if I die, they will read my diary."

"Miss Sophy often says that, ma'am," observed the nurse, who sat up with mamma. "Her diary runs a deal in her head."

"Where is it?" asked my mother, a sudden thought darting into her mind. "Go and ask Miss Margery."

Margery had locked my book up at the beginning of my illness—she gave it to the nurse; and my mother, believing that her Sophy had no secrets from her, opened it.

The whole secret was plain now. The next morning, almost at day-dawn, my mother sought the rector and confided the tale to him. He came up and saw Miss Langham, then rode off and secured a police-inspector at once.

O'Halloran and the footman were taken into custody. O'Halloran fell on his knees and confessed everything.

They are both now enduring penal servitude for life.

It seems that Edward, the footman, was one of a gang of London thieves, who, with a false character, had got himself engaged in Miss Langham's family, for the purpose of robbing the house. Soon after his arrival, Jervis, the butler, related to him the family history, and how Mr. Anthony Langham was heir, because Miss Dorothy Langham, a great-niece of Sir Jonathan's, had never been heard of since she

ran away with the Irish officer to America; nor could they trace her or find that she had left any children, though the lawyers had advertised for them many times. Ned had a nephew who had received a good education, and might, he thought, pass for the heir. With the aid of a low attorney employed by thieves, a plot was so ably concocted that even Miss Langham's cautious man of business was deceived, and the footman's nephew was received at Maldon Hall as its future possessor.

Doubts had, however, occurred since to the family lawyer, and he had sent a clerk to America to investigate more closely the pretender's claims. Knowledge of this had reached Green and induced him to come down to Maldon to warn his confederates.

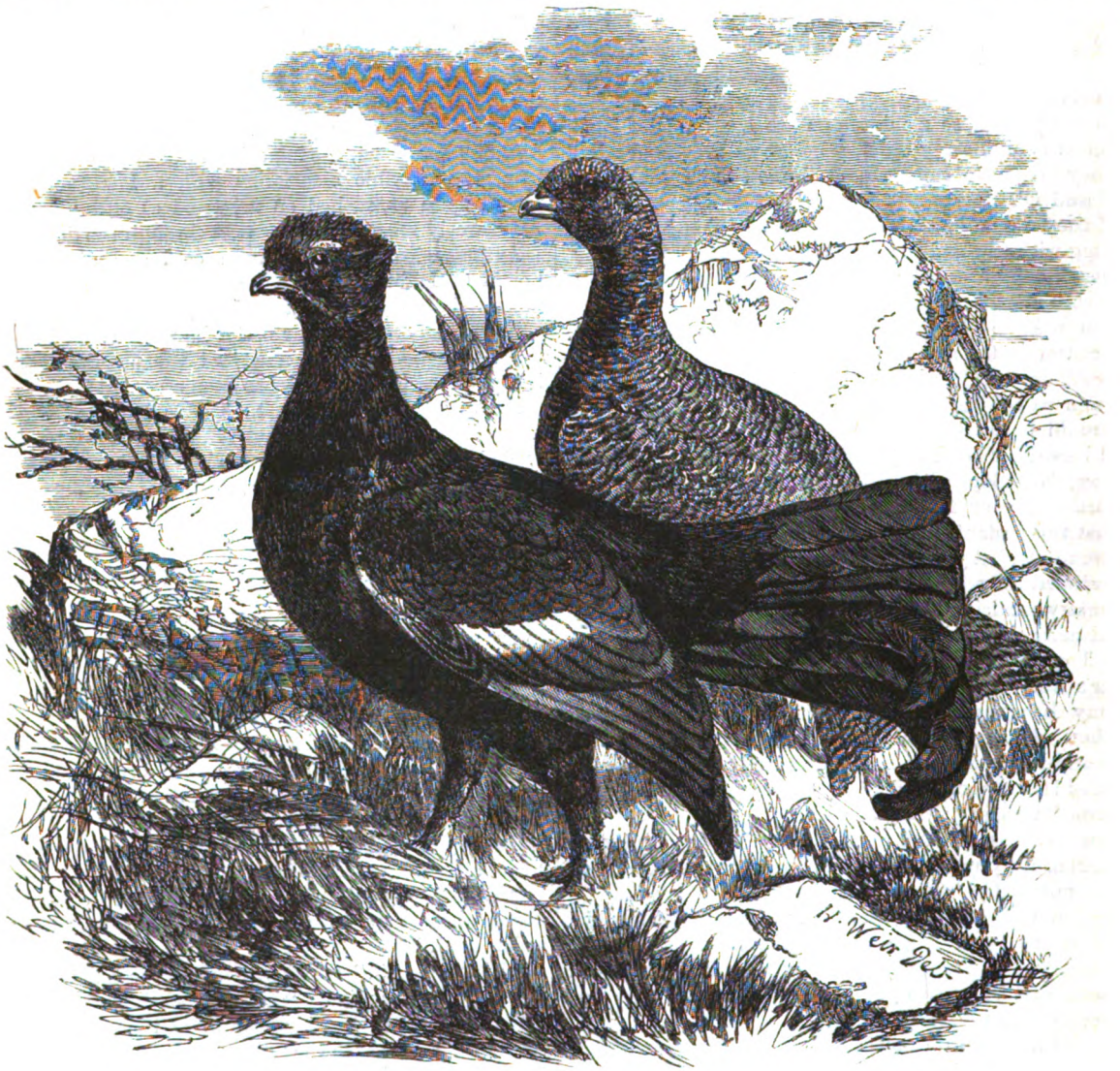
Humbly do I thank Providence which has so mercifully revealed this iniquity before it was too late. For even if it had been discovered by the lawyer the discovery would have come only after Margery's marriage, and would have overwhelmed us all with disgrace. But my happy illness and this dear book saved her from such a fate, and she has just now implored me to forgive her. Poor dear Margery! I could only draw her to my bosom and weep over her.

Anthony, whose despair at my danger touched my mother, has won from her the second secret of my diary, and refuses to accept the refusal I gave him while I believed my silence so cruelly wronged him.

We are, therefore, to Miss Langham's great joy, betrothed, and are to be married early in the Spring.

THE BLACK GROUSE.

The grouse are the nearest approach in game-birds to our domestic fowl. They are robust, round-bodied, frequenting heathy woods, feeding on young shoots, tender buds, and berries, in pine and spruce forests and cedar swamps, in the northern regions of Europe, Asia and America. The black grouse shown in our illustration is about two feet long, the female being somewhat smaller; the general color is steel-blue, with brown breast and sides; the wing coverts deep brown, with delicate yellowish waves; the tail beautifully forked, the upper coverts black, the under tipped with white.



THE BLACK GROUSE.

The black grouse, or black cock, is still found on the moors in Scotland, and in some parts of England, and, together with the red grouse, tempts innumerable sportsmen annually to spend their leisure months on the moors.

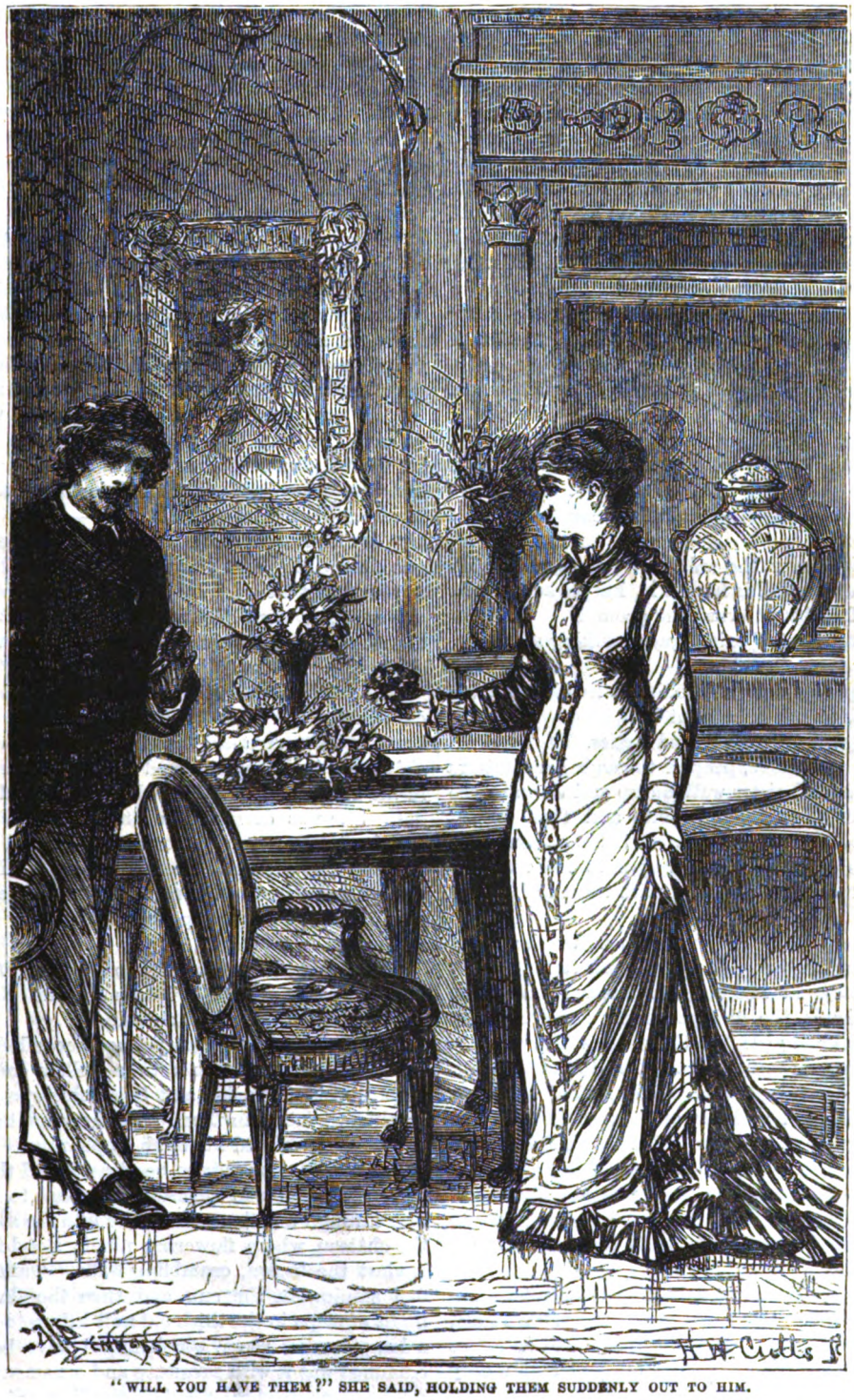
The nests of the grouse family are generally in the ground, loosely put together.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHATEAU DE CARILLON.

It was the day after this *éclaircissement* that Frank Wyatt put his sketching materials in his pocket and strolled off to Carillon, to pay his visit to Mme. d' Yves. The happy natural life at the château was sadly interfered with. Marie avoided him as much as possible, and was cross to everybody else, so that a cloud seemed to have come over the bright sky of Les Sapinières. Frank thought that no doubt this would soon pass away, but at the time it was disagreeable. Johnny went off immediately after breakfast for another day's shooting with the Maire; Mme. de St. Hilaire hurried away to a consultation with her vigneron; Marie went up-stairs to her own room; and Agnes came out to her elder brother, who was smoking on the terrace.



"WILL YOU HAVE THEM?" SHE SAID, HOLDING THEM SUDDENLY OUT TO HIM.

"Frank, have you and Marie been quarreling?" she said. "She seems very much upset about something. It was the same last night, but her little tempers are generally gone in the morning."

"Poor little mortal!" said Frank. "Quarreling? No: we are the best of friends."

Agnes looked up curiously into her brother's face. In his voice, at any rate, there was a touch of real feeling, which was rather strange in Frank. At least, if he had any feeling, he seldom condescended to show it to his sister. Now he was gazing down the avenue with a far-away dream in his eyes, which might have belonged to Johnny.

"Then what is it, I wonder?" said Agnes. "Can she be unhappy over that——"

"I thought you women were always so sharp-sighted. Have you lived with Marie all this time, and fancied she was happy? Perhaps it is as well for her, for you never have any mercy on each other."

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"Well, I wonder what you would do in her place? If you were dragged into an engagement which was misery to you, and could not escape, would you be as brave and as cheerful as she is, poor little thing! and as determined to live up to your principles and keep your word, whatever it might cost you?"

"But is she so unhappy about that, do you think?" said Agnes, anxiously. "She does not seem so to me. She likes going to Rochemar, and one night when we were talking, she told me that she meant to be happy, that they would agree very well, and be always amiable to each other, and that she wanted nothing better. In fact," Agnes added, smiling, "she thought that too much love would be rather a bore than otherwise."

"I believe she has changed her mind," said Frank. "I am rather sorry we came to France this Autumn," he went on, after a pause. "It is not pleasant to see this kind of thing—a dear, charming little girl like Marie sacrificed in this way, and feeling herself bound by a false idea of honor to keep to the arrangement that other people have made for her. Of course such things are happening every day, but it is only personal experience that shows one how monstrous they are."

Agnes looked and listened in great surprise, for her brother in these words was giving her a totally new view of his own character. Frank so deeply concerned in another person's troubles; Frank speaking earnestly and with a slight tremulousness in his voice, forsaking all his cool philosophy, and influenced by the same winds of human sympathy which drive ordinary mortals to and fro in the world! What could it all mean? That was only too clear. She laid her hand gently on his arm, and looked up into the handsome face under its changed aspect, her own full of a feeling which could seldom venture to show itself.

"I wish we had not come, indeed," she said, "if you are to be made unhappy. Oh, what a pity! I had no idea of this!"

"Whatever your ideas may be, you had better keep them to yourself," said Frank.

"Of course. But is there nothing that can be done?"

"Don't be absurd. One must bear it. But I wish it was only myself."

"But are you sure—are you certain that she——"

"Yes," said Frank.

He threw his cigar over the wall, and began pacing up and down the terrace, with his hands in his pockets, and a sad, discontented face bent toward the ground.

"How did you find out?" said Agnes, walking along beside him.

"Don't ask stupid questions. Could we live in the same house without finding each other out?"

"How dreadfully unfortunate!" said Agnes.

Marie, in the room above, peeped through her shutters and saw the brother and sister walking up and down in the sun. She watched them for a minute and then turned away. Instinct told her that they were talking about her, the poor little imprisoned bird, who began to feel that she should die if she might not fly away with them to freedom over the sea.

Agnes, though shocked, was very much touched and interested by all her brother said. He began talking about their English home, and making her fancy Marie there among all their friends, the idol and darling of every one, throwing all the English girls into the shade with her grace and refinement, her cleverness, and the delicate beauty which was part of her inheritance. This sort of talk went on for about a quarter of an hour, and Agnes entered into it in spite of her own misgivings. But they suddenly became too strong for her. She pulled herself up, and came back with a sudden rebound to reality, when Frank observed that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would have no right to complain if her granddaughter chose to do what her own first cousin had done.

"Oh, Frank, we let ourselves talk like this, but we are forgetting," Agnes said. "It really is not right. We must remember her engagement. It is impossible to interfere now. I am very, very sorry about it all, but I can only give you one piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"I'm sure you will see that it is the only thing you can do. We can easily think of some excuse. You must go away. Perhaps Johnny and I need not—he has this engagement with M. de Valmont; but you——"

Frank began to laugh.

"Go away? Thank you. Your ideas always are original. What would be the use of running away now?"

"It would be much better and happier both for you and for Marie if you were to see no more of each other."

"It would not make the slightest difference to either of us, and would give rise to all sorts of remarks. Absurd! As if we were two babies who could not control our feelings. Marie would despise the idea. I thought you were a sensible woman."

"As to that," said Agnes, "one has one's instincts; and I believe Marie would agree with me."

"You may ask her, if you have the face to do it. If you and she unite in driving me away, you may possibly succeed. Women can always do those things if they choose. But I shall never forgive *you*. I thought you meant to be friendly."

"I am sure your best friend could not give any other advice."

"I hate that cant. However," said Frank, "as no doubt you are aware, nothing that any one can do could possibly make the affair anything but hopeless. So you may do as you please. If you think I shall make a fool of myself, do your best to drive me away. I think you may trust Marie in her own hands. She is surrounded with high walls enough."

"Frank, don't be angry with me. I am most heartily sorry for you. It is only that I can't bear to see you suffering from disappointment like this——"

"Yes, I know," said Frank. "All right. You are a good old girl. But I can tell you that absence would be anything but a cure. Be as kind to Marie as you can, without saying a word of this. I shall be out of the way this afternoon. I am going down to Carillon to look at the château."

He left his sister in a state of puzzled misery, and walked off alone. He avoided the town, taking a short cut by lanes and the river-side, and was soon close to the old gray château. As he approached he saw M. and Mme. d'Yves in the garden. He wore a white jacket and a curly Panama hat. She was dressed like an Arcadian shepherdess, with bunches of flowers all over her gown, and a wreath round her hat, and a light cane in her hand. Two poodles and several pugs were disporting themselves about her. She saw Frank as he came up, and immediately went forward to meet him.

"Monsieur, I am charmed to see you. Allow me to present my husband—M. le Baron d'Yves. Come in, I beg. The sun is really too hot outside."

M. d'Yves flourished his hat and seconded his wife's courtesies. He was a man with a yellow complexion, and a thick, black mustache, and large, fine eyes, which had not much speculation in them. Neither was it a very agreeable smile which showed his teeth so plainly.

But Frank was ready to be pleased, and these people were determined to make themselves pleasant to him. They took him through a little arched door into the stone courtyard of the château, where flowering plants stood in pots and tubs against the brown, crumbling walls. Outside lay the garden shining in the sun, and then the dancing river. A flight of steps in the thick old wall led up to madame's *salon*, a long, narrow room, which might have been in Paris, so crammed was it with furniture and ornaments—a soft carpet on the floor, tropical plants spreading out their luxuriance of leaf and color and scent in the windows and all the recesses, glass and ormolu and china of all countries, two great lustre chandeliers shimmering from the ceiling; every modern luxury that could help the owners to bear their isolation.

Mme. d'Yves was quite pleased that the stranger should admire all her pretty things, and the three went round the room from one new ornament to another. Then she led the way along a passage and down some steps to a *salle-à-manger*, all corners, in one of which a small table was laid out with "goûter," and here Frank had to refresh himself after his walk. In other rooms M. d'Yves had to show his walls hung with curious old pictures, on which the opinion of an English amateur seemed to be invaluable. Then there were a collection of Roman coins, some old Gobelin tapestry, Celtic weapons found in the neighborhood, and more modern ones found in or near the château itself. M. d'Yves grew very animated among all these things, and he and Frank were deep in an antiquarian discussion, in which his visitor was surprised at the depth and accuracy of his knowledge, when Mme. d'Yves came back from speaking to a servant at the door.

"Mon ami, somebody is asking for you. I think it is one of your friends from Tours."

"But what shall I do?" exclaimed M. d'Yves; "this gentleman has not yet seen half the château. We have not even finished our talk on these coins. They must wait."

"No, no; they are in a hurry. Monsieur will excuse you, I feel sure. I will do my best to entertain him till you return."

On this M. d'Yves took himself off, with many bows and apologies. The lady led the way back to the *salon*, where she made Frank establish himself in a low, satin-covered chair, which he found extremely comfortable, and sat down herself on one opposite.

It was more difficult to talk to her than to her husband. She was very self-conscious, arranging herself in attitudes, tossing her ribbons, laughing affectedly, and talking in a high, strained voice, with an accent which seemed like an attempt at the Parisian, with a strong flavor of something very provincial. Still, with her wealth and all her pretty things about her, Frank could not help thinking that in an English country neighborhood people would have contrived to swallow these defects, and he did not himself see why those ladies who had once made her acquaintance should have been unkind enough to drop it. But just then he felt impatient of good French society and all its ways, and thus was not disinclined to stand up for Mme. d'Yves against such people as the Rochemar family.

"Your château is certainly very beautiful, madame," said Frank, "but you must find it dull sometimes. I dare say you are always glad to return to Paris."

"Sometimes I am glad enough," nodded Mme. d'Yves; "when the weather is bad, and there is nothing to do but to look out of the window. And sometimes my husband is away, and then it is dull enough. No visitors here, monsieur. You are the first who has entered our doors for a fortnight. Allons, c'est assez triste. But France is a cheerful country, and no doubt you are very happy at Les Sapinières?"

"Yes," said Frank; but there was a shade of doubt in his tone.

"Are you not?" said Mme. d'Yves; "oh, yes, you must be perfectly happy. Madame your aunt, the good comtesse—no one can be *triste* in her house, there is life enough there. And mademoiselle—who should be happy if she is not?"

Frank began to feel rather uncomfortable, with Mme. d'Yves sitting upright on her chair close to him, and staring into his face, with a curious sort of laugh in her black eyes.

"You are quite right, madame; who, indeed?" he said.

"Ah, *ma foi*, I am glad to hear you say so. I was presumptuous enough to have my little fears, my slight doubts. But you set my mind at rest, monsieur. When I hear of marriages being arranged all round me, I sometimes dare to wonder if these arrangements are quite pleasing to the young people themselves. And Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is so pretty, so *gentille*, that I am very glad to hear she is happy."

"Then you do not approve of these arrangements, madame?"

"They are the fashion," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "But one should speak from experience, and I have none. My own was a marriage of a very different sort."

"But I suppose," said Frank, talking on quite calmly, "that every inquiry is made by the parents to insure happiness. M. de Rochemar bears the highest character, I believe?"

Another shrug of those eloquent shoulders, and a rather more amused stare in the black eyes.

"What should I know about his character?"

"But you do know something, madame?" said Frank, rather eagerly.

"Nothing bad enough to break the engagement. He is proud, poor man, and stupid too. Nobody admires him but his own family, and they, you see, are bound to it. I have heard that they hate him in the army—but what are these reports? Less than nothing."

"They are something, though, when one considers who is to be married to him," said Frank, half to himself.

"Monsieur," said Mme. d'Yves, gravely, "when you are as old as I am, you will see that it is useless to dream of interfering in affairs like these. M. le Marquis will treat his wife very well, no doubt. You English are so sentimental!"

She put her head on one side, and looked at Frank as if she was studying the character. He thought, prudently, that it might be as well to change the conversation.

"I hope you like the English, madame," he said.

Mme. d'Yves had seen very little of them, but of course had plenty to say. Her husband knew more of them than she did. Some of them she thought must be charming; others, perhaps, a little "brusques," but true, honest, affectionate.

"I have always heard that they make the best husbands," she said, smiling. "You are, perhaps, married, monsieur?"

"Not at all, madame."

Frank had been rather sleepy and indifferent for the last few minutes, but this question roused him and made him laugh. Mme. d'Yves began to laugh too.

"*Tiens!*" said she, lifting her eyebrows, and opening her eyes very wide; "I thought it was quite a paternal interest that you took in the affairs of mademoiselle."

"The interest of a cousin and a friend," said Frank. What was he to do if this woman would persist in going back to the subject? After all, no harm could come of listening to her remarks, and perhaps a ray of light might flash out somewhere.

"Ah, I see very well," said Mme. d'Yves. "I am slightly acquainted, both with M. de Rochemar and yourself, and all I can venture to say is, that I am sorry for Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire."

"You have no cause, madame, though I suppose I must thank you for your goodness. I have neither the fortune nor the position which would have enabled me, even if I had been here in time, to make myself a rival of M. de Rochemar."

"*C'est dommage*," said Mme. d'Yves, looking at him approvingly.

Frank was not sure that those penetrating eyes of hers did not see a great deal more than he wished to show. He was

half glad and half sorry that M. d'Yves came hurrying in, and that they all set out at once to wander through the intricacies of the curious old mass of buildings.

"There are marvelous stories of people having been hidden here in the great Revolution," said M. d'Yves, as they went poking up a staircase in the thickness of the wall, leading to a suite of wonderful little, cell-like rooms which could not possibly be discerned from outside. "And in later days, too, they have been found useful. You are English, monsieur, and if I ask you to keep a secret I know it is safe. Four years ago the gendarmes were searching all over France for an unfortunate friend of mine who had got himself into a scrape in Paris. For three months we kept him here, and then I dressed him up as a servant and took him across the country to Saint-Malo. He is now safe in California."

"He must have been very grateful to you and your old château," said Frank.

"Without doubt, monsieur. And there is no action of my life on which I look back with greater pleasure. Allons! what is there more delightful than to help one's friends in a difficulty?"

"You are very generous, monsieur," said Frank. "When I get into my next scrape, I shall wish I was one of your friends."

"Then, cher monsieur, do me the honor to accept my friendship," exclaimed M. d'Yves, advancing the tips of his fingers, which Frank immediately seized and shook.

They all laughed, and Mme. d'Yves made him a little, smiling bow.

"We shall not forget, monsieur," she said. "Your next scrape—when is it likely to be?"

"That indeed I cannot tell you, madame," said Frank. "But it is as well to be prepared beforehand."

He lingered so long among the curiosities of the château that it was too late to make a sketch that day. When he went away his hosts walked with him to the corner of the garden, and sauntered back slowly between their rows of dahlias.

Frank little thought, as he walked home, and tried to see a clear path for himself through the misty chaos of the future, that he was the subject of an interesting conversation between the *soi-disant* baron and his wife, whose quick wits had not been long in taking measure of the young Anglais and his half-developed ideas.

"I tell you I am right," said Mme. d'Yves, shaking her cane in the air. "Now we shall see. For my part I perceive a prospect of revenge on ces maudits de Rochemar. When I have seen the young man again I will tell you more. Tais-toi; laisse-moi faire. Nous verrons."

Frank was inclined to be dull and silent at Les Sapinières that evening, but he brightened up presently, finding that that strange little person, Marie, was herself again.

On the terrace after dinner they were all laughing and talking together, as if nothing had ever happened to disturb their tranquillity. Agnes was the gravest among them. She could not understand Marie, and wondered at Frank, who had left her that morning in such an unhappy frame of mind.

It was a very dark night, still and sultry. The lamp burned steadily on the little table in the middle of the group, as they drank their coffee, chatted, and played with Peloton. All the figures were brightly relieved against a black background, and among them Marie seemed to stand out the clearest; her pale face was full of the restless life of her country.

"A bas, Peloton!" said she, putting down her cup, and leaning back in her chair. "Allons! let us sing a little."

She did not look at Frank or address him; but his voice was ready to join in, and the low, sweet harmony went ringing along the terrace and stealing softly down into the open country:

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de ma naissance!
Ma sœur, qu'ils étaient beaux, ces jours
De France!
O mon pays, sois mes amours
Toujours!"

"'Leur souvenir fait tous les jours ma peine,' repeated Frank, when the song was done. "That is what we shall be saying this time next year."

There was a moment's pause, and then Mme. de Saint-Hilaire leaned forward, and laid her hand kindly on his.

"No, mon ami, the remembrance must be pleasant, not painful. Besides, I shall want you here again. I shall be alone—Marie will be gone; you must come and cheer me."

"You are very kind," said Frank; "but I have a superstition that no experience can be like the first. And whatever pain there may be in the remembrance, it is still 'douce souvenance.'"

CHAPTER XV.

SOME NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

GNES still thought that if her brother did the right thing he would find some excuse for going away from Les Sapinières, even if it was only to make an excursion and come back again. But this idea found no favor with him. A day or two after his visit to Carillon she ventured to speak to him again, this time dropping down on him in the meadows, as he was making a sketch of the southwest side of the château.

"Do you want anything?" said Frank, as she lingered near him, picking Autumn crocuses.

"Yes. I want to know how all this is going to end," said Agnes, sitting down on the grass. "What is going to become of you—and Marie?"

"What should you imagine?" said Frank, looking up at the roof he was drawing.

"Well, you are both cheerful enough outside, certainly. I know you have a great deal of self-command; but Marie does rather surprise me."

"Her great-grandmother went smiling to the guillotine."

"That is true. There is something very wonderful about these Frenchwomen; I have felt that for some time. Then poor Marie is also—going smiling to the guillotine?"

"If you choose to call it so. I can't compliment you on your consistency."

"You have both made up your minds that things must remain as they are. Well, I suppose you are quite right, and you certainly behave like two Spartans; but I think it must be very painful for both of you."

"There is little enough pleasure in this life," said Frank. "One can't spare any of it, even if it is mixed with a strong dose of pain."

"This visit is, of course, very delightful," said Agnes, after a long pause; "but I almost wish it was over."

"Do you? Here's Johnny; what brings him down at such a pace?"

"Look here!" said Johnny, running into the meadow, and throwing himself down beside them, "here's a black-edged letter from home. Make haste and open it, Agnes."

Agnes glanced down the first page of her letter, with an exclamation of distress:

"Oh, dear! Poor Uncle Francis! Such sad news—Walter is dead!"

"Dead! Impossible!" exclaimed Frank, throwing down his drawing. "When—how did it happen?"

"At Maudsley, of fever. He was only ill a few days; he died last Sunday. What will Francis do?"

The dead Walter's three cousins remained together for a little time reading their mother's letter, saying a word or two now and then. To them all there was something awe-striking in the sudden news. The rich, fortunate, happy young fellow whom they had seen last in London, on their way to Paris only a few weeks ago, who had been full of his plans for the Autumn, telling Frank and Johnny that French sport was good for nothing, and they must make haste back to shoot with him! Poor Walter! They had not cared for him much; he was almost too well contented with himself and all his belongings. His lonely old father had taught him to think himself perfection; but no one could say that he was not always good-natured and generous, and ready to help other people out of his abundance of worldly goods. And now he was gone; a wet day's shooting had brought on cold and fever, and in his youth and strength he had passed away out of their sight—wiser now, than foolish, light-hearted Walter, than the deepest philosopher left on earth—a citizen of the undiscovered country. Oh, how strange to sit in this meadow in Anjou, under the shade of those old white towers, and to hear this news, which carried the wanderers so abruptly back to the square, red English house, trim gravel, smooth lawns, and flaming flower-beds, and then a screen of elms, and then, a little beyond, a gray church-tower, from which the bell might even now be tolling for their cousin's funeral; for the letter said that he was to be buried on Friday, and this was the day.

Presently Frank got up and walked away, taking the letter with him. Johnny, leaning on his elbows in the grass, twisted himself round and looked after him. Then he turned to Agnes, who was sitting with her hands before her, pale and silent. She wondered what Johnny meant by motioning toward Frank and looking at her so oddly.

"Have you thought of it?" said Johnny, after a minute.

"Of what?"

"Well, you may be cleverer in that way than I am; but I can't hear a thing without thinking of the consequences. I suppose this means a wonderful change for Frank."

"A change? What do you mean?"

"I suppose he will have Maudsley. Uncle Francis is not likely to leave it to any one else; he has always been good to Frank. It really is hard on the poor old fellow."

"Johnny, I wish you would not talk so queerly. You really should not speak of Uncle Francis like that—especially now."

"I was not calling him a poor old fellow," said Johnny, quietly. "Don't you understand? I mean Frank. Think of this chance in life coming to him just when he won't care for it. I say it is a dreadful misfortune that he did not come down here a few days sooner. If that little girl had seen Frank first, she would have thought twice about accepting that Marquis de Rochemar. Of course she is too well brought up to think about Frank now. I wonder whether she sees how fond he is of her?"

"Who has been talking to you about it, Johnny?" said Agnes.

"Do you think every one is blind but yourself?"

"Well, no; but the less you say about it the better."

"I am not going to say anything. There is nothing to be said, except, 'What an awful pity!' Don't you think so yourself? Do you really believe she likes De Rochemar?"

"I suppose she does; I hope so," said Agnes.

"He would not quite have cared to see her carrying on with Frank sometimes," Johnny went on. "She is a little flirt. I'll tell you what, I don't believe that the very nicest girls, even in France, marry a man because they are told he is a good match."

"Oh, I don't know that," said Agnes. Her head felt confused, and she could not quite tell what Johnny was driving at. His hat was lying on the grass; he looked at her, smiling, and pushing back his curly hair. An irresistible impulse made Agnes stretch out her hand and stroke the soft, bright, sunshiny mass.

"What should you say if I told you I was in love with a French girl?" said Johnny.

"My dear old boy, I should have to be dreadfully sorry," Agnes answered, quite roused to interest by this question. "It really would be hard on me to have both you and Frank made miserable."

"You must not think of yourself, but of me. However, this is quite a different case from Frank's; she is not engaged to some fellow she has never seen in her life."

"Perhaps not. But are you really in earnest, Johnny? Of course I know who you mean, and I can't say I am surprised; but you must know that it is not the smallest use dreaming of such a thing. Good gracious! as if it would ever be listened to for a moment!"

"Did I say it would? Oh, of course," said Johnny, philosophically. "Frank and I were talking one day, and I quite understood that the Great Mogul would have a better chance than I should."

"Certainly; he has a title, at least."

"But you confess that you are not surprised. Now, was I ever, to your knowledge, in love with anybody before?"

"Not since you were sixteen, and adored Lizzie Macdonald. But who is to answer for a sailor?"

"Oh, I remember Lizzie Macdonald; she was four-and-twenty; she had large eyes, and wore lemon-colored gloves. She gave me a locket with her hair in it, and then went and married Dr. Stephens. Why do you make me talk about her now? I have never cared for anybody since till this month; and now I shall never care for anybody again."

"Oh, what a pity it is we ever came here!"

"Don't talk that nonsense. I am telling you this that you may not be surprised if you hear of it from anybody else. Because I mean to find out whether it is really hopeless or not. I mean to ask."

"To ask her?"

"No; not her. Her mother."

"That will be very good of you," said Agnes, rejoicing at the thought that Mme. de Valmont was quite capable of taking care of her daughter's future, and that all she herself had to fear was Johnny's disappointment.

But somehow she thought that worse things than this might happen to her sailor-boy. She was sure that the probable refusal would not sour his temper or spoil his character; its worst effect would be to make an old bachelor of him. She scarcely knew how it was that his affairs were always so much less disturbing than Frank's; yet Frank was older, cleverer, more worldly-wise, more calculating and cool in his judgments, and far more self-confident. She stopped herself, as if it was an involuntary reproach to Frank, when the words, "I can trust Johnny," would thrust themselves into her mind.

They both sat quite silent among the crocuses for several minutes. Then they saw the tall figure of Frank returning, wandering slowly past the slim, white stems of the poplars. They got up at the same moment; and Johnny began to whistle, but silenced himself, remembering the bad news.

"Will it be soon?" said Agnes.

"No. Not till after we come back from Brittany," said Johnny; and then he walked off toward the château.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFESSION.

JOHNNY went off to Vitré with M. de Valmont and Max sooner than was at first intended. Agnes had been rather in despair at the thought of being left alone with two such dangerous young people as Frank and Marie, but was very much comforted by finding that they were both on their best behavior. Perhaps something of the former ease was gone, but they were studiously polite to each other and every one else. Marie seemed to have lost her suddenly-acquired tastes for riding and drawing. She sat working at her great piece of tapestry, or played her old, favorite polkas, or went into the village and bestowed a great deal of her time on the Sisters and their work.

Frank, when he was at home, read French books and newspapers in the library windows. But he was out a great deal. He made expeditions to all the churches and châteaux within a day's journey, and brought back books full of wonderfully pretty sketches. He had the Château de Carillon under several different aspects, and if his relatives at Les Sapinières had had second sight, they would have seen many an hour spent in its quaint old recesses or lounging in the garden with Mme. d'Yves and her dogs. She and her husband always made him welcome, and there was a flavor of forbidden fruit about this amusement, which no doubt added to its attraction.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was very busy all this time with her farming affairs; there were so many different crops to be gathered in that she had to be driving her people hither and thither all day. Walnut-trees were being beaten, horse-chestnuts collected for the cows, potatoes dug, apples gathered, all the other fruits of the earth looked after day by day. Then plowing was going on, and now the red grapes were ripe, and the vintage must begin at once; two or three days of soft showers forwarded it wonderfully.

So the barrels and the pressoir were made ready, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire walked up into her largest vineyard one Sunday afternoon, to take a last look at the grapes, which were to be cut the next morning. Marie and Agnes were gone to vespers, but Frank and her faithful Peloton went with her. The poodle, knowing very well that he must not run in among the vines, kept close behind his mistress, and only cast longing looks at the purple bunches that hung so temptingly among their leaves along the wires.

"That dog looks almost as if he liked grapes," said Frank, noticing the hungry yet virtuous expression of Peloton's beautiful eyes.

"So he does," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but I have never yet known him take them off the vines. If he once did that—ah, Peloton, what would become of you!" She turned round and shook her stick at him, but the dog trotted on in conscious virtue.

This vineyard sloped to the southwest, and lay just above the château, looking over to a thickly wooded bank, in the foreground of which the church-spire rose white among the trees. The vines did not run straggling about the ground, after the common fashion of the country, but were planted in regular rows and trained on iron wires, following in this and their whole cultivation the system of M. Peccault, of Tours, a name well known to every one who is interested in the vineyards of that part of France.

The grapes were abundant that year, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was in very good spirits, discoursed to Frank on the mysteries of vine-growing and wine-making.

"I cannot imagine a pleasanter life," Frank said, "than to be naturalized here, and to spend the rest of one's days growing vines. Life here would never be monotonous—hunting, shooting, the pleasantest society, glorious roads, good peasants, buried treasures—I think you are very fortunate to live in such a country."

"Yes; I dare say you find it all very attractive," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but there is the danger and uncertainty. Those dreadful Red Republicans are scattered all round us. No one knows when there may be another Revolution, or whether his own château will be the first burnt down. From what you told me the other day, my dear Frank, of your future prospects, I should say that your position will be more to be envied than mine."

"As to that, I would willingly change," said Frank. "Maudsley is not mine yet, to be sure; but you might have it, under some circumstances, for Les Sapinières."

"*Merci bien!* What should I do with my ways, as an English proprietor?"

"You would be an ornament to the country, my dear aunt."

"Ah, you are very amiable! I sometimes think a good deal of the future. I hope Marie and M. de Rochemar will live here sometimes. I should be sorry to believe that the old place would be deserted after my death."

"I would rather live here than at Rochemar," said Frank. "It is like a great prison. Now this is the freest place I ever was in. M. de Rochemar seems to be in no hurry to come home to claim his bride."

"He will be here soon, no doubt," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "In fact, his mother told me that he might appear any day. He has returned from Algeria, you know; he is now in Paris, and no doubt he will be at Rochemar as soon as possible. It is a very good match for my little Marie."

"So it seems," said Frank. "I am rather curious to see this favored hero. I think he is the most fortunate man in the world."

"You admire Marie, then? Ah, that is very amiable of you. I must say that you have shown her every kind of friendly attention. M. de Rochemar ought to be grateful to you; and I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to him. You will like him, I am sure. He has the best possible manners, and is full of intelligence. You must be a good judge, as you have educated yourself so successfully."

Frank bowed.

"After that," he said, "I think I must make a confession, which I hope will not lower your opinion of me. Of course, as things are, my new prospects can make no difference whatever. But I think I must tell you that if Marie had been free, I might now have said something which, as merely a poor soldier, I could never have dreamed of saying."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire stopped and looked at him, leaning on her stick. Her handsome old face softened suddenly.

"Why did you tell me this?" she said, after a moment's silence, while Frank was gazing across the emerald lines of the vineyard.

"I do not know," he said. "I believe I wanted to know what answer you would have given me if these obstacles had not existed."

"*Mon ami,*" said the comtesse, "you grieve me very much. What is the use of speaking of it at all?"

"Do you mean, *ma tante,*" said Frank, gently, "that if Marie herself had wished it, you would have let her marry an Englishman?"

"Certainly not an ordinary Englishman," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I think it is far happier and better to remain in one's own country. Ideas, education, everything

is different; and under such circumstances it is very hard for people to agree. But all this is changed when one meets a person of your character. Then national differences pass into the shade. If you married a Frenchwoman she would never feel the loss of her country. Provided that you were in a suitable position, there is no one in the world to whom I could trust my granddaughter with more confidence."

"Thank you," said Frank. "Your opinion of me is much too good. I wish I deserved it. But it is rather cruel of you to say all this now—when it is too late."

"You asked me," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "and so I told you the truth. But I am very sorry for you. It cannot exactly be called a disappointment, for I told you of the engagement, I think, the day after you arrived. I hope you have not been very unhappy all this time. Certainly you have not seemed so."

"One allows one's self to forget the future in the present," said Frank.

"You have behaved very well, and like a gentleman. I am most grateful to you; for Marie is, perhaps, a little fanciful, and if it had occurred to you to set her against this marriage, you probably might have done so. As it is, she has only received benefit from the time spent with such cultivated and accomplished people as you and Agnes. I have the highest esteem for you," said the old lady, emphatically, "though I fear that is but a poor consolation."

Frank thanked her again. All these praises were unnecessary, and jarred upon him a good deal. There probably is nothing so stinging to the conscience as praise undeserved.

"Then I have nothing to do," he said, "but to wish my cousin every happiness in her married life. You say M. de Rochemar is worthy of her, and I hope he is. And now that I have told you all this, I think it may possibly occur to you that I should be better away. If you have any doubt about it, I can go at once."

"And why should you go, my dear?"

"Now that you know what I cannot help feeling for Marie, you may think that she would be safer at a distance from such a foolish fellow," said Frank, smiling sadly.

"On the contrary," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "I beg that you will stay here as long as you possibly can. Marie would say the same, if she knew—what she had better not know, *mon cher ami.*"

Frank smiled, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire hurried on, rather ashamed of her last words, which seemed to have a breath in them of want of confidence.

"Do you understand? You must make no change in your plans. I know what an Englishman's affection is, and I am truly sorry that you should have wasted yours. But I would not deprive you of one moment of happiness, such as it is. Things arrange themselves strangely in this world. If only Mme. de Rochemar had delayed proposing for Marie till her son returned!"

"I suppose, when these things are once settled, no alteration is possible? A French lady never breaks off her engagement, if something she likes better presents itself?"

"Never! Impossible!" cried Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "unless there was some tremendous reason; and in this match everything is perfection. Where can you have picked up such an idea? Ah, you do such things in England. But the idea would be as horrifying to Marie as it is to me."

"So I imagine," said Frank, very calmly. "Pardon, *ma tante;* I asked the question thoughtlessly."

He changed the conversation, as if he thought that his own affairs had been talked of long enough, and felt comfortably assured that he stood higher than ever in his aunt's esteem and confidence. He felt also that he had every reason to be satisfied with himself. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was now made aware of his affection for Marie. If she was wise she would keep a sharp look-out upon her; if she was foolish, and did not take the timely warning, who knew what might happen?

One or two facts stood out prominently. His new prospects did not make the slightest difference in his position with Marie. If there were ten Maudsleys waiting for him in England, her engagement to M. de Rochemar would still stand, as grim and immovable a thing as the Château de Rochemar itself. But yet these English estates had their *rôle* to play. Supposing that anything *did* happen, the heir of Maudsley might expect forgiveness when Lieutenant Frank Wyatt would hope for it in vain.

Marie came into the *salon* that evening, when they were all waiting in the dusk for dinner. She glided in like a gentle little ghost, and seated herself on a footstool in front of Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was in one of the large armchairs by the fireplace.

"Grand'mère," she said, "I do not believe that poor Mme. d'Yves is a bad woman."

"Allons! I never said so," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "One may be bourgeoise without being méchante, I hope!"

"On the contrary, she is very charitable. Do you know, she was at vespers this afternoon, and when we came out she waited to speak to me. I was surprised at first—was I not, Agnes? But I believe she is a good Christian, for she spoke with so much kindness of that poor woman Robert. She told me that she had been to visit her, and that she felt sure she would never get well unless she went to the hospital. And then she said she would offer to pay for her there, only she was not sure whether you would consider it an intrusion."

"What did you say to her?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"You know you told me the other day that you could not pay for any more at present. I thanked her, and said that you would be much pleased at any kindness she liked to show the poor woman. That was all. Afterward I talked to Sœur Lucie, and she told me that Mme. d'Yves is very charitable, both to the Carillon people and to all the communes round about. She has been twice to visit *cette pauvre* Robert. Sœur Lucie thinks her a very good woman."

"I am glad to hear it," said the comtesse, but she did not seem inclined to enter very warmly into the praises of Mme. d'Yves.

She might be a perfect saint of charity, but that did not place her on a proper footing in society, or make her a desirable acquaintance for Marie, especially as that little demoiselle was before long to be one of the first ladies in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA VENDANGE.

One of the most spiteful tricks of Fate is that in which she so arranges circumstances as to drive people into action before they are ready for it, destroying plans and preparations, nipping prudent counsels in the bud, obliging the most careful and considerate of mankind to do one of two things: either to make a desperate plunge, and trust to its boldness and suddenness for success; or to draw ignominiously back, "fling away ambition," give up the dream of months or years, and try vainly and absurdly to persuade themselves that the grapes are sour.

Frank Wyatt found himself brought to this strait on Monday morning, not four-and-twenty hours after his talk with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire in the vineyard. She came into the *salon* after breakfast with a letter in her hand. Frank was reading the *Union*, which Jacques had just

brought in; Agnes was deep in a letter from home; and Marie was giving her fingers a little morning exercise by running them up and down the piano.

"This letter concerns you, Marie," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"What is it, grand'mère?"

"Come and read."

Marie came forward at once. Her grandmother stood waiting with her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Well, what do you say?" she said, when Marie had finished.

"Tuesday evening! To-morrow evening! That is soon, indeed. Mme. de Rochemar seems very happy," said Marie, leaning her elbows on the piano, with her chin in her hands, and turning her back on the others.

"And you, ma petite?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, gently stroking her dark hair.

"Of course I am charmed," said Marie.

"That is quite right. Agnes, Frank, you will be interested to hear that Mme. de Rochemar expects her son home to-morrow evening. She has written at once to tell me. She well knew that we were waiting for him almost as anxiously as herself. No doubt we shall have him here on Wednesday. She invites us all to dine at Rochemar on Thursday."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire paused, as if she expected a response.

"I am sure Mme. de Rochemar is very kind, and we shall have great pleasure in going," said Agnes.

"You were saying only yesterday," said Frank, looking up quite pleasantly from behind his paper, "that you hoped to introduce me to M. le Marquis. I am very anxious to see him, for my part."

"Merci, mon ami. Your sentiments are so good that I am sure you and he will be friends at once," said the comtesse. "For the present, *au revoir*. I must write to Mme. de Rochemar, and then I must go to my vendangeurs. You must come into the vineyard presently, Frank, and you too, my dear Agnes. It is a pretty sight enough."

Agnes very soon acted on her aunt's invitation. She did not see Marie anywhere about, and Frank seemed disinclined to move from his favorite window seat in the library, where he sat surrounded with books of all shades. So she put on her hat and went out by herself, going through the farmyards, across the shady lane at the top, and into the great vineyard on the side of the hill. On her way she stopped in the yard to look at the vintage work actively going on: two men with bare legs and crimson sabots treading the grapes in the great stone pressoir; a constant stream of red juice flowing down into the cellar beneath; a man carrying it up again by foaming pailfuls, mounting a short ladder, and pouring it into the deep vat, where it was to ferment and make itself into wine. Carts laden with barrels of freshly-cut grapes came rolling into the yard; their contents were emptied into the pressoir, and they set off again, climbing slowly up the hill.

Agnes followed one of the carts, and found her aunt in the upper part of the vineyard, looking on at the work there. About five-and-twenty people were busy in the rows between the vines, cutting off the purple bunches into wooden pails, and emptying these when full into great baskets on the backs of two men, who trudged continually up and down between the grape-cutters and the cart. There were men, women and girls of all ages, dressed chiefly in blue, the women with spotless caps. They talked a little among themselves as they worked, but very quietly; their manners were grave and gentle, and their brown faces lighted up with pleasant smiles whenever Mme. la Comtesse spoke to them. The great white cart-horse, waiting patiently, nibbled at the tops of the vines, and very much enjoyed one or two bunches of grapes given it by the men. Agnes brought out a knife and began cutting grapes with the others. It was a soft, gray day, without any hot sun to tire the vendangeurs. She found it pleasant work, and thought this was indeed a realization of Arcadia. She thought of her friends, and how some of them would enjoy such a change as this from their humdrum every-day life; and if she thought of her cousin Marie at all, it was with a feeling of something like envy, and a momentary forgetfulness of M. de Rochemar.

Meanwhile the old château on its terrace lay very empty and still. All the servants but the cook had come out to the vineyard, and were busy à vendanger. Frank was alone in the library, and Marie alone up-stairs. And perhaps neither of them was in a frame of mind to make one's own reflections very pleasant company.

Frank presently left his books in a heap on the cushion, and began walking up and down the shining boards, round and round the old billiard-table, stopping now and then to stare up at the bookcase, as if he thought some friendly volume might suddenly leap down and offer him advice and assistance. I dare say he might have found both in this library collected by M. de Saint-Hilaire, who was of a philosophical turn of mind, and had prided himself especially on his splendid editions of Voltaire and Rousseau. Frank went back to his window and sat down again, without invoking these or any other great masters.

Presently he heard a very gentle rustle descending the stairs, and as he sat still in his corner he saw Marie, through the half-open door, crossing the hall and going out on the terrace. Frank instantly went out, took his hat, and followed her, overtaking her just as she reached the steps. Marie turned round and looked up at him. Her dark eyes were sad and pensive, and she had a book in her hand, "La Femme Sainte," one of those faithful old companions which had been neglected of late, since English ideas began to make their way at the château.

"I thought you were gone out," said Marie, after a moment's silence, looking down at her book.

"I have been in the library. What are you going to do?"

"I was going to walk in the avenue and read a little."

"Let me come with you. You will not want your book. Leave it here on the bench."

"No," said Marie; "I shall keep my book. I think you had better not come."

"Do not be so very cruel, Marie," said Frank, gently. "You cannot say that I have been troublesome to you lately. I must speak to you, and this may be my last opportunity. This is not the way that an English girl behaves to her friends," he said, as his cousin turned away from him with an impatient little sigh.

"Ah, then go back to your English girls. They may listen to you. I must not—I cannot."

"Marie! where is all our old friendship gone?"

"I do not know. You drove it away yourself. I thought you were good and true and sincere, and I found I had made a mistake. It does not matter. I wish you would leave me in peace."

"You do not mean what you are saying."

"Si! Allez-vous-en."

"Very well," said Frank. "If I must go, I must. And no doubt you will be much happier when I am not here to tell you how a woman with any true greatness would despise such books as that you hold in your hand, and would die sooner than marry herself for the sake of title and riches and 'convenance' to a man whom in her heart she detests."

THE DRAWING LESSON.

"I do not detest him," said Marie; but her voice trembled, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"No," said Frank. "You have not courage or strength of mind enough. But if I were he, I would sooner have your hatred than your cold indifference. Nobody can love who cannot hate. And you suppose yourself to be proud. A strange pride that condescends to be sold like a piece of furniture! No one ever spoke to you like this before? No; there never was any one who loved you well enough—who would risk your anger for the chance of saving you from a lifelong death."

Marie did not quite know how it happened, but "La Femme Sainte" was lying on the terrace wall, and she and Frank had descended the steps, and were walking slowly toward the avenue. She clasped her hands together in a little agony; every word of his thrilled like an arrow in her poor, sensitive brain. She did not know how to answer him, but she must. It was no use being angry and telling him to go away; he would not care for that; he would take no notice. Ah, and was it not true? No one who did not really care for her would dare to interfere with such words as these. Of course he must be made to understand that any change was impossible—but she must try and speak to him gently. While her thoughts were confusing each other, he was going on, more quietly than at first. She scarcely heard all he said, but at last she looked up, stretching out her hands, and beginning to speak quickly and eagerly:

"Frank, it is all very well what you say—that you care for me, and that I shall be unhappy all my life—that I am a wretch to give myself away like this. Ah, but it is cruel of you to tell me all these things, when you know that anything else is impossible. I have always been intended to make this marriage. I have given my word. I cannot draw back. I cannot set myself free, even if I would; and if I had never known you, I should never have wished it. Ah, what am I saying? I mean that you are very good to me, but I wish with all my heart that I had never seen you. Because, you know, we could under no circumstances——"

"Pardon," said Frank, quickly. "Listen to me for a moment, and I will tell you what your grandmother said to me yesterday. You know that since my cousin's death I have a prospect of a large estate in England. Well, my dearest, I told your grandmother yesterday what I should have dared to hope for if you had not been already engaged. I even asked her if the breaking-off an engagement was a possible thing. Of course she said no. I also ventured to ask what her answer would have been if I with my present prospects had come forward before the other. She said, Marie, that there was no one in the world to whom she would trust you with more confidence."

"Poor grandmother!" said Marie, sighing. "She does not know you as I do. She thinks too well of you."

"That is possible. But it is a fact that she does think well of me. And I believe she would not be sorry if anything happened unexpectedly to render your marriage with M. de Rochemar impossible."

"Ah, yes, indeed she would. But what in the world could happen? You would be much happier if your brains were not so active," said Marie. "Allons! you must learn to be patient and resigned, like me."

The changeable little lady looked up and smiled, with still tearful eyes. Frank saw that he was regaining all his former influence. He went on quietly, smiling too:

"I was not born with that frame of mind. It may do very well for monks and nuns, but scarcely for people who have to fight their way in the world. I never give up as long as there is a spark of hope remaining."

"You must have very clever eyes if you can see a spark here."

"Something more than a spark. At present it is a large flame. Whether it is to remain steady and triumphant, or to die away at once and go out, depends on one person."

Frank stopped, and looked up and down the avenue in which they were walking. Marie's eyes followed his mechanically.

"I do not understand," she said, in a low, tired voice.

"It depends on you," said Frank, standing still, and looking at her earnestly. "On your courage, resolution, and strength of mind. A kind of strength that none of your favorite books have taught you, but which I think a girl of such a race as yours ought to have by nature—strength to rebel against all the "convenances," and to follow the instinct that nature gives you. And one other thing: trust in me. If you will make use of all these, no one shall ever hear another word of your marriage with M. de Rochemar."

"What do you mean! What am I to do?" said Marie. "Ah, you frighten me. It is impossible."

"Then I had better not say any more," said Frank.

"Ah!" was the sad little gasp in answer. Marie threw up her hands, and then wrung them together. She frowned, and looked at Frank with piteous eyes. "Well, whatever happens, I must be miserable. Tell me what you mean."

"Then hear me to the end," said Frank, taking the two poor little hands in his. "It is the best plan that can be made in such a short time, for whatever is done must be done to-morrow. I dare say it may seem to you a very rash, wild thing, and you may be unhappy about it at the time, and persuade yourself that you are doing wrong. But when it is once done you will be thankful. You will be saved from what you are dreading, and you will be sure of a free, peaceful life. I will answer for your happiness, when it is once in my hands. And you know you belong to me already."

"No! how can I?"

"But you do, and I do not mean to give you up. You know very well that no one has the right to dispose of you except yourself. However, that is all settled, and we have not time to talk about it now. Let me tell you my plan. I must go to Paris to-morrow evening, my dearest, to make arrangements for our being married as soon as possible. Patience—listen. You must go with me to-morrow to Carillon, and I shall leave you at the château there with Mme. d'Yves. She is going to Paris, I know, by the late train on Wednesday. You will go with her, and be with her till you belong to me. Will you be brave and good enough to go through with this plan, Marie?"

"Mme. d'Yves!" repeated Marie, gazing at him with astonished eyes. "But how can I go to her house?"

"It might seem impossible under ordinary circumstances; but at such a time as this one must forget one's prejudices," said Frank. "Besides, no one can say anything against her. You say yourself that she is good and charitable. I believe that she can also be a firm friend. Do you suppose I should ask you to go to her if I could not trust her?"

"But how should I get there?"

"Leave that to me. Only do as I ask you."

"But it is such a dreadful thing. What will my grandmother say? What will every one think of me? Indeed, Frank, I do not think I can do anything so wicked."

"There is nothing wicked in it," said Frank, confidently. "Your grandmother will of course forgive you. I am only sorry, my very dear Marie, to ask you to do anything so unpleasant. But you must see yourself that it is the only alternative. We must do this, or lose each other for ever. You have our two lives in your hands. Will you join them

together, as your heart tells you, or part them and sacrifice them both? You have to decide. In any case I shall go away to-morrow. I would not stay to throw a shadow on your meeting with M. de Rochemar."

"Ah, what shall I do?" sighed Marie.

Never had she known or even imagined such perplexity as this which was dragging her in two directions. Frank had done his best to uproot all the ideas in which she had been educated, and at the same time had made himself almost necessary to her, so that in these last few days, since his words had put a barrier between them, she had known her first real unhappiness. It was not very surprising. People with twice as much knowledge of the world as this little Frenchwoman had pronounced him charming, even when he made none of those special efforts to please them that all this time had been heaped on her. The other prospect had lost all its attractions, though she now began to feel sorry for that poor Louis who had given her the *bonbonnière*, and for so many years had hoped to make her his wife some day. But Frank had set before her, among other things, that, whatever the world might say, she could not do M. de Rochemar a greater wrong than to marry him when she cared for some one else. That must be misery, both for him and her, Frank said, and certainly he seemed to be right. As for breaking off the engagement, that would never be heard of. So that this plan of Frank's, wild and horrible as it seemed, was, perhaps, the only way of escape. M. de Rochemar would be thankful some day, when he got over his first indignation. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would no doubt forgive; she adored her granddaughter, and was very fond of Frank. And, after all, there was something strange and delightful in disposing of one's future for one's self, in making an English marriage in spite of everybody; and, of course, there was no one to compare with Frank. Oh dear! the weary struggle must end—these tiresome fears and doubts must be pushed out of sight. What seemed wrong was often right, if one only had the courage to believe it.

And so, walking up and down in the quiet avenue, with arguments and persuasions, of which few people had a better store in reserve than Frank Wyatt, Marie at last consented to go against her former life and all the world around her; to give up all her friends for the sake of this English lover.

The fairy tales are always repeating themselves in real life. Not all the bolts and bars and walls of brass can keep the princess in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAME DE VALMONT.

MME. DE VALMONT set out from Lauron that afternoon to pay a visit to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. As her carriage reached the foot of the last hill, and was turning into the avenue, she saw a carriage standing on the road a little further on toward Sonnay, and a gayly-dressed woman leaning out of it, talking to Mr. Frank Wyatt, who stood in his light-gray clothes with his hand on the door, looking down toward the village. Both these people looked round at the noise of Mme. de Valmont's wheels. Frank took off his hat, and the lady stared. Mme. de Valmont immediately recognized her as the generally disapproved-of Mme. d'Yves.

A little way up the avenue, Marie de Saint-Hilaire was walking slowly toward the house, with drooped head and clasped hands.

She looked up as the carriage passed, and Mme. de Valmont stopped it and opened the door.

"Bon jour, ma chère Marie," said she. "Shall I find madame your grandmother at home?"

"She is in the vineyard," said Marie. "The vintage has begun to-day; but I will send somebody to call her, madame, if you will go on to the house."

"Get into the carriage, I beg," said Mme. de Valmont. "I am alone to-day. Cécile is very busy finishing a drawing for her father. I came to tell you that we expect them back to-morrow evening—that is to say, your cousin and M. de Valmont. Max is staying at the Château de Pontmercy. Ma petite, you look very ill. What is the matter with you?"

Marie had got into the carriage, and the marquise kindly took her hand as she sat beside her.

"Nothing at all, madame, thank you," said Marie. "I am quite well."

"Cécile and I have not thought you looking well for some time past. However, I hope something will happen soon to brighten you up. I was at Rochemar yesterday, and heard the good news."

"We heard this morning," said Marie.

She spoke very gently, but Mme. de Valmont was quite aware that she avoided her eyes. She did not take any notice of this, but went on talking with a pleasant smile.

"Dear Mme. de Rochemar must be very happy. She is truly attached to her son, and I am sure he deserves it."

"No doubt he does," said Marie.

The cold answer made her friend more and more uneasy. Was there anything really serious to justify her own and Cécile's doubts? Was it possible that Marie, well brought up as she had been, could forget herself so far? What a misfortune! Mme. de Valmont was silent for a moment or two, occupied with these unpleasant thoughts.

The carriage stopped at the front of the house.

"I will send for my grandmother," said Marie, as she helped Mme. de Valmont out.

"No, indeed, my dear. She shall not trouble herself to come and see me. You shall take me to her in the vineyard—if you can walk so far."

"Yes; I can walk very well now."

"I hope your cousins are well," said Mme. de Valmont. "By-the-by, as I turned into the avenue just now, I saw M. Frank in the road, talking to that very strange person, Mme. d'Yves."

Marie, as she walked by the marquise's side through the yards, would very gladly have turned the conversation and avoided these subjects altogether; but her old sprightliness and spirit seemed to have left her, her brain felt deadened, and she could only take refuge in giving the barest answers possible.

"Yes," she said. "I saw her carriage stop."

"I thought your grandmother was not acquainted with her."

"She is not," said Marie. "Frank has made some sketches of the château; and one day she showed him her curiosities."

"But you have not been there? You do not know her?"

"I have never been there. I have spoken to her twice, by accident. And you, madame?"

"I remember meeting her some time ago at Rochemar, before they found out that she and her husband were impossible," said Mme. de Valmont, laughing a little.

"But nobody has anything to say against her," said Marie.

"My dear child, what odd things you say! A very vulgar bourgeoise, without too much education or principle. Is not that enough to satisfy you? Surely you have no wish for her acquaintance? Your cousin may admire her house, but certainly not herself. And every one knows that M. le Baron, as they call him, is quite good for nothing."

"She may be vulgar, and she may be without education,"

said Marie, "but, madame, she is really a good woman. Her charity to the poor is immense. She gives away thousands of francs every year."

"So much the better for the poor," said Mme. de Valmont. "But there are sins that charity does not cover, and it cannot by itself establish a person in society. However, poor Mme. d'Yves, she must be pretty well used to her position by this time, and if she found it unbearable, I suppose she would not remain at Carillon. It is very kind of your cousin to make himself agreeable to her. I wonder he has not overtaken us, for he saw me turn into the avenue."

"Yes," said Marie; and she looked back from the upper gate of the yard, where they were standing under the great walnut-tree. It was a relief just then that Frank was not in sight.

Mme. de Valmont, though she talked on without ceasing, instantly going off from the châtelaine of Carillon to some other subject, was troubled by an instinct of danger. All was not right with Marie, she felt sure. She had known the girl all her life, and she felt strongly inclined to turn upon her, and insist strongly and kindly on hearing the truth; to treat her, in fact, as if she were her own daughter. With some girls she would have done this without a moment's hesitation; but Marie was odd: quick-tempered, proud, and sensitive, and likely to resent very bitterly any attempt at interference. Mme. de Valmont feared that any leading questions, or even a word of kind advice, such as might well come from an old friend, would do more harm than good in this case. She suspected Frank, and yet her suspicions were vague; indeed, they were not likely to go near the truth. She thought that M. de Rochemar's return was the best thing that could happen for everybody. This foolish little girl, if she had any wandering fancies, would be obliged to give them up, and return to her duty. And after all, whatever her discontents might be, a girl so well brought up could never carry them into action. An idea had floated through Mme. de Valmont's mind of warning the comtesse; but she dismissed that also; it would be officious, and would make Marie even more angry than a remonstrance addressed to herself.

"It all depends on M. de Rochemar," she thought. "And Marie is certainly too good to give her friends any real trouble. The English cousin is the one that I mistrust."

"You are very happy, Marie," she said, as they turned into the vineyard. "No one was ever received into a family with more joy than you will be. You have gained the strongest affection from that dear Mme. de Rochemar. When she was speaking of you to me yesterday afternoon, I found myself wishing that Cécile might be equally fortunate."

"Ah!" sighed Marie.

Mme. de Valmont looked round in terror at the sound, as one does when the worst forebodings are suddenly proved true.

"Madame, for heaven's sake, do not look at me like that!" said Marie, in such hurried, passionate tones that the marquise could hardly believe her ears. "I wish, with all my heart, that Cécile had my good fortune, as you call it."

"Dear child, what do you mean?" said Mme. de Valmont, standing still, and gazing with kind eyes at the girl's troubled face. "Marie, speak to me as if I was your mother."

"What did I say? I meant nothing," said Marie, hastily. "Only Mme. de Rochemar is so much too good to me. Ah, madame," she went on after a moment, "I hope you will let Cécile choose for herself. Let her be quite sure—" she turned half away, with a little gesture of wringing her hands. "Dear madame, you are very kind. You must forget what I have said."

"Do you think I can forget it?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Well, then, you must tell it to no one. You will not say a word to my grandmother?"

"I suppose it would be no use," said Mme. de Valmont. "But, ma chérie, this is a sad state of mind of yours. I should have said that I never knew a young woman with a better prospect of happiness."

"Yes," said Marie, "I am very wicked. But do not say anything more."

"I wonder whose fault this is!" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont.

"It is mine."

"Entirely yours? I do not believe that——"

But Mme. de Valmont was suddenly obliged to break off, for Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had seen her visitor in the distance, and was approaching down one of the vine-rows.

Marie lingered a few minutes with the two ladies as they talked, slowly mounting the slope. She looked up with her eager eyes to Mme. de Valmont, and the look said, very plainly, "I have given you my confidence; you must not betray me to my grandmother. It is too late; it can do no good." And Mme. de Valmont could do nothing but sadly assent.

Marie walked on and joined Agnes, who was tired by this time of her vintage work, and was coming to meet her along the cart-road.

"You are come out at last," she said. "I have been enjoying myself so much among all these nice, picturesque people."

"I am glad you like it," said Marie. "Mme. de Valmont has brought some news that will please you. Johnny is coming back to Lauron to-morrow evening."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that! Look at the sun coming over the woods. I thought we should have a glimpse of him before we had done."

The two young women stood and silently watched the gradual brightening of the landscape, as the golden sunset light broke out from under the clouds. They seemed to break away suddenly, and all the west was gold and blue. The wooded valley beneath was bathed in a dream-like glory. The vines shone out in brilliant emerald-green; the figures of the vendangeurs stood out clear against their glowing background. It was all like an old Italian picture. The peaceful glory shone on the faces of the tired people, and seemed to transfigure them.

Little Marie de Saint-Hilaire stood with her hands folded, and an unusual flush on her pale cheeks, a sad, plaintive, distrait look about her dark eyes and tight-shut lips.

"I remember the last vintage," she said, speaking so suddenly that Agnes started from one of her Arcadian dreams. "I wonder if I shall ever see another."

CHAPTER XIX.

A RUINED CASTLE.

It seemed to Johnny like a real home-coming, when he drove up in the dusk of that evening, sitting beside M. de Valmont in his favorite dog-cart, with the high-stepping English horse. The leaves rustled in the chestnut avenue, dogs were barking away in the yards—solemn old Lauron was alive with voices and lights.

"Voilà ces dames qui nous attendent," said M. de Valmont. "Well, we have had a pleasant time of it in Brittany, and you must believe, mon cher, that my pleasure has been doubled by having you with me. I like the English, and I am happy to have made friends with a very good specimen of that nation."

"You are too good, monsieur," said Johnny. "I don't know how to be grateful enough for all the kindness you have shown me."

"Bah! the gratitude should be on the other side," said the marquis.

Two white figures were waiting at the foot of the steps, and the travelers were most cordially welcomed home. They went slowly up the steps into the house, the elders first, talking as fast as possible, and Johnny and Cécile following more silently.

He felt as if it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to find himself actually near Cécile again. How she had reigned in his thoughts all through the time of absence! How every day as it passed, whatever might be its own amusements and attractions, had been only valuable because it brought the return a little nearer! Had Cécile herself any idea of this? Did she care to see him again? Ah, if he dared only ask her, perhaps—he was almost certain of it—her eyes would smile him an answer not to be mistaken. But that was not to be thought of.

"Better look the truth in the face," Johnny told himself. "This is the last happy day you will ever have at Lauron, old fellow. The faster the time goes, the sooner it will be all over with you."

That evening at dinner he fell into several fits of silence and absence, lost a great deal of his hosts' agreeable conversation, and made one or two frightfully random answers when they addressed him. He was definitely roused when Cécile spoke to him suddenly across the table.

"And what do you think of our French ships?" she said.

A most innocent little question, asked with her usual frank sweetness. But as Johnny's eyes met hers, their absent sleepiness flashed suddenly into an expressive animation which made Cécile look away after an instant, and brought a faint pink flush over her clear skin.

M. de Valmont was helping himself at the moment, and saw nothing; but his wife glanced from one to the other with a sudden shock of anxiety. Surely it could not be possible that her friend Johnny had deceived her—that there was some secret understanding between him and Cécile! These English were terrible people. But no; she could not distrust Cécile. It was very likely that a weak, self-willed little thing like Marie de Saint-Hilaire might be drawn into something wrong and foolish of this kind; but Cécile—impossible! To be sure it was likely enough that Johnny admired her. After all, it was a good thing that he was going away soon, and that if he ever came back again, it would most likely be after Cécile was married to a suitable person, and everything comfortably and reasonably settled.

In the *salon* that evening they were talking a little of M. de Rochemar's return, but presently M. de Valmont called Cécile away to the library to find some book for him, and the marquise and Johnny were left alone together. It was a chilly evening, early in October, and a wood fire was burning behind the great old-fashioned dogs. Mme. de Valmont was sitting in the shade of the stately mantelpiece, which went up from floor to ceiling, carved, painted and gilded, with the arms of all the branches of the family blazoned on its projecting front. A shaded lamp on a table in the background seemed to flicker and glimmer with the firelight on the bright floor, the tall, ghostly figures that almost moved on the walls, the heavy curtains, the unoccupied fauteuils that stood about the room, and Johnny's hair as he sat in front of the fire, and stooped to caress Cécile's rescued pug, which lay basking in the warmth at his feet—these formed a picture of more than ordinary interest.

Mme. de Valmont did not show Johnny by any word or sign that her feeling toward him had changed a little. In fact, she told herself with great justice that she had only herself to blame. An English mother would, no doubt, have been more prudent. But in France young people were not supposed to fall in love with each other in this spontaneous way. Such things only happen when they had been arranged and sanctioned beforehand by the respective relations.

Mme. de Valmont listened to the history Johnny was telling her of his brother Frank's new prospects.

"You see, my uncle must leave it all to him," said Johnny. "There is no one else."

"You, for instance," said Mme. de Valmont, gently waving her fan.

"Me!" and Johnny laughed. "Oh, he would never think of me. He knows much more of Frank. I am afraid I have no chance of ever being left anything. And as to myself, I don't much care. One has money to spend on shore, and then one goes to sea again. And I should never know how to spend a large fortune. Frank would."

"I can believe that," said Mme. de Valmont. "What will he do? Marry, I suppose—travel about, buy a great many pictures."

"The last two," said Johnny; "I don't know about the first. He has had a disappointment, and I don't suppose he will get over it for some time."

"Indeed! Poor M. Frank!" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Yes," said John, deliberately, looking into the fire. "But I ought not to say anything about it. Things that are hopeless are best left alone altogether. Do you not think so, madame?"

"Certainly. I guess what you mean, however. I can understand that you are sorry for your brother, but I think it is a great pity that people should indulge themselves in such fancies at all. Yes, indeed," said Mme. de Valmont, bending suddenly forward, and tapping Johnny on the arm with her long, black fan, "it is my opinion that people should never dream of marrying out of their own country. I think I have said the same to you before. Do you not agree with me?"

"No; I don't. I beg your pardon—but if people care for each other, I cannot see that country makes any difference."

"Ah, but indeed you are mistaken. When two people come to live together, after being brought up with different ideas on every possible subject, it must be very sad for them both. How can they understand each other? Both may be very good, and wish to do all that is right, but they will differ even in their ideas of right and wrong. All the love in the world, mon cher Johnny, and all the good intentions, could not make two such lives run smoothly together."

Johnny bent his head rather lower, and went on stroking the little dog at his feet. Mme. de Valmont was half angry with herself for the liking she could not help feeling for this troublesome young Englishman. She smiled as she looked at him, and for a few moments they were both quite silent. Johnny at last raised his head slowly, and met her eyes. One would have thought that it must be a hopeful fate which lay in the hands of any one so fair, so pleasant and happy-looking.

"You know," Johnny began suddenly, "we shall be going back very soon now. I can't go away without asking you something, madame. It seems a bad sort of return for all your kindness—and I don't exactly mean to ask, so much as to tell you. You will be very much surprised, but I hope you won't be angry."

"Are you sure that I do not know already?"

"It is impossible, unless—if Mdlle. Cécile told you those few words, I can only beg your pardon for saying them. I

never have said and I never would say anything more to her without your leave. I am willing to be quite French as far as that goes." Johnny paused, for Mme. de Valmont's face had changed visibly. But she controlled herself, and spoke with her usual calmness.

"I must interrupt you for a moment. I have heard nothing. Will you have the goodness to tell me what you said?"

"To be sure," said Johnny, eagerly; "it was nothing that she could have told you. I dare say she forgot it directly. It was just after I went into the river for her dog. She said I might have been drowned, and I said perhaps it would have been the best thing for me. And I asked her if she did not know why. And then she asked me to say nothing more; and indeed, madame, I did not, except 'if you were English,' or something of that kind. You see there was nothing for her to tell you. Only I thought she must have mentioned it, because you seemed to have some notion."

"Mon ami," said Mme. de Valmont, smiling very kindly, "forgive me if I tell you that you are not clever in hiding your feelings. Did you really imagine that Cécile's mother could not see that you admired Cécile? But do you see?—one does not trouble one's self much about manifest impossibilities."

People sometimes do not know that they had any hope till it is taken away from them. And the cup of disappointment does not really lose any of its bitterness when it is offered to our lips by a kind and gentle hand.

"No, madame," said Johnny, after a moment, with a strange shining in his eyes. "But, at least, you are sorry for me? Because, you know, she is—and I could not believe it was impossible till I had asked you."

"I am sorry for you indeed, mon ami," said Mme. de Valmont. "But I really wonder at your allowing yourself to think of it at all."

"So do I. But Englishmen are great fools in that way. We never know when we are beaten. I think I feel pretty conscious of it now, though."

Johnny sighed, pushed back his chair, and got up. Mme. de Valmont rose at the same moment, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Listen to me for a moment," she said. "This seems a strange way of showing gratitude to the person who saved our lives, and who, whatever he may now think of us, will never lose his place among our most valued friends. But the duty to one's children must come first. Should I be doing my duty by Cécile if I gave her to you? Be reasonable and generous. But I am sure you are both; and because I cannot grant your wish you will not turn away from the place you now hold, dear Johnny, next to our sons in our affection."

"Thank you, madame," said the soft-hearted sailor; and once more he took and kissed the pretty white hand, which had so quietly and easily tumbled his castle into hopeless ruins.

Cécile and her father came back, and the rest of the evening passed quickly away. Johnny played a game of tric-trac with the marquis. Mme. de Valmont and Cécile worked and talked, and at last they wished each other good-night. A very peaceful evening, though Mme. de Valmont, for one, was glad it was over. She kissed Cécile even more affectionately than usual, and gave her hand to Johnny with a smiling "A demain."

Johnny went to bed, thinking himself the most miserable fellow in the universe, and quite ready to change places with anybody. He did not find out till the next morning that there were two people, rich and prosperous, with a thousand chances in the world to his one, who made him thankful for his own melancholy lot. For at least he had a good conscience, and a lady-love worthy of his devotion, though the one might be anything but a paying concern, and the other far out of his reach.

When the valet-de-chambre brought him his coffee in the morning, there was a note lying on the tray.

"When did this come?" said Johnny, seeing Agnes's handwriting.

"This morning, monsieur. A woman brought it from Les Sapinières."

Johnny read the note, and then dressed himself as fast as possible, and went down-stairs to wait for a glimpse of Mme. de Valmont. His first impulse was to show it to her and ask her advice, for he was himself so thunderstruck that he did not know what to say or think. Agnes had scribbled it off in a great hurry; it was blotted and blurred, but the contents were plain enough:

"LES SAPINIÈRES, 10 P. M.

"MY DEAR JOHNNY—A most terrible th ng has happened. My aunt was very busy to-day, and dinner was put off till half-past six. When that time came, neither Frank nor Marie was to be found. They had both disappeared, and no one knew anything about them. Inquiries were made, and half an hour ago the shepherdess came and said that she had met them in the old avenue about half-past five. We do not know what to do. Auguste is gone to Carillon, to ask at the station. You will have this early in the morning; and do come to us as soon as you possibly can. I am so miserable. Ever your affectionate . WYATT."

CHAPTER XX.

VIOLETS.

H, what a misfortune!" said Mme. de Valmont, nodding her head over the note. "La pauvre petite! I knew something was wrong, but this is indeed terrible. We must not stay to talk about it, but do our best at once. *Mon ami*," to her husband, "pray order the carriage. You and I must go with M. Johnny to Les Sapinières."

"But what is to be done?" said M. de Valmont.

"We shall see: I have an idea. But, in heaven's name, do not let us talk about it. It is too sad. That poor Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, what will she do!"

The marquise went away to prepare for her drive. M. de Valmont also disappeared; and Johnny found himself left alone in the pretty *salle* with all the pictures hanging round. He sat down by a table, and buried his face in his arms.

Presently Cécile came in at another door, paused a moment at the sight of him, and moved on again with a gentle rustle across the floor. She looked hard as she passed him, at Johnny in his depressed attitude; it spoke his feeling very plainly, that Frank by this action had disgraced every one belonging to him, and most of all his brother. Cécile's kind heart ached for him. She crossed the hall slowly, lingered at the opposite door, and finally came back and stood by the table.

"Monsieur," she said, in a low voice; but Johnny's face was still hidden.

"Do not be so sad," said Cécile, very gently; "this is no fault of yours."

Johnny raised his face an inch, but without looking.

"Mademoiselle, his relations must share his disgrace. At any rate, we can never show our faces in this country again."

"Ah, si——" began Cécile, faintly.

"My brother and I have made a fine mess of it between us," said Johnny; "and all we can hope is that our friends here will forget us as soon as possible."

"Then you must be disappointed. We never forget. We De Valmonts are celebrated for our good memory."

"I know," said Johnny—"I knew what you were when I met you coming into that church. I am a very bad hand at forgetting, too. These weeks have been the happiest and the wretchedest time in all my life. It does not do to stay among the angels too long, for it makes one discontented. But, anyhow, it is over now. There's the carriage; and I have only to wish you good-by, mademoiselle. I shall never see you again."

Johnny had got up by this time, and was staring at a bunch of Autumn violets which Cécile had gathered that morning, and was holding loosely in her left hand.

"Will you have them?" she said, holding them suddenly out to him. But Johnny did not take them. He looked at her for the first time, and saw that her cheeks were pale and her eyes still heavy with tears, which no doubt had been falling for her poor friend Marie.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, bowing gravely; "they will be happier with you."

Mdlle. de Valmont blushed vividly enough then. Her eyes seemed to dry up suddenly, and to flash a glance of momentary contempt on poor Johnny.

"Adieu, monsieur," she said, with an air which no marquise could have excelled, and making him an astounding courtesy.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," said Johnny, bowing very low.

She had turned away and was gone, while he stood still in the same place, and heard, as if in a dream, Mme. de Valmont talking on her way down-stairs. What concerned him more was the sight of the unfortunate violets, thrown in a little heap on the first chair Cécile had passed in her exit. His presence of mind returning, he went forward quickly, knelt on one knee, and kissed them. Then he took up one in his fingers and looked at it.

"Yes; there is no harm in taking it. She will never know."

So he drove away from Lauron with M. and Mme. de Valmont. It looked like an enchanted castle, shining in the morning sun, with its great background of dark-green forest, just beginning to be varied with red and brown. After all, Johnny thought, it was not a good thing to make one's self too happy with these imprisoned princesses. It must come to a bad end some day, in one way or another. Was it possible that when Frank talked jokingly of running away he had any formed idea in his head of what he had now done? Better give up a thousand loves, Johnny told himself, than behave like a rascal, and make such a return as this for hospitality.

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

SCHWEINFURTH, one of the recent travelers who, like Livingstone, has tried amid a thousand perils from a deadly climate, and men and beasts as deadly, to lay open to the civilized world the long-closed book of the heart of Africa, had his scores of adventures.

One will give an idea of many.

The traveler was in the country of the Baggaras, and pushing on toward the Peaks of Nyemati.

"The fourteenth day of January was our first unlucky one, and indirectly through my own fault. A boat had overtaken us in the morning, and my men, wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity, asked to halt. As the place was of absolutely no interest to me, I made them go a little further on, so as to disembark on an island which offered greater attractions, to my eye at least. Here the accident happened. Mohamed Amin, one of my two attendants, inadvertently stumbled upon a buffalo which was taking its ease in the tall grass. None of us had a suspicion of the presence of any wild animals, and we were all utterly unprepared. But the buffalo did not relish the presumptuous intrusion on his siesta.

"To give one bound and hurl the intruder into the air was the work of a second.

"The next moment my faithful companion lay before me senseless and bleeding; and, with tail erect, bellowing with rage, the buffalo prepared to trample him down, when, fortunately, the attention of the brute was, for the first time, attracted to ourselves.

"There we stood, silently staring at the scene, as though petrified. I was unarmed. My rifle, which Mohamed had been carrying, hung from the left horn of the furious creature. My other attendant had my carbine; but, though he twice tried to fire, it missed both times.

There was no time to think. We had to act. My man jerked his battle-hatchet from his belt and hurled it at the buffalo's head. It was full twenty paces, but, like the red men, these Africans hurl their tomahawks skillfully. His nerves were stout and his aim true.

"With a tremendous leap, the animal sprang into the reeds, crushing the stalks with his immense weight, and fairly making the ground quiver. Bellowing and muttering, but still leaping, it tore away.

"When the noise ceased, we raised Mohamed. Sharp reeds had pierced his ears, pinning him to the ground; but, fortunately, none of his injuries were very serious. Three weeks set him up, and ten dollars paid for four teeth lost on the occasion, and made him supremely happy.

"We took care not to disturb any more such gentry while taking their repose, and to be ready to talk to them if we did."

ORIGIN OF "IRELAND."

LEDWICH, the Irish historian and antiquary, supplies the following annals as evidence of the origin of the much-disputed, though never finally settled, derivation of the word "Ireland."

A. D. 870. King Alfred, in his Anglo-Saxon translation of "Orosius," styles Ireland "Ira-land."

A. D. 891. Three Irishmen, says the Saxon Chronicle, came in a boat from Yr-lande; so the Cotton MS. has it.

A. D. 918. The same Chronicle calls Ireland "Yr-lande."

A. D. 1048. Harold flies to Yr-lande.

A. D. 1077. The Danes were shipwrecked on "Yr-lande."

A. D. 1080. Adam Bremensis names Ireland "Ir-land."

A. D. 1098. Odericus Vitalis calls the Irish "Irenses."

A. D. 1105. Œlonoth, in his "Life of St. Canute," styles them "Iros."

Ledwich labored hard to deduce that from the original Celtic Ir-in came the Ira, Iros, Irenses, and Yr-land of the Icelanders, Danes, Anglo-Saxons and Germans, and the Iris of Diodorus Siculus, and by a tranposition of inne, the Ierne of the other Greeks. Ledwich, however, though he proved the derivation to his own satisfaction, did not satisfy his contemporaries or successors. The Petries, Donovans, O'Currys, D'Altons, and a host of others, pulverized the poor doctor's hypothesis into powder, without, however, succeeding in establishing a more accepted theory.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 591.

POPPET'S CIGARETTE.

On one of the brightest days of a bright June, two of the fairest of fair company, at a seaside resort, sat beneath a luxurious tree in a pine grove, engaged in that richest of sweet employments, discussing the personal qualities of Mr. Dick Redfern, who, lucky dog, was engaged to be married to one of the jewels, whose name was Agnes Catherine Preston, but who was familiarly called "Poppet" by her friends.

"My love," said she, addressing her companion, who lay with her head resting upon her hands, observing her through her half-shut eyes—"my love, I am not above admitting to you that I think I've got a pretty good sort of a fellow on the whole. I admit that he has a few blemishes; who has not? There are a few points in which I could correct him, but, taking him all in all, I think that, with a firm hand and resolute will, I can bring him into tolerable subjection. I do not feel sure that a girl of your easy temperament would succeed with him, but I, being possessed of considerable vim and fire, am convinced that the task will occupy me but a few hours; and so I think I am safe in permitting you to congratulate me on my acquisition. In one week after our marriage, we shall be the happiest couple in the State."

POPPET'S CIGARETTE.—"SHE NODDED, AND, PLACING THE CIGARETTE BETWEEN HER LIPS, SHE PUT OUT HER HAND TO HIM."

"But suppose he kicks?"

"Kicks!" (this with surprised emphasis.)

"Yes, kicks. It seems reasonable enough that a young fellow, who is enticed out of bachelorhood by a pretty fair sort of a girl, will not entirely relinquish his independence without a fight. And even at the risk of making a sworn foe of you, I should like to suggest something that has probably never entered your head."

"What is it?"

"Will you promise not to fly at me?"

"Nonsense; I'm not a fury."

"Very well, then. I should like just to hint, in the most amicable way, that you have a few slight faults of your own."

"I—faults!"

"You have some decided faults."

"Such as what, pray?"

"Oh, now, that's another thing. I don't profess to be able to point out the beams in your eye, when I am conscious there are plenty of motes in my own."

"Now, please—please, Molly!"

"Do you really want me to tell? Truly and honestly?"

"Certainly," was the faint response, uttered with an apprehensive look.

"Well, included among the rest," proceeded the indomitable critic, "I perceive a foolish obstinacy, a belief in your own self, an inability to look beyond your own desires. If you were asked, for instance, to give up a pleasure for the good of your husband, or for the benefit of any one else, you would never consent with a good grace. It is clear selfishness, mixed with a good proportion of pride, which is, if you will permit a dear friend to say so, extremely silly."

"Well—well!"

"And——"

"Oh, wait a moment; let me comprehend this first. Obstinate, foolishly proud, selfish—I think I have it—go on."

"No. On the whole, I think I won't. You've got it all there. All the rest of the flaws in your style of mind and temper are subordinate to those. Correct these radical faults, and you will be an angel!"

"Oh, but I don't admit a word of it!"

"Indeed!"

"Certainly not. On the contrary, I am sure you have made a mistake. I am generous, confiding, yielding, and amiable; but—oh, Molly, have you got a cigarette in your pocket? I feel that I cannot continue the course of my remarks without a stimulant."

I am ashamed to say that the blonde-haired Molly thrust her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a little bunch of Honradas, from which her companion extracted a dainty, white paper tube, and lighted it with a practiced hand. She placed it between her lips, and enjoyingly drew in a volume of smoke; then emitted it in a slender stream, until it was nearly exhausted; and then she heard a step in the grass behind her, and being startled, she puffed out the rest through her nostrils, after the manner of the Cubans, and looked around.

She saw her sweetheart, Dick, towering above her, with a curious expression upon his face. He said nothing. She nodded, and placing the cigarette between her lips, she put out her hand to him. He took it, and sat down.

"By George!" exclaimed he, first bowing to Molly.

"What is the matter?" cried Poppet.

"I am surprised—confounded!"

"At what?"

"At you."

"An excellent subject."

"That's a fact. I thought you agreed with me the other night that this woman-smoking is a bad habit?"

"Yes, certainly. If it *is* a habit. It is dreadful."

"Then it isn't the smoking, it's only the habit you refer to, is it?"

Poppet looked puzzled. There was a silence, a long one, meanwhile Poppet smoked vigorously, her little clouds puffed into the two faces beside her, and Dick began to grow red. Finally he got up.

"Poppet, I'd like to speak to you a moment."

"Oh, dear! What's it about, Dick? I can't get up."

"Very well, then."

He looked moody.

"Is it about smoking?—is it?"

"Why, yes."

"Oh, then, if you are going to scold, why do you want to take me aside? If it is sensible, why not give Molly the benefit of it?"

Dick looked volumes. He half laughed and half swore. This was a terrible sort of girl.

"Well, then, I tell you flatly I do not approve of it."

"That isn't much of an argument."

"But I hoped you would consider it a reason. I would quit any habit that offended you, and feel glad of the chance of pleasing you."

"If I adopted that principle, mercy knows what there would be left for me to do. You always object."

"I beg your pardon."

"Which, I fancy, is your polite way of telling me that I fib."

"As you please." Dick's eyes began to light up. "Poppet, I remember distinctly that you agreed with me that it is an unpleasant sight to see a woman smoke. It is useless, hoydenish, fast, and you know it. I expressly ask you to throw away that cigarette."

"And I say expressly that I shall do no such thing. To *dare* to come here, before my best friend, and ask me to give up one of the few pleasures I have, simply because your highness has come to the conclusion that I do not show off to advantage in a cloud of smoke! It is preposterous! absurd! idiotic!"

"Poppet!"

"And I wish you to understand, sir, that I shall retain as many of my habits as pleases me. It so happens that I enjoy smoking, therefore I shall smoke on all occasions, and what I like, whether it is a cigarette, or a cigar, or a meerschaum or a clay pipe—it is all the same to me."

Mr. Dick Redfern arose easily to his feet, took off his hat, made a low bow, and went away; leaving his sweetheart fuming and glaring and smoking, while in her friend's eyes there was a faint trace of tears.

"I believe it is you who are the idiot!" said she.

"At any rate, I shall now enjoy my cigarette without interruption," replied the other, "and so show him how little I care for what he says, I shall go this evening and smoke a good Havana under his window. He will smell it, look out, see me and come down, and I shall forgive him."

But Dick was savage. It was the middle of the afternoon, and it was hot, and so he brought a jug of lemonade, and sat down in a corner of his room, upon a Japanese fauteuil, to think over his situation.

He sat until the hotel bell rang for tea. He felt neither like eating nor drinking. A man who feels he must give up his sweetheart rarely does. He sat until dusk. He heard them dancing, and he knew that Miss Preston was in the middle of the rout. He grew more and more indignant, and more sure that he was right and that she was wrong. He nursed his troubled mind, and recalled all her words. It was not the miserable cigarette, but it was the disposition she showed. If she would act thus in the delicious moments of their courtship, what would she not be capable of doing when in the midst of the humdrum of married life? He reasoned with himself that there was nothing to do but to surrender her—to send back her letters and pictures, and then to go away on a sea-voyage.

It grew dark. His room was but a few feet from the ground, and they began to take down the Chinese lanterns from the trees outside. Then it grew very dark. A little breeze sprang up, but still he kept his three windows wide open, and sat looking out at the lonely picture.

He began to feel miserable, wretched, deserted. To be suddenly bereft of that thing that gave his life a motive and an object, was to make his heart sink and his spirit fail him.

It grew to be eleven o'clock. The notes of the huge bell sounded frightfully loud. As its last stroke sounded, he thought he heard a noise in the room. He looked about cautiously. By the faint glow of the stars, which came down through the overarching trees, he perceived a man's head rise cautiously above the sill of the furthest window. The body followed. Then it sank back again. Presently he heard footsteps in the grass just outside the window close beside him. Then whispers. It seemed that there were three men.

One said: "Are you sure she isn't in there?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I saw her in the grove, not a minute ago."

"Then go ahead. Get in, you two; you'll find the box in the top drawer of her bureau, on the right-hand side."

Dick then remembered that Poppet, or, rather, Miss Preston, had once occupied this room, and that she always carried a great deal of jewelry about with her at the watering-places.

Dick began to remember his boxing-lessons. He slipped off his shoes, and took a position behind a tall chair in the corner.

Slowly and noiselessly two men entered the room through the first window, and in a moment the third followed. Dick heard them at his bureaus.

"Gad, they won't find much there, though," reflected he.

The men fumbled everything, and ransacked every drawer, meanwhile uttering half-suppressed sounds of anger.

Dick thought he had better commence operations. He crept out silently, and approached them slowly. He got behind them, and, with a savage blow, knocked one fellow into the fire-place, and another toward the window; but before he could recover to attack the third, the thief, who was as good a boxer as himself, dealt him a tremendous blow, and Dick staggered and fell. In an instant all three were upon him, and a handkerchief was forced between his teeth, and he was gagged, and his hands and arms pinioned.

Then one struck a match, and while secreting their own faces, they examined him, and took possession of his watch and wallet, and then made the complete tour of the apartment. Dick heard them at his ring-box, and he knew his diamond studs were on the way to the pawnbroker's.

Suddenly one of the men whispered an alarm.

"Hist! hist!"

"What is it?"

"There's a man outside the window, sitting on a bench."

There was a pause.

"It's a woman."

"A woman! don't you see the light of his cigar, you fool?"

"By George, let's get out of this!"

The smell of a Havana floated in at the window.

"Leave everything. If we're caught with this stuff, it'll be ten years in quod at least."

In a moment Dick was alone. He rolled about, and tried to kick.

Presently he heard a voice; a woman's voice. It was Poppet. She was calling him faintly, as if she were in pain.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! come and help me! I'm so sick—so dreadfully ill! I'm afraid I'm going to die!"

"It's that Havana the little stupid has been trying to provoke me with. I'll let her suffe a little," thought Dick.

For ten minutes he lay still, until he knew she was in the proper agony; then he raised his heels, and beat a tremendous tattoo upon the floor, which raised the house in a minute.

When he was released, he explained matters, and before he could get the wondering crowd out of his chamber, Poppet appeared at the door, white and haggard.

Dick ran to her, and led her away.

She put her aching head upon his shoulder, and whispered.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! I'll never—never be such a fool again. Is there anything else you'd like to have me give up—is there? Oh, Dick, did those wretches hurt you? Poor boy—poor—Oh, how my head goes around just like a t-o-p!"

"You saved my trinkets for me."

"But did he think he lost his *Jewel?*"

She opened her eyes, and, by the light of the gas, she gave him a heavenly look and a smile.

"Never, never!" cried Dick.

He then led her home to a pretty cottage on the top of some mighty rocks, where they found her father going about swinging a watchman's rattle, and raising a hue and cry for his lost one.

"Never mind, pa," cried Poppet, airily.

"Never mind, indeed!" echoed the old gentleman. "Oh, you're there, Dick, are you? All right, then!"

The author feels, with this model man, that it is time to retire. One does little good by penetrating too far into mystery. The two brewed some lemonade without sugar, and then went and lolled upon the wicket-gate, and gazed at the moon and the illuminated waters, and decided that life was pleasant.

THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.

HIGH above the minarets, domes, and towers of the ancient city of the same name, in Northeast India, stands the famous fortress of Gwalior, perched upon an almost inaccessible rock, one and a half miles in length by three hundred yards in width, and three hundred and forty-two feet high.

The fortress was built by Swya Sena, rajah of the adjacent territory, A.D. 773. After being many times unsuccessfully besieged, it was taken by stratagem by Baber in 1526. It fell into the hands of the English in 1780, was several times restored to the native rulers and again retaken, and was finally permanently occupied by the English in 1844, since which time it has remained in their hands.

On the east face of the rock on which it stands are several colossal figures, sculptured in bold relief.

The entrance to the fortress is at the north end of the east side, and consists, first, of a steep road, and higher up of steps cut in the face of the rock, of such a size and inclination that elephants can ascend them. This difficult ascent is protected on the other side by a massive stone wall, and is swept by several cannon pointing down it. Seven successive gates, of great strength, bar the passage to the interior. Within the fort are a palace and two remarkable pyramidal buildings of red-stone in the most ancient style of Hindoo architecture.

The city of Gwalior, lying at the base of the fortress-crowned rock, has a population of about thirty thousand, and is famous for containing the tomb of Mohammed Ghous, a renowned saint of the time of the Emperor Akbar, a very beautiful building of white sandstone, with a cupola covered with blue porcelain tiles.

Gwalior is also noted for its manufactories of gunpowder and fireworks, and for its very ancient cannon foundries.

A YEAR AGO.

I HAD been a sort of social free-lance for five years, ever since my father's death, in fact. I was his heir, his only child, and he had left me full power of enjoying myself quite independently of my mother's supervision during my minority. To her he left the rule and control of Hazeldean (my property) until I was of age. But he left me to myself, that I might become a man the sooner, he said.

My mother meanwhile managed Hazeldean to the best of her ability in my interests.

I was her only child as well as her only son, and she almost idolized me. It never entered into my mind to imagine that she could care for any one else. Therefore, the shock was very great when, one day, I was roused from my dreamy contemplation of the beauties of a certain Florentine gallery, by a letter from her, announcing that she wanted to see me at once, to consult me about her marriage!

The same hour I started for England.

I reached Hazeldean at nine o'clock on the night of the first of July. The doors were thrown open, and in a moment more I was in the hall, and then, in another moment, the peculiar rustling of a rich silk smote upon my ears, and I was wreathed about by the arms of my dear, beautiful mother.

"My own Frank! what a man you have come back to me!" she said, putting her slender, white hand up to my face with all the old fondness that had made me idolize her as a boy. Then she held me off and looked at me, and I noticed that a faint flush crept over her classically cut, rather pale face, as she said:

"Such a man, that I feel indeed I now have some one to lean upon, and to take counsel of. Come in here, my boy, and listen to the few words that I must speak before I introduce my friends to you."

She led me into the room that had always been her boudoir, and I noticed at once, with a jealous pang, that the portrait of a fine, handsome, middle-aged man hung upon the wall. Over the fireplace my father's likeness was placed, and on one side, just above her writing-table, *I* was suspended in a light frame that was attached to the wall with blue ribbons.

I sat down, and she stood over me, fondly stroking my hair.

"Dear boy, you are twenty-one now; it is time you came back to reign in the old place."

"You have reigned here well in my behalf."

"But it is time I abdicated in favor of the rightful

sovereign, Frank," she said. "And it is about my abdication that I want to speak to you. Can you forgive your old mother for cutting out a new path of contentment in life, independent of you? Can you meet Mr. Egerton kindly as my future husband?"

Involuntarily I glanced athwart the room at the portrait on the wall.

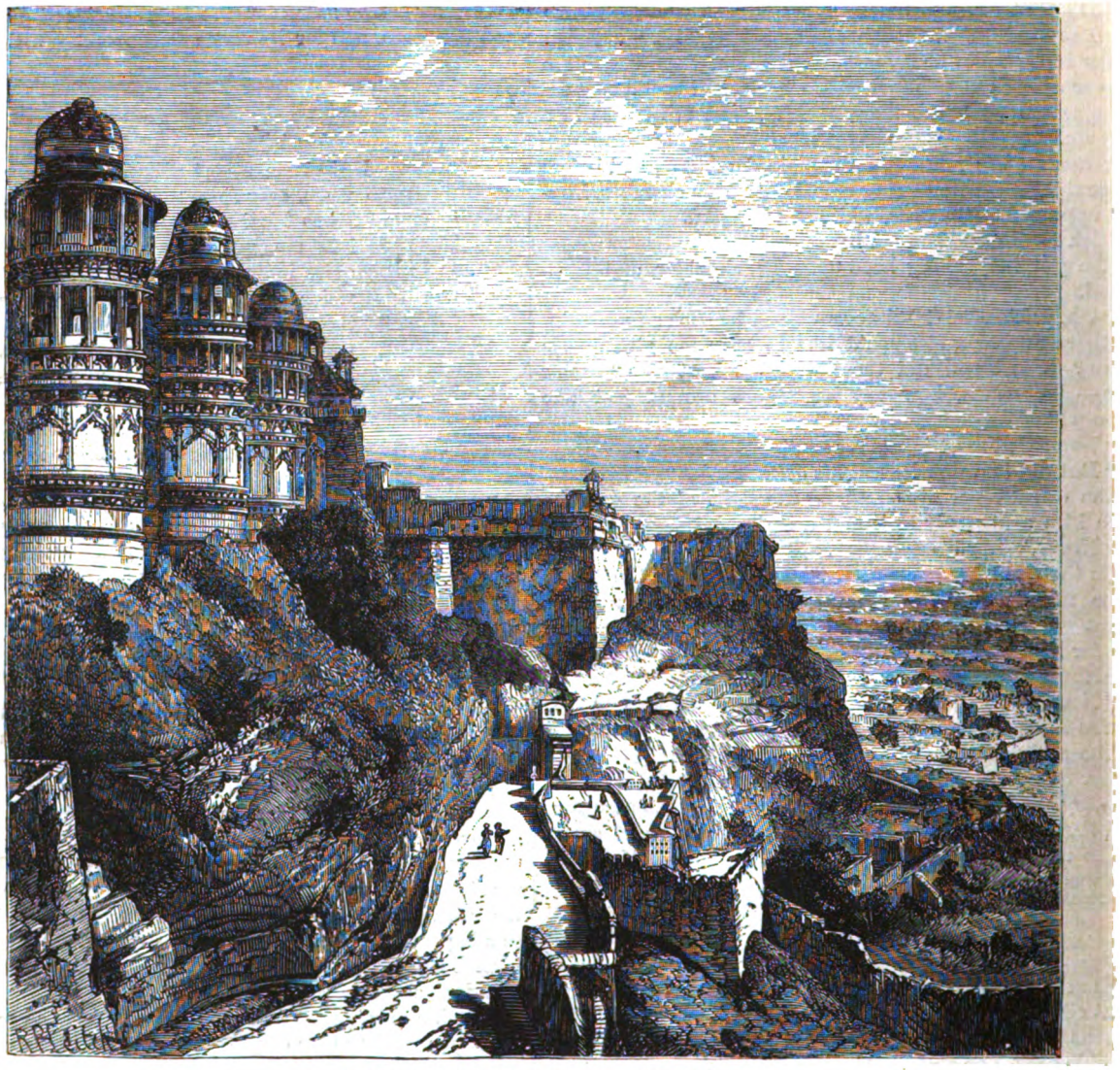
"Yes," she said, "that is Mr. Egerton. "You will like him, I am sure, if you will allow yourself to do so. He is good and generous to a rare degree——"

"He has grown-up children, hasn't he?" I interrupted.

then, and I have never seen or heard anything of him from that day, until, three months ago, he came back a widower, and renewed his offer."

"Quite a romance," I said, trying to speak lightly. "Let me go now, and see the hero of it."

We went into the drawing-room then, and I was introduced to the pair—to the father, a fine, portly, middle-aged gentleman, jovial and honest, handsome and good-tempered; and to the daughter, who bewildered me very much at once, by rising up, holding out her hand to me, and asking: "Is it to be peace or war between us, Mr. Umpire?



THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.—SEE PAGE 595.

"Only one child, a daughter, Ada. You will have in her what you used to sigh for as a boy—a sister."

"The marriage is quite settled, mother?" I interrupted.

"Yes, unless you can find some valid objection to it. Mr. Egerton is a man of large property and greater worth." She paused, and then she added, with a little effort: "He is no stranger to me, Frank. I know him to be tried and true."

"How long have you known him, mother? *I* never heard his name before."

"I knew him before I married your father. Before the fact of my engagement to your father was public property, Mr. Egerton asked me to be his wife. He left England

Have you given your consent to your mother's marriage as heartily as I have given mine to my father's?"

"Peace—peace, by all means!" I said, with an effort that was not too successful at being as debonair as the young lady herself.

She was a very pretty girl. But I have seen hundreds of women whose beauty very far surpassed hers. So, it was not her beauty that possessed me at once. It was the charm about her—the charm of way and manners and mind, that caused her to become, on the instant, the one woman in the world for me.

Like a very young man, I fell in love, ardently, at once, without pausing to consider whether the doing so was

A YEAR AGO.—"'BUT ADA!' I COULD SAY NO MORE. I COULD ONLY DROOP MY HEAD, IN ORDER TO HIDE THE TEARS THAT I MISTAKENLY SUPPOSED WERE A DISGRACE TO MY MANHOOD."

judicious or not. I would have given my gracious consent to my mother marrying fifteen of Ada's fathers, could she by any possibility have had that number, if the doing so would in aught have furthered my acquaintance with Ada.

As it was, I contented myself with being absurdly delighted with the new arrangement, and absurdly eager to cement the bonds of friendship already established between us, by hurrying on the wedding.

But Mr. Egerton was very particular about the preliminaries. He was a man of such a nice sense of honor, that he was apt "to carry his consideration for others to an almost tedious point," I felt, sometimes.

Now, in this case he was bent on having every detail of the new household he had organized in his newly bought home, "The Elms," as perfect as were my mother's surroundings in time-refined and custom-chastened ancestral Hazeldean. Until such could be the case—until the wheels of the new domestic vehicle were thoroughly oiled, and in unexceptionable working order, he would not hurry on his nuptials—a circumstance for which I bless him now, though then, in my blind, impatient, boyish ardor, I cursed him by my gods; for I fancied that, when my mother was his wife, I should have a fairer opportunity of winning his daughter.

They were our guests at Hazeldean for three weeks after my return, and then they moved to The Elms—a fine old estate, adjacent to mine, which he had recently purchased.

The day they left us, my mother, who had been unaccountably depressed, as unaccountably cheered up, in a way that was almost obnoxious to me, suffering as I was from the first pangs of the irst separation from my first love.

She seemed singularly cheerful and light-hearted, too; and when she expressed an evidently heartfelt pleasure in being alone with me once more, I was nearly beside myself with surprise and annoyance.

"She is beginning to repent of her infatuation," I tried to tell myself; but I felt all the while that it was not her infatuation that was causing the variableness in her moods.

We said very little about the Egertons. I know, when I tried effusively to congratulate my mother anew on being about to form an alliance with a family in every way so enchanting, she checked me rather coldly.

"He is a right honorable gentleman, of that I am sure, Frank. It will be through much tribulation that we resign the hope of being nearer to each other than we are now, if we ever *do* resign it."

"Why should you resign it—who's to interfere? Come, mother, dear, this is too much of a joke! No one can say you nay in this matter; your own children are delighted at the prospect."

"Our own children scarcely know their own minds," she said, sweetly, but very seriously, I thought.

"I shall go over there to-morrow, and see how they are settling down," I said, ignoring the full meaning of her remark.

"Why not wait till you see him, as you will to-morrow at dinner?" she said, hastily.

"To-morrow at dinner! Delightful! You didn't tell me they were coming, mother."

"Ada will not be here," my mother said, trying to speak with calm indifference. "She is very anxious to put the drawing-room into more tasteful order than the upholsterer has left it in, so she will stay at home all day to-morrow."

"What perfect taste Ada has about arranging a house, as well as about everything else!" I said, enthusiastically; and then I felt happy that my mother did not respond to my enthusiasm other than by the words:

"Yes: until she marries, she will be a dear sister and friend to you, Frank; she is sure to exert a refining influence over a man."

"Sister! That is stubbing the bands of relationship that will exist between her father and myself with a vengeance, mother; and who is she going to marry?" I asked the question with an eager petulance that did not escape her observation.

"I don't know that there is any thought of her marriage at present; but I must look forward to losing my daughter, and you to losing your sister, some time or other, Frank."

"It's evident my mother doesn't want me to fall in love with Ada," I said to myself. And I puzzled my brains for an hour or two before I went to sleep, in vain efforts to discover the cause of this lukewarmness on her part toward a girl who had such influence over her (my mother) before I came home. "It's feminine caprice," I decided at length; and having arrived at that satisfactory conclusion, I fell asleep and dreamed that I was forbidding the banns of marriage between Mr. Egerton and my mother.

In real life—out of the region of dreamland—the preparations for that marriage were moving on apace.

It is a difficult thing to depict the gradual growth of a passion. I was speedily completely absorbed in my thoughts of Ada, and before very long I knew that the feeling was reciprocal. We had been strolling about together one afternoon for a couple of hours among the shrubberies at The Elms, when I suddenly resolved to put my fate to the touch without any further hesitation. I am not going to say in what words I did this, but at any rate they were sufficiently eloquent words for the purpose, if I may judge by the result. Ada first accepted me, and then suggested a doubt of its being possible for her to do so, in these words:

"Oh, Frank, dear Frank! what is the use of my saying 'Yes,' when I feel that your mother will say 'No'?"

"Why, Ada," I cried, unwilling to admit that I, too, foresaw opposition from my mother, "she is devoted to you; she loves you as her daughter already."

"But does not wish for me as her son's wife, unless I am very much mistaken," she said. "Now, don't be hasty and intemperate, Frank; if she has objections, depend upon it they are such as we shall both respect when we hear them——"

"I should scatter any objections that intervened between us, as chaff is scattered before the wind!" I said, foolishly.

"No, you wouldn't," she said, gravely; "you will listen to them; meet them, if possible, like a man; succumb to them, if it must be so." Her voice faltered, and for a few moments I was almost tempted to think harshly of my mother.

We communicated the step we had taken to our parents that same night. I pleaded my cause and my right to love her ardently, passionately, volubly. Ada said little more than—

"I love Frank, papa, and if you will let me marry him, I shall be a very happy girl."

And when she had said this, a portentous silence fell upon us all, and I began to tremble.

My mother was the first to speak.

"My boy and I will talk over this as we are driving home to-night," she said, gently. Then she laid her hand on Mr. Egerton's arm, and added, "I know your feelings on this subject as well as you know mine. You may safely trust me."

Then there came a hurried and confused leave-taking, and presently I found myself driving my mother home in her own phaeton at a fast trot.

"Pull up and walk the ponies, Frank; what we have to

speak about can't be spoken about too soon," she said, at last; and I pulled up in obedience to her request, but uttered never a word. My sense of injustice being dealt out to me was too young as yet.

"Frank, I have feared this for some weeks; it is not an unexpected blow to me."

"Why should it be a blow at all?" I asked. "You seemed fond enough of Ada at one time."

"I love her dearly."

"Then, why don't you like my marrying her? My whole heart is wrapped up in her. Mother, she is all the world to me; it will kill me if she is worked upon to refuse me."

"She shall not be worked upon to refuse you."

"Mother, are you crying?"

She was sobbing bitterly; but she checked her sobs presently, and said:

"I am glad I have had this talk with you alone, dear, before you met Mr. Egerton again. Frank, there is nothing I would not do for you, my own child, my *only* child; any sacrifice I can make seems poor and meagre to myself."

She was speaking in a quick, agitated manner, and I interrupted her to ask:

"What sacrifice are you called upon to make?"

"One that I shall have strength given me to make for you, Frank. I thought to be a good man's cherished wife. Instead of that——"

"Good heavens, mother! what do you mean? How can my marriage with Ada interfere with your marriage with her father?" I interrupted, hastily. "This is most perverse and unkind."

"It is neither," she said, almost sternly. "I have—I have always had strong feelings on this point. To me, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a most repulsive thing; I could never touch the hand of a man in friendship who was guilty of what I should consider to be such an offense against all purity, a sin against God and man. The alliance you propose would be little less repugnant to me if I married her father; she would be a sister-in-law to you, and I should feel that, in consenting to your wedding her, I was violating principles that have hitherto been sacred to me; therefore, Frank, I shall not carry out my own marriage engagement, and I pray to Heaven I may be rewarded by seeing you happy in yours."

"Mother, this is too much."

And then I proceeded to expostulate, and protest, and argue. But it was all of no avail. Nothing moved my mother from that stronghold of purity and delicacy and high principle on which she had taken her stand. I could not agree with her prejudices *then*, in the heat and ardor of my first avowed love. But I respected them, and I had an uneasy feeling even then that she was right.

I could not resist taking Ada into my confidence, and I saw with annoyance, as soon as the case was put before her, that she sympathized with my mother. Visibly she recoiled from the contemplation of the complications that would arise out of the double marriage.

"What a much better woman your mother is than I am, Frank!" she said, sadly. "I see it all now—but I didn't see it before. Our course is clear, dear brother!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"That we must part, and that as soon and with as little fuss as possible. We mustn't selfishly blight them, you know; and if we marry, it's clear they won't."

"But, Ada!" I could say no more. I could only drop my head on my hands, in order to hide the tears that I mistakenly supposed were a disgrace to my manhood.

"Hush, Frank! you will be rewarded," she said, solemnly; and then I tried to clasp and kiss her, but she held herself aloof, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and my mother said: "You will both be rewarded, my children. Ada, my daughter, your father consents to your marriage with Frank;" and then she drew us both within her arms, and kissed us warmly.

"And you—and you?" Ada asked, eagerly.

"I shall ask Frank to let me have the pretty old Hollow End house, as my town house," she said, lightly.

"You won't marry papa!" Ada cried; and for answer my mother put her hand on Ada's lips, and said:

"Never a word more on that subject, dear; it is easier for the old to renounce hopes that are dear to them than for the young to do it."

I believe that I had the chivalry to make offers of self-abnegation, if that would secure my mother's almost consummated plan of happiness; but they were not accepted.

My wife and I wintered abroad, hearing constantly from my noble-hearted mother, who never suffered us to gather from her letters that she was other than happy and cheerful and well. With the coming of the Summer, the desire to return to our home set in; so Hazeldean was set in order for us, and we came back to it on the 8th of July.

We had each written to our respective parents, entreating them to be at Hazeldean to receive us; and there they were, when we got out of the carriage, waiting on the doorstep, looking glad; but, oh! so much older than they had looked at this time last year. We would not let it be a tearful meeting, but it was a very emotion-producing one, nevertheless.

I think my mother was more tender to me than ever that night. Over and over again she assured me, in a hundred ways, that her life was a peaceful and happy one.

I think I must have been asleep for about three hours, when I was roused by a fierce pull at the door-bell. By-and-by I heard servants whispering excitedly, and presently I was called down to speak to Archer, my mother's groom.

I knew what was coming the moment I caught sight of the man. I held out my hands to avert the blow that seemed to be bearing down upon my head at once. But it was a blow that might not be averted. Oh! men and women, whose hearts are human, have pity upon me! My mother was dead!

She had "died very peacefully," Archer said, "of that 'ere complaint she's been subject to lately—leastwise, these last few months; missis has over and over again gone like a sheet, but she'd never tell any one else of it; she always said it didn't matter, and, above all, you was to be kept from being worried by hearing of it; but, you see, the time has come when you must hear—so now I tell you."

The poor, faithful old fellow ended with a sob, and I grasped his hand yearningly in my speechless sorrow, and then went back to my wife, who was already conscious that the shadow of sorrow had fallen upon her home.

"Tell me at once, Frank?"

"My mother is dead," I managed to say; and then my wife, my comforter, sprang to my side, and exclaimed:

"Frank, Frank! you'll believe that my grief is only one degree less keen than yours; she was almost my mother, too; she forfeited her happiness to secure *mine* as well as yours; but, in this hour of freshest agony, *I* bid you bear *this* in mind. The sudden death is due to heart-*disease*, not to heart-sorrow. My husband, my own dear husband, we are faultless in this matter; I feel it from my soul."

She was right. Ada was proved right, by the researches of science, a few hours after this pouring in of balm and oil upon my wounded conscience. My mother had been a victim to that insidious foe to humanity, which lays low so many without a moment's warning. She had not died of the disappointment which had been brought about indirectly by my love for Ada and Ada's love for me.

A BURMESE TOY-SHOP.

Now that her sweet, pure, patient life is over, she speaks to us still from every nook and corner of quiet, dearly loved Hazeldean. My children, if I am blessed enough to have any, will learn from me, and from their mother, at what a sacrifice the beautiful, noble-looking woman in violet velvet, who holds the honored place in our gallery of family portraits, bought their parents' happiness. And, learning this truth from our loving lips, they will also learn this truth: that there is no purer, stronger love on earth than the love of a mother for her child.

A BURMESE TOY-SHOP.

THE Burmese are a simple-minded, indolent people, frank and courteous, fond of amusement and gay-colored apparel, friendly among themselves, and hospitable to strangers.

The costume of the Burmese is remarkably simple. Both sexes wear a short white jacket, called an *engie;* and the male a *putso*, a piece of silk or cotton cloth, usually the former, of gay color, red or yellow, about a yard in width, and four or five in length, which is worn round the hips; while the women wear a *temine*, which is a nearly square piece of cloth or silk, sufficiently large to wrap around the body, and fastened merely by tucking the outer end within the other. The men wear gay-colored silk bandannas—*gounboungs*—in adjusting which they sometimes entwist a thick lock of hair; the women wear no head-covering. Both men and women wear their hair long; the former gather it in a bunch, on the top of the head, and the latter comb it straight back from the forehead and tie it in a knot behind.

Burmese houses are built of teak wood, palm leaf, bamboo, rattan, and grass; and are generally raised upon piles four or five feet from the ground, as a preventive of fevers and to provide against the inundations of the rainy season. The shops or bazars are of similar construction, but often entirely open to the weather, like th toy-shop shown in our picture.

Some of the shops are two stories in height; all of them are neat and tidy in appearance. The contents of a Burmese toy-shop are of the most miscellaneous character. Images of animals and deities abound, and many of them, although rudely executed, are really faithful representations of the animals they simulate. Other toys and trinkets are shown in endless variety, and the intending purchaser may, by the expenditure of a single rupee (about forty-six cents), secure a sufficient quantity to make glad the hearts of a numerous family of little folks.

THE MOABITE STONE.

THERE has been discovered in the land of Moab a stone covered with writing—being the only authentic and original Biblical monument which has been found up to the present time. Indeed, according to M. Ganneau, the King of Mesha is no other than the King of Moab whose bloody wars the Bible recounts, and who was contemporary with the Kings of Israel, Ahab, Ahaziah and Jehoram.

The Rev. D. Ginsburg says that the inscription on the stone reads almost like a chapter of the Bible, this curious relic dating back 900 years before Christ, and the inscription being older than two-thirds of the Old Testament. Out of twelve or fifteen Moabite cities mentioned in the Old Testament, eleven were enumerated in that inscription. He concludes that, at the period indicated, an organized temple service existed among Jews out of Palestine, and that that service must have been very much akin to the service of the Moabites; that the inscription was far more simple than two-thirds of the Old Testament; that in military prowess they were superior to the Jews; and that the ancient Greeks and Romans, and we ourselves, had derived what had become our alphabet from them.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

By Henry Barton Baker.

"C'est luy qui a grâce et parler de maître,
Digne d'avoir sur tous droit et puissance,
Qui, sans nommer, se peut assez connoître.
C'est luy qui a de tout la connoissance,
De sa beauté il est blanc et vermeil,
Les cheveux bruns, de grande et belle taille;
En terre il est comme au ciel le soleil,
Hardi, vaillant, sage et preux en bataille;
Il est benin, doux, humble en sa grandeur;
Fort et puissant, et plein de patience,
Soit en prison, en tristesse et malheur
Il a de Dieu la parfaite science,
Bref, luy tout seul est digne d'être roy."

Such is the glowing picture—I have omitted its extravagances—drawn by Marguerite de Navarre of her brother Francis in his youth. And it is, perhaps, little exaggerated, for he was undoubtedly the handsomest and most chivalrous prince, as well as one of the finest men, in Europe, of his time.

"The tradition of Agnès and the Court of Charles VII.," says Michelet, "set then in the form of a romantic legend, enveloped Francis I. His governor, Artus Gouffier, was the son of Charles VIII.'s governor, who in his early youth had been valet de chambre to Charles VII. Thus the child was cradled in these remembrances of *la dame de beauté* and the Court of King René, of the soft and wandering life—passing from château to château—which these kings lived. Add to this the eternal story of Italian affairs, when Gouffier had followed Charles VIII. and Louis XII., Fornoue, Agnadel and Ravenna, the beautiful women coming to meet the conquerors, the pleasures of Naples. This paradise was the King's, if he knew how to retake it. The whole adorned by Boiardo, Roland, Angélique, 'Les dames, les combats, les nobles cavaliers.' This is what the complaisant governor recounted to his pupil in those long rides among the interminable windings of the Charente, or following the eccentric course of the deceptive Loire."

FRANCIS I.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CLOUET IN THE LOUVRE.

Louis XII. dying without issue in 1515, the crown devolved upon young Francis, then Duc d'Angoulême, as first prince of the blood. He had just entered his twenty-first year, and the whole nation was filled with hope, and eager expectation of a glorious reign. His assumption of the title of Duc de Milan, revealed his intention of following the Italian policy of his two predecessors. To secure the alliance or neutrality of the surrounding powers was his first care. The Archduke Charles, who, although only fifteen years of age, had already assumed the government of the Netherlands, received his overtures with favor, and the renewal of the treaty with England, by which he engaged himself for the million crowns promised by the late king, secured the good-will of Henry VIII. With the old wolf, Ferdinand, he was not so fortunate; neither, as a necessary corollary, with his adherent, the weak-minded Maximilian. To the veterans he promised the recovery of their former possessions in Lombardy; Leo X. declared his intention of remaining neutral, but almost immediately ranged himself upon the side of Spain; and soon afterward Henry showed symptoms of disaffection to his cause.

Full of ardor, burning to emulate those deeds of arms of De Foix and other great captains, over which he had pored and even wept, no obstacle nor opposition appalled him. He gathered together a large and well-disciplined army, and the most formidable train of artillery that France had ever possessed, and started on his expedition. The Swiss guarded the passes of the Alps; but he, marching

by a new route, avoided them, and descended upon Milan so unexpectedly and rapidly, that Colonna, who was at table when the French arrived, demanded, in astonishment, whether they had dropped from the stars.

On the 13th of September, 1515, was fought the famous battle of Marignano, one of the greatest victories ever achieved by French arms. Within two hours of sundown the Swiss unexpectedly commenced the attack, with such resistless violence that the French could scarcely withstand it. Far into the darkness of the night raged the slaughter, until the confusion obliged a cessation. But with the first dawn of day it recommenced. During the interval, the French troops had been rearranged, and were now more than a match for their assailants. Francis, plunging into the very thickest of the fight, performed prodigies of valor. The Swiss mercenaries, who had won so many engagements that they were considered invulnerable, lost 12,000 of their best men. The old captain, Trivulsio, who had been through the Italian wars of the previous reign, said that all the battles he had ever witnessed had been but child's play to this, for it was a battle of giants.

After the victory, there was acted a scene that has been frequently pictured, both by romancist and painter. It was a momentary flicker of the expiring flame of chivalry. By the side of the King had fought Bayard, the last of the heroes, with all the mightiness of an ancient paladin, and all the romantic courage of a knight-errant. So impressed was Francis by his prowess, that, kneeling before him, he begged to be knighted by the sword that had performed such wonders. And there, with all the army looking on, Bayard performed the ancient ceremony, and vowed never to draw that sword again, except against the infidel.

The entire submission of the Milanese followed of necessity so overwhelming a victory; that of the Genoese quickly succeeded. And after an interview with Leo, at Bologna, in which the presentation of ecclesiastical benefices within their kingdom was formally ceded to the Kings of France—a privilege which thereafter greatly affected the social and religious life of that country—Francis returned to Paris, crowned with laurels.

Peace being now established for several years, and his ambition and love of glory being satisfied for a time, he was free to indulge in that love of magnificence and that patronage of art with which posterity has chiefly associated his reign.

It is a strange contradiction that under this monarch, who was above all *the* king of the Renaissance, much of the ancient spirit of chivalry, which had been dormant during three reigns, should be so revived so brilliantly, although, like the Gothic of the preceding generation, a little overweighted with ornament. Never was fabled knight of King Arthur's Court more deeply imbued with its fantastic poetry than this Francis; but the subtle and resistless spirit of the age was yet more potent, and carried him in an opposite direction. Nor was he the only *preux chevalier* of his time; Bayard, that model of knighthood, who might have held an honored place at the Round Table, still lived. There was the gallant De Lorges, whose bravery was put to such a cruel test. Francis kept lions at Fontainebleau, and loved to see them fight. One day De Lorges and his mistress were present at one of these combats; she let fall her glove, purposely, into the arena when the beasts were at their greatest fury. Without a moment's hesitation he rolled his cloak about his left arm, brandishing his sword with the right, sprang in and showed so determined a countenance to the lions that they dared not attack him, picked up the glove, and restored it to the lady amidst the applause of the spectators. But she was justly punished for her barbarity, for he took leave of her upon the spot; saying he wished no longer to be counted among the gallants of one who had exposed him to such a peril for a mere caprice.

POPE LEO X.

The disruption of the feudal seigneuries and the consequent breaking up of the isolation and independence of the old *noblesse*, the increase of the central power, which gradually concentrated all favor and authority into the gift and hands of the King, brought all the ambitious young nobles to Court, since it was there alone they could now look for advancement. The splendor with which the new monarch surrounded himself, and that desire for luxury which had been growing at a prodigious rate since the first invasion of Italy, gave an intense impetus to this movement, and month after month the numbers of the old medieval castles that were given over to the owls and the winds, or to the care of a few aged domestics, not sufficiently presentable to swell the train of the seigneur, increased throughout the land. The rudely-garbed provincial was quickly transformed into the elegantly accoutred courtier with his silken coat and hat, doublet, breeches and shoes slashed in various colors, a rapier at his side, and an engraved ring upon his finger, his hair * and nails cut short and his beard worn long. If he were handsome and gallant he might hope to be taken under the protection of some noble lady and provided with employment at Court, a post in the army, or even a benefice in the Church; for since the disposal of its patronage had come into the hands of the King such was frequently bestowed upon laymen.

It was at the Château d'Amboise, which Charles VIII. had rebuilt in the Italian style, that Francis held his Court in the earlier years of his reign. He did not care for cities, but loved to blend the splendors of his palace with the natural beauties of the woods and fields. It was a court of romance, the joyous life that Boccaccio drew, with much of the wild extravagance of Ariosto, a realization of those boyish day-dreams by the Charente and Loire. But although its headquarters were at Amboise, this joyous Court was never stationary, but was always *en route:*

"Like a moving romance," says Michelet, "a Pantagruelian pilgrimage, the whole length of the Loire, from château to château, from forest to forest. Everywhere the chase and the deafening horn. Everywhere the grand banquet beneath the trees for some thousands of guests. Then all disappeared. The poor envoys of the King of Spain never knew where or how to join the King of France. He rose very late, as did also that other king, his mother. They came in vain in the morning, the King was asleep. They re-

* Previous to the time of Francis, the French nobles had worn their hair long; the cause of this change of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of modes. On Twelfth Day, or *le jour des rois*, the court being then at Romorantin, the King was informed that the Comte de Saint-Paul, following an ancient custom, had made in his house a king of the bean. Upon which Francis gathered about him all his courtiers and informed them that he should place himself at their head and lay siege to the count's house to dethrone this king. Saint-Paul, made aware of his coming, prepared for his defense, and caused his people to bring within doors a large number of snowballs, and gather together all the apples, eggs, and other things that would serve for projectiles, they could find. The assault commenced, but very soon the besieged had exhausted their ammunition; in the excitement of the moment, some one snatched up a burning log from the hearth and cast it through the window. It fell upon the King's head, inflicting a severe wound. The physician found it necessary to cut his hair close to his head. From that time he allowed his beard to grow. A few weeks afterward every pretender to fashion, whether of court or town, appeared with beard and cropped head.

turned later; the King was on horseback, far away in the forest. The evening was too pleasant; business to-morrow. The next day he was gone; the Court was *en route;* the envoys would find some belated servitors who told them hastily the King slept ten leagues from there."

"King Francis," says Brantôme, "having chosen and formed a troop, which he called *la petite bande*, of the ladies of his Court, the most beautiful and gentle, and whom he loved best, often stole away from the Court and went away to other houses to hunt the stag and pass the time, and there he would dwell thus retired, eight days, ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as it pleased his humor."

But mingled with this Arcadian life were *fêtes* as gorgeous as those of Louis XIV. There was one of notable splendor at the baptism of the Dauphin, and the marriage of Lorenzo de Médicis, Duc d'Urbino, with Madeleine de la Tour, the heiress of the Comte d'Auvergne. Leo had been solicited to be sponsor to the prince, and had sent his nephew, Lorenzo, to represent him. The ceremonies were splendid. The great court of the palace was covered by a vast awning, under which assembled all the flower of the French nobility, all the great dignitaries of the Church, the ambassadors of all the foreign Courts, and many foreign princes. At the supper every course was brought in to a flourish of trumpets, and between each there was a ballet performed by seven companies of demoiselles dressed in the costumes of Germany, Italy and Spain, and beating time to their steps with tambourines. There were jousts on horseback and on foot, and a sham siege, for which an elaborately constructed fortress made of wood had been raised.

But all other *fêtes* were as nothing when compared with the ever-famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Maximilian being dead, Francis became a rival candidate with Charles for the Imperial throne, and desiring the alliance of England, invited Henry to meet him near Calais. The interview between the two monarchs took place upon a great plain between Ardres and Guines which divided their territories. The ground was covered with tents, the principal of which were adorned both within and without with cloth of gold. The nobles of the two nations vied with each other in the splendor of their appointments. "Several there," says an old historian, quaintly, "carried their forests, their meadows, their mills upon their shoulders."

Henry had constructed for himself a vast palace of wood and glass, which glittered in the sunshine like a prolusion of a Crystal Palace; it was divided into four compartments, and covered with a cloth painted to represent freestone. Within was a spacious court with two fountains, from each of which flowed wine, water and hippocras. The entire edifice had been brought from England in pieces that were joined together by pegs, but neither stone nor mortar was employed. Francis's palace was no less splendid and ingenious than that of his brother monarch. He had caused to be constructed, besides, a building in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, three tiers in height, and a pavilion sixty feet square, covered on the outside with cloth of gold, and within with blue velvet embroidered with *fleur de lis;* but a high wind destroyed this last and carried it away. Midway between the two camps was erected a tent which in the richness of its ornaments surpassed all the rest, and it was here, after many diplomatic delays, mounted on horseback, the two sovereigns met and embraced one another with every demonstration of affection.

When the articles of the treaty were read and signed, Francis expressed a desire to entertain his kingly brother; but Henry, who seems to have been suspicious throughout, was not willing to confide his person to the keeping of the French without due precautions, and proposed that while he dined with the Queen of France at Ardres, Francis should be received by the Queen of England at Guines; thus they would have been hostages for each other. But Francis, full of impulsive generosity, grew impatient of these Machiavellian precautions, and resolved to put an end to them in a manner that shamed the less chivalrous monarch. One morning, accompanied by only two gentlemen and a page, he presented himself at the Château de Guines and demanded of the governor:

"Where is the chamber of my royal brother?"

"Sire, the King is not yet awake," was the reply.

"That is no matter," replied Francis.

And being conducted to the royal bedchamber, he knocked at the door, entered, and walked to the King's bedside. Greatly moved by this generous confidence, Henry exclaimed:

"Brother, you have done the noblest thing that ever one man did to another, and shown me the great confidence I ought to have in you. I am your prisoner, and I pledge you my faith."

Then they made an exchange of splendid presents, and when the English King rose the French King insisted upon acting as his valet and assisting him to dress. The next morning Henry took horse, unattended, to the Château d'Ardres, in imitation of his visitor, and performed the same attentions to his brother of France.

All this may seem very silly stuff to the nineteenth century, but nevertheless it is full of meaning as another momentary revival of dying chivalry.

Then followed jousts and tourneys, but they were mere gorgeous spectacles, bearing the same relation to the tournaments of feudalism that a stage representation does to the reality. Fighting had come to be regarded rather as as a disagreeable necessity than the pleasure of life, the value of which seems ever to increase with the progress of luxury. Besides courtesies and fighting, there were feasts and entertainments of the most splendid description, which lasted many days.

But, alas, all this kingly cordiality was as evanescent as the pageant that celebrated it; the next year Henry concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Emperor against France. Francis had so impoverished both himself and his nobles by these extravagances, that upon the breaking out of the war he found himself without the means of equipping or feeding his troops, and was obliged to resort to the most oppressive imposts to raise money.*

It was Francis who commenced that infamous institution, the royal mistress, the curse of France during so many generations. He was twice married, first to Claude, the eldest daughter of Louis XII., a *mariage de convenance;* she was a princess of religious and retired habits, who bore him three sons, Francis, Henry, and Charles, and four daughters. Her many virtues procured for her the title of *la bonne reine.* The contempt of her husband and the hatred of her mother-in-law probably shortened her life; she died in 1524. His next wife was Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and the widow of Emmanuel of Portugal; she fell in love with him during his captivity in Madrid. This was another political marriage, and her life was no happier than that of her predecessor; the tyranny of the queen-mother, and the insolence of the favorites, drove her from

* The entire revenues of the Crown amounted, under this reign, to about 5,600,000 livres, and the expenses of his ordinary household absorbed more than one-third of this sum, and such festivities as that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold must have still further decreased the residue. The nobles, in return for exemption from taxation, were still obliged to serve the King at their own expense in time of war; but the decay of feudalism, and the employment of trained mercenaries, had rendered war an infinitely more costly business to kings than it had been in the old times.

the Court, while the enmity and the wars between her husband and brother were unceasing afflictions to her.

"It must be confessed," says Brantôme, "that before him (Francis I.) the ladies came but little to Court, and only in small numbers. It is true that Queen Anne* commenced her Court of ladies greater than other preceding queens, and without her the King, her husband, cared but little for them; but King Francis coming to reign, considering that all the decoration of a Court was the ladies, wished to increase them more than was the ancient custom." . . . "Very often have I seen our kings go into the country, into the towns and elsewhere, and there dwell and make merry for days together, without bringing any ladies with them; but we were so lost, so disconsolate, when for eight days we dwelt apart from them and their beautiful eyes, that they appeared to us a year."

Up to this period woman had been a mere "breeder of sinners," playing no part in the great business of life, since nature had unfitted her for the life of fighting and turmoil by which she was surrounded; but with the advent of luxury, and softer and more elegant manners, her influence rose; and an influence not of good, but of evil, it became for France.

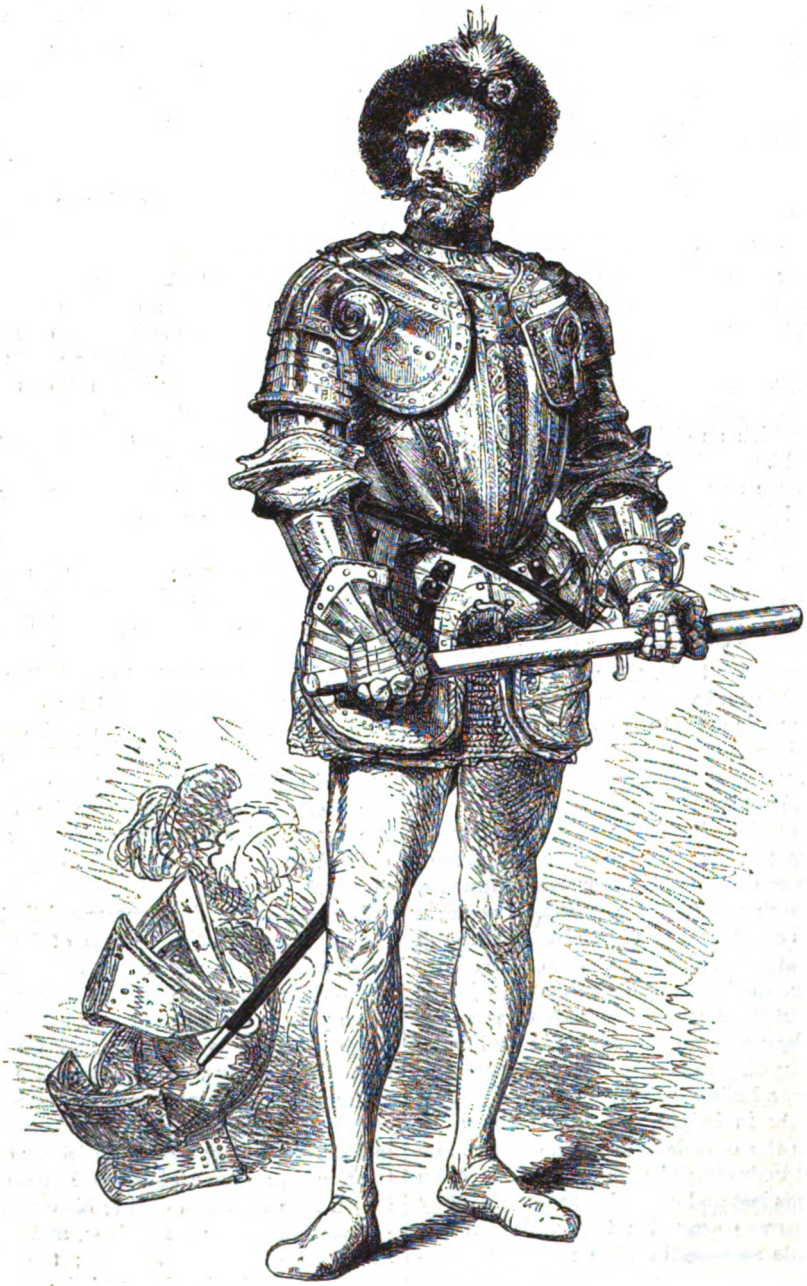
To the old romantic devotion of knight-errantry now succeeded that elegant, sensual gallantry which endured until the Revolution. It was the legitimate successor of chivalry, refined of the rudeness of its progenitor — *and the heart.* Gallantry, to use an euphuistic phrase, seemed the sole employment of the Court, and those who were not inclined to it found but little favor in the King's eyes. His three sons gloried in having mistresses, and their father, far from blaming such errors, would scarcely have acknowledged them as of his race had their manners been severe.

* The Queen of Louis XII.

"I have heard tell," says Brantôme, "that the King greatly desired the honorable gentlemen of his Court should never be without mistresses, and if they were, he considered them coxcombs and fools." * It was the *fashion* of the time, and before that omnipotent power, vice, virtue and decency have ever been mere names.

The King never stirred abroad without being accompanied by a train of demoiselles. Even when he went to meet the Pope at Marseilles he was accompanied by *la petite bande; les filles du joie,* as he styles them in an old document, wherein he authorizes his treasurer to pay them twenty golden crowns each. In his youth, according to the testimony of Brantôme, his amours were indiscriminate and often vulgar, but after a time a favorite sultana became paramount, influencing not only his domestic life, but every department of the State. "Women made all," says an historian of the period, "even the generals and captains." This is their first appearance in State affairs; the Countess de Châteaubriand and the Duchess d'Étampes were the mothers of Montespan and Pompadour.

But a more evil feminine influence even than that of the mistresses was exercised by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the

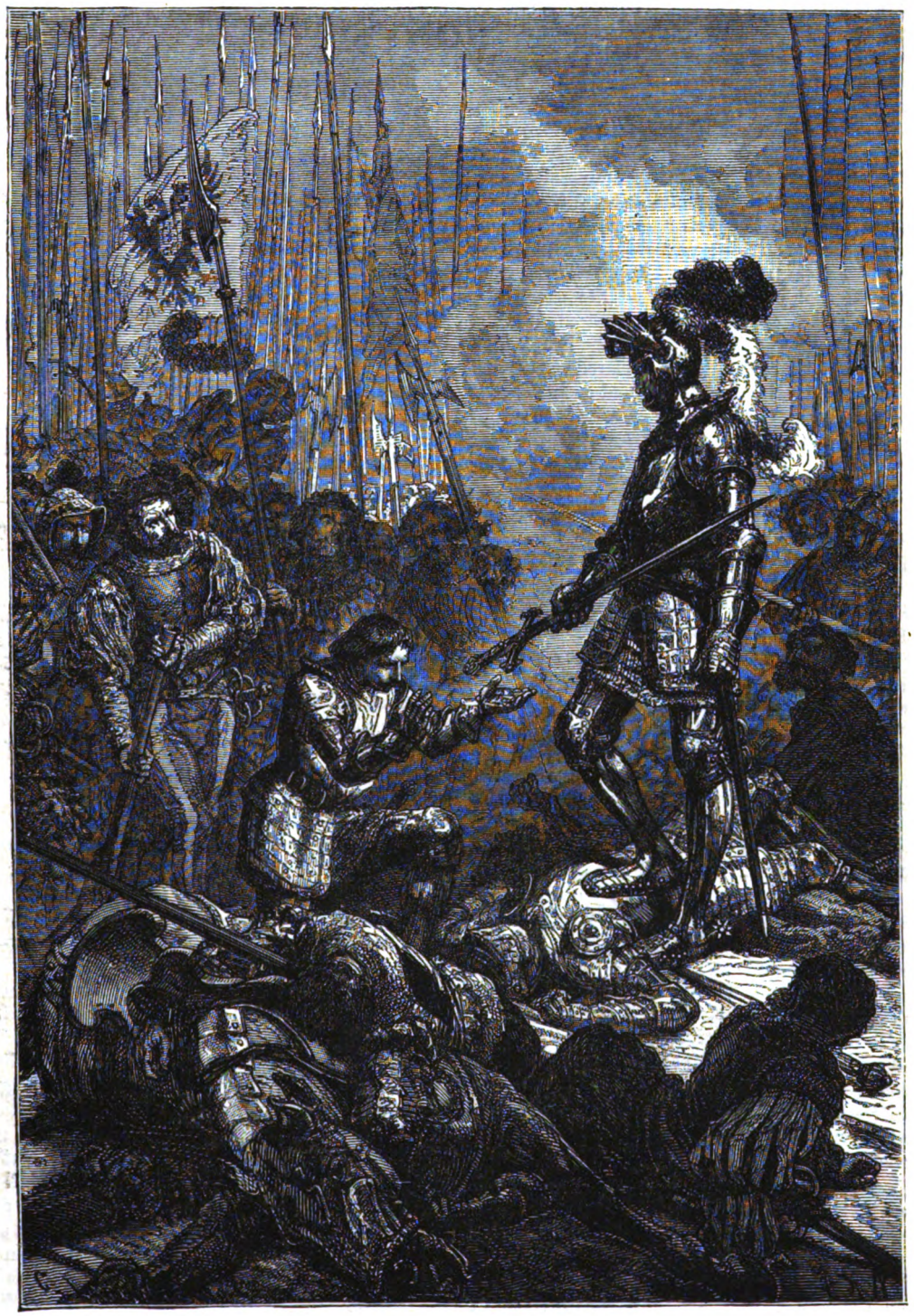


THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.— FROM TITIAN.

* The following anecdote will better illustrate the shameless immorality of the age than pages of description. Bonnivet, the admiral, who was a lover of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, dared to lift his eyes to the King's sister, the Princess Marguerite. He invited the King and the Court to his château. They came. In the night, by means of a trap-door, he introduced himself into the princess's chamber, and began to plead his passion in a very violent manner. Next day his face bore the marks of his reception. Yet he does not appear to have in any way lost the King's favor by this infamous attempt.

queen-mother, a beautiful, clever, but infamous woman. Her intrigues were shameless; her furious passions wrought infinite mischief; her overbearing insolence drove both the queens from Court; her avarice was insatiable; she lost Milan to the King by appropriating the soldiers' pay, and thereby causing a revolt among the Swiss mercenaries. This was but the sequel to an even worse deed. When Lautrec, the commander, returned to France, the King overwhelmed him with wrath, and demanded the cause of the disaster. "For eighteen months," replied Lautrec, "the men-at-arms have not been paid." Francis, astounded at hearing such an assertion, called the Sieur Semblançay, the secretary of finance.

"Did you not receive four hundred thousand ducats to send to Italy?"



FRANCIS I. AT PAVIA.

"Assuredly," he replied, "but the queen-mother imperiously demanded the entire sum, and upon her acquittance I delivered it."

The acquittance, however, was not to be found; it had been stolen by a creature of the duchess's in the service of

Semblançay. The latter was thrown into prison, and a suit commenced against him which lasted two years; he was ultimately convicted of having wrongly administered the finances of the kingdom, and sentenced to death. And this man had grown gray in the service of four kings!

This affair gratified two passions of the queen-mother—her avarice and her hate. Lautrec was a brother of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, of whose influence she was furiously jealous, and to discredit her relations was to injure her. Besides which, he had, it was said, talked too freely of the duchess's amours. He was a man of undoubted abilities, but stern and arrogant, and he had done much by his conduct to disgust the Milanese with French government. Charles and the Pontiff, both at hostilities with France, taking advantage of this sentiment, the Imperial troops, under the command of Prosper Colonna, entered the Milanese territory. But for the mutiny of the Swiss, in consequence of the non-arrival of their pay, Lautrec could have made head against them; as it was, Milan fell into their hands, and Genoa soon afterward shared the same fate. About the same period, Henry of England, actuated by the counsels of Wolsey, who was in the pay of the Empire, on some contemptible and frivolous pretext, declared war against the man to whom two years previously he had sworn eternal friendship. An army, under the command of Surrey, invaded French territory, but effected nothing. In the next year Venice, which had hitherto been Francis's ally, finding his cause in Italy desperate, entered into the league against him. Thus did the unfortunate monarch find himself alone, and encompassed by enemies. It was now the dauntlessness and power of his character shone forth, and instead of shrinking back within the defensive, he resolved to march into Italy, and attack his enemies in their strongholds.

But not even yet was the sum of his misfortune complete. He had already begun his march toward Lyons when he received intelligence that the Constable de Bourbon* was in league with Charles, and had promised to aid the Imperial troops to invade France as soon as the King had crossed the Alps. The naturally frank and generous character of Francis is admirably displayed in his mode of acting upon this warning. He at once started for Meulins, where the Constable, who had pretended illness to excuse his absence from the army, was then lying, and told him unreservedly all he had heard; upon which Bourbon protested his innocence in such solemn terms that Francis accepted his pledge, and refused to have him arrested, as more cautious councilors advised. Immediately afterward the traitor fled, and the King was doomed to bitterly expiate his too credulous trustfulness. Not considering it safe to quit his territory, he gave up the command of the invading army, thirty thousand strong, to Admiral Bonnivet, and by fortifying all frontier towns, and arresting all suspected persons, entirely defeated the conspiracy. This king certainly displayed considerable genius by the manner in which he kept all Europe, and even domestic treachery, at bay.

* The queen-mother, who had always been jealous of the Bourbons, on account of the partiality shown by Anne of Brittany, the Queen of Louis XII., for that branch of the royal family, had poisoned the mind of her son against the constable. His merits had never received their due reward, and he had been treated with uniform coldness and suspicion. But upon the death of his wife, the duchess, enamored of his fine person, formed the idea of marrying him. Not only did he repel her advances, but treated them with scorn and ridicule. From that hour she swore his destruction, and commenced by instituting a lawsuit to deprive him of his estates, which she claimed partly for herself, partly for the King. It was then he opened negotiations with the Imperial Court, which promised him the hand of the emperor's sister, Eleanor, who afterward became the queen of Francis, together with Provençe and Dauphiné, which he was to rule under the title of king.

The brief and rapid wars of the feudal ages had been succeeded by those slow and strategic operations which made the military art until the appearance of Bonaparte. Bonnivet, who had been selected to command the army, not on account of his abilities, which were mediocre, but because of his known hatred to Bourbon, which was a pledge of his fidelity, and of the King's friendship for him, was outgeneraled and outnumbered, and at Biagrassa was totally and irretrievably defeated. It was on that field fell the Chevalier Bayard, the last of the knights of chivalry. That same year Charles invaded France, entering through Provençe. But still the masterful genius of the King was equal to the occasion, and the Imperialists, decimated by disease and famine, were compelled to retire back into Italy.

It was now that Francis's good angel deserted him, and rashness and evil counsel ruined all his glory. He had still a magnificent army under his command, and with this he resolved once more to invade Milan. To this course he is said to have been determined by the persuasions of Bonnivet, who represented conquest as certain and easy. He had become enamored of a Milanese lady, and was desirous of revisiting her; hence his assurances. Upon such trifles hang wars, the lives of thousands, and the fate of great empires.

Again Milan opened her gates, and Sforza and the Imperialists retired before the invaders. But instead of pursuing and destroying them, as he might easily have done, Francis, by some strange error of judgment, sat down before Pavia, a strongly fortified and well-garrisoned town, and sent half his army to make a descent upon Naples. For three months he laid close siege to this place, and reduced it almost to the extremities of famine; the Imperialists were scarcely strong enough to attack him. But the vigor and self-sacrifice of Bourbon, now in the Imperial forces, came to their aid; he pawned his jewels, took a journey into Germany, and with the proceeds raised twelve thousand mercenaries. With these reinforcements the enemy advanced toward Pavia. The unanimous advice of the French council of war was to retire, and decline a battle. There was only one dissentient voice, that of the fatal Bonnivet, who urged the disgrace of retreat. Again the King listened, because, probably, it harmonized with his own feelings. He had sworn to take Pavia or perish, and with that romance and that strange echo of the olden time which ever and anon broke in upon the soul of this man of the Renaissance, he held that it would be an eternal shame to him to break it.

On February 24th, 1525, was fought a fatal and renowned battle. The troops on both sides were splendid. The first advantage was with the French, but the treacherous and mercenary Swiss, worthy forefathers of the brigand innkeepers of to-day, who were for ever betraying those who trusted them, and whose every vice and virtue were absorbed in the greed for gold, at the critical moment deserted their posts. The day was lost. But the King fought with the heroism of a knight-errant. Wounded severely, thrown from his horse, he fought on foot and killed seven men with his own hand. One by one the officers and nobles who had gathered round him were slain, and he stood alone, and though almost fainting with exhaustion, still wielded his terrible sword. Thus he was found by a follower of Bourbon's, who entreated him to throw down his arms, but he would have died, rather, by the hands of the Spanish soldiers who were attacking him than have yielded to his traitorous subject. And so he would have fallen, had not Lannoy, the Spanish general, come up at the time, and to him he delivered his sword. The Spaniard took it, knelt, and gave him his own, saying: "It does not

become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of a mere subject of the Emperor."

Here again we hear the noble and sweet voice of the olden time, so soon to be for ever silenced in the hell-born war of creeds.

Ten thousand men fell in this engagement, and two weeks afterward there was not one French soldier within the length and breadth of Italy. "All is lost save honor," wrote Francis to his mother, whom he had appointed regent in his absence. It was now that the nobler side of the character of the woman who had been the root of all the mischief displayed itself. Spite of all she had done, she loved her son. She gathered together the remnants of the army that had found their way back, made new levies, and, assembling the nobles at Lyons, exhorted them to stand by their country in this terrible extremity. She also appealed to the Tudor, who, frightened at the prodigious success of Charles, lent a ready ear to her pleadings; and what was more important, Wolsey, disappointed of the papal throne, which the Emperor had promised him, was filled with revenge against his cajoler.

Most harshly and rigorously did Charles treat his royal captive, and the conditions of freedom he proposed, including as they did the surrender of Burgundy, Provençe and Dauphine, were so monstrous, that Francis passionately drew his dagger, and pointing it at his breast, exclaimed: "It were better a king should die thus!"

While the mother was working with heart and brain within his kingdom to procure his release, the sister, afterward so famous as Marguerite de Navarre, made a journey into Spain to intercede for the captive, and bring him the comfort of her affection. There was a wondrous romantic love between this brother and sister, of which there is scarcely any parallel. He was in her eyes a god rather than a man, an idol, an incarnation of all that was physically and mentally glorious in creation. This passionate worship might be understood during the days of his youth, but even during his last years, when disease and excess had distorted his form and rendered his features coarsely repulsive, he was still her demi-god, glorious as ever; her eyes could see no change. When she arrived in Spain,

"She found her brother," says Brantôme, "in so piteous a state that, if she had not come, he would have died; so much better she knew his constitution and complexion than did all his physicians, and treated him and caused him to be treated, as she understood him, so well that she cured him. Thus the King often said that without her he would have died, and that he owed her that obligation which he would always remember, and would love her, as he did, unto his death."

Marguerite was young, beautiful, learned and talented, and all these gifts she set to work to procure his liberation.

"She spoke to the Emperor so bravely," to again quote Brantôme, "and so honestly, also, upon the bad treatment he had used toward the King, her brother, that he was astonished; remonstrating with him upon the ingratitude and felony he, a vassal, used toward his lord on account of Flanders,* then reproached him with the hardness of his heart, to be so little piteous to so great and good a king, and that using him in that fashion was not the way to gain a heart so noble and royal as that of the King, her brother, and so sovereign; and should he die of his rigorous treatment, his death would not remain unpunished, having children who, some day, would grow up and would signally avenge it."

This bravery, far from angering the gloomy and austere Charles, fascinated, enamored him. He softened the rigors of his captive's imprisonment, made love, but without result, to the fair pleader, and would have married her could he have won her consent. Yet, nevertheless, he became more moderate in his terms, moved thereto also by the alliance of England with France, and the growing jealousy of Europe of his power. Yet let us not rob sweet Marguerite of her meed, for she did more to effect her brother's liberation than all other causes.

On January 14th, 1526, after nearly one year's captivity, Francis signed the treaty of Madrid, whereby he gave up the Duchy of Burgundy to Charles, renounced all claims upon Italy, promised to restore the Constable to his estates and honors, marry the Emperor's sister, Eleanor of Portugal, etc., etc., and his two sons were to be given up as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions. Before putting his hand to the document, he secretly, in the presence of his councilors, made a solemn protest against it as wrung from him by tyrannous and foul means, and as such it should be considered null and void. It was but a specimen of the political conscience of the day, but, nevertheless, it is the barrier which divides the chivalrous King of his youth from the debauché and tyrant of his age. The sages of Europe, however, never believed he intended to observe such stipulations, after the cruel and ungenerous treatment he had received, and they were right.

Now came "the holy league" of France, England, Venice, Florence, Milan and the Pope—who had absolved Francis from his oath—the success of the Imperialists, the sack of Rome, the death of the Constable, the rout of the French army before Naples, mutual exhaustion of both sides, and the treaty of Cambray, wherein Francis paid 2,000,000 crowns for the ransom of his sons, renounced all sovereign rights over Flanders and Artois, and all Italian claims, while Charles on his part ceded his pretensions to Burgundy. Once more during these events we hear the fierce voice of the Middle Ages rising from the tomb. Charles, by his ambassador, denounces the French King as a base violator of the public faith and a stranger to honor and integrity, upon which Francis, by his herald, gives the Emperor the lie and challenges him to single combat. Charles accepts the defiance; but the age for such summary settlements of political differences has passed away, and the meeting never takes place. Nevertheless, Robertson dates the rise of dueling, which was carried to such terrible excesses during the remainder of the sixteenth and the greater portion of the seventeenth century, from the countenance which this kingly indiscretion gave to such encounters.*

The sufferings he endured both in body and mind during his Spanish captivity seem to have blighted all Francis's great powers, to have extinguished his fire and energy, and, above all, that self-confidence so indispensable to success. Therefore, we find him continually violating the most solemn treaties and obligations; eternally warring against the empire, but irresolutely, shiftily, blunderingly, and quite overshadowed by the ever-expanding genius of his great rival.

But let us leave these miserable wars, minute accounts of which may be found in any history, and return to that inner life of the Court wherein lay all the springs of action. The queen-mother had conquered her old rival in the King's confidence, the Comtesse de Châteaubriand†—whose empire

* The kings of France claimed seigniorial rights over Flanders.

* It must be borne in mind that the single combats of the Middle Ages were sanctioned by law, were solemn appeals to the god of justice, and totally differed from the private duel.

† The following romantic and tragic story is told by one of the old chroniclers concerning this lady. The Comte de Chateaubriand, not desiring that his wife should be seen at Court, kept her a captive in an old château in Brittany. Francis, who had heard her spoken of, brought her to Court by a stratagem. She appeared at Amboise, and everybody was dazzled by her beauty. The King no sooner beheld her than he was fascinated. But on his return from Spain he had forgotten her in the attraction of other beauties. The

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

was lost from the time of his captivity — by providing another sultana for her son's pleasure, in the person of Anne de Pisseleu, one of her maids of honor. This lady, grateful to her patroness, was content to leave politics to her greater wisdom, and to rule only the pleasures of her royal lover. She loved splendor of all kinds, she loved poetry and poets, paintings and painters, she loved the society of the learned. and inclined toward the Protestants. Francis married her to Jean de Brosse, one of the accomplices of Bourbon, who by this marriage got back his forfeited estates and a duchy into the bargain, on condition he never claimed his wife and kept away from her. It is the first example of those mock nuptials which the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis carried to such perfection. Truly this Francis was a wonderful hand at inventions. What a debt of gratitude succeeding kings owed him! So Mademoiselle de Pisseleu became Duchess d'Étampes.

The old life of *fêtes* was by no means interrupted by the costly and desolating wars; the troops were unpaid, the treasury drained, but there was always money forthcoming for splendors and pleasures. The Château d'Amboise became too small to contain the ever-swelling Court. In the depths of a wild forest was an ancient dwelling that had been occasionally used by the kings of France as far back as the twelfth century. This was Fontainebleau, and this was the spot chosen by Francis for his new palace. The old Gothic building was demolished, and with it an adjacent monastery and seventeen houses; and upon the ground they had covered, under the superintendence of an Italian architect, and by the hands of a host of Italian, Flemish and French workmen, arose a gorgeous pile of the Renaissance. Italy was ransacked for painters, sculptors, and decorators of all kinds to adorn the new palace, and among them came the great Benvenuto Cellini. It was here he executed some of his most beautiful works, his great silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and that gold salt-cellar of which he has left so wonderful a description in his Memoirs that it is worth transcribing to give an idea of the works executed for this Court:

"It was of an oval figure, and in size about two-thirds of a cubit, being entirely of gold, and admirably engraved by the chisel. I had represented the sea and the earth both in a sitting posture, the legs of one placed between those of the other, as certain arms of the sea enter the land, and certain necks of the land jut into the sea. I put a trident into the right hand of the figure that represented the sea, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship, which was to hold the salt. Under this figure were its four sea-horses, the form of which, in the breast and fore feet, resembled that of a horse, and all the hind part, from the middle, that of a fish; the fishes' tails were entwined with each other in a manner very pleasing to the eye, and the whole group was placed in a striking attitude. This figure was surrounded by a variety of fishes of different species, and other sea animals. The undulation of the water was properly exhibited, and likewise enameled with its true colors The earth I represented by a beautiful female figure, holding a cornucopia in her hand, entirely naked, like the male figure; in her left hand she held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice; this was to put pepper in. Under this female figure I exhibited most of the finest animals which the earth produces, and the rocks I partly enameled and partly left in gold. I then fixed the work on a base of black ebony of a proper thickness; and then I placed four figures in more than mezzo-relievo; these were intended to represent Morning, Noon, Evening and Night. There were also four other figures of the four winds, of the same size, the workmanship and enamel of which were elegant to the last degree."

He also invented exquisite models for the gates and fountains, which, however, were never executed, full descriptions of which are contained in his Memoirs.

But the great Florentine, who was independent and somewhat rough in manner, offended the Duchess d'Étampes by not inviting her with the King to see these models, and from that time she gave all her favor to Rosso and Primaccio, rival artists. To appease her he wrought a golden cup of exquisite workmanship, and carrying it to her lodgings begged her waiting-woman to procure him an interview.

"Upon acquainting her lady with my arrival, and the present I had brought," to again quote "Cellini's Memoirs," "the latter answered, disdainfully, 'Tell him to wait.' Hearing this, I armed myself with patience, and continued in suspense till she was going to dinner. Perceiving that it grew late, hunger provoked me to

countess, unable to endure this disgrace, returned to her husband, who, since her flight, had shut himself up in his château. No sooner did she return than he again made her a prisoner in a chamber hung with black; he permitted her to see no one except her daughter, a child seven years old. Soon afterward this child died, and from that hour the count gave himself up to thoughts of vengeance. One day six men, masked, and two surgeons, entered her chamber, seized her, opened her veins, and then left her to expire. Such marital executions were common occurrences in those days; but Brantôme, who gives numerous instances of such in his "Dames Galantes," makes no mention of this, and even mentions the countess as being at Court after the date assigned to her murder. The story, however, has been generally received.

such a degree that, unable to resist its cravings any longer, I gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal Lorraine, made him a present of the cup, begging him to stand my friend with the King, and prevent me from being deprived of his good graces."

Cellini soon became disgusted with the treatment he received, and went back to Italy, leaving the ornamentation of the palace to Rosso and Primataccio, artists infinitely inferior to himself.

"Quand verrons-nous quelque tournoi nouveau?
Quand verrons-nous par tout Fontainebleau
De chambre en chambre aller les mascarades?
Quand ouirons-nous, au matin, les aubades
De divers luths mariés à la voix?
Et les cornets, les fifres, les hautbois,
Les tabourins, violons, épinettes,
Sonner ensemble avecques les trompettes?
Quand verrons-nous comme balles voler
Par artifice un grand feu dedans l'air?"

So, regretfully, wrote Ronsard when all this magnificence had passed away.

These *fêtes* formed the models of those supposed to have been invented a century afterward by *le grand monarque.* In reading a description of the festivities which welcomed a visit of Charles V., we find the original of those fantastic devices given in honor of La Vallière. When the Emperor entered the forest of Fontainebleau there suddenly sprang forth from every bush and covert crowds of heathen gods and goddesses, fauns, satyrs, dryads, hamadryads, naiads, who danced around him to the sound of hautbois. Then there were masquerades in which the dancers appeared in the guise of wild beasts, vultures, eagles, griffins and sea-monsters. In all this we find a strange jumble of the old and the new, of the Gothic and the neo-classic.

Another novelty of the reign of Francis I., which vastly influenced the society of his posterity, was the introduction of churchmen to Court. Before this bishops and abbots had resided in their bishoprics and abbeys, scarcely acknowledging any other authority than that of the Pope. But the concordat changed all that. Benefices were no longer confined to those in holy orders, and abbeys and priories were indiscriminately bestowed upon men of all conditions whom the King wished to reward. This brought the first *public* corruption into the Church. "Not that I have heard say," writes Brantôme, "nor read that before there were more good people or better livers, for in their bishoprics and abbeys they were as debauched as the military." Rabelais, who ought to have known, was decidedly of the same opinion.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who had Rabelais for secretary, was one of the gayest of ecclesiastics, the favorite of princesses and all the ladies of the Court; he visited England, and was one of the most assiduous gallants in the train of Anne Boleyn, one of the most skillful hunters in the forest of Windsor. In 1536 Francis confided to him the defense of Paris and the lieutenant-generalship of Champagne and Picardy, and he fulfilled his trust right well. There were several such prelates in this Court.

Francis was a munificent patron of art and literature, but it is possible that ostentation had as much to do as taste with this predilection. He would have gathered all the genius of the world at Fontainebleau. Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms, and some of the greatest of the Italian artists were in his pay. It was fortunate for the intellectual growth of France that she was governed at this period by such a prince, one who suffered himself to be carried forward on the crest of the great tidal wave of civilization, and did not sink beneath it; he was a worthy contemporary of Pope Leo, those two sovereigns alone—for the brutal Tudor was too deeply sunk in sensualism, the bigot Charles in blood and fanaticism, to give any help to the great work—those two alone brought the Renaissance to perfection. Those who would study and understand this epoch must turn to the pages of Rabelais, for there they will find its every aspect reflected as in a mirror; its grossness and licentiousness; its intellectual vigor, too frequently degenerating, however, into the verbosities and hair-splitting pedantries of the schools; its strange incongruities, the result of the great upheaval of ideas; its skepticism and superstition, the product of effete forms of religion.

Spite of the desolating wars that cast a shadow upon this reign, it wears an aspect of unclouded brilliance, of Arcadian peacefulness, when contrasted with the darkness that followed, the horrors of that war of creeds that raged with unmitigated ferocity during the remainder of the century, paralyzing all intellectual growth, transforming men to worse than wolves and tigers; for God has created no brute so frightful as the bigot, be he Catholic or Protestant.

Toward the close of this reign we hear the first mutterings of the storm. Francis vacillated for some time between the two religions; he was drawn toward the reform by his sister Marguerite. But the prejudice of the nobles and the mass of the people, the ties he had formed with the Médici, the example of nearly all Europe, made up an

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

overwhelming counterpoise in favor of the elder creed. Had the question come before him more prominently in his earlier days, he might have decided otherwise, but his once daring energy was gone, exhausted by reverses of fortune and by that horrible disease which for ten years slowly ate away body and mind.

The first persecutions were brought about by the offensive zeal of certain Protestants, who affixed opprobrious reflections upon the Catholic faith against the church-doors. They courted their doom; it was a terrible one—the stake. The massacre of the Vaudois, however, was a horrible act, which casts an eternal stain upon this king's name. Nevertheless, we have many instances of his toleration; he saved Louis Berquin, one of the most learned men of the age, and a Protestant, from the flames, although the Parliament had doomed him; and, among others, he protected Clement Marot and Rabelais, both enemies to the Catholic Church.

The last ten years of his life present a melancholy spectacle of decaying vigor. Upon the death of his mother and the departure of his sister for Navarre—her marriage was said to have been insisted upon by the favorite, who was jealous of her power—the Duchess d'Étampes held undisputed empire. But not to be envied, but rather to be pitied, was she, spite of her brilliant position, as companion, minister of pleasure, and nurse to this king, grown loathsome, and morose, and tyrannous in temper. In 1536, the Dauphin, Francis, a strange, melancholy, abstemious youth, died, poisoned by some water he had drunk after playing a game of tennis. Several persons were arrested and put to the torture; the deed was reported to have been committed by agents of the Emperor, but the uselessness of such a crime—which could have been instigated only by a desire to disturb the succession, the King having two other sons—quite exonerates him. The probabilities are, that it was brought about by Catherine de Médicis; she hated the prince as the obstacle which stood between her and the crown; she was jealous of his popularity, and she was well known to be on terms of close intimacy with those most deeply suspected of the deed. In fine, she and her husband were the only persons who could possibly profit by it.

Nine years afterward, he lost his third and favorite son, Charles, Duc d'Orleans, who, in his rash and chivalrous spirit, most resembled himself, and who forfeited his life by an act of stupid bravado. The plague had suddenly appeared in the camp; everybody was in consternation. To show his fearlessness, he went and lay upon the beds whence they had just removed the plague-stricken corpses. Immediately afterward the symptoms of the disease appeared in him. He died the victim of his own folly.

During the last years, the Duchess d'Étampes, especially after the death of Louise de Savoie, the queen-mother, plunged deeply into political intrigues. Finding herself without friends, and the King's dissolution approaching, she entered into a clandestine correspondence with the Emperor, and even betrayed to him the secrets of the State. Francis knew he had a traitor about him, suspected his queen, every one except the Duchess. But she gained nothing by her perfidy; after his death she sank into such obscurity that not even the date of her demise is known.

There was one loving heart, through those years of sickness, that wept and prayed for the dying King—his sister Marguerite. She had long since become the wife of the discrowned king, Henri d'Albret, and made her little Court at Navarre the home of poets and artists and learned men; it was also a refuge for the persecuted Protestants—she herself was accused of heresy because in a book of hers entitled "Le Miroir de l'âme pécheresse," she "had *not* spoken of saints and purgatory!" In such sweet companionship, and in the exercise of her own rare abilities, she might have been happy but for the ever-approaching death of her beloved brother:

"Whoever will come to my gate," said Marguerite, "to announce the cure of the King, my brother, such a courier, be he weary, worn out, covered with mire and all unfit, I will kiss and throw my arms around his neck as the most proper prince and gentleman of France; and should he be without a bed, and not able to find one to rest upon, I would give him mine, and sleep rather upon the ground for such good news as he would bring me."

The fatal moment came at the beginning of the year 1547. Francis was but fifty-three years of age, but for the last ten years of his life he had been regarded as an old man.

Little can be added to what I have already pictured of the character of this monarch. He was a representative man of the age in which he lived, and was imbued with all its virtues and all its vices, frank, chivalrous, generous, a lover of arts and letters; politically false, ungrateful, lascivious, and sensual. Had he not been rivaled by the superior genius of Charles the Fifth, he might in all things have anticipated Louis the Fourteenth, as he did in so many. Yet, take him for all in all, there were few kings of France I should be disposed to place before him.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

It is a very ancient rite of the Roman Catholic Church that the Pope should, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, bless a golden rose, which it is a custom to send to a sovereign, to a celebrated church, or to some eminent personage. If it be not presented to any one, it receives a second benediction the year following. This pious present was substituted for the gold and silver keys, and for the pieces cut with a file from the chains which are said to have bound the hands of St. Peter, which were formerly sent.

The solemn ceremony of blessing the golden rose recently took place in the Papal Chapel of the Apostolic Palace, at Rome, of which the following are the details: A cardinal priest said mass, and the "General" of the Carmelites delivered a sermon in Latin. The golden rose was blessed by the pontiff himself, who pronounced a prayer, in which the Saviour was described as "the flower of the fields and the lily of the valleys." The Pope consecrates the rose with balm, sprinkles on it powdered musk, makes the sign of the cross over it with incense, and then deposits it on the altar, where it remains during the mass. This ceremony is very ancient.

From the beginning, the custom has been to present the rose to some Catholic prince or princess; the Pope delivering it in person, saying: "Receive this rose, the symbol of Jerusalem militant and Jerusalem triumphant, which shows to all Christians that the fairest of flowers is the joy and the crown of the saints. Receive it, beloved, noble, powerful, and virtuous son, that our Lord Jesus Christ Himself may ennoble you, like to a rose planted on the border of a running stream. May God, thrice holy throughout all eternity, grant you this grace, out of His abundant mercy and bounty. Amen."

In the fifteenth century, consecrated roses presented by the Pope were placed over the confessionals at Rome, to denote secrecy, the rose being the emblem of silence: hence the common phrase "*sub rosa*."

A Misanthrope.—He enjoys the corruption of human nature, as an epicure enjoys venison long, long kept, and to his nose and palate all the more fragrant, succulent.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
SHAKESPEARE—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

WHEN rivers reclimb the mountain side;
When Time puts back for a thousand years;
When the moon and the sea refuse the tide—
Shall Love grow sleek on a diet of tears.

When the butterfly mourns o'er the shed cocoon;
When the corpse is a care to the soul above;
When the world learns to pray for night at noon—
Shall Love be stayed with the husks of love.

Bred up together from childhood's time,
Fair was the girl and fearless the boy;
And each loved other as buds the prime,
And Love rained kisses and was not coy.

How happy their dream they scarce could know!
Scarce could they tell why a sigh was bliss;
Till years, bringing sternness sweet to her brow,
Gave a glance for words and a blush for a kiss.

And their parents smiled as they saw the signs;
And the course of their love ran smooth and bright;
And its stream flowed soft as a breeze in the pines,
Till it babbled its vows in the pale moonlight.

Now hath he left her to win him a name;
More hath he left her to win her a home:
And his letters tell of his constant flame,
And her heart keeps tune with, "Ah, would he come!"

His love-words anon seem like echoes of love;
Of love that was first to a rival spoke:
Ah! who is faithful, if false he prove;
Or true, if his plighted faith be broke?

'Tis the first night of Winter, and Nature dies;
Dies with her hope as she sits and grieves;
Tears flee the settled despair of her eyes,
While the blast pelts her window with withered leaves.

Hark! nay, we shall listen for sobs in vain.
She burns her past treasures one by one;
And, mindful of joys that shall ne'er be again,
This torrent breaks forth from her heart of stone:

"If to the darksome halls of the dead,
On the eve of our nuptials sworn, he had gone,
There should my heart have pillowed my head—
A bridegroom lost were an angel won.

"Were it death only, one life had died—
All but my all; but now doth he live
To murder the honor of all beside,
Since his truth and faith no more survive.

"Stands he revealed as a bloodless lie;
He left me, and going, he backward threw—
Swearing, 'All faithless, all false as I—'
A vail over faces brave and true.

"Ah, Parthian! making his cursed retreat
With slander-shafts from a recreant bow!
Not yet can my heart the 'no" repeat;
Though well I wis that it be not so.

"And his leprous hand my vision anoints
With a wizard's oil; then points mine eye;
And yet I see only just as he points,
Though I know him a cheat and his art a lie.

"He hath left me; and islets shall join their hands
To fish up forgotten continents;
Tritons shall blow their shells o'er the lands,
And the sea-gods shall quit their settlements;
"The old-world comets shall reappear,
The south with the north its clime shall change,
Systems be blithe for their cyclic year;
But we through the ages, for ever, be strange!"

BEARSKIN JO'S INDIAN.

"NO, sir, I cannot properly be called an Indian hunter, for I have never shot but one redskin, and even he killed himself in the end. It was a strange affair," and the old man passed his hand slowly through the white and glistening locks that crossed his noble-looking head.

"A strange affair? I beg that you will relate it, sir. Nothing has more interest for me than tales of the earlier days, of the stirring times upon the border ere I was born;" and anxiously I awaited my companion's reply.

Among the army of brave men who led the advance of civilization upon our Western frontier, and with strong arms, stout hearts, and a steady purpose, overcame the obstacles of a naturally wild country and defeated the rage of wilder men, none was more conspicuous in his own region, nor better known among the class of frontiersmen, than Bearskin Jo, the trapper.

The man was by birth a Vermonter, but emigrating, while yet a child, with his parents, he had been brought up amid the hardships and dangers of a life in the wilderness; his home, for more than twenty years, being upon the eastern bank of the muddy Missouri, in the State of the same name. From his earliest memory, the rifle and hunting-knife had been his companions, and the chase his chiefest sport. At the age of eighteen, there was no truer marksman nor braver hunter in all the river bottom, and at twenty-one he achieved the feat of killing a bear with only his knife and hatchet, which won for him, from his admiring and generous rivals, the *sobriquet* of Bearskin Jo.

In the year 1870 it was my good fortune, in traveling through Western Missouri, to become acquainted with this notable man, now grown old and decrepit, and unable longer to sight his rifle or track the wandering game as of yore; and it was from his own lips, sitting one cool evening before the open fireplace of his little cabin, that I listened to the following story. My readers must accept it in everyday English, for I am utterly unable to render the *patois* of the hunter understandingly:

"It was in the Winter of '37," began Jo, yielding to my urgent request, "if I remember rightly, that, while camping with a party of seven others upon the Little Nemaha, we became annoyed and greatly troubled by constantly losing otter and beaver from our traps. For several days we were unable to decide whether the stealing was being done by men or animals, but one morning old man Johnson discovered a moccasin-track in the damp snow along the bottom, and at once it became plain that we were the victims of Indian treachery.

"I say treachery, for at that time the tribes along the river had entered into a compact with the white men, whereby the latter were allowed to hunt and trap unmolested, in return for certain quantities of powder and ball supplied by them to the savages. Consequently, this thieving was in direct violation of the treaty, and we determined, if possible, not only to secure the rascal who was troubling us, but to make an example of him that would

deter others of his tribe from following in his footsteps. Our first plan was to set a large bear-trap near the smaller beaver-traps that he had visited, hiding it so effectually as to deceive even an Indian, hoping thus to capture him as we would take a wild animal. But it seemed as though instinct warned him from the danger, and for three days there were no signs of his having attempted another robbery; when, unexpectedly enough, the report was brought in that the traps two miles lower down stream had been emptied, and that the same moccasin-track was visible near them. We changed the position of our "bear-clog," as the boys called it; still without success. Then old man Johnson arranged a spring-gun, loaded with fine shot, so as to cover the path along the river-bank for a dozen rods or more; but for two days it remained undisturbed, and on the morning of the third, Bill Jennings carelessly ran against the spring and filled his own legs with lead, disabling him for nearly a month.

"This, of course, made us but the more eager to catch the one who was the cause of all the trouble, and daily and even hourly our vigilance was increased. We watched for him with men's eyes and dog's eyes; we traced him with hound and mastiff; we set snares and dug pitfalls; but all to no purpose. We never came nearer to our game than to see his footsteps, while almost every night he stole from one to half a dozen otter, beaver, or mink. The river was open at this point, and several times had the idea been advanced that the Indian passed up and down it in his canoe, thus avoiding either leaving a trail or falling into our traps. At first this was deemed impossible, for daily we scoured the banks of the stream for miles, and a canoe could not have been hidden from us, while at night our fire shone brightly across the water, and no object passed it without our scrutiny; and the stealing had been going on both above and below our camp.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 611.

"But as the time passed on, and we were constantly baffled upon land, it became the accepted opinion among the boys that the thief must use the river for his pathway, taking advantage of the old Indian maxim that 'running water leaves no trail.'

"'But the falls,' said old man Johnson, as we discussed the question; 'how dare the red rascal run so near them? Our lower traps lie along the river, where the current is so swift that even a beaver can scarcely stem it, you know, much less a light canoe, for the rapids and falls are not forty rods below; and yet these very places have suffered as much as any.'

"'Yes, that they have,' answered Ned Fleming. 'However, I imagine the redskin leaves his canoe above the point that juts out there by Dead Man's Rock, you remember, and wades close along the shore to the traps. Be that as it may,

I am satisfied that the thief comes and goes by water; and I, for one, will agree to take my turn in watching for him at night.'

"And to that plan we all agreed. Each man was to watch by the river-bank with his rifle, night and night about, until we captured the Indian.

"'Alive if you can, dead if you must,' said old man Johnson to Fleming, who had chosen the first place. 'Call him to shore, and if he won't come, send something to bring him.'

"'That I will,' answered Ned, with a grim smile; 'unless my eye has lost its sharpness, and my hand its cunning. If the rascal attempts to come down the river, he is our prisoner before the morning.'

BEARSKIN JOE'S INDIAN.—"I AGAIN RAISED MY WEAPON, DREW A LONG AND CAREFUL SIGHT UPON THE VILLAIN'S VERY HEAD, AND FIRED."—SEE PAGE 611.

"We all felt confident that night that our troubles were over. Fleming was a crack shot, and several of the boys expressed the hope that the Indian would not obey his summons to turn shoreward.

"'Then,' said Bill Jennings, from his blanket—'then we shall be saved the job of hanging him here in camp; for hang him we must, if Ned brings him in.'

"Stern justice, do you think it, stranger?" remarked Jo. "Well, those were days when a man carried his life in his right hand, and his traps and peltries in his left; if one was taken, the other could but pay for it.

"There was no rifle-shot all night, and as the dawn came slowly down the river cañon, we all watched eagerly for Fleming's return. But he did not come. Breakfast was cooked and eaten, our blankets hung away, and in a body we moved up-stream toward the point where we knew that our comrade had taken his position. No sound greeted our ears as we drew near the little thicket, and it was with hesitation and an indefinite dread of something that we pushed aside the bushes and looked within. A cry of horror burst from the entire party! Fleming lay before us dead, an Indian arrow driven half way through him, scalped, and a bloody cross cut upon his forehead. The sight was fearful!

"I cannot tell all that we did that morning. Sad as was the time, curses were constantly muttering through the air, hands clutched convulsively at knife-hilts, and over the poor fellow's grave I fear that we forgot the prayer.

"As we turned sadly campward again, I silently raised my hand and signaled a halt.

"'Boys, I bid you good-by. Fleming was my partner, and by that sign I demand the right to avenge his death. Until either his murderer is taken or I give up my life in the watch, I shall stay here. Good-by; and if another grave is dug, you will not forget us both—you will not leave our blood unaccounted for?'

"'Never! never!' and the fierce half-yell with which my comrades answered me was all that I asked. No power on earth could save that Indian from them, should I fail in my attempt to deal out justice to him.

"It was about noon when the boys left me. I was armed with knife and rifle only, for but few of the common trappers carried revolvers in those early days. My first action was to remove hat and coat, and with them to dress a log of wood, and half conceal it in the thicket where but the night before poor Fleming had lain. Then, with great care, I chose my own position, half way up the rocky bluff, in a clump of quaking aspens, from whence my eye could cover the thicket beneath, the shore and the narrow river, for more than a hundred rods above and below, and waited.

"The short Winter's day drew toward its close. The sun dipped behind the western mountains, the shadows along the valley grew thick and chill, and one by one the little stars gleamed out from overhead, keeping me company upon my lonely watch. When the daylight had at last entirely departed, and no lingering rays remained to disturb the solitude and darkness of the night, my eyes became gradually accustomed to the faint phosphorescent light which earth and rocks seemed to emit, and, bending my gaze upon the river, I found that nothing as large as a canoe could pass my point of observation without being seen. Then I felt certain that the game was mine, and, with eyes

"WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING, WITHOUT A SOUND, I WAS SUDDENLY SEIZED FROM BEHIND IN A PAIR OF NAKED ARMS."

"I SUDDENLY SPRANG FAR OUT WITH ALL MY STRENGTH."

fixed upon the stream and gun at a half-ready, I sat motionless, while the hours flitted slowly by.

"At about midnight the cold became intense, even for one as inured to Winter winds and weather as myself; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to keep awake, notwithstanding that I knew that sleep was death; but after an hour or two the air grew warmer, and partial comfort again returned.

"It must have been about five o'clock when, through the dull gray of the coming morning, there drifted slowly out into my sight upon the silent river an Indian canoe. Motionless its rider sat within it, and thus gliding across the pathway of my vision, both boat and boatman seemed to partake more of the spirit than of the material world. Nevertheless I knew that human must have been the hand that killed my partner, and with untroubled brain I drew the rifle to my face and leveled its deadly tube toward the dusky figure. I could see both fore and hind sights perfectly, my nerves were tense and firm as steel, the murderer was mine; yet at the very instant of pressing the trigger, there came a sudden startling thought, a revelation it must have been—that man in the canoe, like my man in the thicket below, was made of wood; was but a deception, calculated to draw my fire.

"As the idea flashed across my brain I dropped the rifle and looked again. Sure enough, no Indian ever sat so upright at his paddle, nor courted observation by drifting adown the very centre of the stream. True enough, the figure was a decoy.

"But the master of it all, the man of flesh and blood, the thief and murderer, must be near at hand, for without him the canoe would never ride so evenly, nor hold its course so true.

"Such were my convictions, and with gleaming, restless eyes I watched the boat, the river and the further shore, sure that my victim would soon appear.

"Nor was I mistaken. Hardly had the light craft passed the little point upon which was the thicket, when its course was changed, and slowly it drew near the opposite bank, drawn by a long, slender line attached to its bow. As it entered the shallow water and was almost hidden in the deep shadows of the overhanging trees, I saw a tall form step forward and quickly change places with the figure of wood; then, grasping the paddle, with swift, silent stroke urge the obedient boat out again into the stream and straight across the river. In truth, so rapidly did this pass, that almost before I knew it the Indian had landed upon my side of the stream, and was creeping with all the cunning of a snake, toward the point where lay my decoy dummy.

"I saw his plan, and felt the blood run chill in my veins at the thought of what might have been had I remained upon the shore below. Overcome with the chilling cold and the wet fog, or helpless with an empty gun after having fired at the drifting boat, I should have lain an easy prey to the death-dealing arrow; and my forehead also would have borne the bloody cross. Now I saw it all; now I knew poor Fleming's fate.

"But these ideas were gone from my busy brain sooner than I could have told them, and, exulting in the knowledge that the savage was this time beaten at his own horrible game, I again raised my weapon, drew long and careful sight upon the villain's very head, and fired.

"There came a sharp, half-uttered yell, a strangled cry of agony, and with a heavy crash the Indian toppled over backward into the bushes. With precipitate haste I left my perch among the rocks and ran down the face of the bluff, across the bit of open ground that lay beyond, and in a moment more was bending, knife in hand, above my prostrate enemy.

"He lay before me, a noble specimen of a man, although the treachery and cruelty of the savage sat upon every feature, showing but the more plainly in the growing stiffness of death. But I turned the body over. Just below the scalplock was a hole, my bullet-hole, from which the blood was oozing slowly.

"'Such a wound must conquer life,' thought I, 'and yet'—I placed my hand upon his breast and found, to my surprise, that it was faintly beating—'not dead, but stunned with a rifle-bullet through the brain! Then I will carry you to camp, my red-hued friend, and sterner men than I shall nurse you back to life to satisfy their justice. If it be that my lead has failed, their cord surely will not!' and with these muttered words I lifted the still inanimate body of my prisoner, carried it to his own canoe, and placed it therein; then, seizing the paddle, turned the boat's head down stream and shot away toward camp.

'Already the east was reddening with the coming sun, the night had fled away, and morning was again at hand. As the river fog drifted slowly upward or wound among the cañons and the gorges, the distant roar of the rapids and the heavy thunder of the falls came clearly to my ears even before I was within sight of camp; and the sound chilled me. Nearer and nearer to my friends; so close at last that through the mist their voices came to me, and the smoke of the breakfast-fire tainted the heavy air. Almost with them once again, when, without a moment's warning, without a sound, I was suddenly seized from behind in a pair of naked arms, pulled sharply backward, and, before I could collect my scattered senses sufficiently to draw a knife, or even yell, the Indian captive had thrown me upon my back, and, with clutching grip, was seeking to strangle me even while he snatched at his belt for a weapon to drive to my heart.

"His face was hideously besmeared with clotted blood, his eyes were gleaming fiercely, and his every motion was that of a furious and desperate man; it was a struggle for life.

"Even as I grappled with the savage, there came a cry from the bank, and with a mighty effort throwing my assailant backward, I rose to my knees and looked shoreward. The fog had lifted, and through the clear air of the morning the camp stood plainly revealed, my comrades with frightened surprise gazing toward me. It was but a passing glimpse that I caught, for already was the canoe shooting downward and away from the scene, already the water hissed beneath the bow, and the twisting, writhing currents ran with increased velocity among the stones; we were entering the rapids.

"With a cry of horror I turned toward where the paddle lay, but started back again at the sight before me. With eyes distended and gleaming in their dark sockets like those of a maniac, with half-open mouth and glistening teeth, with body leaning a little toward me and streaked and clotted over with half-curdled blood, stood the Indian, clutching in a threatening manner the needed paddle; while about us the water grew white and whiter, the crackle of the curling rapids came clear and clearer to our ears, and the heavy undertone of the direful waterfall rumbled and shook through the air! Speeding onward, the canoe rocked violently with its own rapid motion, and it was with difficulty that I could stand upright. Unless our furious descent could be checked at once, we were lost!

"'Give me the paddle, red-skin!' I cried, in an agony of apprehension, forgetting that probably the Indian could not understand a word of English; 'the paddle, or we are both lost! We shall go over the falls!' and I reached out my hand toward him.

"A gleam of intelligence shot across his swarthy features, and for an instant his face seemed lit up with the fierce fire of revenge, as, waving his brawny arm above his head in one wide-sweeping circle, he sent the paddle spinning far out across the waste of foaming, tossing waters—then turning, pointed to the warning cloud of sheeny mist that hung above the cataract not half a mile below us, and with hoarse, yet perfectly intelligible utterance, said, 'Red man and pale face die now. Find Great Spirit together;' and began to chant his wild death-song as we whirled outward toward the frightful abyss that awaited us, unmoved, unterrified, Indian-like to the last.

"For a few seconds I was stunned, stupefied with very horror; willing almost to die. But life is sweet to man, and it is hard for him to give it up. It was sweet to me, young, healthful, and in the bloom and pride of my strength. I could not, would not, die.

"To think with me was to act, and I looked eagerly about. Some rods below us there lay a broad, flat rock, across which the water boiled and roared at times, then surged backward again, leaving it entirely bare; it was my only chance. As we shot by it with a speed that equaled that of the wounded deer, I suddenly sprang far out with all my strength, fell within a few feet of the desired boulder, and in one desperate effort had cast myself upon it and was safe.

"As I lay grasping the icy stone, and drenched with the ceaseless-surging water, my eye followed the canoe and its now solitary occupant as it sped onward. At times careering forward with a plunge that threatened to engulf it, then riding evenly but swiftly as the beaver swims, it swept toward the smooth, hissing brink of the precipice, while within it, upright as the pine-tree of his native forest, stood the Indian.

"On, on, the death-chant still ringing in my ears across the troubled river, even after the shifting, gleaming water-mist had hidden boat and traveler from sight; on, on, until alone, unseen, wrapped in the cloud that ever encircles his river-god, and gazing with unterrified eye into the face of his Manitou, the yawning gates of death opened to receive him, the canoe shot downward with horrible velocity, and the red man was no more!

"My comrades dropped a boat down from above by a long line, and with but little trouble I entered it, and was drawn out of the rapids to smoother water and the shore. The thief was punished, the murder of our companion avenged; but that last half hour of existence for me had whitened every hair upon my head, and when I reached camp again, my locks glistened in the morning sunlight even as they do now.

"That was my first and only Indian."

DECEIT has the effect of impoverishing, as well as enriching men; the prodigal becomes poor by pretending to be richer than he really is, while seeming poverty is the very making of a miser.

"IT SWEPT TOWARD THE SMOOTH, HISSING BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE WHILE WITHIN IT, UPRIGHT AS THE PINE TREE OF HIS NATIVE FOREST, STOOD THE INDIAN."

JOHN CABOT, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

WHO discovered the continent of North America? "Columbus, of course," is the almost invariable answer, yet there is no evidence that the great Genoese navigator ever visited any portion of the mainland. Occasionally, we find some one wiser than his fellows, who exploits the name of Amerigo Vespucci, or, as he is more commonly called, Americus Vespucius, with the utmost confidence of assertion, although no authority or records exist for stating that the adventurous Florentine ever reached the northern continent of America. Setting aside the claims of the Northmen, to the honor of first discoverers, since we can prove neither the truth nor the falsity of the legends which attribute to them that distinction, we find the first authenticated record of a visit to the shores of North America in the voyage of John Cabot, who sailed from England in May, 1497, and reached the coast of Labrador on June 24th of that year. John Cabot was a citizen of Venice, although not a native of that island city. He had resided for some time in Bristol, England, and, moved by the reports of the discoveries of Columbus, obtained from the king, Henry VII., in March 5th, 1496, a patent authorizing him to search for islands, provinces, or regions, in the eastern, western, or northern seas, and to occupy such territories wherever found, as a vassal of the English king, with an exclusive right to their commerce, on paying the king a fifth part of all profits. Under this charter, Cabot, in May, 1497, embarked in a small vessel, accompanied by his son Sebastian—afterward destined to become even more celebrated as a navigator than his father—and sailed west for seven hundred leagues, until, on June 24th, he discovered land. Cabot assumed this to be a part of the domains of the Grand Cham of Tartary, but it was in reality the coast of Labrador.

JOHN CABOT, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Cabot sailed along the coast southward for nine hundred miles, and landed at several points, but saw no inhabitants. On his return, he reached Bristol, England, in August, and his discoveries attracted great attention. The king gave him special privileges and facilities for outfitting another expedition, but there is no record of his having made a second voyage, and neither the time nor the place of his death, nor his age, is known. His son, Sebastian Cabot, led an expedition in 1498, and first reached Newfoundland. Afterward, he coasted the mainland as far south as the Chesapeake Bay. He subsequently organized and commanded a number of expeditions to the New World, and on April, 1556, when in his eighty-first

year, accompanied by many friends, he went on board the pinnace *Serch Thrift*, which was about to sail on a voyage of discovery, and distributed money among the crew. Then, going on shore, he gave a banquet to the ship's company, and, during the festivities, is said to have joined in a dance, notwithstanding his advanced age.

The time and place of his death are unknown, but it was probably in London, about 1560.

KAFIR SERVANTS.

LADY BARKER gives the following amusing account of her experience with native servants during a residence of a year and a half in South Africa: "'Charlie,' our groom, who is a very fine gentleman, and who is in the habit of speaking 'Ingiliss' after a strange fashion of his own, only condescends to work until he can purchase a wife. Unfortunately, the damsel whom he prefers is a costly article; her parents demand ten cows, a kettle, and a native hut as the price of her hand, or hands rather. So Charlie grunts and groans through about as much daily work as an English boy of twelve years old could manage easily. He is a very amusing character, being exceedingly proud, and will only obey his own master. He is always lamenting the advent of the Inkosa-casa, or chieftainess, and the piccaninnies, and their followings, especially the 'vaiter,' whom he cordially detests.

"In his way Charlie is a wag, and it is as good as a play to see his pretense of stupidity when the 'vaiter' or French butler desires him to go and eat 'sa paniche." Charlie understands perfectly that he is told to go and get his breakfast of mealy porridge. But he won't admit that it is to be called 'paniche,' preferring his own word 'scoff'; so he shakes his head violently, and says, 'Ka kabo, paniche'; then with many nods, 'Scoff ja,' and so in this strange gibberish of three languages, he and the Frenchman carry on quite a pretty quarrel. Charlie also 'mocks himself' of the other servants, I am assured, and asserts that he is the 'Induna,' or head man. He freely boxes the ears of Jack, the Zulu refugee—poor Jack, who fled from his own country, next door, the other day, and arrived here clad in only a short flap, made of three bucks' tails. That is only a month ago, and Jack is already quite a *petit maître* about his clothes. He ordinarily wears a suit of Knickerbocker trowsers and a shirt of blue check, bound with red, and a string of beads round his neck; but he cries like a baby if he tears his clothes, or still worse, if the color of the red braid washes out. At first he hated civilized garments, even when they were only two in number, and begged to be allowed to assume a sack with holes for the arms, which is the Kafir compromise, when near a town, between clothes and flaps made of the skins of wild beasts, or strips of hide. But he soon came to delight in them, and is now always begging for 'something to wear.'

"I confess I am sorry for Jack: he is the kitchen boy,

FACT VERSUS FANCY.

The *Daily Times* last week had a leading article on croquet. Our contemporary declared that it was one of those pastimes that brings out all the kindly feelings of human nature.

MISS GUSHINGTON (sotto voce)—"*I've got her now, the little minx. She's been cheating all through—she purposely got on Charlie Devereux's side—she's knocked me away from every hoop, and*—(aloud)—*my darling Edith, I'm afraid I shall be obliged to give you a little tap. I can't help it—can I, dear?*"

and is learning, with much pains and difficulty, the *wrong language!* My cook is also French, and all she teaches Jack is French, not English. I imagine poor Jack's dismay when his three years' apprenticeship to us is ended, and he seeks perhaps to better himself, and finds no one except madame can understand him. Most of the dialogues are carried on by pantomime, and the incessant use, in different tones of voice, of the word 'ja.' Jack is a big, loutish young man, but very ugly and feeble, and apparently under the impression that he is perpetually 'wanted' to answer for the little indiscretion, whatever it was, on account of which he was forced to flee over the border; for he is timid and scared to the last degree, and nervously anxious to please, if it does not entail too much exertion. He is, as it were, apprenticed to us for three years; we are bound to feed, clothe and doctor him, and he is to work for us, in his own lazy fashion, for small wages. The first time Jack broke a plate his terror and despair were quite edifying to behold. Madame called him a *maladroit* on the spot. Jack learned this word, and, after his work was over, seated himself gravely on the ground with the fragments of the plate, which he tried to put together, but gave up the attempt at last, announcing in his own tongue that it was 'dead.' After a little consideration he said slowly several times, 'Maldran ja,' and hit himself a good thump at each 'ja.' Now, I grieve to say, Jack breaks plates, dishes and cups with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed conscience, and is already far too civilized to care in the least for his misfortunes in that line. Whenever a fowl is killed—and, oh, I came upon Jack slowly killing one the other day with a pair of nail scissors!—he possesses himself of a small store of feathers, which he wears tastefully placed over his left ear. A gay ribbon is what they really love, worn like a bandeau across the forehead. Jack is immensely proud of a tawdry ribbon of many colors with a golden ground, which I found for him the other day; only he never can make up his mind where to wear it, and I often come upon him sitting in the shade, with the ribbon in his hands, gravely considering the question.

"The pickle and plague of the establishment, however, is the boy Tom, a grinning young savage, fresh from his kraal, up to any amount of mischief, who in an evil hour was engaged as the baby's body servant. I cannot trust him with the child out of my sight for a moment, for he 'snuffs' enormously, and smokes coarse tobacco out of a cow's horn, and is anxious to teach the baby both these accomplishments. Tom wears his snuff-box, which is a brass cylinder a couple of inches long, in either ear impartially, there being huge slits in the cartilage for the purpose, and the baby never rests till he gets possession of it, and sneezes himself nearly into fits. Tom likes nursing the baby immensely, and crows to him in a strange buzzing way which lulls baby to sleep invariably. He is very anxious, however, to acquire some words of English, and I was much startled the other day to hear in the veranda *my own voice* saying, 'What is it, dear?' over and over again. This phrase proceeded from Tom, who kept on repeating it parrot fashion; an exact imitation, but with no idea of its meaning. I had heard the baby whimpering a little time before, and Tom had remarked that these four words produced the happiest effect in restoring good humor, so he learned them, accent and all, on the spot, and used them as a spell or charm the next opportunity. I think even the poor baby was puzzled."

IN A PINE WOOD.

"He who loves trees lives long," says the Eastern proverb, and the pine wood, with its intense stillness and calm, shutting out as with a thick wall the anxious cares of towns and cities, lets the mind return in upon itself, and realize its immortality. This, our common pine, is indeed a tree of mystery, a tree of life; whose history is full of deep things not easy to be found out. For among the imagery on the walls of the palaces and temples of Nineveh, hidden away thousands of years ago, there are figures of genii, or demi-gods, winged, human-like beings, standing before the Supreme Lord of Heaven, and holding in one hand a fir-cone. Such cones we may pick up here, as we linger slowly, pondering in the shade of these beautiful trees; over whose tops the sky stoops lower, and becomes more richly blue; between whose branches a bright sunbeam slants, lighting up the dim crypts yonder underneath.

Such cones take the swift mind back—in a second overstepping the centuries—to the days when those creatures of the air, now to us mere ideal abstractions, whether under the name of Bel or Apollo, hardened into human shape, and walked hand-in-hand with Earth's own fairest; when the "Sons of God" looked with love on the daughters of men. See how this strange fruit is built up ring upon ring, scale upon scale, swelling out from the base, and then gently tapering; at its root each scale absorbed into the general mass—each distinct, and yet a part of the whole. The tree itself, too, if you will glance at the ends of the branches, grows thus: these delicate "needles," or leaves, gradually sinking into the wood, adding to its length and size, little by little.

In the palms which are common under glass in conservatories, a similar mode of growth is so palpable that we seem almost to see the leaf become the tree, to be in the presence of life itself—symbolized by the fir-cone. The Assyrian genii hold in their hands, in visible shape, the mysterious force, which, neither heat, nor light, nor electricity, nor magnetism, we vaguely call life; the stirring of which all nature feels about the time of the rising of the Pleiades. In our own limbs and bodies, the "cells" of the physiologist, in like manner to the pine needles and the palm leaves, live a short life, and build up the larger organism—as a great poet says:

"And the individual withers, but the world grows more and more."

The fir-tree is, above all trees, the friend of man. Some even find that its appearance upon the earth in geological time corresponds with that of the human race. In the strata preceding man, remains of other trees are found; lastly comes the pine, and with it the rude implements of primitive life. This may not be wholly correct, yet it is certain that the part played by the pine in human history is very striking.

The vast population of England, in our times, could scarcely have existed had it not been for the discovery of the almost inexhaustible pine woods of America. The English woods and forests, quite seventy years ago, showed signs of quick extinction, so immense was the demand for ship-building. American deal, imported in timber-ships in quantities so great as to baffle calculation, alone rendered possible the marvelous development of towns and cities, by providing the materials of building. Let any one just glance over a house, and note the extent to which pine wood (deal) is used: floors, beams, rafters, staircase, banisters, doors, ceilings (laths), window-frames, cupboards, furniture—the list is too long for recapitulation.

Without the fir-tree much, if not most, of our civilization would be impossible—the very locomotives, typical of the age, roar on over a framework of pine. Concerning that period when first the demand for wood became so great, there is a sad anecdote; sad, because showing how liable the keenest human foresight is to fail; as Xenophon put it—it

is as if we guided our steps by the chance casting of the die. A great landowner, to whom an heir was born, set to work and planted one million fir-trees on his estate; "for," said he, "when the child is twenty-one, each of those trees will be worth a pound, and he will come into a fortune of a million pounds." The trees grew, but meantime the American lumber trade sprang up, splendid balks of timber came over in enormous quantities, and the puny English firs, of such short growth, fell in value to a few shillings.

The "oaken walls of England" are a national tradition; yet pine was used long before oak for ship-building, the latter not coming into use till a comparatively late period, and still the masts and spars are chiefly pine.

When Ulysses, in Calypso's Isle, wished to build a ship, the goddess led him where—

> "On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
> Of poplars, pines and firs a lofty wood,"

and these formed his materials. In the extreme north, where vegetation is stunted, the bow of the Lapland hunter is formed from the root of the fir, and its slim poles support the tents of the nomadic races over vast regions.

The transition from the pine to the cedar is, to ordinary eyes, easy; time fails to even mention the historic sweep of the cedar-tree, now rising in majestic grandeur on Lebanon, now in the creeping variety, trailing along the ground. The Norfolk Island pine, the stone-pine, endless varieties, and reminiscences of southern climes crowd the memory, dreaming in this English wood.

Grim is the story of the ancient tyrant who threatened to cut off a whole people *as a pine tree.* They could not understand this till at last it was remembered that the pine alone, when cut down, sends forth no shoot or bud. The stump and roots decay till they totally disappear. This may be seen in any fir-plantation where the ax has been at work. He meant utter destruction.

It is the most artistic of trees, beautifully balanced, with drooping branches, and delicate "lines"—a noble sight in Winter, when the snow clings thick, and contrasts with the dark-green of the boughs. Something weird, mystic, hovers over it; thus, Retzsch, picturing Walpurgis Night, places the Demon-band up in a pine, squatting on the branches, with horn and cymbals, playing to the rout of witches dancing. Though so still now, yet at times when the wind rises, there is a sound among them as of the distant sea. Here is the squirrel's home, here the pigeons love to rest, and the noisy jays chatter and scold, and the shy grossbeak hides. Pheasants delight in the thick covert.

Under the warm sun, these trees give forth a sweet odor—an odor for which invalids seek the pine forests of Arcachon and Hyères; but which may be inhaled in any pine grove.

We have many flowers, some flowering shrubs; but alone of our trees the pine scents the air with a delicate perfume. It is not permanent; now it comes and now it goes; you must sit down and linger, you must begin to dream, and then it will seek you. The spirit of nature will not come unless to perfect peace. Gazing upward—these curious trees, like green steeples, incline the eye upward—a sense of exquisite languor enters in with the bouquet of the pines, a sense of *belief* in Nature, of certainty in the life of which the cones up there are the symbol.

It seems to be the business of life to lay by fresh cause for anxiety and discontent by increasing our estate; whereas we should rather know how to lose it all, and yet be contented.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

With these social observances, in course of time, came the "reigning toasts," and the noble ladies felt flattered at knowing they were the "toasts of the town." Clubs engraved their names on the club-glasses, and the first poets of the day added a tribute of laudatory verse. Then came fashion of a grosser sort, when each gallant, toasting the lady next to him, swore he would drink no wine but what was strained through her petticoat! We may fancy with what boisterous politeness the edge of the petticoat was seized, with what hilarious coyness it was defended, how some of the damsels looked over, under or from the sides of their fans, while others affected to close the eyes which they kept open, to look through the interstices of the convenient screen. *Then*, the hems of the garments were placed over the glasses, the wine was poured through, and the Quixotic fellows quaffed the draught in honor of the fair ones. There came a time, however, when men had more refinement, and would not give up to the tipsy salutations of "health-drinkers" the names of the true and modest mistresses of their hearts. The lover, who was a gentleman, and yet who was also a "good fellow," always kept his gentility before him, and his mistress's name to himself.

THE THORN.

On page 620 we present an exact copy of one of the most charming pictures of recent times. It is so graphic as to tell its own story. The tenderness of the elder sister is a family sermon which every one should take to heart. Who has not seen in country parts the same little boy, who accidentally having run a thorn or splinter in his foot, has to appeal to sisterly care and sympathy to extract it?

WINTER AND SUMMER.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Miss Smith, as she smoothed the creases in her apron. "All her life in the city, and now she's a poor orphin. Likely to stay with ye some time, I reckon?"

"Yes, Charity, I think she will," replied Mrs. Tayne.

"Both on 'em died of smallpox, and she watched 'em clean through it all? Wall, she was a good darter, anyway, if she is humbly. There's just one thing 'curred to me in mind."

"What's that, Charity?" said Mrs. Tayne.

"Why, you know, there's Maria, and she's such a beauty, and there's all the rest of us, and you know it's awful catchin'. I only hope she's took good keer about her clothin'."

Mrs. Tayne laughed a little, simpering laugh, with just a breath of uneasiness in it, as she replied:

"You needn't be afraid, Charity; my niece won't bring the smallpox into the village."

"Well," drawled Miss Smith, "poor relations don't bring much that's good, and so they oughtn't to fetch anythin' dangerous—good looks and sich is sometimes as bad as anythin', only she hain't got that very bad."

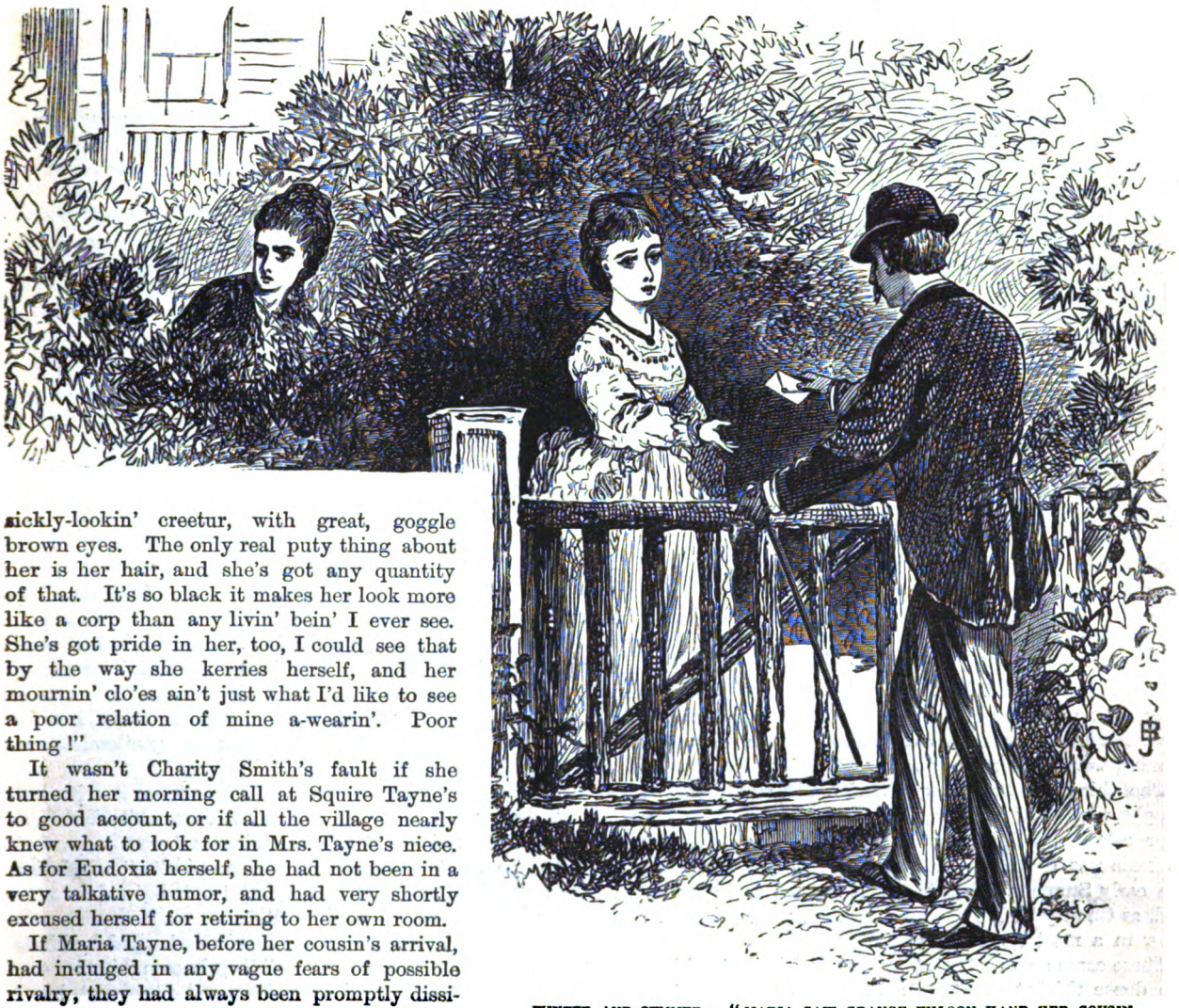
And Charity Smith cackled a laugh of her own at her witty remark.

Charity herself could scarcely have been offered in evidence that beauty had at any time been epidemic in that vicinity, whatever might be said of gossip and the like; but just then the *tête-à-tête* between Mrs. Tayne and her morning guest was cut short by the entrance of two young ladies, in whose exterior and manner there was an unusually marked contrast.

Maria Tayne required no introduction, and she was certainly pretty enough in her way to have warranted special dread of disfigurement. In fact, if Maria's face should be marred, it might almost be said that she had lost her all in that one calamity. If, however, the same was true of her companion, the dire misfortune had already fallen.

"Miss Smith, this is my niece, Eudoxia Midway," said Mrs. Tayne, and Charity almost forgot to ask questions with her tongue for a few moments, inasmuch as she was making so many curious inquiries with her eyes. The sum and substance of her information, gathered for the benefit of the village as well as of herself, was that Miss Midway, or "Doxie," as Miss Smith afterward persisted in naming her behind her back, was "a tall, thin, skinny, kind o' yeller,

THE THORN.—SEE PAGE 620.



WINTER AND SUMMER.—"MARIA SAW GRANGE WILSON HAND HER COUSIN SOMETHING WHITE."—SEE PAGE 619.

sickly-lookin' creetur, with great, goggle brown eyes. The only real puty thing about her is her hair, and she's got any quantity of that. It's so black it makes her look more like a corp than any livin' bein' I ever see. She's got pride in her, too, I could see that by the way she kerries herself, and her mournin' clo'es ain't just what I'd like to see a poor relation of mine a-wearin'. Poor thing!"

It wasn't Charity Smith's fault if she turned her morning call at Squire Tayne's to good account, or if all the village nearly knew what to look for in Mrs. Tayne's niece. As for Eudoxia herself, she had not been in a very talkative humor, and had very shortly excused herself for retiring to her own room.

If Maria Tayne, before her cousin's arrival, had indulged in any vague fears of possible rivalry, they had always been promptly dissipated, for, not only had her sorrowing guest presented so very unattractive an exterior, but as day after day went by, it was found that Eudoxia Midway habitually and very positively refused to make her appearance in the squire's parlor when it contained the manly fascinations of any one of Maria's somewhat numerous string of admirers.

She even allowed two or three Sundays to go by before she would consent to make her appearance in the squire's pew at church. Then, however, something occurred that was almost a sensation. It was a splendid Winter day, and the sleighing was admirable, so that the house was unusually full; and many were the curious eyes that turned from time to time to the closely-vailed figure in black, that sat so motionlessly between Mrs. Tayne and Maria.

Now, if there was anything that village prided itself on, it was its church music, and the rival congregations—for there were three of them—had strained their utmost resources in their competitive psalmody.

The first hymn went off in the usual style, and the whole church was proud of it; but the second one was to be something new in that locality, and the choir had practiced it half the previous evening. When it was given out, Maria Tayne had noticed a slight rustle of her cousin's vail, and heard a sound half like a stifled sob; but as the voice of the choir arose with the first few notes, suddenly they were joined by an auxiliary soprano, soft and tremulous at starting, but swelling and gathering power as the singer forgot herself, until, without the slightest sign of evident effort, it seemed to surpass and overcome all other utterances and filled the ears of the listeners as they had never been filled before.

Only that one stanza, however.

Eudoxia Midway's momentary self-forgetfulness lasted no longer, and Charity Smith wondered and wondered, more even at the silence than at the unlooked-for burst of melody.

"A gal with a voice like that ought to be humbly, by rights," said Charity to herself. "And now, I suppose, they'll be having her into the choir."

They did, indeed, try it more than once afterward; but not only did Eudoxia refuse, but it was a very long time before she again lifted her voice "in meeting," in any manner. She had done enough, however, and from that day forward she was a mystery and a gossip fund to the whole race of Charity Smiths, male and female, in and about the village, and was made to feel, on more than one occasion, that even her aunt had serious doubts as to what she might not be capable of.

The Winter passed away, for that could not very well be helped, and Spring-time came again, and although she continued to wear her objectionable black, a change seemed to come, with the season, over the whole nature of Eudoxia Midway. She lost not a whit of the stately courtesy of her

manner, and she was as hard as ever "to get acquainted with"; but, by degrees, her thin, almost shadowy outlines became more full and rounded; her regular features lost their pinched, drawn, cadaverous aspect; a tinge of healthful red crept into her hitherto sallow cheeks; her deep brown eyes appeared softer and less prominent, until, at last, she resembled in no way the vivid portrait which Charity had drawn of her in the Winter.

Still, the metamorphosis had been so very slow, that even the keen eyes of Aunt Tayne and Maria for a long time failed to recognize it.

Perhaps they would have continued blind, but for the one fatal fact of its discovery by others.

Those others! If the village contained any young man that was more welcome than the rest in Mrs. Tayne's parlor, it was Grange Wilson. Broad lands had he, and more in sure expectancy; and not only was he of a good family and college bred, but travel and experience of city life had given him mighty advantage over the mob of rustic beaus, who had from time to time cast eyes of longing on the squire's fascinating daughter.

Maria had imagined herself to have acquired some sort of vague property in the attentions of Grange Wilson, and her fond mother had gone further than that in her eager calculations of the events which were likely to come to pass. And now the visits of the village prize were somehow waxing fewer and fewer. Worse than this, no less than three of them had chanced in Maria's absence, and had so been received all to herself by Eudoxia Midway. This had been bad; but on more than one occasion Maria had known only too well who had been her cousin's companion on prolonged evening walks in the shady lane by the riverside.

The thing was becoming unendurable, and mother and daughter rebelled with one consent. No one but a very poor relation, indeed, would have "put up with" what Eudoxia was called upon to endure in those few weeks of the early Summer. And yet she seemed to thrive on it, and, as Charity Smith at last admitted, "gained flesh and color in a most surprisin' way."

There came an evening at last, when Maria stood behind the dense thicket of dwarf spruce-trees by the gate, just where she could overhear what was passing between two who had been only too long in returning.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, have you kept my secret?"

"Yes, indeed, I have! On my honor. If I can be accused of playing false, it surely will not be by you, and I think I can run the risk of any bitter reproaches on the other side."

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, are you sure about to-morrow night? Can I depend upon you?"

"As sure as anything on earth can be. There, I might as well yield all as a part. You can read for yourself. Believe me, I am half dead with impatience. It is my first genuine romance, and my whole heart is in it."

Maria saw Grange Wilson hand her cousin something white, and then Eudoxia hurried into the house, and went straight to her own room, while her cavalier strolled away to the village.

"Mother," gasped Maria, at the end of the recital she made of her discovery, "I do believe they are going to elope."

"It must be that!" said Mrs. Tayne. "The ungrateful hussy! Maria, we owe it to ourselves to prevent anything so disgraceful. We must watch!"

"Every step, every movement!" exclaimed Maria, energetically, and so they did.

The next day was a long one, and never had Eudoxia Midway seemed such an inexplicable mystery, even to the piercing watchfulness of her relations. She was out of her room a good deal, and Maria had a splendid chance to discover that her trunks were not only closed, but locked, and that everything had the strangest look.

"They won't go till it's dark, we may be sure," said Mrs. Tayne; "but we must look sharp."

The supper-table had been a silent and gloomy one, quite a puzzle to the deaf old squire, and after that, while Eudoxia went up-stairs, the watchers posted themselves in the parlor.

The sun had set, and a clear and mellow light still flooded the hills and the valley, but the fever of expectation prevented Maria and her mother from noting anything except that their time for action could not be long postponed.

Just then, however, they heard a rustle in the hall, a tall figure in white appeared on the piazza, and then, as they both strained their heads from the parlor-window, a face was momentarily turned toward them which they knew and yet did not know. It was that of Eudoxia Midway, but as if transfigured, and it did not seem to see them. Only an instant the tall white figure stood in the doorway, and then descended, and moved slowly away among the trees toward the thicket of dwarf spruce.

"Mother!" exclaimed Maria, "is she going to run away bareheaded? What shall we do?"

"Hush! Wait! Don't you see? There's Grange Wilson coming along toward the gate."

"But there's somebody with him. I declare, he's in some sort of uniform! Get back, mother; we mustn't be seen at the window."

Their propriety retreat prevented them from hearing what passed at the gate; but, as the two gentlemen came up, it was Grange Wilson who said:

"Very well, major; if you don't care to go in with me, just do me the favor to wait a moment while I do my errand. I'll not detain you two minutes."

And so the "designing young conspirator," as Maria's thought called him, strode gayly up the walk, and into the hall, after a hasty pull at the bell.

In a moment more he found himself confronted by Maria and her mother, and never had they known him so cordially, merrily old-acquaintance-like, and utterly at home and unexcited in his greeting. They were astounded, for he did not even ask for Eudoxia, but actually threw himself into an easy-chair.

Even while this was taking place indoors, however, a different scene, if they could only have known it, was enacting at the gate.

The major, as Grange had called him, stood listlessly tapping his boot with his walking-stick, when a low and almost husky voice close by him murmured, "Charles!" and he started as if a rifle-ball had struck him.

"Eudoxia! You here? Oh, Eudoxia!"

And the white and red chased each other with terrible rapidity under the young officer's bronze and beard, while it seemed for a moment as if he had lost his breath, and was in danger of falling.

"Charles! my own Charles! I have been mean and cruel. I ought to have let you know; but Mr. Wilson told me you were going to visit him, and then I thought—oh, I thought if I could see you I would know!"

Her beautiful brown eyes had tears in them now, and the major evidently understood enough without further words, for he actually kissed her over the gate then and there; and although it was broad daylight there were no witnesses.

Half an hour later, a half-hour passed by Maria and her mother in an agony of expectant curiosity, they saw Eudoxia Midway marching up toward the front door, leaning on the arm of a tall gentleman in undress army uniform,

and, before they could recover from the shock, Grange Wilson had told them, in a stage whisper:

"That's my friend, Major Mandeville, of the Artillery. Of course you know all about it. Old affair, you know. He was on the plains when her father died. Just see how she has got herself up to welcome him! Simple? Yes, but she's beautiful, I declare. They're about the best-looking couple I ever saw; but she isn't as handsome as his sister is, by a good deal. No offense to Miss Eudoxia," he added, apologetically.

"Is he rich?"

"No; but as long as she is, it don't make so much odds. All her property is in her own right, you know."

That was a fact that Mrs. Tayne had kept even from Maria; but it wouldn't be worth while to deny it now, she thought, and so she said nothing.

Next Sunday, as Charity Smith sat in the gallery, and looked at Squire Taylor's pew, she all but said it aloud:

"It's more like a miracle than anythin' else I ever seen, the way that gal has changed, just from Winter to Summer."

THE DISCOVERER OF THE MOONS OF MARS.

Professor Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, began life, it is said, as a carpenter and with a meagre education. He married a schoolmistress, and it was this wise lady who induced him to study higher mathematics, and who herself became his instructor. He rapidly surpassed his gentle teacher, and at twenty-five became an assistant in Harvard Observatory. Shortly after the astronomical activity of the Naval Observatory at Washington was revived, in 1861, a number of professors of the Navy were appointed, and Hall was given a position as assistant. In 1863 he was promoted to be a professor. There he has remained ever since, heartily appreciated by his associates.

It was on the night of August 11th that he first saw Mars's attendants. Between the 11th and the 16th, when the weather was very unfavorable for successful observations, he both hoped and feared, but his wife, to whom alone he communicated his discovery, was enthusiastic and confident. While impatiently waiting to confirm his discovery, his generous disposition alone induced him to communicate his chances of success to his associates, so that all could share the honor; but the thought of his many years of labor, without any "luck," convinced him that it would be foolish to throw away his first really good chance. One scarcely knows what to admire most, Hall's persistent and successful struggle with his untrained mind, or his wife's brave and womanly health and inspiration.

JUNGLE ADVENTURE—DEATH OF THE WILD BOAR.

On reaching the high bank which bounded the cypress covert, we observed a monster boar crossing the broad, shallow stream, and making for a patch of cypress of some extent on the other side. In a position commanding a full view of this covert, we had placed a native in the tree as a marker. As we could see him plainly, and he made no indication of the boar having gone on, we concluded that he had lain up in the covert.

The beaters being sent round, we took up our positions, and stood anxiously awaiting the appearance of the monster. Tom-toms and drums were loudly beaten, horns were blown, and guns fired, but still no signs of the game; and it was only when the last man left the covert that I began to suspect the true state of affairs. Leaving the beaters, our shikarees proceeded to examine the ground round the cypress, and on coming to within a few yards of the tree on which our lookout-man had been posted, they came on the tracks of the boar, leading up the bank. The villain had either slept on his post or had been amusing himself by watching our runs in the morning, and had allowed the boar to pass up the bank unobserved. The footprints were not to be mistaken, for the boar was of the largest size.

Leaving the river, he had made a detour of about two miles, in the open country, which, though cultivated, was at this season quite bare of crops. Our men were equal to the occasion, and taking up the track, they moved quickly along, scoring the ground at every few yards with a short stick across the prints of the boar's hoofs. We now found that he was crossing a wide bend in the river, and that the tracks would again fall into the bed of the stream.

The trackers moved fast and sure, and we followed close in their wake with the crowd of beaters. At length we came to where a smaller stream joined the river, and on the ground between the two was a crop of irrigated maize, about ten feet in height, and looking very cool and green. The smaller stream was about fifteen yards in width, slow and sluggish, having about a foot of water, and an equal amount of black mud below it.

We had crossed and sent the beaters to the end next the junction of the streams, when we heard much yelling and shouting, and next moment the boar came out at speed, and dashed down the slope into the stream we had just crossed. Bulkley was only a few yards from him, and driving in his spurs, he rushed down the bank, regardless or forgetful of the muddy bottom. His horse seemed to turn heels over head, and as I checked mine, and floundered slowly across, he was picking himself out of the black mud, and shaking his steed to his legs again. He had lost his hunting-cap, and his spear was buried in the grimy slush.

I reached the bank in safety, and gathering up my galloway, I went on after the boar. From his great size and weight, I was sure he would make a good fight, and I saw I had work cut out for me, so I determined not to irritate him with a minor poke, but, if possible, to disable or check him till such time as my friend should emerge from the mud and come to my assistance. As the boar went along at an easy canter, I saw I should have no difficulty in overhauling him. We were going up the side of a field, having a high mud-bank on our right, and watching my opportunity, I lowered my spear, and pressed my horse with the spur. In an instant I was alongside of the boar, and had my spear within a few inches of his shoulder, when with a savage grunt, he made a sidelong charge at my horse. The spear took him in the neck, and checked him, but with a sudden wrench he broke the bamboo shaft, leaving the head imbedded in his muscles. Turning my horse sharp to the left, I got clear away, but having only the headless spear-shaft in my hand, my offensive powers were at an end, and I saw that my only hope of getting the boar lay in being able to keep him in view till my friend should rejoin me.

In this way we held on over many fields. At times I pursued, and tried to turn the boar, at others he pursued me, and then I was forced to "advance backward." Still no signs of my friend, and I began to fear that either he or his horse had been seriously damaged. The boar had nearly reached the spot from whence we had first started him in the morning, and as he went down the steep bank into the cypress cover, I pulled up in despair.

At that moment I saw Bulkley coming along at a hand-gallop, and, with a frantic yell, I again set off after the boar. Aided by Bulkley, I succeeded in turning him toward the water, into which he hurled himself, and lay still, apparently dead beat. Springing from his horse, Bulkley lowered his spear, and ran at him, but the boar rose and

charged. He was stopped by a thrust in the neck, but his great weight broke the bamboo, and though Bulkley managed to get away unscathed, we had no spears, and were now powerless for all purposes of attack.

Unwilling to leave the wounded beast, and hoping that some of our men with spare spears would soon come up, we followed him slowly down the river, and seeing some cultivators irrigating their fields near the banks, Bulkley rode off to them in the hope of obtaining some offensive weapon.

Presently he came after me armed with a short, crooked sword, but by this time the boar was going down a part of the river where he had an abrupt bank six feet in height on his immediate left. Bulkley vainly tried to force him out, as he found it impossible to reach him with the short sword. At length he made a cut, but the boar, charging at the same moment, ripped his horse in the foreleg, and finding that he could not again get him to go near the pig, he handed me the sword, and I took up the running.

We here came to a tributary stream, joining the river at right angles. Into this we plunged, and as the boar swam almost on a level with my saddle, I rose in the stirrups, and made a cut at him with all the force I could muster. Had the weapon served me truly, I should have laid the boar in two halves, but the blade of the sword, being merely fastened into the hilt with lac, fell out, and the pig turned on me. I had just time to fend off with my hand, receiving as I did so a slight cut over the thumb from his tusk.

A JUNGLE ADVENTURE.—"WE MADE A SIMULTANEOUS RUSH ON THE BOAR, AS HE STOOD AT BAY IN THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 623.

Wheeling my horse round, I got away from him, when he crossed the stream, and, turning up the other bank, left the main river. By this time he was nearly exhausted, and our shikaree appeared on the scene, having followed the run on foot. Another sword was procured from some cultivators. The shikaree carried his own, and one of the men had an iron-bound club. Leaving our panting steeds, we made a simultaneous rush on the boar, as he stood at bay in the water. He made a last charge, but the swords cut fairly this time, and the huge beast succumbed.

I have been in at the death of many boars, but I never saw a run so full of excitement as that which I have now endeavored to describe.

THE WITCH'S CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

IN some weird cave, far distant from the abodes of mankind, dwelt an old witch. She was the personification of all evil and wickedness. Her only companion in her dismal home was a black, fierce-looking cat, with green eyes that shone with a bright light at night. This cat had been found twenty-five years ago in the witch's cave one morning, and had ever since lived with her.

At the time of its first discovery it had been of its present size. It had never grown. But every day seemed to add one shade of deeper black to the color of its fur, and one shade of deeper green to the color of its eyes.

The witch feasted on children, who were wafted to her every month in an evil breeze at her command. All other breezes of the air had rebelled against the evil one; but the witch's power had as yet held its own.

For years the good breezes of the air fought and struggled with this foul agent of the witch, and at last they began to hope that their power was gaining.

One day—it was about the witch's dinner hour—the winds whistled and the trees shook, the thunder rolled and the lightning hissed with a fierce swing; two children, a little boy and his sister, were lodged in the witch's cave. The winds did not cease when the poor children had come, but howled and whistled wildly on.

The witch's fire, on which the poor children were to be roasted, flickered half extinguished, while the witch raved and cursed at the breezes that were fighting with the flames. Louder and stronger grew the moanings and howlings in the air, when suddenly, with one mighty effort, the children were lifted in the air and borne away.

The witch cursed, swore and raved. The black cat jumped on the burning fire, uttering sounds blood-freezing in their woful clamor.

The witch seized her magic staff, drew a mystic circle in the centre of the cave, and implored all the demons and goblins of subterranean kingdoms to aid her in tracking the missing children.

The winds whistled on, and the witch, who felt her power lessening, was boiling over in paroxysms of rage.

She seized her cat, placed it before her on a rock of the cave, and spoke in a voice that seemed to issue from the centre of the earth.

"Slave of my power, with all-seeing eyes, I command thee lead me to where the stolen young ones are hidden!"

The cat leaped wildly in the air when the witch had finished her command, and came to the ground with a deafening cry.

Again it leaped into the air, and again it came to the ground with the same dreadful shriek.

Soon after, the witch set out with her green-eyed guide. Then the cat disappeared. The witch came to a babbling brook; the lightning hissed, and the thunder rolled anew. When the turmoil in the sky was over, the babbling brook ran along, and said, in dismal tones:

"Follow me! follow me! follow me!"

On, on, over the rocks and shells, wooden branches and stumps of rotten trees—on over rugged roads the witch pursued her course along the babbling brook, while the birds of the air were darting around her in wild confusion. The cat was far in advance; wherever its feet touched the ground, the earth seemed to glow and kindle. The witch hurried on. At last she saw her cat ahead. She rushed forth at a faster pace.

THE WITCH'S CAT.—"AS THE BOY SAW THE GREEN EYES OF THE CAT COMING DOWN THE STEPS, HE CLASPED HIS LITTLE HANDS CONVULSIVELY AND PRAYED FOR MERCY."

Soon they came to a dark, dark spot. Nothing save the green light sparkling from the cat's eyes was visible. The witch followed on. They approached a rough stone staircase. A cauldron near the green-eyed cat immediately began to fume. The light coming from the fire in the heated cauldron illumined the scene. In a corner of this horrible place were the two children. The little girl had fallen asleep upon her brother's knees. As the boy saw the green eyes of the cat coming down the steps, and the witch's frame, illumined by the cauldron, following them, he clasped his little hands convulsively and prayed for mercy.

But there was no mercy. The good breeze that had borne the children from the witch's home had been conquered at the moment the witch reached the babbling brook, for the goblins to whom the witch had appealed exerted their power, and the lightning flash dispelled the breeze and dropped the children into a cave, which was the witch's deserted home.

She now seized the boy and his apparently lifeless sister, and took them home. The winds whistled on, and the air grew oppressive. Still, however, the witch proceeded, and finally reached her cave. She took the boy and laid him upon the fire, and danced in glee as she heard his bones crackle.

She next turned to the girl. But she was a corpse.

The witch and her cat seized the roasted body and began tearing it to pieces.

They had nearly finished it all, when suddenly the green-eyed cat gave a woeful moan, and fell dead.

The witch dropped the uneaten bones, and looked at her cat. In another moment she, too, uttered a scream, and sank lifeless upon the floor of the cave.

The children had eaten the poisonous, slimy plants that grew in the cave where they had been left. The girl had died from the effects; and the poisoned flesh of the roasted boy proved fatal to the witch and her green-eyed cat.

The lifeless forms of the two evil ones sank deeper and deeper into the ground of the cave, and finally were lost to

sight. In their place sprang up a number of deadly plants to mark the scene of their wicked ways.

The little girl was wafted away by the good breeze, triumphant now, and hidden in a distant spot in some pleasant grove, where, to this day, delightful breezes play in calm and holy peacefulness.

FRIAR BACON'S HOUSE AT OXFORD.

They still show at Oxford the house where the famous friar, Roger Bacon, studied and experimented. One of the earliest pioneers of modern science, he rendered incalculable aid by his analytic mind and his close observation. He was not, indeed, free from some of the fallacies which then beset learning—alchemy, for instance, and astrology—and, like other learned men, he traveled out of his true path, and endeavored to reform positive religion by comparative science—what must be certain by what must be speculative. As a natural result, he got into trouble, and, accused of witchcraft and sorcery, was cast into prison and nearly starved to death. This great Franciscan friar was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214, and studied at Oxford and Paris. Among the inventions ascribed to him are many optical contrivances, such as the telescope, the use of the concave and convex lenses, the magic lantern, and, above all, he is named as the discoverer of gunpowder, a material that has wrought more wonderful changes in the great family of man than the most potent elixir that could have been devised to prolong life. He died in 1292 or 1294.

SCENT-BALLS AND POMANDERS.

Among the minor objects of personal use which appear, from an inventory, to have belonged to Margaret de Bohun, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, slain at the battle of Boroughbridge, March 16th, 1321, is a "poume de aumbre," or scent-ball, in the composition of which ambergris probably formed a principal ingredient. We here learn, also, that a nutmeg was occasionally used for a like purpose; it was set in silver, decorated with stones and pearls, and was evidently highly prized.

Among the valuable effects of Henry V., according to the inventory taken A. D. 1423, are enumerated a musk-ball of gold, weighing eleven ounces, and another of silver gilt. At a later period, the pomander was very commonly worn as the pendant of a lady's girdle.

The orange appears to have been used as a pomander soon after its introduction into England. Cavendish describes Cardinal Wolsey entering a crowded chamber "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs."

Sir Thomas Gresham, in his celebrated portrait by Sir Antonio More, holds in his left hand a small object resembling an orange, but which is a *pomander*. This sometimes consisted of a dried Seville orange, stuffed with cloves and other spices; and, being esteemed a fashionable preservative against infection, it frequently occurs in old portraits, either suspended to the girdle or held in the hand.

In the eighteenth century, the signification of this object had become so far forgotten that, instead of pomanders, *bona fide* oranges were introduced into portraits; a practice which Goldsmith has happily satirized in his "Vicar of Wakefield," where seven of the Flamboroughs are drawn with seven oranges, etc. When the pomander was made of silver, it was perforated with holes, to let out the scent. Hence the origin of the *vinaigrette* of our day.

NATALIA.

By Etta W. Pierce.

About the middle of the reign of Peter the Great, there lived in a secluded street of Moscow a foreign merchant named Martin Zauber. One dark Spring night, when the fantastic old city lay silent and deserted, except for some solitary droshky, with its Ukraine horse and jingling bell waiting at the street corners, a carriage drove up to this merchant's door, and a man alighted and knocked for admittance. The carriage was plain, the man had no attendants. A servant, in a blue caftan, opened the door to him, and through a long, low passage conducted him to a room where Zauber, the merchant, was just making ready to sit down to supper.

"Announce me, serf," said the visitor. He bent his tall head, and whispered in the servant's ear three words. The latter started, trembled, prostrated himself to the very floor, then threw open the door of the supper-room, and pronounced the three words aloud: "Peter the Czar!"

Martin Zauber was standing near the table awaiting the entrance of his daughter. With a deep obeisance, and in great trepidation, he hurried forward to receive this royal visitor.

"Sire!—is it possible? What am I, that you do me this great honor?"

"Tut!" interrupted the czar, shortly, "have you not yet learned that I come and go as the whim seizes me? You have, I hear, just returned from a visit to Vienna?"

"Ay, sire, I went thither to bring home my young daughter from the Convent of Saint Sophia."

"Merchant, you are a shrewd man. I do not always trust to my couriers for news. Without doubt you have learned many things in the Austrian capital that I shall be glad to hear. Meanwhile, your table is waiting. You have not supped; no more have I. With your consent I will sit down with you."

The astounded merchant looked at his plain board spread for two.

"Your majesty is jesting at my expense," he stammered; "you could not stoop thus to honor my poor house."

Peter, the Czar of Muscovy, that handsome barbarian on whom the eyes of Europe were then fixed, laid his jeweled hand on Zauber's shoulder as the latter darted for the bell-rope. He was a man of superb height and build (this great Peter) with piercing black eyes, a great abundance of brown curling hair, a superb mouth, and a Tartar nose. Under his short cloak one could see a suit of plain velvet, embroidered on the breast with gold thread, a hanger pendent from his belt, and a shape as supple and perfect as a Greek god's.

"Hold!" he said to Martin Zauber, "you shall alter nothing. I will sit down to your table on condition that no change be made thereon but the laying of an extra plate. Observe my wishes, or I must depart at once."

As the czar spoke the door opened, and a young girl entered the supper-room. She was clothed in a loose dress of white cashmere, fastened simply with a silken girdle at her waist. Her arms were bare, her full white shoulders were bare, except for the torrents of chestnut hair that rippled and curled over them. Her face was lily white, and of a beautiful oval shape. Her long and languid eyes were of the color of wood-violets that grow in swampy places.

Peter the Czar fixed his black eyes upon this vision, as it appeared in Martin Zauber's doorway.

"You see my daughter," said the merchant, "my little Natalia," and he took her soft white hand and led her forward. "Kneel, my child; it is the czar."

But Peter caught up the soft, supple figure as it bent before him. He stared at her fixedly.

"Nay," he said, "such beauty as this was born not to kneel, but to be knelt to. Merchant Zauber, I congratulate you. You have a most charming daughter. I did not think that such a rose bloomed in Moscow."

"Sire, she has been at the Convent of Saint Sophia for three years," answered Zauber, placing a chair for his imperial guest; "she is now barely sixteen. Is it your majesty's good pleasure that she should sup with us, or shall I bid her retire?"

"Retire!" echoed the czar—"no! no! It is not often that I sup or dine in the presence of such beauty. Mademoiselle Natalie, I desire you to remain."

With his own hand he seated her beside himself at the board. The meal began.

Peter and the merchant talked of Vienna, and of many things pertaining thereto, to which the former chanced to be interested. In this conversation Zauber managed to acquit himself with credit. He was, as his visitor had said, a shrewd man. The czar, meanwhile, not only talked, but ate sparingly of a venison pastry, and drank frightful draughts of *vodki* and a raw French brandy seasoned with pepper; he also watched Natalia.

So long, so earnestly, so tirelessly he watched her, that the young creature was filled with confusion. Nevertheless, she kept her violet eyes averted, and did not seem to heed him. If her beauty was great, so also was her self-possession. Unable to bear it longer, she rose at last from the table.

"Sire," she murmured, with a deep obeisance, "with your gracious permission I will withdraw."

He opened the door for her with his own hand, watched her white robe disappear down the dark passage, then returned to the table.

"Alas! sire," said Zauber, anxiously, "you have eaten nothing; you do not approve of my humble supper."

"Merchant," answered Peter, his face working with the nervous contortions peculiar to him when greatly agitated, "your supper is admirable, but I have no need of it. When one's heart is full, one's stomach is apt to be left empty."

He turned and transfixed the merchant with his fierce black eyes.

"Martin Zauber," he said, flatly, "your daughter should appear at court."

"Sire," stammered Zauber, "how can that be? My Natalia has no court friends."

"Merchant," answered Peter, in a voice of suppressed passion, "I have never in Russia, nor out of Russia, seen so fair a face. She shall not lack for friends. Already I know of one who will give her wealth, luxury untold, and the title of a countess. In return he will ask for nothing but her heart."

"Sire," replied Martin Zauber, calmly, "I do not understand your majesty. I must be dreaming. Who will do this for the daughter of an humble merchant?"

"I—Peter the Czar!"

Zauber staggered back and stared at him aghast.

"Sire!"

"She has inspired me with a great passion. Already I love her devotedly. This love will grow with every hour till I know no peace. Martin Zauber, give me your daughter!"

Zauber grew crimson with rage, then white with direst anguish. He started up from the table.

"Great God! what do you say? Sire, my daughter, my little Natalia, my lily-flower! Oh, my gracious sovereign, I cannot have heard aright! Take back your words, in heaven's name! Natalia cannot come to court. She is as pure as she is beautiful. She would die sooner than become your mistress."

Peter's dark, haughty face grew thunderous.

"Merchant!" he cried in a terrible voice, "you forget who it is that sues for your daughter."

"Alas! sire, shame is shame, whether it come from prince or peasant."

"Now, by Saint Nicholas!" roared the czar, "this passes all belief! Martin Zauber, there is but one will in Russia, and that is Peter's. Woe to him who thwarts it! You and your fair Natalia are in my hands to do with as I like. There is no gift I cannot give her, except my imperial crown; there is no punishment I cannot visit upon you, even to death itself."

Appalled by these ominous words, Zauber fell on his knees before the czar.

"In the name of God, sire, suffer me to leave Russia this night, this very hour! You ask of me more than life, you ask the honor and happiness of one I hold dearer than my heart's blood. Sire, let me take my child and go where you will never see her face again."

"No! by my right hand, no!" thundered Peter. "You shall not set foot outside the gates of Moscow till this fair Natalia is mine. Acquaint her to-night with what I have said to you. In the morning I will come to press my suit in person. Not another word more; if you love your life, merchant, be silent!"

"Oh! my God!" groaned the wretched father, falling into a chair. Peter retired toward the door.

"Kings," he said, haughtily, "are not accustomed to sue to their subjects, much less do they sue in vain. Remember alike my threats and my promises. To-morrow you will see me again."

He departed. For awhile Martin Zauber sat plunged in profound despair. His brows were damp with a cold sweat, his lips were livid, great groans escaped him. Starting up at last, he sent a servant to summon his daughter.

She appeared directly, her loose curls streaming over her white gown, her violet eyes heavy, her scarlet mouth sleepy and sweet.

"Ah," she said, looking around, "he is gone, then. I am glad. I do not like him, my father; his eyes are wicked."

"Would to God!" groaned Zauber, "that you were safe again in Vienna."

"Father, what has happened? You tremble, you grow pale, you do not look at me!"

He struck his clinched hands against his forehead.

"Natalia," he cried, "we are both lost! I shall be beggared, ruined, given over to the knout and the wheel, and you—God only knows what will be done with you."

Then he told her all that Peter the Czar had said.

"To escape him," said Zauber, "is impossible. He says truly there is no will in Russia but his. To-morrow he will come. How can I save you? What can I do?"

She stood like a statue, her face colorless, her eyes dilated; she seemed turning into stone.

"Natalia! speak!" he cried, in terror.

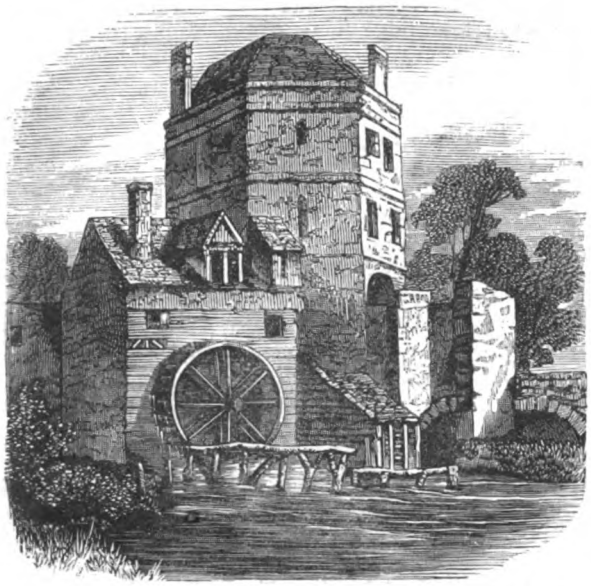
"Should you seek to save me," she said, slowly, "should you oppose his wicked will, you will be scourged to death with the knout, or broken on the wheel."

"My child, could one die in a better cause?"

"Ask, rather, if I could thus be the means of your destruction and live. No!"

Zauber was thunderstruck. She leaned against the door as if unable to stand. A stricken look had fallen upon her; her eyes seemed fixed on something far away.

"Natalia!" he shrieked, "what do you mean? Will



FRIAR BACON'S HOUSE AT OXFORD.— SEE PAGE 626.

you yield ?—but no! I am mad! I do not hear you aright!"

She came forward and pressed her cold lips to his cheek. Something in her face baffled him.

"Fear nothing," she faltered, "whatever becomes of me, the czar shall never harm a hair of your head. Rest in peace to-night, my father, and fear nothing. To-morrow he will come, and you shall know all."

She looked wistfully into his anguished face, then glided away. Only in the dark shadow of the doorway she paused again to speak.

"Farewell, my father," she said, with pale lips; "farewell."

The next moment she was flitting off through the low passage, up a tortuous stair, to the little chamber where she slept.

Once there, Natalia locked the door behind her. A crucifix, with a candle burning near it, stood in a corner. She fell on her knees before it, and prayed silently. Then she arose and looked around the chamber; her violet eyes flashed; she seemed to grow tall as she stood.

"Yield!" she murmured; "my poor father, how little you know your Natalia! There is one way, and only one, by which I can save thee and me."

She put off her white gown with rapid hands; in its place she drew on a long, gray garment resembling a caftan; a coarse hood attached thereto she drew up about her face, and thrust her long hair out of sight beneath it. This done, Natalia Zauber extinguished the taper, stole noiselessly down the stair, and, all alone, passed out into the dark, still streets of Moscow.

It was a starless night; the tortuous Moskra ran, black and sluggish, under the roofs and towers of the old northern city; the clustering domes of the Kremlin rose from the triangular Kremlin Hill, black and monstrous shapes against the cloudy sky.

With her heart beating wildly, this young girl threaded the streets of the city, made her way to the barrier, and passed it in safety.

For one moment only she paused to look back at the Sparrow Hills, and the Tartar towers, and painted domes of the old city. It was a sad, dreary, farewell look. Then, with a prayer on her lips, the fair young fugitive began her flight.

Beyond the city the road soon became dreary and monotonous. Forests of pine and silvery birches appeared belting the horizon; fields, freshly sown with grain and rapeseed, and scattering, one-story villages, with roofs of thatch, stretched around her. For many a weary verst Natalia pressed on.

Presently a postillion's horn sounded somewhere before her in the lonely road. She had just passed a post-station, with its little brick house surrounded by a courtyard and a high wall.

At sound of the horn, Natalia, for the first time, stopped short in her flight. The light of the approaching carriage was advancing rapidly upon her. She looked around for a hiding-place. Alas! the road was open, the whole face of the country as flat as a sea. She was about to cast herself face downward on the earth till the wheels should rumble on, when a sudden crash fell on her ears. The postillion's horn ceased; the carriage-light went suddenly out; a lumbering wheel, splashed with mud, rolled toward her, and fell in the road at her feet. She saw that the horses were down also, and struggling and kicking in their heavy harness.

"Help!" shrieked the postillion; "help! help!"

Natalia's first impulse was to fly with all speed, but her tender, young heart rose stronger than her terrors. She ran toward the carriage. The driver lay in the rut insensible; the postillion was just extricating himself from the *débris*.

"In the name of God and Saint Nicholas!" he prayed, "look to my master!"

"Where is your master?" asked Natalia, thankful for the darkness that hid her securely.

He rushed to the carriage-door, which had been torn from its hinges, and across which a tall figure, in a gold-embroidered uniform, was lying senseless.

"Saint Nicholas preserve us!" screamed the postillion. "Take his head upon your lap, woman, till I can strike a light. The wheel has tumbled off the coach, the nigh horse has dropped dead with fatigue, and my master has dispatches that must reach the czar in an hour."

He put the senseless head upon Natalia's knee. It was a handsome head, of the purest blonde type, rising from a chest and shoulders covered with Orders and gold embroidery. The night was not so dark but that Natalia could see that the fair, flowing hair and beard were all red and wet with blood.

"Ah, look!" she cried; "he is hurt sorely."

"It is an old wound," said the postillion, "that he got from the Swedes. The fatigue and the fall have opened it again. Oh Heaven! this journey from Cronstadt will be his death!"

"No, he stirs," said Natalia. "Tell me, who is he?"

"Who? Does not every one know my master, Prince Romanoff? Mother of Mercy! how shall I bind his wound?"

"There is a post-station just ahead, where you will find help," said Natalia, remembering her own danger, and striving to rise. "I cannot stay here longer. Bring a cushion from the carriage and lay him down upon it. Indeed, indeed, I must go!"

"No, no!" cried the frightened serf, "for the love of God, no! He is bleeding to death. I have not a rag of linen, my very shirt is sheepskin. Tear a piece from thy gown,

SILVER POMANDER.—SEE PAGE 626.

girl, and stop the blood. Would you leave a prince of the realm to die here in the road like a dog?"

Touched by his anguish, perhaps, Natalia took from her beautiful throat a kerchief of fine linen, and bound it about the wounded head on her knee. The kerchief, fashioned long before in the old convent, bore her name embroidered upon it in quaint characters, but in her haste Natalia quite forgot this little circumstance.

No sooner was the wound dressed than the postillion lighted his lantern and came forward to the carriage-door.

"Master!" he cried, "master!"

The eyes of the prince unclosed. They looked up, not at his servant, but at the pale face of Natalia Zauber, as she leaned like an angel over him.

"Who is this?" he murmured, dreamily.

All the peril of her situation rushed back upon Natalia.

Natalia followed her to a little hut close on the brink of the river. She gave her guide a few copeks, opened the humble door, and went in under the thatch.

An old man and woman, dressed in sheepskin, were breaking a rye-cake between them on the coarse stone of the hearth. Late as the hour was, old Ivan had but just returned from his day's work in the forest. At sight of Natalia the two started up with a scream of joy. The beautiful fugitive ran to the woman and flung a pair of trembling arms about her leathery neck.

"Nurse Catherine," she sobbed, "Nurse Catherine, save me!"

"God and Saint Nicholas!" screamed the woman, "it is my young mistress, it is the rose of my heart, here in my hut at this time o' night! The saints preserve us! what has happened?"

NATALIA.—"SHE STOOD, PROTECTING THE TREMBLING DOE WITH HER OWN BODY, AND STARED AT THE INTRUDER IN ANGRY AMAZE." SEE PAGE 626.

She dropped his head and started up. He tried to restrain her.

"Stay!" he implored, faintly, clinging to her gray gown. "Saint, angel, do not leave me!"

But the unhappy girl, wild with terror, broke from him and darted off into the night.

She came at last to a little village of low, white huts, huddling on the bank of a river. Dark forests hemmed it in on three sides. Dogs were barking here and there under the thatch. In the stream hard by many flat-bottomed boats were lying. Footsore and weary, Natalia stopped at the nearest door and asked for the woodcutter, Ivan, whose wife's name was Catherine.

"I will go with you to their hut, pretty one," said the woman who opened to her. "You have come many a verst, I know. The roads are rough for such tender feet."

"Will you swear to help me—you and Ivan—here?" cried Natalia, standing before them, wild and white.

"I swear—and Ivan. We will lay down our lives for you. Speak, my mistress."

Forthwith Natalia told her story.

"You must hide me," she cried, "at once. I shall be pursued. This Prince Romanoff whom I met on the road to-night may betray me within the hour. If you love me, Nurse Catherine, lead me where I may hide from all the world. None, not even my dear father, must know that I am alive."

The old woodcutter and his wife sat for a while meditating. Then Ivan spoke.

"I have it, little one; I have a spot out yonder in the river where the czar can never find you. Hasten, Catherine! make ready and come with us. She will be tracked

hither by this great Prince Romanoff, and then all will be lost."

The old woman put into a wicker basket a store of coarse provisions, and a vial of strong corn brandy. Then the three went out together, fastened down the latch of the hut, and started for the river. In one of the flat-bottomed boats lying there, Ivan placed Natalia and old Catherine, and pushed off with them into the stream.

Ivan made for the spot with all speed. Skirting its northern shore till he reached a fringe of low thickets, the old woodcutter threw down his oars, and, rising up, took Natalia in his arms.

"It is a morass," he said, "you could not find a resting-place here for the sole of your foot. None but Catherine and I know the way."

"How, then, am I to remain here?" asked Natalia.

"You will see, little one. There is a dry island in the centre of the swamp, where a hut still stands. Twenty years ago I built it with these hands, while felling trees in the morass here. In that hut, mistress, you will be as safe as if the wicked czar had never looked on you. Catherine shall bring you food, and come to attend you by night."

They took up their silent line of march for the island. It was a difficult and dangerous way, but the old woodcutter went over it deftly, and Catharine followed like a hound at his heels. They found the little hut built upon a dry green knoll in a bower of birch trees.

Natalia, with a face that was heavenly, sank forward to her knees upon this island of refuge, and pressed her lips to its green turf.

"Hist!" whispered Catherine to the woodcutter, "she is praying."

Night passed, and another day broke upon Moscow and the Kremlin. Peter the Czar had received the wounded young Prince Romanoff, embraced him tenderly, and read his dispatches from Cronstadt. But these, nor aught else, could banish from his heart the matchless face of Natalia Zauber. Often merciless, always violent, the opposition he had met from Martin Zauber on the preceding night. had only added fuel to the flame of his sudden and outrageous passion. It was still early, therefore, when he hastened to the house of the merchant. He found it thrown into great confusion. Zauber was tearing his hair in frantic grief.

"What have you done with her?" he cried, at sight of the czar, "what have you done with my daughter? She is lost, she is gone. My daughter, my Natalia!"

A furious convulsion swept over Peter's face. He comprehended the matter, and flew into a tremendous rage.

"So," he thundered, "you dare to hide her from me, you dare to oppose your will to mine, hound? If your daughter is not produced within an hour, you shall receive five hundred lashes, and start for Siberia before sunset."

"I know nothing of my daughter," repeated Martin Zauber; "she has disappeared—she is dead—she has killed herself to escape your love. I am childless. If you would find my Natalia, go seek her in the grave to which you have driven her."

With a cry of anguish the wretched father fell senseless at the feet of the czar. Peter, convinced in spite of himself that the unhappy man knew nothing of his child, consigned him to the care of his servants, and retreated straightway from the desolated house. By noon, in the streets of Moscow there was posted a reward of five thousand rubles for any tidings of the missing girl. In all directions men were dispatched to scour the country in search of her. If the wretched father had abandoned hope, not so the imperial lover. He went to Prince Romanoff with his perplexities.

"I did not know, my dear prince," he said, with a shrug, "that such a woman existed in the wide world. Incredible as it may seem, she has fled from my wealth, my titles, my love—the love of the great czar, my Romanoff—that I may truthfully say was never disdained before."

The prince, pale from wounds and travel, was standing at a window of the Kremlin, looking out upon the Moskra.

"Your majesty," he said, "does not, then, believe that she has killed herself?"

"No, no!" he cried, passionately, striding up and down the room. "I cannot have her blood on my hands! Great God! no. She is living somewhere. She cannot be dead. No, no!"

"Sire," said Romanoff, "may I ask what this astounding creature is like?"

"She has a face of mingled frost and fire," answered Peter; "she is indescribably lovely; there is not another like her in all Russia."

The prince kept his stern, steady eyes fixed on the sluggish river.

"A pale face, sire, with long hair curling round it, the eyes large and pure, and dark as violets?"

"How know you that?" cried Peter, quickly.

"Sire, all Moscow is ringing with her name, and the passion with which she has inspired your majesty. Descriptions of her face are on every tongue."

"Dead or alive, I will have her again!" stormed the czar, passionately. "She has made me supremely wretched; I must be repaid for it. She shall yet be mine!"

The prince answered nothing. On leaving the imperial presence, however, his first act was to draw from the breast of his uniform a kerchief of fine linen, stiffened and stained with blood. He looked long and earnestly at the name embroidered thereon, then sent a special messenger for the postillion who had come with him to Moscow.

"Alexis," said the prince, as his serf appeared before him, "in our trouble last night on the road hither, a vision appeared to us, it bound up my wound. Answer me, was it an angel or a woman?"

"God and Saint Nicholas alone know," replied Alexis.

"Good! For that very reason you are never to speak of the vision to mortal ears. Should you dare hint that we saw aught on our way resembling even the form of a woman, mark me, I will whip from your bones the last inch of flesh. Do you hear?"

"Ay, my prince. You command—I obey," said the serf.

After this, the days came and went, but they brought no tidings of Natalia. Martin Zauber's house was closed and draped with mourning. The merchant himself put on mourning garments, and wept for his child, and would not be comforted. Days passed, then weeks, then months, but no news came from the missing girl.

Meanwhile, in the woodcutter's hut, on the lonely forest island, the beautiful fugitive was living alone. Her days were passed in solitude, her nights with old Catherine. She had brought away with her in flight a sum in silver rubles sufficient to procure her a peasant's dress and supply the wants of her humble table, but the place was unspeakably lonely. The long, dreary days, passed in the low, dark hut, or in wandering about the little island, seemed interminable. After the first excitement was over, she began to long wearily for her father, left in such utter ignorance of his fate. The still, deep, creeping twilights of the forest, unrelieved by a single human sound, filled her with nameless terrors. After the lonesome days were done, she would crouch down in the hut and listen, white and breathless, for old Catherine's step—listen, and watch, and wait, till the darkness, and the silence, and the whispering of the many-leaved forest, pressed upon her like a horrible nightmare.

"Oh, my father!" she would sigh, always thinking of

him, "he believes me dead, he mourns for me. He is wretched. Could I assure him of my safety, I would be content."

One morning, as Natalia sat in the door of her hut, she saw something moving in the silent forest. With a thrill of delight, Natalia recognized a brown doe that old Ivan had driven from the hut on the night of her arrival.

It approached her gradually. It looked at her with its big, soft eyes, but seemed in nowise alarmed. All that day it lingered about the door of the hut; when night came, it went to a covert in the dewy brake near by. On the following morning Natalia found it feeding before her door again. Before the week was over she had lured it to eat from her hand, to enter her hut, to lie down at her side in the green shade. Natalia's days now were no longer lonely.

"Ah, it will do very well," sighed old Catherine, "for you and the doe, mistress, while the leaves are on the trees, but Winter is close upon us. What then?"

It was too true. The short northern Summer had begun to wane. There was a threat of snow already in the air. To remain on the island much longer was impossible. Natalia's terrors and perplexities gathered new strength. Dared she return to Moscow? Dared she apprise her father of her situation? She was turning these vexed questions in her mind one day, as she sat like some beautiful dryad amidst the trees that surrounded the hut, when the sharp, angry bang of a gun, close at hand in the morass, brought her panting and pale to her feet.

"Holy Mother! who is here?" she murmured.

The next moment her pet, her plaything, the companion of her monotonous solitude, the brown doe, broke through the brake and dashed toward her, its sleek side grazed by a cruel shot, the blood trickling therefrom as it fled. It dashed through the brake and ran to Natalia and crouched down at her feet. Following after, a tall figure in an elegant hunting costume appeared among the trees, his gun still smoking in his hand, his fair hair streaming—in short, Prince Romanoff.

Natalia stood, protecting the trembling doe with her own body, and stared at the intruder in angry amaze. At sight of her he stopped short in the brake, the weapon slipped from his hand, a cry escaped his lips.

"By all the saints, it is she!" he muttered; "I have found her at last!"

Natalia grew pale.

"What do you mean, sir?" she faltered.

"I mean, maiden, that your disguise sits ill upon you. No one, least of all the czar and his servants, could be deceived by it. I mean that you are Natalia Zauber, who five months ago fled from Moscow and Peter."

Natalia stood like a statue of despair; then, with a cry, she cast herself down at his feet.

"For the love of Heaven," she implored, wringing her hands, "do not betray me, do not disclose to him where I am hiding! He is near even now! Ah, what shall I do? Where shall I go? I am lost!"

"Not for my right arm would I betray you!" he cried. "Your father mourns you as dead—all Moscow believes you dead. The czar himself has no longer any hope of finding you. See! I am at your feet. What can I do for you? How can I serve you? Command me!"

"My father," she murmured, "the czar, then, has not harmed him?"

"No; he has even in his remorse forced some favors upon him. But I hear that Martin Zauber is inconsolable. Mademoiselle, you must remain here no longer. I will go to the Czarine Catherine. She has a noble heart; she will induce the czar to abandon this wicked persecution—to restore you to your father and your home."

"Home!—father!—oh, do not mock me!" cried Natalia, bursting into tears. "Can I ever hope to return to them? have I indeed found a friend?"

"Ay, and more than a friend," he answered, passionately.

"Restore me to my father," said Natalia, "and you will place me under a debt of gratitude that I can never, never repay."

"Nay," he murmured, "you can—there is a way, but I will not name it now. I leave you to return in haste to Moscow. If I succeed with the czarina, I will come to you here to-morrow, and bring Martin Zauber with me. Pray God that I may succeed! Till then, mademoiselle, adieu."

Prince Romanoff returned to Moscow, and hastened to the Kremlin. Crossing the paved court of the palace, he presented himself at the door of the czarina's apartments, and begged to be admitted. The favor was granted at once.

Catherine, whose beauty and tact had raised her from the lowest round in the social circle to the throne of the great Peter, was reclining in an easy-chair. She held out her hand to Romanoff with a gracious smile.

"You return early, prince," she said. "You are greatly agitated, also. What can have happened?"

"Suffer me to open my heart to your majesty," the prince answered, falling on one knee before her. "It was my great good fortune at Pultara to shield my czar from the lance of a Turk. I beg your majesty to remember that for that deed you promised me henceforth your Imperial favor. To-night I come to claim it, not for myself, but for one I already hold dearer than self."

"Saint Nicholas!" cried Catherine, "the man is in love!"

"I am—I am!"

"And who," she said, playfully, "who has won the heart of our gallant prince at last?—who, that he should come to beg his sovereign on his knees to extend the royal favor to her?"

"Gracious czarina, the lady of my heart is a maiden, beautiful and good—her name is Natalia Zauber."

"What mean you, prince? She is lost—dead—heaven only knows what has become of her!"

"Czarina, she is found! For months she has been hiding in a barren morass in the lonely river, dressing like a peasant, living in a woodcutter's hut, alone, unprotected, terrified, wretched. On my knees I beg you to induce the czar to allow her to return to her father, and to permit one who loves her to offer her his heart and hand in marriage."

He then told her of his former meeting with the fair fugitive, the silence he had preserved regarding it, and the manner in which he had chanced to discover her this day.

"Prince," sighed Catherine, "I will relate your story to the czar this very night. Be sure that it will touch his heart. Believing her lost to him, his passion by this time is a thing of the past. Come to-morrow to the palace, and you shall hear how he has borne the news."

At an early hour on the following morning the prince was again admitted to the apartments of Catherine. There he found Peter himself awaiting him.

"Prince," he said, "go, bring her back to Moscow. I have settled upon her a pension of five thousand rubles per year. I will also give her to you in marriage, and the czarina will furnish her dowry. In all my kingdom there is no man more worthy of her than you."

So Natalia returned from her exile. From the depths of despair Martin Zauber's heart was raised to the pinnacle of happiness; and one month from the day of her return, his beautiful daughter was married to Prince Romanoff, and Peter the Great gave the bride away, with these historical words: "I present you with not only the fairest of women, but with the most virtuous."

FIG. 1.—EARTHENWARE AND BRONZE LAMPS FROM POMPEII.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF LIGHT.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The earliest dwellers in caves, as soon as the sun disappeared below the horizon, must have had recourse to burning wood as an artificial source of light whenever they had occasion to wander forth into the darkness, and the pine torch, which is not spared even in modern times, no doubt afforded a good substitute for the more elaborate inventions of their successors. Fire was so important that it seemed to be a fit object of worship, and the sun has always been a deity for adoration. The difficulty of obtaining fire and light was so great that an exaggerated importance was ascribed to them, and fire was raised to the dignity of an element, even where it was not considered worthy of worship.

At a time when it was necessary to rub sticks together to ignite them by friction, after the glowing coals were obtained with difficulty, they were treasured with jealous care; and we can conceive of such an officer as a firekeeper, whose duty it would be to keep the embers glowing and to furnish kindlings to all who might apply.

At the present time, we can strike a light so easily with a match that no thought is given to the immense value of the invention by means of which we are so richly supplied. I propose to give some account of the various processes and methods which, from time to time, have been employed to furnish mankind with artificial light.

One of the earliest contrivances of which we have any record, is the well-known Roman lamp, specimens of which have been preserved in museums and historical collections, and are constantly brought out from the excavations of Pompeii. This lamp is generally made of fire-clay, and consists of a reservoir for holding the oil and an aperture for the wick. It requires constant attention, and affords only a very dim light; but, notwithstanding this imperfection, it is still more or less used by poor mechanics and tradespeople in various parts of Italy. Very elaborate models of this lamp, made in bronze and constructed from exquisite designs, have been discovered in ancient Rome, and also at Pompeii (fig. 1). They have served as patterns for some of the most beautiful gas fixtures of modern times; and, although of themselves not well adapted to the giving of light, they are highly prized as works of art.

It is remarkable how slight the modifications are which have been introduced in the form of the Roman lamp. The earliest specimens known are identical with those now used by the peasantry; and so true is this, that a thriving trade is carried on in the sale of modern wares as being genuine antiques; and it is difficult to distinguish the imitation from

FIG. 2.—THE WATCH WITH CRESSETS AND BEACON.

the genuine. It is impossible to say at what period of man's history solid oils and fats, in the form of candles, were first introduced. In this matter, as in pretty much everything else, it is customary to say that the Chinese knew all about candles ages before any other races. However this may be, to Europeans the first use of tallow for illuminating purposes appears to have been made by the Gauls. The Latin historian, Pliny, gives the Northern races credit for inventing both soap and candles. An incorporated company, for the manufacture of candles, was established in France in the year 1016.

FIG. 3.—LONDON BY NIGHT IN 1605.

Lanterns were invented some time in the Middle Ages. They consisted of a metal base to hold oil, or a candle surmounted by a transparent envelope, usually made of horn. These contrivances were placed in front of houses, or surrounded on a column near an image of the Virgin; and they were made of a size convenient for carrying in the hand. No attempts were made to put them on the corners of the streets, as the large towns were infested by robbers, who would not have permitted such interference with their midnight perambulations. It was necessary to get rid of the robbers before the street lamps could be introduced. In 1525, a band of robbers called "mauvais garçons," carried on their depredations in Paris with such a high hand that the government had to resort to extreme measures to exterminate them. It was ordained that the inhabitants should put torches or candles in their windows, and also that torches should be kept burning on the corners of streets.

FIG. 4.—LONDON STREET LIGHTS IN 1760.

As these precautions were unavailing to keep away marauders, a night-watch was established in London, whose duty it was to patrol the streets with cressets and beacons (fig. 2), and at other times with torches (fig. 3), until the way could be made clear for honest citizens. This custom once established has been handed down to modern times, with the modification, however, of omitting the torches, which are no longer required in the gas-lighted streets.

After the robbers were so far exterminated as to render the lighting of streets feasible, lanterns suspended on posts or hanging from cables stretched across the way, were introduced. Their first appearance was greeted with great satisfaction by the citizens of Paris, as they appeared to guarantee greater security in the night, and rendered it possible to traverse the streets after dark. The illumination was of a very mild order at first, but it served a good purpose as the pioneer of the more perfect system practised in modern times. Many persons who had to go out had their own link-boys, or carried a lantern (figs. 4, 5).

Even the celebrated philosopher, Lavoisier, became interested in the subject, and presented a plan for lighting the streets of Paris, which received the prize of 2,000 francs offered by the Academy of Sciences.

FIG. 5.—ENGLISH STREET LANTERN IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

FIG. 6.— LONDON LAMPLIGHTER IN 1800.

The practical suggestions made by this eminent man were seized upon by some of the inventors of his day, and in 1769 a system of reflecting lanterns was adopted, which proved to be a great improvement on anything previously known. The lanterns were made of iron, hexagonal in shape, and provided with reflectors in the dome and on the side, made of copper plated with silver, and kept highly polished—and the light emitted by them was considered for that period as being highly satisfactory. The chief merit of the new lantern was in the reverberatory or reflecting mirrors which had been introduced, but they were very defective in the form of the lamps (fig. 6). The old-fashioned wick and reservoir arrangement was poorly adapted to the production of light, and some substitute for it was urgently demanded.

In 1783, M. Lenoir, the chief of police of the city of Paris, received a visit from two distinguished *savants*, Le Sage and Cadet de Vaux, who came to introduce to his attention an entirely new system in the construction of lamps, which had been invented by a stranger. The new lamps greatly astonished Lenoir and his assistants by the intensity of the light and the total absence of smoke resulting from the complete combustion of the oil. The burners there exhibited for the first time were the invention of a Swiss mechanic named Argand. Their introduction marked an era in artificial illumination, and no one invention before or since has been of greater importance.

Ami Argand (fig. 7) was born in Geneva, Switzerland, July 5, 1750. His father was a watchmaker, sufficiently well off to give his son a good education, and he was destined for the priesthood. While pursuing his studies, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated geologist, de Saussure, the effect of whose teaching was to inspire in the young pupil such a love for the natural sciences that all thoughts of theological study had to be abandoned.

Argand repaired to Paris in 1775 to complete his studies, and early distinguished himself by the originality of his researches and the practical turn of his mind. One of the earliest subjects to which he devoted his attention was the recovery of alcohol during the process of the distillation of wine, in which he introduced great improvements, and was highly successful.

The superb researches of Lavoisier in the domain of combustion had disclosed the true principles surrounding the burning of any body, and had paved the way for numerous practical inventions, in which these principles were applied.

M. Argand, while at work in the distilleries of Montpellier, in 1780, constructed the first model of a lamp to be used for the illumination of the factories. Having succeeded in adapting a glass chimney which could withstand the heat of the burning wick, he completed the invention by introducing a double current of air below the chimney and in the interior of the flame, and thus securing the complete combustion of the oil. This was the most important discovery thus far made in the department of illumination, and completely revolutionized that branch of industry. But the invention, great as its value has proved to be for mankind, was the source to the unhappy inventor of it of nothing but trouble and sorrow. He became involved in disputes and lawsuits with other men, especially with Lange and Quinquet, and was never able to secure his rights at home. In England he was more successful. His invention was adopted in that country and was recognized as his, and the contrivance is called the Argand burner there and in America to this day; but in France, the name of Quinquet carried the day in the popular mind, and the lamp is improperly named a Quinquet by many people.

M. Argand, worn out in mind and body by his long-continued disappointments and troubles, returned to the home of his childhood in Switzerland, poor, disheartened, and miserable. For a time he tried to revive his spirits by attention to scientific research, but his mind constantly dwelt on the memories of the past, and he became a visionary, and abandoned himself to searches for the philosopher's stone until death removed him in 1803, at the early age of 53, from all further ingratitude and disappointments.

The Argand burner is too well known to need description. It is everywhere employed for gas, for oil and petroleum and for alcohol.

The student lamp (fig. 8) affords one of the best-known applications of the principle now in general use. This lamp, which was monopolized by a privileged few for many years, is fast becoming common property, and by its brilliant light has saved the eyesight of many a toiling student and weary hand-worker. It is the best adaptation of the Argand principle, and ought to keep the memory of the unhappy inventor constantly fresh before us.

A watchmaker of Paris, M. Carcel, added to the efficacy of the Argand lamp by introducing an ingenious mechanical pump in the reservoir below the burner, by means of which the supply of oil was kept full and constant. Without the pump the oil could only be drawn up by the capillary action of the wick, and unless the liquid was very pure there was apt to be an insufficiency and inequality in the supply. These mechanical lamps, therefore, were great favorites as long as sperm oil and rape seed were the chief illuminators. Since the introduction of kerosene they are gradually falling into disuse.

Figure 9 affords a very good idea of the interior construction of the mechanical lamp as improved and modified to suit the requirements of the present day. They are often made in such a way as to become beautiful objects of art, so that they are retained for ornamental purposes even after their disuse as sources of light.

Having referred to the ancient Roman lamp, to the improvements introduced by Argand and Carcel, we may safely leave this branch of the subject and pass to the consideration of solid substances employed in illumination. The ordinary tallow dip, the stearine candle, the paraffine and sperm candles, and the wax taper, are the principal solid materials now employed for affording light. Their introduction has become more general in proportion to the progress of chemical science, until the industry has attained vast proportions.

The ordinary candle is made up of the fat of herbivorous animals, beef or mutton. The fat is bought at the slaughter-houses by the manufacturers, and must be separated from the cellular tissue at the works. It is cut into small fragments, so as to be more easily acted upon by heat, and

is then thrown into iron or copper boilers, where it is exposed to the action of a free fire, under constant stirring. The effect of the heat is to open the adipose cells, and the boiler finally becomes filled with the liquid grease, while the tissue contracts and unites on the surface of the fused bath. As soon as the tallow is entirely melted it is filtered hot through a kind of willow basket-work and a sieve of copper, and is allowed to cool and solidify in wooden forms of suitable size. The tissue collected on the filter retains a notable quantity of tallow, which is recovered by a second melting and subjection to powerful pressure. Some manufacturers, after the first melting, purify it by fusing it under water and adding some table salt to the bath, but care must afterward be taken to remove all of the water to prevent the sputtering of the candles.

In 1820 d'Arcet invented a process for the purification of tallow by means of acid. He discovered that when fat was digested with sulphuric acid and water the animal tissues were decomposed and the fat, perfectly pure and unimpaired, would float on the surface. The objection raised to this method was that the residues could not be employed in fattening cattle, as was possible to do with the remains from the simple process of fusion and filtering.

In the manufacture of candles, one of the first steps is the selection of a suitable cotton wick. The cotton yarn must be absolutely free from all impurities; it should have no knots and no broken threads, for the presence of any of these imperfections has a tendency to make the candle sputter and run. The wick is usually composed of nine threads, attached together by a knot. They are cut to lengths by machinery (fig. 10). The molds are ordinarily made of an alloy of one part of tin with two parts of lead, and are cylindrical in shape and very smooth and polished inside. The wicks are introduced into the molds by means of wooden needles, and the molds are inserted into a frame (fig. 11), and the melted tallow poured in.

Another simple process is to repeatedly dip the candle into the bath and to pour the melted tallow over the wicks suspended from a revolving disc (fig. 12), and allowing it to accumulate to a sufficient size. A skillful workman can produce very uniform and round candles in this way, and thus avoid the expense of casting molds and the necessity or removing the products after they are made. Every immersion, followed by removal and cooling of the tallow, increases the size, and when the calibre reaches that of a pattern kept for the purpose the work is finished. If it is desired to remedy the easy fusibility of the tallow a little wax is mixed with it, which increases the consistence and raises the melting point. Sometimes the wax is introduced in the mold as a thin envelope, thus giving to the candles the appearance of genuine wax tapers, and facilitating a fraudulent sale of the imitation as being a genuine article.

The manufacture of stearine candles is based upon profound scientific investigations into the compound nature of fatty bodies, conducted by Braconnot and Chevreul. Braconnot exposed tallow to a powerful pressure, and separated it into two portions, one which remained liquid at ordinary temperatures, and the other always solid; but it remained for Chevreul to demonstrate more fully the nature of the bodies thus early discovered by Braconnot.

M. Chevreul showed that fats were, in fact, salts, composed of an acid and a base. The base common to them all was glycerine. The acids were called oleic, stearic and margaric. The solid stearine Chevreul regarded as a stearate of glycerine. It was easy to prove the correctness of his theory by decomposing the stearine by caustic soda, a process which had been carried on for ages in the manufacture of soap, without a knowledge of the true character of the waste products.

The discoveries of Chevreul gave a new impetus to the manufacture of candles. The oleic acid was saved, and the stearine was found to possess the advantage of not melting at so low a point as the tallow. Candles made from stearine do not require to be snuffed, as the wick is consumed at the same time with the combustion of the fat. They are also harder and better looking, and have pretty much driven the tallow dip from the market.

Taking advantage of the researches of Chevreul, M. de Milly, of Paris, was the first to make the manufacture of stearine candles an industrial success. It was he who substituted lime for soda in the saponification of the tallow, and thus rendered the operation feasible and profitable. Treated with lime, the tallow yielded a calcareous soap which, in turn, was decomposed by sulphuric acid, thus liberating the two fatty acids to be subsequently separated by pressure. As small quantities of lime remained in the fat, it was found necessary to add some boracic acid, which had the property of fusing into a globule when the candle was burned, and thus preventing the accumulation of incombustible lime in the wick.

The saponification of the fat is accomplished as follows: The tallow and fat are introduced into a large wooden vat, lined with lead and heated by a steam-coil. As soon as the mass is thoroughly fused, a quantity of quicklime, triturated with water, is gradually added; the proportions are usually 15 parts of lime to 100 of fat. This mixture is maintained at the boiling point for eight hours, at the end of which time the whole of the tallow will be found to be converted into a lime soap.

Fig. 12 affords a view of the interior of an establishment for decomposing fat by means of lime. Steam is introduced through coils inclosed in the vat, and constant agitation is kept up by wooden paddles or by mechanical means. On cooling, the calcareous soap assumes a dry and solid condition, and as the vats are lined with lead, it can be decomposed in the original receptacles by means of sulphuric acid. The lime soap is gradually attacked by the sulphuric acid, the sulphate of lime produced falls to the bottom, while the fatty acids are set free and mount to the surface. The fats are collected, washed, refined, and submitted to heavy

FIG. 7.—AMI ARGAND, INVENTOR OF THE ARGAND LAMP.

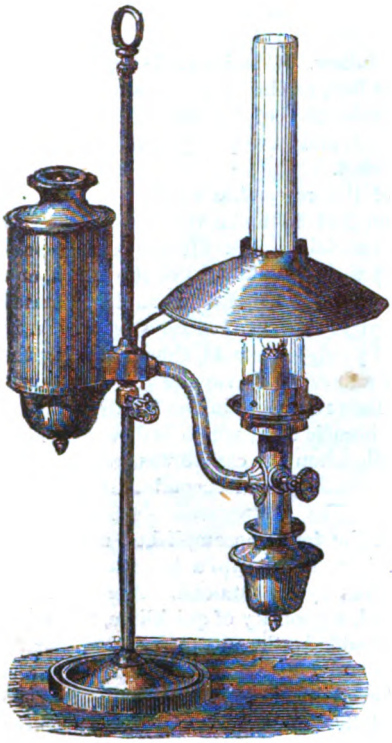


FIG. 8.—STUDENT LAMP.

pressure for the removal of all liquid portions. The stearine is then ready for transformation into candles.

The treatment of fats by means of lime is by no means the only method available in this industry. Saponification by means of sulphuric acid, and also by superheated steam, have been found equally advantageous (fig. 14). The following is an outline of the method in which sulphuric acid is applied for this purpose at the works of Price's Patent Candle Company, in London: The fat is first melted and freed from impurities, then mixed with one-twelfth to one-seventeenth of its weight of oil of vitriol, in large, copper boilers, when it is raised gradually by means of a current of highly heated steam, to a temperature of about 350 deg. Fah. This tempera-

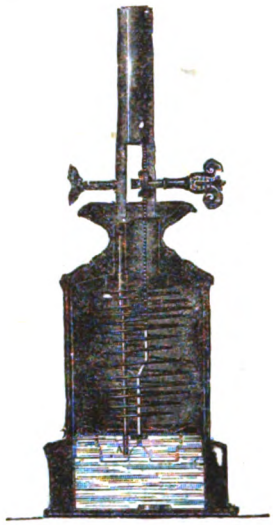


FIG. 9.—THE CARCEL LAMP.

ture is maintained for about two hours the mass being frequently stirred briskly. The liberated fatty acids are

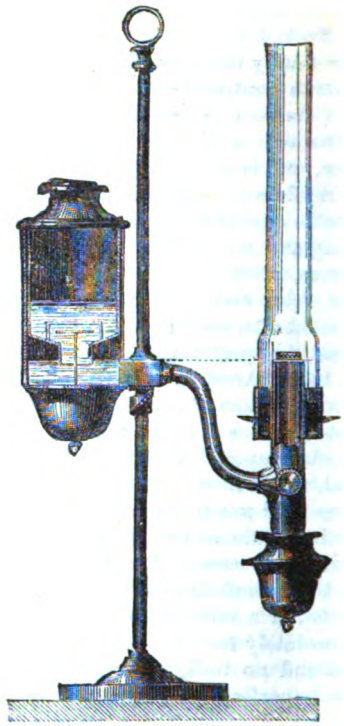


FIG. 8.—STUDENT LAMP—SECTIONAL VIEW.

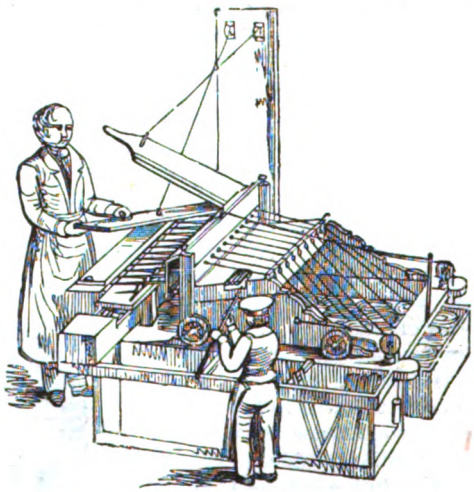


FIG. 10.—CANDLE-MAKING—CUTTING WICKS.

of a dark color, and require thorough washing with water to free them from adhering sulphuric acid. The impure fatty acids thus obtained are then subjected to distillation, which is effected by placing them in a copper vessel, into the lower part of which a current of steam at the ordinary pressure is injected; previous to its admission into the still, this steam is heated to about 600 deg. Fah., by transmitting it through pipes heated nearly to redness (fig. 15.) The distillation does not take place below 400 deg. Fah., but toward the latter part of the process the temperature frequently rises to 500 deg. Fah

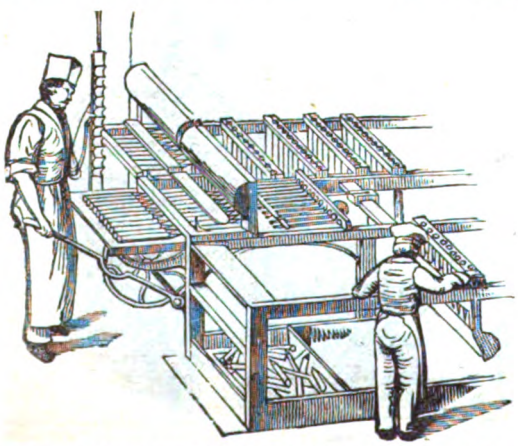


FIG. 11.—CANDLE-MAKING—PLACING THE WICKS INTO MOLDS.

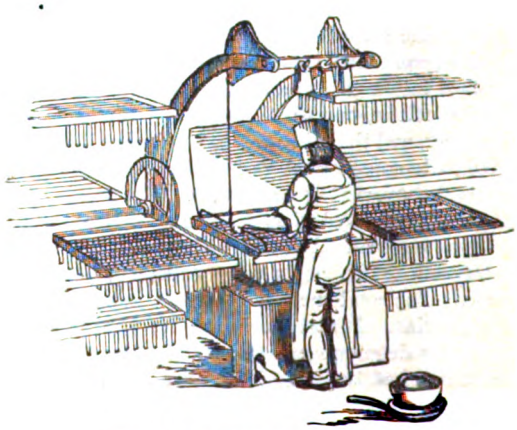


FIG. 12.—CANDLE-MAKING—DIPPING.

FIG. 13.—SAPONIFICATION OF FAT BY LIME.

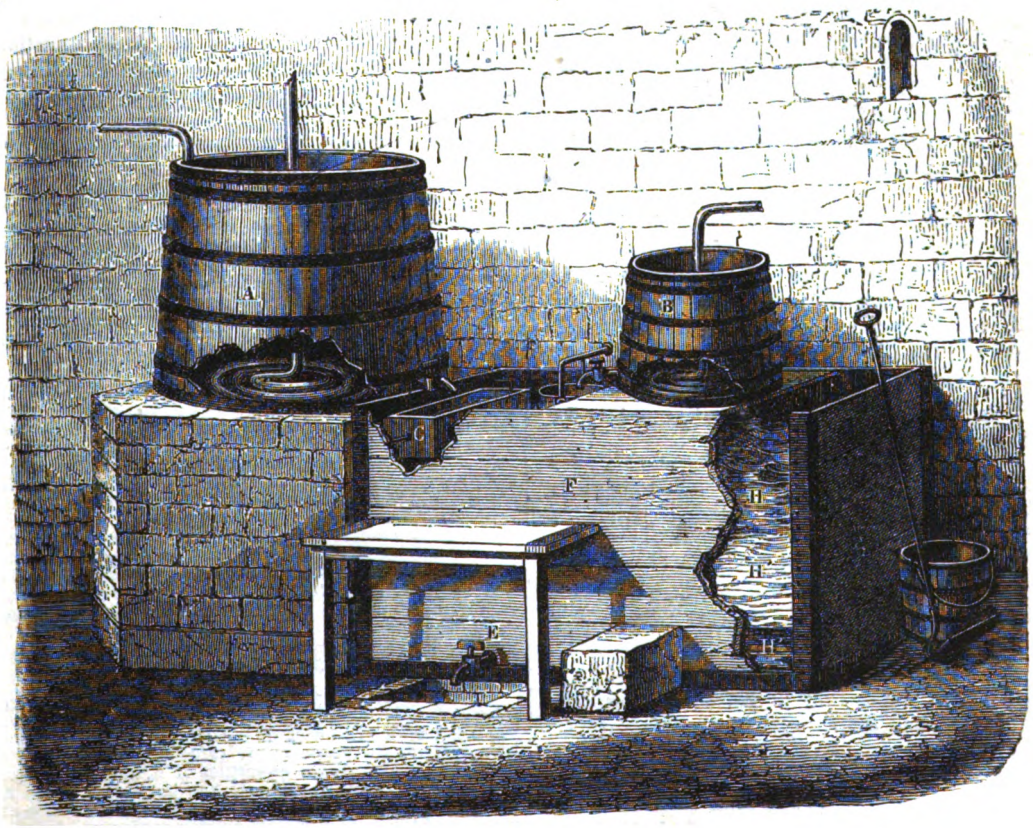


FIG. 14.—SAPONIFICATION OF FAT BY SULPHURIC ACID.

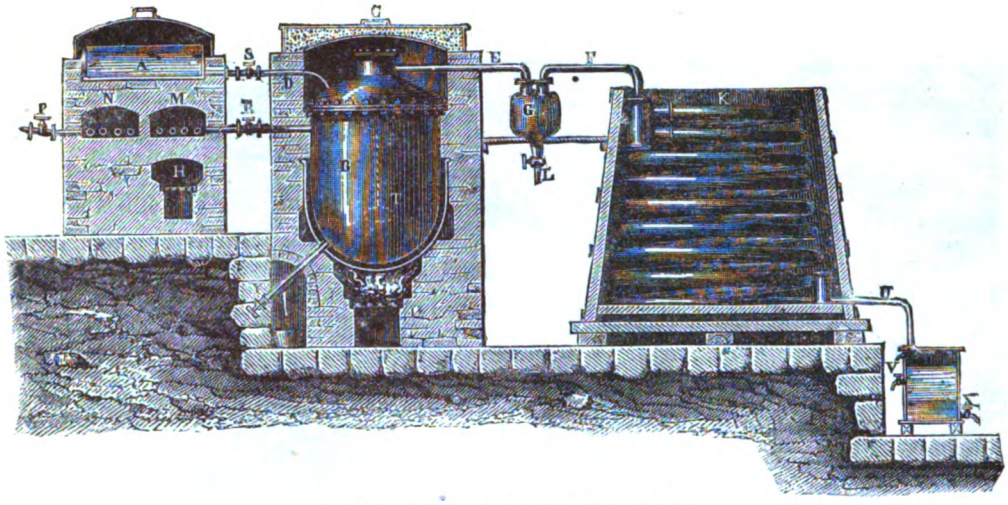


FIG. 15.—DISTILLATION OF FATTY ACIDS.

After the acidified fats have been distilled as far as is advantageous, the dark residue in the retort may yet be made to yield a considerable amount of fat by submitting it to pressure; the black, solid mass which still remains is used as fuel. The distilled fat is broken up into fragments and distributed in layers of about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, upon squares of cocoanut matting, which are piled one above another, and submitted to the action of a hydraulic press. The fat thus obtained is sufficiently firm to be made at once into candles suited to European climates, but for the Indian market it is necessary again to subject the fat to pressure, which this time is effected at a temperature of 122 deg. Fah.

Mr. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, a few years ago, made the important observation, that when a mixture of fat and water is forced, under a strong pressure, through tubes heated nearly to redness, so as to raise the temperature of the mass to 400 or 500 deg. Fah., the fat is entirely decomposed into glycerine and fatty acids; the elements of water enter into combination with those of the fat, so that by this means a result is obtained exactly the reverse of that effected at lower temperatures when the acid and glycerine are digested together.

Mr. Wilson, by injecting superheated steam at a temperature of between 500 and 600 deg. Fah. into heated fat, was able to produce a similar separation of hydrated glycerine and of the acids with which it was previously in combination, and at the same time he succeeded in effecting the distillation not only of the fat, but also of the glycerine; the latter is thus obtained in a high degree of concentration, as a beautiful, colorless, syrupy liquid, which can be prepared in almost unlimited quantity.

The fatty acids are also procured by the same operation in a very pure form, so that this process, from its simplicity and from the purity of the products which it yields, bids fair to supersede those previously employed in the preparation of fatty acids for illuminating purposes. Once in possession of pure stearine the further manufacture of candles is conducted in a manner very similar to that pursued with ordinary tallow. As they are harder than tallow, they can be polished by being passed under rollers (fig. 15) on an endless woolen warp. When thus prepared, they present a very fine appearance, and are a great improvement on the tallow dip of our ancestors.

The great cost of wax as an illuminating material must prevent its general application to the manufacture of candles. Its use is practically limited to ecclesiastical and festive occasions.

Spermaceti is also becoming too rare and expensive for common use. A new material has made its appearance in recent times, which appears destined to come strongly into competition with stearine. This is paraffine, a substance discovered by Reichenbach among the products of the distillation of beech tar. It comes over during the last stages of the distillation, when the crude tar is rectified. It is found in the tar of both animal and vegetable substances, as well as in that of pit-coal.

A similar substance is an abundant constituent of some varieties of petroleum, and it is likewise obtained in considerable quantity from the products of the distillation of peat, as well as of certain forms of lignite and of some varieties of bituminous shale. There are also native deposits of earth wax or impure paraffine in some of the lower provinces of Austria.

The low melting point of paraffine has been an objection to its use in candles, but this difficulty is in a measure remedied by the admixture of stearine or wax. It is a very clean and beautiful substance, and affords pure and fine light during combustion. While illumination by oil lamps and stearine candles was gradually approaching perfection, a new source of light was growing up which was destined to throw into the shade all artificial illumination hitherto invented. The introduction of a combustible gas was a natural sequence to the chemical discoveries of the last century.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

TORPEDO BOATS.—Torpedoes are as great a terror to iron-clads as the insignificant fever insect is to the soldier on shore. It is not always the big things that we have cause to fear, but rather the enemies which lurk in invisible ambush and attack us unawares. The torpedo can sink the most powerful iron-clad, although it is so small that the most vigilant sentinel cannot detect it. A torpedo-boat was launched as early as 1776, in New York, and an attempt was made by an American, David Bushnell, at that time, to blow up a man-of-war in the harbor. Thirty years later, Robert Fulton took up the matter with enthusiasm. At that early day it was necessary to have recourse to clockwork to fire the cap. In 1843, when the telegraph had made familiar the idea of conducting electricity over wires on long distances, Colonel Samuel Colt pr posed to apply electricity to the explosion of submarine batteries. During the civil war, torpedoes of American invention were used in Southern waters, and nine iron-clads, eleven wooden ships-of-war, and nine transports and steamboats were destroyed. The torpedoes which have recently performed such fatal execution on the Danube were of the same pattern as the one that Lieutenant Cushman put under the bottom of the ram *Albemarle*, in Roanoke Inlet. The Lay torpedo-boat carries in its hold its own engine and boiler, besides its freight of 100 pounds of dynamite. It is under the control of the operator on shore, and when it strikes a solid obstacle, a signal at once makes known the fact on shore, and the operator can fire the dynamite if the opportune moment has arrived.

SUGAR MADE FROM CORN.—The manufacture of grape sugar from corn bids fair to become an industry of great importance in the West, where the cost of the raw material is exceedingly low. The demand for grape sugar (glucose) is constantly increasing. Confectioners use large quantities of it, and it is required in the manufacture of beer. Glucose has properties which adapt it to many uses in the arts, from which it has hitherto been excluded on account of the high cost. Its chief manufacture from corn will be a source of profit to the West, and a decided advantage to the country at large.

CATASTROPHISM IN GEOLOGY.—Mr. Clarence King devotes special attention to the influence of sudden catastrophes upon the determination of the present condition of the earth's crust, and upon the races of plants and animals now existing. He thinks that such men as Darwin and Huxley have scarcely made sufficient allowance for sudden convulsions, in making up their geological record of the descent of man. In place of the survival of the fittest, he substitutes survival by "plasticity." For example, when a catastrophe overtook the horses of Professor Marsh, a "plastic" variety survived—but the question arises, did the plastic variety which survived already possess the peculiarity which distinguished the new species. If so, then the catastrophe did not produce the change, and it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest. The substitution of plasticity for natural selection, does not, therefore, improve the situation or render it any more easy to explain the evident development of races as traced in the records of the rocks. All who have opposed Darwin's Natural Selection doctrine will be glad to witness attacks upon it on the part of a distinguished geologist—and these attacks will be welcomed by all true lovers of scientific progress as long as they are carried on in a proper spirit. The more discussion we have the better.

THE UNKNOWN ANCESTOR OF MAN.—Notwithstanding the great progress made, of late years, in our knowledge of Natural History we are still in want of the missing link between the ape and man. There are four apes, which bear a close resemblance to man—in fact, man is only a higher order of ape, but between these four and the *genus homo*, a species is evidently wanting of which no traces, either living or dead, have as yet been discovered. As nearly every quarter of the globe has now been explored, the chances of finding a living representative appear to be slight, but a search among the rocks may some day reveal him as a fossil, unless, by geological catastrophes, all traces have been destroyed. The four apes which bear the closest resemblance to man are the Gibbon, of Southern Asia; the Orang, of Borneo; the Chimpanzee, of Southern or Western Africa; and the Gorilla of the Gaboon country. The descent of man from the *moner* has been worked out by Haeckel, and, according to this learned zoologist, there are twenty-two generations between the beginning and the ending in man. There is a great demand for the "missing link," to prove the correctness of Haeckel's theory.

GROUND AIR IN DWELLINGS.—Professor Petterkofer has been studying the influence of ground air on the hygiene of dwellings. He shows that the earth is full of gases, and that when the hot air of houses produces currents, some of the ground air is drawn into the dwelling, circulated through it, and thus introduces dangerous fever germs into the inhabited rooms. Sometimes the ground air is vitiated with carbonic acid to such an extent as to be fatal to life; at other times there is an escape of gas which resembles the odor of illuminating gas, although no pipes have been laid down. As all houses necessarily draw much gas from the earth, the condition of the cellars is of the greatest importance. Many persons maintain that cellars are reservoirs of foul air, and ought never to be built under dwellings. Such a view is certainly contrary to the received practice; but in cities, where building sites are often made by filling in the foundations with refuse, there are strong reasons why the condition of the loose earth should be closely examined, and every precaution be made to exclude the ground air. It is always safer to make provision for the escape of the ground air through pipes leading to the roof, rather than allow it to be drawn through the dwelling.

NEW USES OF GLYCERINE.—The uses of glycerine are constantly extending, and the more intimate our knowledge of this remarkable substance becomes the more frequently do we find it employed in the arts. A late application is to mix it in small quantity with lime juice. When left to itself, lime juice is apt to spoil on account of the formation of fungoid growths, even in very cold climates; this is prevented by the glycerine, while the juice is also retained in a fluid condition. This application also suggests a probable use of glycerine in keeping preserved fruits and vegetable juices in general from being spoiled by mould. A small quantity is sufficient, and as it is wholesome, no injurious consequences can arise from its use.

PARIS GREEN IN AGRICULTURE.—Instead of mixing Paris green with flour before putting it upon potatoes to destroy the Colorado beetle; it is advised to mix one part of it with thirty parts of plaster of Paris; the plaster is more economical than flour, and has the additional advantage of being a good fertilizer. Death by poisoning from Paris green has recently been reported, where a child ate some apples which had fallen on potato vines planted in an orchard, and which had been sprinkled with the arsenic pigment. The apples had come in contact with the poison, and the child thus lost its life. It does not appear that the plant itself absorbs enough of the poison to produce deleterious effects.

SPONGY IRON FOR FILTERING WATER.—It is confidently stated by chemists that the best filter for impure water is spongy iron. Bacteria and germs are not killed by being passed through charcoal, but are destroyed by filtering through spongy iron. The organic matter is destroyed by the oxygen, liberated by the iron from the water, and the ferrous hydrate, resulting from the solution by organic matter, is re-oxidized by the oxygen dissolved in the water, so that the process of purification is a continuous one, and the spongy iron is not destroyed in the operation.

COAL AND IRON IN AFRICA.—At one point on the margin of Lake Tanganika (Central Africa), Captain Cameron saw large masses of coal. In the district adjoining Manyneme, iron is plentiful; the people manufacture large quantities of iron, and many of the articles they make are beautifully finished.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE most important thing to woman in this life—To woo man

THERE is a young lady in Omaha named Hittie Maginn. That's a striking name, certainly.

IN Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an old Mann."

LITTLE lady of 7 to young gentleman of 10—"You're not yet a man; no, indeed!" "What a notion! Come near and see how I smell of tobacco."

A YOUNGSTER at the table the other night, asked his mother if sausages were ripe yet, and was told that sausages did not grow. "Yes, they do," said he, stoutly, "for I saw a whole branch of green ones in a fruit-store to-day." It was necessary to enlighten him with regard to the difference between bananas and sausages.

QUESTIONS of importance by a four-year-old: "How do they get our souls out of our bodies when we die—cut 'em out?" "Why can't we see the yellow embelopes the telegraph comes in, goin' 'long on the wires?" "If the Bible calls bad old folks goats, bad children are kids, ain't they?" "Is it too late for me to have a twin brother?" "Any rate, me and Billy Green is twin cousins, ain't we?" "If you was me when you was a man, would you drive a hearse or join a circus?"

DID you ever see a young lady undertake to drop a letter in the post-office box without drawing it back several times to scan the directions and the stamp and the gummed side before finally letting it drop? As curious as it may seem, we have.

A COOL YOUTH.—A rheumatic old gentleman, whose son was careless about shutting the front door after him, called out to him one cold day, when he had left the door swinging wide, "See here, young man, you leave that door open too much!" "Do I?" was the response. "Then how much open shall I leave it?" "I mean you leave it open too often?" thundered the old gentleman. "Oh, well, how often shall I leave it open?" politely inquired the son. The father didn't dare trust himself to reply.

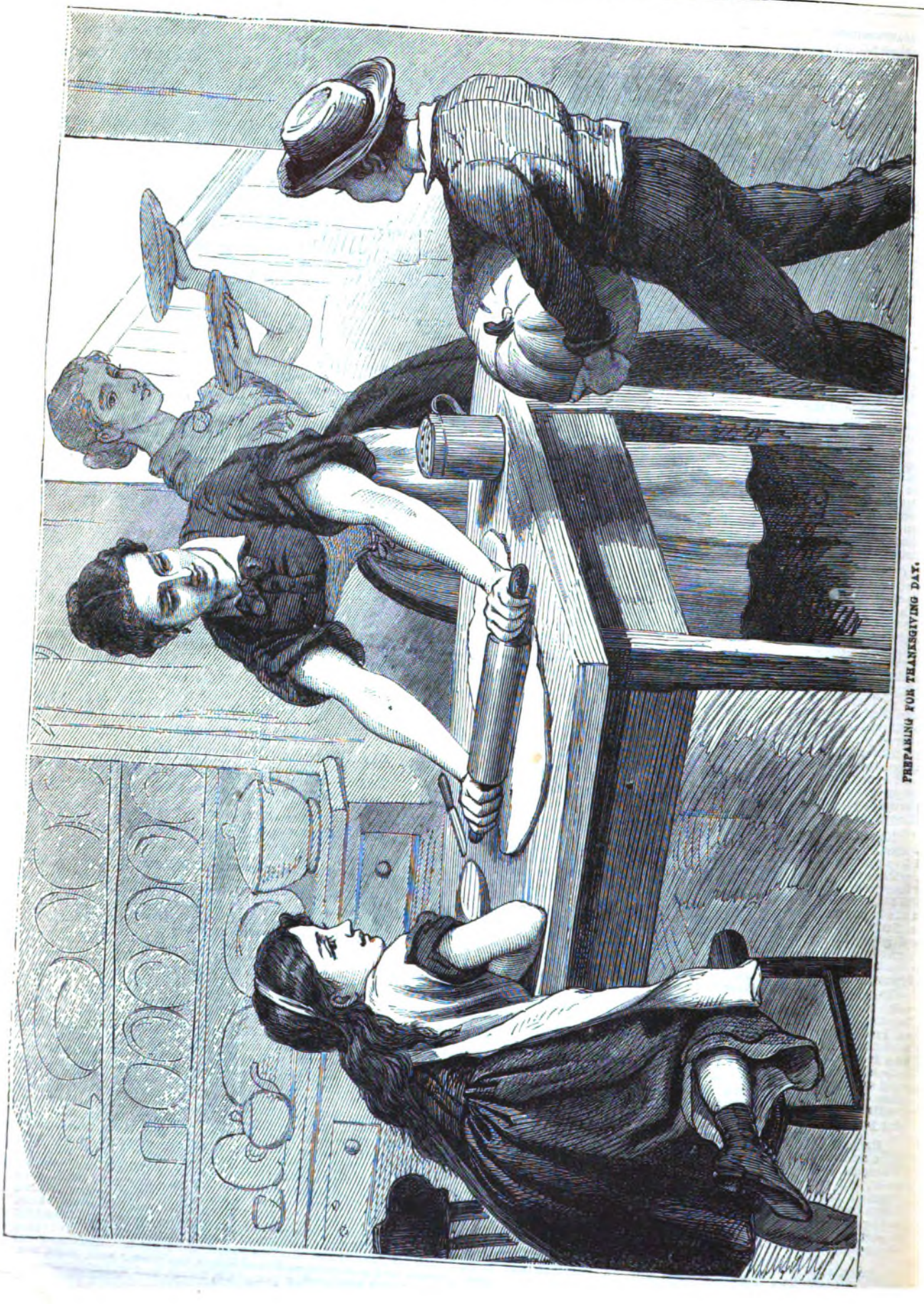
"WHAT kind of a house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Mary, here, she can be Mrs. Brown and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call upon her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles yet, and tell her now nice she looks in her new wrapper, and hope it won't hurt her when she gets that tooth filled. And then we'll say, 'Good-by, Mrs. Brown, come and see us some time or other, and bring the children and your sewing; and you're such a stranger; we don't see half enough of you.' And then me and Julia we'll courtesy, and walk off a piece, and I'll say to Julia, 'Did you ever see such a horrid old fright as she is in that wrapper?' And then Julia, she'll say, The *idear* of anybody having false teeth filled!' And then I'll say 'Yes, and what a homely lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her'n is!' Let's play it."

THE SONG OF THE OYSTER.

Oh! a jolly old bird is the oyster fish,
As he sits in his pearly shell,
A-thinking how many a delicate dish
He can make when cook-ed well—
Broiled or roast,
Served on toast,
Or raw on a dainty platter;
Escallop or stew.
Either will do.
Or fried in crumbs or batter.'

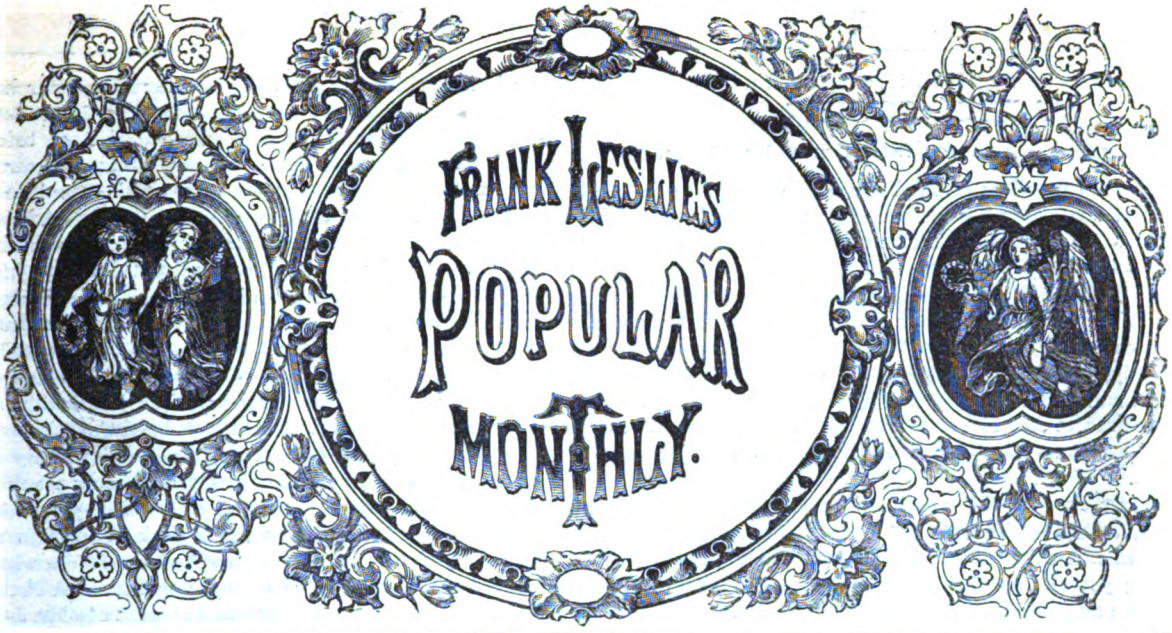
And a knowing old fish is the oyster bird,
As he slyly seems to doze;
For he drops not a hint, he speaks not a word
Of all the secrets he knows—
Blissful hours,
Shady bowers,
Whisperings low and sweet.
Boozy delights,
Merry old nights,
When jolly old cronies meet.

A CHINESE who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichoo—to a spot quite inaccessible to little-footed Chinese women. He trained his boy to worship the gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountains alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried, "Father, what are those beings? Look—look! What are they?" The father instantly answered, with peremptory words, "Turn away your head—they are devils!" The son in some alarm turned away, seeing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answers to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain, "Oh, father, that tallest devil—that tallest devil, father!"



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.



VOL. IV.—NO. 6. DECEMBER, 1877.

PETER COOPER, FOUNDER OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

PETER COOPER,

FOUNDER OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

IN previous numbers of the POPULAR MONTHLY we have detailed at some length the lives of Commodore Vanderbilt and Alexander T. Stewart. These were, in a sense, representative men—types of the class of money-gatherers, widely different from each other, to be sure, in temperament and characteristics, extending their labors into fields which in no wise coincided, either in purpose or results; yet achieving largely, in the popular mind, the reputation of money-making men, rather than any higher character; though this judgment in the case of Vanderbilt, whose grand operations and achievements are known to many, was certainly an injustice.

We come now to the consideration of the life of one whose difference of character and purpose from either of the two just mentioned is so broad as to render him almost their opposite; yet who also has popularly gone into repute as a millionaire and shrewd business man—a gatherer of wealth for wealth's sake.

There could scarcely be a greater error than is committed in fastening upon Peter Cooper these attributes. Far from having devoted himself to the accumulation of money, that which has come to him, and which has at all times been much less than has been popularly imagined, has rather drifted in his way through the chances and changes of trade and the opportunities of investment, than by earnest search therefor, or through the impetus of any leading desire or design in that direction.

As will be seen in glancing rapidly through the main events of his life, Mr. Cooper is in no respect to be included in the category of men of wealth alone. It will be conceded before we complete our sketch, that he should be remembered as one who has labored long and faithfully, that he might subserve the public good with the stores which he accumulated, rather than that these should be amassed for the enriching of his heirs and the enlargement of his reputation as a successful business man.

Peter Cooper was born in the City of New York, February 12th, 1791. His birthplace was a house which stood not far from Coenties Slip. He came from good old Revolutionary stock; his grandfather, on the mother's side, having been John Campbell, who was an alderman of the city and Deputy Quartermaster-general during the Revolutionary War, and who, it has been said, expended a large private fortune in the patriotic cause.

Mr. Cooper's father was a lieutenant in the patriot army, and after the war was over, came to New York and started a hat factory, in which he did a fairly successful business. He had, however, a large family, and partly because this was difficult to support, and partly from a regard for country life, he presently bought a place at Peekskill, where for some time he carried on the business of a country storekeeper.

The earliest recollection of young Cooper extends back to a time when his head was just above the height of a table, and when he did his share of the hat manufacturing business by pulling the hairs out of rabbit-skins. This initiatory part of the art was followed by the young apprentice until he was considered capable to enter into other departments; and he continued to improve until he was able to make every part of a hat. At Peekskill, a portion of his father's business consisted of the brewing of ale, and here Peter adapted himself to his new relations to the extent of delivering the kegs of ale to the different customers in town and country.

But the elder Cooper appears to have been somewhat migratory in his habits, and presently we hear of him purchasing a place at Catskill, and again commencing the hatter's trade, combining with it, in this instance, that of brick-making. As was natural, Peter was now utilized in carrying and handling the bricks as his share of the new line of business. Again the elder Cooper broke up his establishment, and took up his abode in Brooklyn, N. Y., remaining there only for a short period, however, and devoting himself to hat manufacturing, when he removed to Newburgh, where he purchased a piece of property and erected a brewery—in the construction of which young Cooper assisted by carting all the stone that was used in building it.

Of course, with all the arduous labor imposed upon the lad during these, which should have been the scholastic years of his life, young Cooper had little opportunity for education; and it is stated as a fact, that he only attended school during one year, and that only for half-day sessions. In his seventeenth year he began to look about him for something which should take him out of the rut in which he had learned so much and achieved so little. A chance brought him to the coachmaking establishment of a Mr. John Woodward, to whom he introduced himself, asking for a situation.

The result of the interview was his engagement as an apprentice, to remain in the business for four years, and to receive $25 a year for his services. His grandmother, who owned property, gave him the free use of an apartment in a rear building of hers on Broadway, and so the young mechanic entered upon his new trade with nothing but his native force of character and energy and earnestness as capital. These qualities were not sufficient, however, to keep him at his trade after the stipulated four years, at the end of which period he left his employer, having gained some slight savings, and, what was of more importance, a reputation for industry and integrity, which were of good service to him then, and were to remain chief among his personal characteristics through life.

The little savings which Mr. Cooper had gathered came chiefly from his work at home, in the room in his grandmother's house, where he developed his practical ingenuity and mechanical capacity, which now began to make themselves prominent, by carving parts used in coachmaking, and by other outside work. As he always devoted his spare time to some kind of labor, and avoided associating with other apprentices who spent their time in idleness and the cultivation of loose habits, he was not only gaining something in the way of pecuniary value, but also established habits which became the groundwork of his future character. This feeling was strongly impressed upon the mind of the young man, on account of the bankruptcy of a gentleman who had just purchased a carriage which Peter had nearly sent home. The escape so scared him, that the idea of debt became a positive bugbear to him.

Being now twenty-one years of age, and his apprenticeship at an end, his employer proposed to lend him capital enough to start a shop and set him up in business. This offer was, however, rejected by Mr. Cooper, who had, even at this early period of his life, a thorough distaste for running into debt.

It should be mentioned here, that perhaps the first evidence of his inventive capacity was presented by his constructing for Mr. Woodward a machine for morticing the hubs of carriage-wheels, which is said to have been the first of its kind used in this country, and which afterward became very profitable to its owner.

Leaving New York, Mr. Cooper now went to Hempstead, L. I., on a visit to his brother, and while here entered the employment of a man who manufactured machines for shearing cloth. Finding the business paid—at a dollar and

a half a day, which was considered high wages at that time —he continued at Hempstead for three years, and at the end of that time bought the right to manufacture shearing machines for the State of New York, on his own account. In this business Mr. Cooper was very successful, and it is related as an interesting personal incident, that the first money which he obtained for any machine of his own manufacture was received from Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, the founder of Vassar Female College. This sale, which included a patent right for the county in which Mr. Vassar resided, furnished Mr. Cooper with about five hundred dollars, with which he hoped to make investments which should put him on a fair business foundation. Unfortunately, however, his father, who was then residing in Newburg, was in serious pecuniary distress, oppressed with debt, and the result was that Mr. Cooper devoted the entire sum of which he was possessed to the relief of his father; becoming also security for debts not yet matured, which he afterward discharged as they came due.

Mr. Cooper now returned to the manufacture of machines for shearing cloth, and in this he soon made an improvement, on account of which his business largely increased; the war of 1812 with England having broken off commerce with that country and brought these machines into demand. When the war ended the business fell off, and the young manufacturer gave it up.

Curiously enough, the principle employed and invented by Mr. Cooper in his machine for shearing cloth was the one now used in mowing and reaping machines, and the model of such a machine was made by Mr. Cooper at this time, and was used successfully in grass cutting long before any mowing machine had been invented or patented. In fact, it may be said right here that if Mr. Cooper had kept the control of all his early inventions, these alone would doubtless have made him as wealthy a man as he has been imagined to be by the general public.

Some time was now devoted by Mr. Cooper to the trade of cabinet-making, which did not, however, prove very successful; and having quite a sum of money saved out of his machine manufacture, he purchased a twenty years' lease of two houses and six lots of ground on the land where the Bible House now stands, opposite the Cooper Union. Here he put up four wooden dwelling-houses, in one of which he entered into the grocery business, in which he continued for three years.

His next movement was to purchase a glue factory with its stock and buildings on a lease of twenty-one years, the establishment standing on three acres of ground on what was then called the "Old Middle Road," between Thirty-first and Thirty-fourth streets, and here Mr. Cooper started the manufacture of glue, oil, whiting, prepared chalk and isinglass. For this factory he paid two thousand dollars, induced to make the investment by seeing what he believed to be a good opening, the best glue being then imported from England, and only an inferior article being manufactured in America.

The money which he had made by his shearing machines and in the grocery business was sufficient to enable him to pay cash for his glue factory on the day of its purchase. He continued to follow this business on the same spot until his lease expired. At this time Mr. Cooper supported his aged parents and two maiden sisters, besides paying for the medical education of one of his brothers. The reason of the sale of the factory was the disgust of the proprietor at his own ill-success, which was the result of mismanagement. Mr. Cooper soon got the reputation of making the best glue in the market, for which he found a ready sale, which yielded him large returns and enabled him to embark in another important enterprise.

After his twenty-one years' lease expired, Mr. Cooper purchased ten acres of ground on Maspeth Avenue, Williamsburgh, to which place he removed his business, where it has been continued ever since. In all these years the subject of our sketch had been thriving, business had come to him—almost, as it would seem, as a matter of good-fortune—since Mr. Cooper was certainly speculative, and often a little erratic in his business movements and tendencies, which doubtless came to him by inheritance; not that he was not industrious and judicious in his management of the interests, large or small, which he undertook, but that he seems to have been successful in these through outside circumstances, and to an extent which is not often the case with those who start in life hampered as he was by a lack of education and with trade of all kinds certainly in a very precarious condition, owing to the war in which the country was then engaged. Taking everything into consideration, it is a little surprising that his business should have advanced with the rapidity which characterized it, and with the remarkable success which seemed to attend his every speculation. To such an extent was this the case, however, that in 1828 he was able to purchase three thousand acres of land within the limits of Baltimore at a cost of $105,000.

When he undertook this purchase, Mr. Cooper had two partners, but he was shortly obliged to buy them out, and eventually owned the entire property. There he erected extensive works for the manufacture of iron, known afterward as the "Canton Iron Works," and where he also set up a rolling-mill. The rolling-mill he afterward sold to Mr. Abbot, who is still its owner. An incident which occurred in the course of his iron manufacturing experience adds another illustration of the capacity of the man to get around difficulties.

Being obliged to manufacture charcoal, he constructed large circular kilns twenty-five feet in diameter by twelve feet high, hooped around with iron at the top. By means of these constructions Mr. Cooper was able to produce the desired result. But on one occasion an accident occurred which came near closing his manufacturing and constructing career, and did him considerable personal damage. While engaged in the manufacture of his charcoal, the coal with which it was charred took fire. Mr. Cooper went to the door of the kiln to make an examination of the situation, when he was received by an explosion of burning gas which fairly enveloped him in flames, as he was quite within the kiln. He was badly burned about the head and face before he succeeded in escaping narrowly with his life.

It was at about this time that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was building, and this gave Mr. Cooper another opportunity, of which his original turn of mind and general shrewdness were quick to take advantage. The peculiar nature of the road, and there being so many short turns upon it, seemed to render it impracticable to use locomotives, then just coming into vogue, and the directors and managers were at their wits' end, while the stock was rapidly depreciating and the stockholders discouraged. Mr. Cooper examined the road, and proposed to construct a small locomotive which he believed could be used advantageously upon it, notwithstanding the superabundance of short turns. He actually built an engine called the "Tom Thumb," which was tried on the road in August, 1830, and which successfully demonstrated the practicability of using locomotives on the road. Though this one was found too small to be of much service, one result was that a few months later the locomotive "Best Friend," which was the first one built in the United States for actual service, and was made at the West Point foundry, in New York, was put on the new road between Charleston and Hamburg.

PETER COOPER, AS A BOY, AT HAT-MAKING.

South Carolina, while a little later others were successfully in use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

On the trial trip of "Tom Thumb" thirty-six men were taken into a car, and, with six men on the locomotive, which carried its own fuel and water, and on a grade rising eighteen feet in the mile, and turning by the short turns on the road, they succeeded in making thirteen miles of the distance in one hour and twelve minutes, returning from Ellicott's Mills in fifty-seven minutes. This locomotive was built to demonstrate that cars could be drawn round short curves, and succeeded in this object. It is believed that the introduction of Mr. Cooper's little engine saved the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from bankruptcy.

Mr. Cooper now determined to sell out his interest in the iron works, and as he got an offer of nearly what it cost him, from two Boston men, he sold to them, and they formed what is now known as the Canton Company. Mr. Cooper took a considerable portion of his pay in stock at forty-four dollars per share, the par value being one hundred dollars. Fortunately for him the stock commenced rising almost immediately, and continued to come up in the market until it reached two hundred and thirty dollars per share, when he sold out to great advantage, making a considerable sum by the operation. He then returned to his late business of manufacturing glue in New York, but after one or two years built the iron factory in Thirty-third street near Third

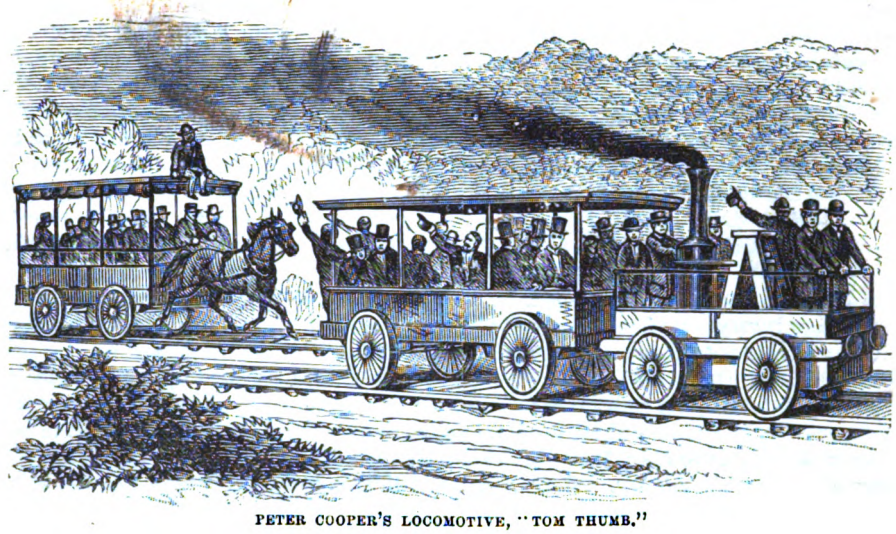
PETER COOPER DELIVERING ALE AT PEEKSKILL.

Avenue. This he leased to a man who kept it for one or two years, but who failed, and Mr. Cooper had to take the property off his hands. He then turned it into a rolling mill for rolling iron and making wire. But the great iron works run by Mr. Cooper, were and are at Trenton, N. J., where they have been in operation nearly thirty years. Here he expended seventy-five thousand dollars for machinery for rolling beams. He also built three large blast furnaces at Phillipsburgh, Pa., and bought the Durham furnaces, twenty-five miles from Trenton, for which he paid two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In order to be able to transport ore from his ore beds, at Andover, he built a railroad eight miles long, through a very rough country. This was entirely his own enterprise, he not only building the road, but putting on the locomotives and other rolling stock. In his glue factory, iron works, and mining operations, he employed over two thousand five hundred workmen. And here we may properly give Mr. Cooper's own language, having reference to an assertion which had been made that he had at some time or other failed in business. He says: "So far from ever having failed in business,

PETER COOPER CARVING CARRIAGE ORNAMENTS.

PETER COOPER'S GROCERY STORE, ON THE SITE OF THE BIBLE HOUSE.

I don't remember the week or month when every man who ever worked for me, didn't get his pay when it was due. This is strictly true, through a business life of more than sixty years, in which I have had at times as many as twenty-five hundred people in my employ." Connected with the Trenton establishment was a large wire mill, and altogether Mr. Cooper was at this time one of the heaviest iron manufacturers in the country, with a revenue from this branch of the business proportionately large. His railroad used to bring down from the mines as much as forty thousand tons of iron-ore per year. After running the works for several years he formed them into a company, called the Trenton Iron Works, including the rolling mills and blast furnaces, eleven thousand acres of land known as the Ringwood property, a second rolling mill, and the wire factory. One half of these works he sold in forming the company, and this situation of affairs stood for a number of years, when a division was made, the Company taking one part of the property, the blast furnaces, while Mr. Cooper took the rolling mills and the Ringwood property. This property is still in the family. It was in one of Mr. Cooper's mills that the first iron beams were rolled, that are now so much used in iron fire-proof buildings. In planning the building of the Cooper Union, he desired to make it fire-proof as far as possible, and finding that no such iron beams could be obtained he determined to have them rolled in one of his mills.

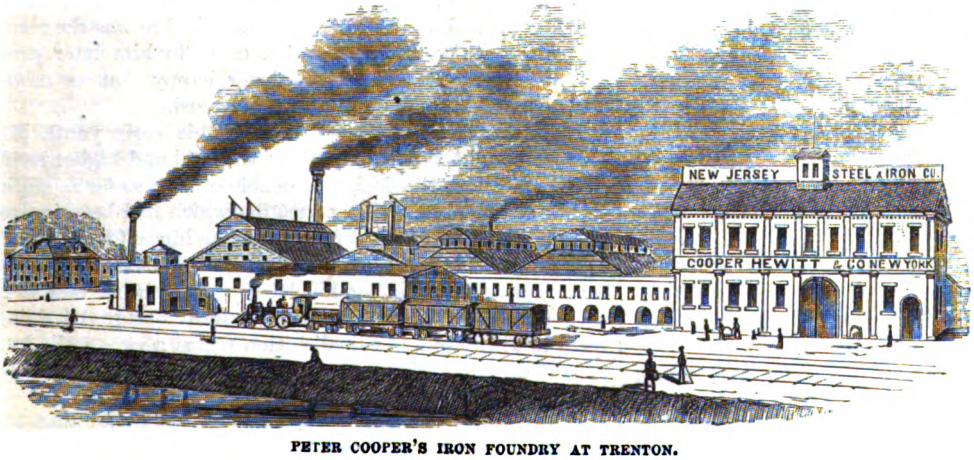


PETER COOPER'S LOCOMOTIVE, "TOM THUMB."

PETER COOPER INVENTING A MECHANICAL CRADLE,

He found in the end, however, that the necessary experiments and suitable machinery had cost him the seventy-five thousand dollars to which we alluded above. Besides the locomotive which Mr. Cooper built for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, his inventive genius, which is quite one of his most remarkable characteristics, induced him to venture into a good many fields, where these elements could be utilized.

PETER COOPER NEARLY KILLED BY A CHARCOAL EXPLOSION.



PETER COOPER'S IRON FOUNDRY AT TRENTON.

As long ago as when he was an apprentice, he invented a process by which he employed condensed air as a propelling power, and one of his experiments in this motor was made where the Fulton Ferry now is. Robert Fulton expressed himself greatly pleased with the result.

Before water was put into the Erie Canal, Mr.

Cooper made some experiments on the East River to show how elevated water could be used as motive power to propel boats on the canal, and he succeeded in propelling a boat by this method two miles in eleven minutes. Governor DeWitt Clinton was present in the boat at the final experiment, and the only objection which the Governor had to find was that the boats were propelled too rapidly for the safety of the banks of the canal. This motive power was not adopted.

We have already referred to a model of a mowing machine which embraced the principle now used in that implement, and which was made by Mr. Cooper.

Among his very early inventions was a self-rocking cradle. Here it is proper to state that in 1814 Mr. Cooper married a Miss Bedell of Hempstead, L. I., an estimable lady, with whom he lived fifty-six years without a word being spoken or an act done by either, which gave the other pain. Mrs. Cooper died in December, 1869, on the fifty-sixth anniversary of their wedding day. They had six children, two sons and four daughters, of whom only a daughter and son are living.

After he was married, and the cradle became one of the necessities of his household appointments, they were too poor to keep a servant, and the result was that Mr. Cooper invented a self-rocking cradle, with a fan attachment designed to fan the infant and keep off the flies automatically. He took out a patent for this and sold it.

He also made a machine for grinding plate glass of any size to a perfect plane, and by one of his inventions demonstrated the loss of power by use of a crank in rotary motion.

As early as during the time of his apprenticeship, he invented a machine for making hubs of carriages, as we have already stated. Another one of his inventions was a cylindrical machine for puddling iron and reducing ore and pig metals to wrought iron—an invention which has since been brought out in England and made a fortune for the new discoverer.

Beside the accident to which we have referred, in connection with his charcoal manufacture, Mr. Cooper came near losing the sight of an eye while triyng to avail himself of the force contained in one of the most powerful gases known to chemistry. Altogether, Mr. Cooper's inventions have been many and important; but, like most inventors, he has turned them to very little personal account.

Mr. Cooper's connection with the great enterprise, the laying of the ocean cable, was, perhaps, one of the most important and interesting episodes in his life. More than twenty years ago he became the president of the North American Telegraph Company, when it controlled more than one half of all the telegraph lines then in the country, and also president of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.

At this period, an attempt had been made to lay a line of telegraph across Newfoundland, on which some work had been done. Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Wilson G. Hunt and Peter Cooper completed this work, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, intending it as the beginning of a line to connect Europe with America by telegraph. In laying this Gulf cable, a loss of three or four hundred thousand dollars was sustained, through the carelessness of the captain of the ship which towed the vessel containing it across the Gulf. The cable could not be recovered. Another cable was ordered immediately, however, and was made ready in a year or two, when it was put down without difficulty.

The next point in the enterprise was to get capital to lay the ocean cable, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field crossed over to England to obtain subscriptions. Quite to the surprise of most people, Mr. Field succeeded in getting the amount required, and in contracting for the cable. This was the first one laid down, which was safely united in 1858, and over which some 400 messages were sent. It, however, soon began to fail. The messages grew weaker and weaker, and finally were silenced altogether, and a second cable was made. When this was half way across the ocean it was lost, and this, of course, put a serious damper on the whole question of ocean telegraphing. The matter continued, however, to be talked over by those most interested for two or three years. At last Mr. Field was sent out again to England, where he succeeded in getting the whole amount of subscriptions made up, being $6,000,000, after which the cable was made, put down and worked successfully. The one that was lost was next looked after, and was found and pulled up out of water two and a half miles deep, in mid ocean. When this was accomplished, the two ends of the cable were brought in connection, when two complete cables crossed the ocean and were safely landed.

The cause of the failure of the first cable was found, on taking it up, to have originated in the manufacture of the cable itself. In passing it into the vat provided for it, where it was intended to lie under water until put aboard the ship, the workmen neglected to keep the water at all times over the cable, and on one occasion, when the sun shone very hotly down into this vat where the cable was lying uncovered, its rays melted the gutta percha, so that the copper wire inside sank down against the outer covering. The first cable would have been a perfect success if it had not been for this error of carelessness.

Thus far we have considered the life of Mr. Cooper in its apprenticeship; in its assiduous devotion to business and competition with shrewd, industrious money-getters; and in its varied resources of invention and comprehensive adaptation to business purposes. We see him now as he emerges from toilsome years crowned with success and supplied with a fortune adequate not only to his interests but to such other demands as the main purpose or purposes of his life should require as these develop themselves. Before entering upon the examination of the comprehensive scope of intention which Mr. Cooper had formed, it will be well, perhaps, to devote a little space to the consideration of the origin of this intention and its progress in the evolutions of his thoughts.

It may well be supposed that, possessed of the remarkable traits of character which his business life had displayed, Mr. Cooper could not have but viewed with regret the fact that these traits had not been favored for their better development with the advantages which can only be supported by a course of education much more extended than was ever possible to him. As we have already observed, he received but little schooling, and that little but of a desultory and very primary character. Whatever education, therefore, he gained in the early years of his life was the result of private study, and that which came to him later grew out of his experiences and whatever happy chances might have been able to assist him in this regard.

It is a matter of fact that from his early youth Mr. Cooper sought above himself, as the final and higher reach of his ambition, the design to enable others, so far as might in him lie, to obtain that education which had been impossible to him with as great freedom as he himself had lacked. It is doubtful if this idea ever formulated itself into an absolute plan until during his later years; but certain it is that, formed or inchoate, the benevolent design of doing good to his fellows in this direction was at a very early date a fixed determination with him, and doubtless an incentive to much of his after labors. Finally he had reached so much of a clear idea of what he proposed to do that his purchase of lots and buildings on the land where the

Cooper Institute now stands was made with this ultimate intention. As early as 1853 he commenced to build the magnificent structure now known as the Cooper Union. At the end of five years the building was completed, presenting a plain but imposing structure, whose central location has made it known throughout the country.

This building stands 195 feet on Third Avenue, 146 feet on Eighth Street, 165 feet on Fourth Avenue, and 70 feet on Seventh Street, and is constructed of brown-stone. On the 20th of April, 1859, Mr. Cooper gave a deed of this property to the trustees named in the act of incorporation passed by the State Legislature. The extent and purposes of this gift cannot be better exhibited than by quoting the opening and closing sentences of Mr. Cooper's letter to the trustees, accompanying the trust: "It is to me a source of inexpressible pleasure," he says, "after so many years of continued effort, to place in your hands the title to all that piece and parcel of land, bounded on the west by Fourth Avenue, on the north by Astor Place, on the east by Third Avenue, and on the south by Seventh Street, with all the land, furniture, rents and income of every name and nature, to be for ever devoted to the advancement of science and art in their application to the varied and useful purposes of life."

The following is his closing sentence: "Please accept my heartfelt assurance of sincere desire that under your care thousands of the youth of our country may throng its halls, to learn those lessons of wisdom so much needed to guide the inexperience of youth, and enable them to meet the dangers to which they are at all times exposed."

In this simple statement we have the culmination of Mr. Cooper's intention in a grand and noble gift which he so charitably designed, to fulfill the purposes the lack of whose fulfillment in his own experience had produced such worth and abiding fruit.

The Cooper Institute building cost $634,000. To this donation Mr. Cooper added $10,000 in money, that it might be placed in running order. Other sums were contributed by him from time to time, including one of $20,000 to furnish the institution with a museum. Altogether, he expended upon it about three-quarters of a million of dollars. On May 30th, 1874, Mr. Cooper delivered an address to the graduates of the Cooper Union, on the occasion of the fifteenth annual Commencement, in which he stated that, with the corner-stone of the building there was buried a scroll inscribed with the following sentiment: "The great object which I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution, is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

He also stated in the same address that one of the prominent incidents which led to the conception of this institution in his mind occurred about the year 1828, when, through an acquaintance with a gentleman who had lately returned from France, he became informed concerning the nature and scope of the Polytechnic School of Paris; being deeply impressed with the fact that there hundreds of young men, from all parts of France, were living on a crust of bread and undergoing great hardships in order to get the benefit of the lectures and instructions of that institution. The knowledge of this fact worked in Mr. Cooper's mind to the result of a desire and intention, if he could ever acquire the means, to build such an institution as should open its doors at night to the full course of instruction calculated to enable mechanics to understand both the theory and the most skillful practice of their several trades.

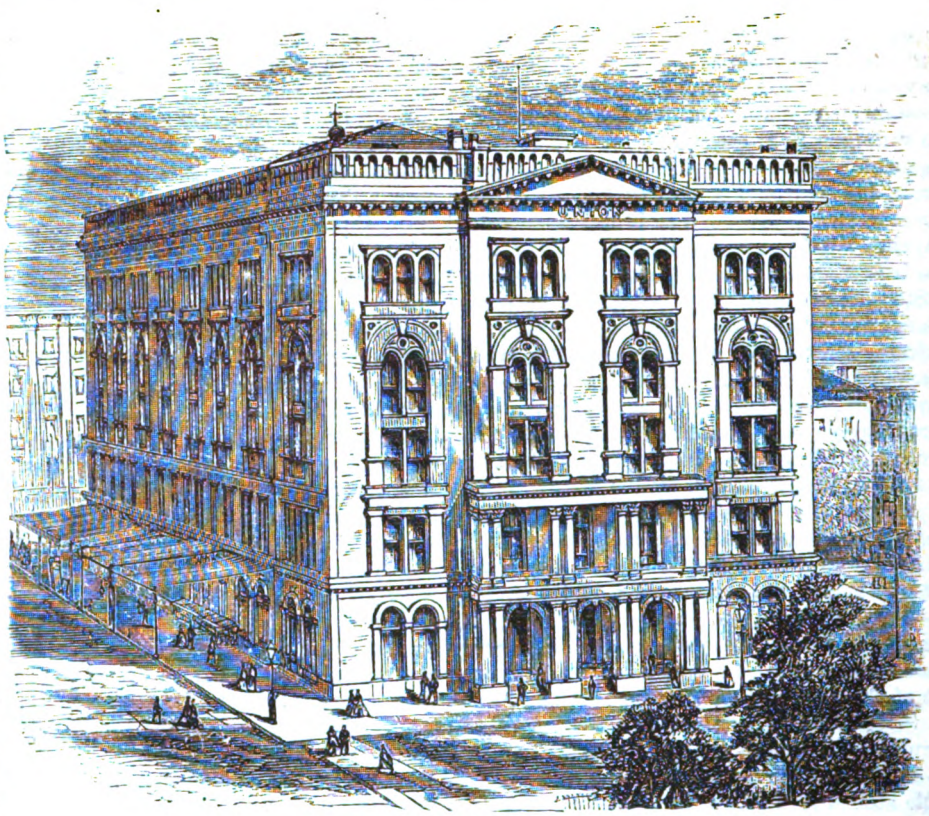
The Cooper Institute consists of a series of free schools of instruction in practical art and science, a free reading-room and free courses of popular lectures, on subjects of science, art and social reform. About twenty professors and instructors are employed.

From the last annual report of the curator of the Cooper Union, we learn that the seventeenth academic year of this institution finds every department full to overflowing. More than 3,000 pupils have entered the various classes, while 450 applications have been put on file for want of room.

The Cooper Union has, for the last seventeen years, demonstrated on a large scale the great uses of practical schools of science and art, by transferring the lives of thousands of youths from the unproductive or servile employments to which they would have inevitably fallen, into the high plane of skilled artisans and original designers or teachers in workshops and schools of the country. As miners, engineers, architects; as foremen of machine shops; as teachers of engraving, painting and drawing, and even as professors in the higher departments of science, it can point to its pupils all over this country. All the instruction, lectures and accommodations of this institution are given absolutely free, except what material may be used up in the course of practice by the pupils. It is supported by the rent of the stores and offices occupying three stories of the building; from the rents of the larger and smaller halls for public meetings, and from an endowment of $150,000, chiefly designed for the support of the reading-room, and the increase of the library. The expenses of the various departments amounted last year to $50,769.

The evening schools of art and science are mostly attended by young men, though women are admitted and appear in some small proportion in the scientific departments. The course of instruction in the evening schools includes Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. In the art department, drawing and all its branches, including casts, and the life; also painting and modeling in clay. Students are given certificates of proficiency in every department of study in which they have stood a satisfactory examination. Those who pursue their studies in the Cooper Union for five years are entitled to a diploma certifying the branches of learning studied and the general standing of the pupil. The school of art for women includes drawing, painting, especially in its industrial applications; engraving, and a department of normal teaching. There are also a school of telegraphy, a class in phonography, and an oratory and debating class.

The reading-room of the Cooper Union has an average daily attendance for a great part of the season of more than two thousand persons, who employ their time in reading the newspapers and periodicals, of which there are two hundred and fifteen on file, foreign and domestic. The library contains about eighteen thousand volumes, mostly standard works on travel, history, and general literature, and works of authority on science and practical arts. The library and reading-room are open on Sundays, from October to May, commencing at 12 M. and closing at 9 P. M. The numbers in attendance on Sunday is greater in proportion than on week-days. It is gratifying to observe that the decorum and reserve are unexceptionable. The free lectures have been remarkably successful, the attendance in the great hall generally exceeding one hundred and fifty. The annual exhibitions of the work of the pupils in various departments of the arts taught in the institution attract a great deal of attention for the thoroughness of the work and the beauty and artistic finish in many of the pieces. At the Centennial, the Cooper Union was allotted a special space for its exhibition of drawings and paintings, and these were viewed with manifest interest by large numbers of persons from all parts of the country.



THE COOPER INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

Some idea can be gathered of the immense service that is being done to the youth of this country through the labors of this institution, from the brief sketch of its growth and character which we have just given. Perhaps not the least gratifying fact in connection with its history consists in the incident that the long life of its founder has permitted him to witness the extent of the great service he has done to his country, by his munificent gift. Meanwhile Mr. Cooper, though devoting himself with peculiar assiduity to the chief work of his life, has not the less always continued to manifest great interest in public affairs in general, and has been frequently consulted in matters of serious moment by those having the public interests in charge. Of late he has devoted much time and attention to the important question of finance, and in this, while differing in opinion from the majority of his fellow-citizens, he has not the less a considerable following of thoughtful and intelligent men, who have conscientiously believed that the hard money theories of the government and a majority of the people have been and are detrimental to the true interests of the country. With the right or wrong of these theories we have nothing to do. Firm in his confidence that his judgment on this subject was sound, and his purpose designed to be beneficial to the public, Mr. Cooper permitted himself in 1876 to be nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, on what was known as the Greenback Platform. Probably his candidature only served practically to draw away votes from the Republican ticket, but the integrity of his intentions, and the proper feeling which prompted him are not to be questioned.

Mr. Cooper is now in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and is still hale and hearty, with a mind clear and comprehensive, and with the benevolence which has characterized his whole life manifestly apparent in his kindness and entire demeanor. In disposition he is modest and unassuming; gentle and kind in his nature, and simple and pure-minded as a child. His generosity is so well understood that he has often been made the victim of unjust and improper demands. Mr. Cooper resides in a large and handsome, though plain, dwelling in Lexington Avenue, in New York.

If our great cities can show works of public charity, instruction and utility, due to the bequests of large-hearted citizens, it is more to our credit that we possess and still have among us those of whor Mr. Cooper is the type, who, in their own lifetimes, rear and organize the great establishments whose plans they conceive and which their generosity endows.

PETER COOPER'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NO. 9 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LESKA, THE PRINCESS OF BOHEMIA.—"HER HANDS WERE CALMLY FOLDED ON HER BREAST, AND HER LONG, BLACK HAIR FLOATED LIKE A VAIL AROUND HER. . . . . NEARER AND NEARER CAME THE FIRE DEMON TO ITS PREY."—SEE PAGE 650.

LESKA, THE PRINCESS OF BOHEMIA.

THE morning sun rose clear in a cloudless summer sky, shining on Vienna, decked in holiday array to receive her victorious Emperor, Francis I. Flags were streaming from church steeples and tops of houses, from staffs and masts; festoons of flowers and evergreens were suspended high above the streets, mingling with the national colors; and purple and crimson tapestry adorning the balconies and windows, while on the palace damask and velvet hangings were interspersed with wreaths of laurel, monograms, sceptres, crosses and crowns, till the eye was dazzled with the richness of decoration. All night, wagons and cars, loaded with the peasantry, had been constantly arriving, and the earliest dawn saw the streets alive with crowds seeking a position to see the ambassadors, nobility and magnates of Church and State, in all their pomp and display.

Every house-top and window was swarming with human beings, every available spot secured for a sight of the gorgeous pageant, while eager anticipation was marked on every countenance. Higher and higher rose the sun in the clear blue sky, shedding its flood of light on the gay scene, and tingeing with additional splendor the brilliant colors and expectant crowd.

At last, exultant strains of martial music, at first faintly borne on the air from the distance, then swelling louder and louder, announced the approach of the anxiously looked for procession. On it came, the music growing richer and fuller, with the sun dancing and glimmering on all the rich variety of uniform belonging to different divisions of the army; on the glitter of lacings, tassels and cord; on sword-belts, resplendent with precious stones; rubies, sapphires, pearls and amethysts; and Turkish scimitars, with handles blazing with diamonds; on prancing steeds, decorated with skins of leopards, lions and tigers, fringed with gold and lined with scarlet, and green, and crimson. The brilliant panorama swept along—nobles, ambassadors and officers; and then, surrounded by his court, came the Emperor Francis, mounted on a coal-black steed, whose trappings vied with the sun itself in brilliancy.

In the first freshness of manhood, of extraordinary personal beauty, his brilliant blue eyes and graceful, winning manners, as he bowed low to his people, captured all hearts, and shouts rent the very heavens. Smiles illuminated his handsome face as the emperor perceived these evidences of his people's love and pride.

Suddenly a wreath of pure white lilies, thrown from a balcony, fell directly on his horse's neck, and, reining in his prancing steed, he paused for a moment to regard the donor. His eye rested on a lovely woman, of majestic and elegant figure, who was bending over the balustrade, and who held in her hand a bouquet of the same lilies. A black velvet robe, buttoned with diamonds of the purest lustre, defined her faultless bust, and her youthful and beautiful face resembled the spiritual beauty of a marble statue, although lighted at this moment by a soft flush. Jet-black hair defined the oval of her exquisite features, while a diadem of brilliants gleamed above her snowy brow, confining a long lace vail, which floated like a cloud around her graceful form. Her large, lustrous eyes were fixed on the emperor, and as he met her gaze, a magnetic thrill coursed through his veins.

"Heavens! what an exquisite face," he murmured.

Then, bowing low, he raised the snowy blossoms to his lips, and with one more glance at the lovely creature bending toward him, with the flush deepening on her cheek as she beheld the action, the emperor was borne along. But a moment elapsed while this little drama was performed; but that moment was sufficient to impress the beautiful vision indelibly on his mind.

The cavalcade swept on, but the Emperor Francis grew *distrait* and thoughtful. He forgot to bow and to smile as flowers were scattered in his path and fair ladies waved their perfumed *mouchoirs* in vain; the perfume of the lilies intoxicated his brain, as did the remembrance of that wondrous beauty which had beamed on his vision for a moment.

The procession at length reached the palace, and the monarch vanished within its portals, while the populace dispersed to various entertainments which had been prepared for their amusement on this gala day.

Evening came, and the court, in all the magnificence of full dress, assembled in the theatre, to witness the crowning event of the day—the opera of "Alceste"—preceded by the ballet. The emperor was greeted with enthusiasm as he entered the royal box, and although he bowed and smiled as the acclamations rose on the air, he still wore that preoccupied air which had slightly clouded his face in the morning.

The ballet began.

Gods and goddesses fluttered about the stage, Muses and Graces grouped themselves together in attitudes of surpassing beauty, but still Francis viewed them with an abstracted mind. His eye beheld quite another scene—a balcony hung with purple tapestry, and leaning from it a figure wrapped in floating lace, whose tender eyes met his, whose fair cheek flushed a deeper crimson as he pressed the flowers *her* hand had woven together to his lips. In vain he chid himself for his folly, in vain he strove to fix his mind on scenes before him; that face *would* not be banished from his mind.

His attention was recalled to the stage by a murmur swelling through the house. The curtain had risen on the first act of the opera, but instead of Zerlina, the world-famed prima-donna, appeared the manager, bowing low.

"Zerlina was suffering from severe indisposition, and he must beg the favor of the audience for a young amateur, a stranger in Vienna, who had most kindly offered to take her place."

Again the orchestra began the beautiful aria, and a female figure clad in a Grecian robe, half covered with a mantle of purple velvet embroidered with gold, falling in graceful folds from her snowy shoulders, advanced to the footlights. A girdle blazing with jewels fastened the white tunic, while a diadem of equal splendor confined the massive locks of her jetty hair. The emperor started—it was the same, the vision which floated still before him, more transcendently beautiful than ever.

Raising her graceful arms, she sang the prayer of Alceste, and the tones of her wonderful voice, pure, clear, and rich, poured forth volumes of harmony, like an organ swelling in the aisles of a grand cathedral. Anon it tenderly caressed the ear with softest notes of surpassing sweetness, then swelled in liquid splendor till the ear was drowned in an ocean of melody. She sought the emperor's glance with those deep, wistful eyes, and again that strange magnetic influence overpowered him. With breathless rapture he followed every movement of her graceful figure, as it swayed from side to side, and listened to the witching sweetness of her voice.

The curtain fell, and a storm of applause shook the building as the fair singer retired. Her praises were on every lip, and vain conjectures as to her nationality and who she could be arose on every side. No one knew, and the charm of her appearance was enhanced by the mystery attending it. Again the curtain rose, and again the lady with her

wonderful beauty and matchless voice held the audience spell-bound. The emperor sat as in a dream, while it seemed as if the singer sang but for him, so frequently did her eyes rest upon his handsome face.

The opera closed amid unbounded enthusiasm, while flowers of rarest hue and perfume were cast at the singer's feet. The manager was besieged by importunate questions, but to them all he returned but one answer. The lady was of high rank, her name he did not himself know, and her appearance was solely owing to friendship for Madame Zerlina, to whom she owed a debt of gratitude, the prima-donna having been the means of rescuing her from some peril on her way to Vienna. This explanation was borne to the emperor by one of his favorites, but no clue could be found to the lady's whereabouts. Vienna was fain to content itself as best it might with this scanty explanation, for nothing more could be learned.

In the state department of the "White Owl"—a noted hotel of Vienna, always reserved for illustrious guests—sat a beautiful woman, apparently lost in thought. There was an air of faded grandeur about the old hangings, and massive worm-eaten furniture, but fresh flowers in a silver vase standing on the carved table, a jeweled fan, and golden scent-bottles, showed the taste and refinement of a woman's presence. A few moments the lady sat there with her cheek resting on one snowy hand; then rising she stood before a mirror which was placed between the windows. Never had it reflected a fairer form. A beautiful agrafe of pearls fastened her velvet bodice, and the long rich robe of amber-colored satin swept the ground. As she looked, her mouth relaxed into a smile, and an expression of dreamy tenderness came into her large dark eyes.

"Say, Nerischka," she exclaimed, eagerly, turning as her maid entered the room, "shall I see him, and present my petition?"

"I went to the palace, my lady," answered the old woman, "and a young officer told me to wait in the anteroom until the emperor passed through. I would know him by his wearing his hat when all the rest uncovered. He received me most kindly, and read my note; then fixing on me such beautiful eyes—oh! my lady, they looked like stars—he bade me say that he would receive the Lady Leska privately to-night, at nine o'clock. He will send a carriage and officer to conduct you to his presence."

"Ah! I shall see him again," she murmured softly; "he is so beautiful and good. Would our unhappy country were so blessed. Think you, Nerischka, he will know me as the 'Alceste' who sang last night?"

"Hush, my lady!" exclaimed the old woman, with an expression of alarm; "the very walls have ears. Holy Virgin! if that wild escapade should ever reach the abbess, we are undone."

"Fear not, Nerischka; who could tell her? We are strangers here, utterly unknown, and even should the emperor recognize me, I can trust in his courtesy as a gentleman! Ah! if it had not been for his kindly glance I should have swooned with fear as the crowd of faces met my eyes, but I saw none but him after that. How could I deny Zerlina such a small favor, when she was in despair at the trouble her non-appearance would cause on the day of the emperor's return, after she had saved me from death, or worse than death? Ah! I think I see them now, those fearful men, as they overpowered us in that gloomy forest, killed our faithful Polosk, and bound the rest with cords!" and she shuddered. "Where should we be now, Nerischka, if Zerlina had not urged her armed escort to the rescue, and put the robbers to flight? Nay, had it been twice the effort it was, I would gladly have done it to serve her."

The old woman, who had been her nurse from infancy, looked anxiously at the fair girl.

"Hush! my lady, you will excite yourself, will dim your beauty when you go to plead for our suffering country," she said, soothingly.

A soft flush stole over Lady Leska's cheek.

"Tell me of my mother, good Nerischka. Am I as beautiful as she was? Tell me of lords and ladies, the tales of my childhood. Ah! I am so glad the abbess sent me to plead with the emperor; I shall have had one glance of this beautiful world, so different from the quiet, dark convent."

"But that is your home, my lady," said the old nurse, affectionately; "do not forget the kind care of the abbess, who has been more than a mother to you; do not forget the urgent wishes of your lady mother that you should always remain under her sheltering care."

"No; I do not forget it; ungrateful I should be if I could," said Leska, warmly; "but it is natural for youth to love the world. Come, tell me something of it, there's a good nurse."

"Holy Virgin! it were sin to fill your mind with such vanities; but you are very beautiful; no court lady was ever your equal."

"I am glad," murmured the fair girl; "but hasten, Nerischka, arrange my hair afresh; it will have pearls to lighten it; and then to the emperor."

Through a private entrance Lady Leska was conducted, deeply vailed, to the private boudoir of the Emperor Francis. Her heart beat faster and faster as the door closed and she found herself alone with him. Her voice almost forsook her, but gathering courage from the stately and gracious courtesy with which she was received, without removing her vail, she presented her petition.

She had been sent by the Abbess of Fellstadt to implore assistance for Bohemia, desolated by war and famine."

"Throw off your vail, fair lady," said Francis, moved by her voice, he knew not why, "and permit me to see and know who my petitioner is."

He started as Leska slowly removed her vail; the image stamped on his heart stood before him, blushing at the deep and passionate admiration expressed in his glance.

"I am Leska, daughter of Sigismund, Prince of Bohemia," she said, in low tones; then, forgetting her embarrassment, she fell on her knees. "Oh, sire, save our unhappy country; it is one vast desert, desolate and barren. From every cottage comes forth the wail of hunger; they cry for bread by the wayside, and in crowded cities, while emaciated beings sink exhausted by their own despair. You have wealth and power to help us—oh! withhold it not."

"Rise, fair Leska," said Francis, raising her from her lowly posture. "Bohemia shall be saved. I swear it by my crown. To-morrow with the dawn imperial commissioners shall convey wagons of provisions, with wine for the sick and cooked meats for the starving. But tell me——"

"With the dawn!" interrupted Leska, a shadow passing over her beautiful face. "Then I must leave your majesty, must leave Vienna, and a grateful nation shall send up prayers for your welfare and happiness."

"Leave me!" said Francis, impetuously. "Can you, then, leave me so soon? Stay rather with me for ever. Your image has never left me since you crowned me with lilies as pure and fair as yourself. I love you, sweet Leska, I love but you. Oh! tell me you will love me, say you will live for my happiness!" and the emperor threw himself at her feet, covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"Ah! I do love you," she murmured, with ineffable tenderness. "Holy Mother, forgive me if it be sin!"

"I will forgive you," exclaimed Francis, as he clasped her passionately to his heart.

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WOLF.—"'THERE'S THE WOLF'S HEAD,' SAID POLLOCHOCK, AND HE HELD OUT THE GRIM AND BLOODY HEAD OF THE MONSTER AT ARM'S LENGTH."—SEE PAGE 654.

"Ah! but your majesty does not know I am destined to the convent. My mother on her deathbed gave me, an infant, to the Abbess of Fellstadt, her dearest friend. My father was dead, and she vowed me to God, to be the bride of Heaven. There I have been educated, and there must be my home."

"You shall not be sacrificed," said the emperor, "my beautiful Leska, my own. I will obtain a dispensation from the Pope. You shall be my bride, my empress, and never sat there a nobler on the throne of Austria."

"Ah! but your haughty mother?" murmured Leska, yielding to the delightful dream.

A shadow passed over the royal brow of her lover, and he hesitated.

"Your birth is royal, my dearest, and although my mother may raise objections, *I* am the emperor; my will is law."

A silence succeeded, broken only by the whispers of the lovers. In reply to his questions, Leska explained her strange position in the opera, and the circumstances which had led to it. And then, with many plans for the future, they separated, each to dream away the night in thought of the other.

WEEKS passed on. The promised relief rolled in fullness and plenty over the land, the country arose from its depression and despair, while the blessings of the starving people were uprising for the good Emperor Francis, and for the princess who had besought his aid.

Francis traveled over the land incognito, himself reforming abuses and instituting reforms, and many interviews took place between the lovers, when, under the disguise of an officer, he formed part of the armed escort with which the Princess Leska returned to the convent, there to wait until the emperor could make arrangements for their marriage.

Never had the routine of the convent life seemed so irksome in its monotony as when she again took up her abode there, her heart beating with impatience to be at her royal lover's side. She poured forth her heart to the good abbess, whom she loved as a mother. Astonishment almost rendered her speechless, as she heard of the brilliant future possibly before her charge, but she gave her little hope. She knew too well that the haughty, imperious empress would never consent to an alliance which brought no State advantage to Austria, and would do all in her power to prevent it. She tried in vain to persuade Leska to abandon so hopeless a passion, urging the dying wishes of her mother, but the heart of the lovely girl beat high with hope and faith in her lover. Wearied with contending emotions, she at last sought refuge and rest in slumber.

As she slept, she dreamed.

On a desolate plain she stood alone, no sign of life, no verdure—all barren desolation. A gorgeous sunset of burnished clouds seemed to arrest her attention, and as she gazed upward they parted, and heaven in its dazzling beauty stood revealed to her eyes. Its golden walls glittering with precious stones entranced her soul, and her ear was filled with ravishing melody. The gates flew open as she gazed, and, poising on snowy pinions, an angel spread his wings, and alighted at her feet.

"Poor child of earth! weep not," he said, in pitying

tones; "all earthly love fades and dies. Comfort thee, comfort thee! three cycles only separate thee from the Eternal."

The serene, grave beauty of the angel, and the loving tenderness of his voice gave peace and joy to her soul. She awoke with a strange consciousness, a calm certainty that her days on earth were numbered. No sorrow or regret seemed to cloud this consciousness, strange to say, but a peace which continued undisturbed seemed to have taken possession of her heart. The abbess was impressed by the vivid reality of the dream, although she endeavored to counteract its effect on Leska's mind. But in vain did she urge every argument—it was of no avail. The young girl was convinced that three days, months, or years, would witness her death.

The third *day* passed, and she was still alive and well. Three months, then, must be the time signified. The time passed slowly by, with frequent letters from the emperor. Leska had written him of her dream, but he appeared to regard it merely as a delusion which time would efface, and in addition chided her fondly for hinting at such a cruel separation, in the first happiness of their love.

She smiled sadly as she read of her lover's hopes for the future, but she felt that her fate was decided. As the third month approached its completion, she besought the abbess to allow her to journey to Vienna, to take an everlasting farewell of her lover. The delusion (if delusion it were) had taken such a strong hold upon her mind, that nothing could change it, and finally the abbess, almost in despair, consented.

With Nerischka, her faithful nurse, and an ample escort, the abbess saw her depart, many sad misgivings troubling her kind heart; but she could but commend her to the care of the Holy Virgin. The next morning a special mass was said in the chapel for the princess, and then the good abbess felt her mind somewhat relieved.

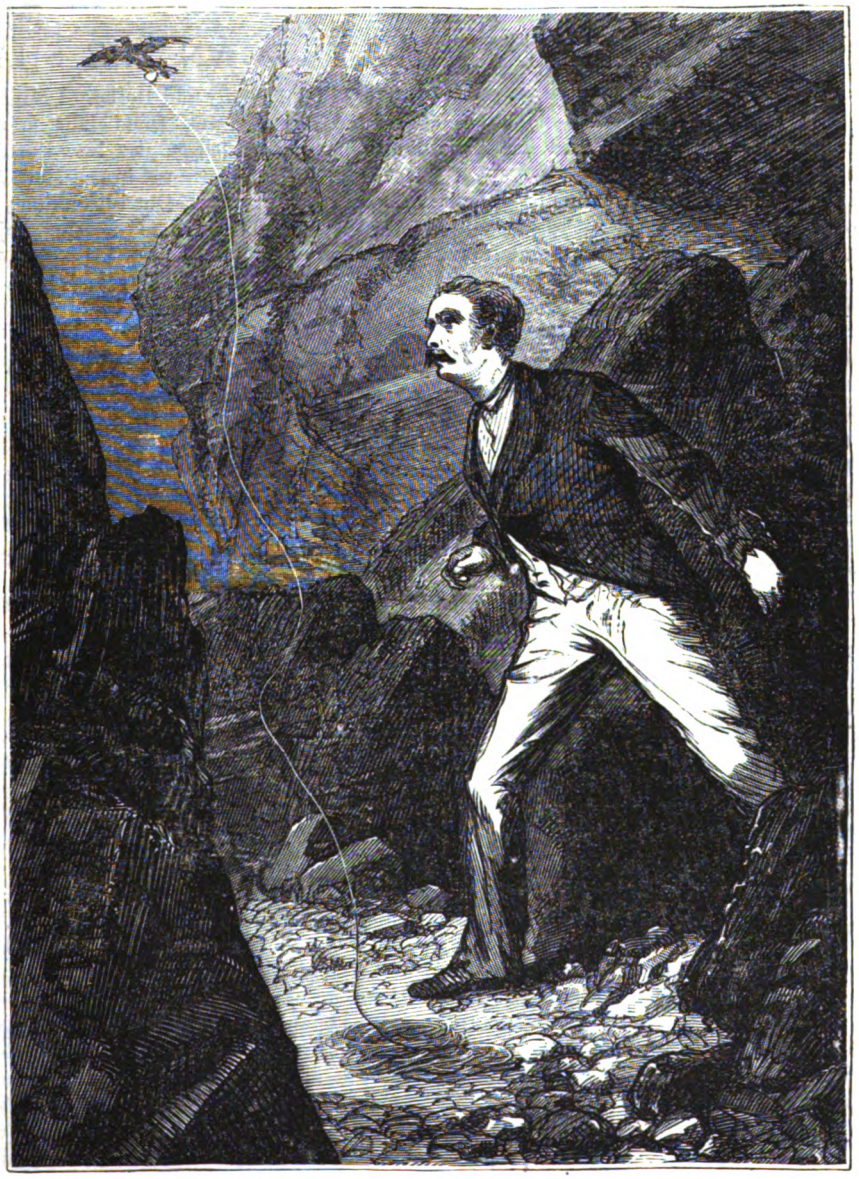
The journey was accomplished in safety, and Leska found herself received by the emperor with delighted surprise. But that day he had dispatched a courier, with orders to ride night and day, bearing news of his success with the Pope. All arrangements had been completed for their marriage, which must be private, to escape the machinations of the empress. That accomplished, he would present her to the world and to his people as the Empress of Austria. For the first time since her dream, Leska's faith in it was shaken; as she rested in her lover's arms, and listened to his words of tenderness and devotion, she was conscious of a wild hope that it might not prove true, that the abbess might be right in her arguments. Surely the brilliant prospect opening before her, and the happiness of their mutual love, were sufficient to shake her faith, to make her turn again to life with outstretched arms, loath to be parted.

Francis smiled at her fears; they were but idle vapors to him, in the first purple flush of his love, when not a shadow or doubt had dimmed its glorious brightness.

"Your journey has wearied you, my dearest," he said. "The air of that gloomy forest, which was the scene of such peril on your first journey hither, has saddened your mind. Slumber shall restore your tired frame, as my love shall cheer and gladden your heart. Think of the future made glorious by association with each other—think how our people shall love and bless their empress for her beauty, her noble virtues, and her care for them. Sadness shall never dwell with thee, beloved Leska," and he pressed passionate kisses on her lips.

The clouds vanished, and the sun seemed again to shine brightly, gloriously on the sky of life.

They parted, and Leska sought her couch, where



DOWN THE SHAFT.—"FOLDING UP THE NOTE CAREFULLY, AND TYING IT ON THE OTHER END OF THE STRING, HE SET THE BIRD AT LIBERTY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

profound sleep soon closed her weary eyes. Hours passed; suddenly, on the silence of the night, there broke a faint, crackling sound. The sound increased, mingled with a hissing noise, but it awoke not the sleeper; then warm puffs of smoke began to fill the room, until she struggled uneasily in her slumber; then came a warning, exultant sound of flames, leaping and writhing in their strength like a fearful giant, with cries and confusion, which at length awoke the princess from her fatal lethargy.

Too late! too late! Bewildered, she opened the door on the corridor, but the stairway was one sea of flame, and the blast from the fiery furnace drove her back, gasping and stifling. Hastily closing it, she rushed to the heavy, casemated window, and with the greatest effort succeeded in forcing it open. She stepped out on the ledge, but the flames rolled up greedily on both sides of her, as if eager to secure their prey.

An agonized prayer for help escaped her lips to that merciful Father who alone could hear her, and swiftly as a flash her dream came back to her. Exactly three months from that night, and her hour had come. Again the angel seemed beside her, and she heard his tender voice, while peace crept into her heart. She fixed her gaze on the sky where the heaven of her dream seemed opening before her, and as she stood in her pure white robe in the broad, open window, with the flames in vivid brilliancy surging nearer and nearer, her beauty seemed more than mortal, for the serene peace of her angelic visitor had stamped itself upon her face. Her hands were calmly folded on her breast, and her long black hair floated like a vail around her.

Nearer and nearer came the fire demon to his prey, lapping out long, curling tongues of flame like fiery serpents, until a roar like thunder shook the very heavens, and there was a noise of falling roofs and crashing timbers—the Princess Leska had vanished from earth.

The morning light shone on blackened, smoking ruins, and on the wild grief and despair of the emperor, which he sought not to control.

Even the haughty empress was moved at her son's bereavement and the fearful fate of the beautiful princess.

The story of her prophetic dream and its sad fulfillment became a legend which old men told to their children in succeeding generations, and her memory lived as a saint and ministering angel among the peasantry long after her lover had ceased to remember the vision of his youth—even when he had ceased to live.

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WOLF.

MACQUEEN, the laird of Pollochock, a small estate in the north of Scotland, is said to have killed the last wolf that infested that district, though he himself was alive within the last fifty years. Tradition reports him to have been nearer seven than six feet high, proportionately built, and active as a roebuck. The story told is this: A poor woman, crossing the mountains with two children, was attacked by the wolf, and her infants devoured, while she escaped with difficulty to Moughall. The chief of Mackintosh hearing of this, ordered his vassals to assemble the next day at twelve o'clock, to proceed in a body to destroy the wolf. Pollochock, who was one of those vassals, and possessed of gigantic strength and determined courage, was eagerly looked for to take lead in the enterprise. The hour came, and all were assembled except him in whom they trusted. Unwilling to go without him, the impatient chief fretted and fumed through the hall, till at length, about an hour after the appointed time, in stalked Pollochock, dressed in his full Highland attire.

"I am little used to await thus for any man," exclaimed the chafed chieftain, "and still less for thee, Pollochock, especially when such game is afoot as we are bound after!"

"What sort o' game are ye after, Mackintosh?" said Pollochock, sinply.

"The wolf, sir," replied Mackintosh. "Did not my messenger instruct you?"

"Ou, ay, that's true," answered Pollochock, with a good-humored smile; "troth, I had forgotten; but, and that be all," continued he, groping with his right hand among the folds of his plaid, "there's the wolf's head;" and he held out the grim and bloody head of the monster at arm's-length. "As I came through the hollow," continued he, as if talking of some everyday occurrence, "I foregathered wi' the beast; my long dog there turned him; I buckled with him, and dirkit him, and brought away his countenance, for fear he might come alive again, for they are very precarious creatures."

"My noble Pollochock," cried the chieftain, in ecstasy, "the deed was worthy of thee! In memorial of thy hardihood, I here bestow upon thee the old field, to give meal for thy good grayhound in all time coming."

DOWN THE SHAFT.

THE old Alleghany and Bottsford Mine had proved a failure; not, however, until some eighteen or twenty thousand dollars were expended on it. Now the deserted shaft, 300 feet deep, and a long tunnel in Bottsford Mountain, were the only visible signs of what had been done.

Newman Higborn, while crossing this very mountain, strayed away from the rest of his party, wandered in the direction of the deserted shaft, and, before he discovered it was too late, had tripped and fallen into the terrible pit. His walking-stick, catching here and there against the jagged sides, helped lessen the speed; but down, down, down he went, and struck the bottom, bruised, but alive.

While smarting with pain, a feeling of thankfulness came over him for the preservation of his life. After all, thought he, there is no good in it down 300 feet in the earth. He had only been saved to die of starvation.

All through the long night he tried to conjecture some possible way to get out, but nothing could be thought of. He must simply stay there, and die.

The next morning, after devouring a baker's loaf, which, fortunately, he had in his pocket, he waited. His room was only a few feet across, and all the curiosities there he soon examined, as well as he could, by the faint light of a few matches.

Higborn was not one to be discouraged under ordinary circumstances, but now the terrible situation that he was in was gradually making a strong impression on him. The more he thought about it, the more it unmanned him.

He was getting thirsty; no water was in the place—not even the drops that so frequently trickle down the sides of just such places.

The day went on. Night came. Weak and hungry, he laid down, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed about the "Woolen Stocking," over and over again.

It was an old story that he had read very many times in childhood, about the workman in England who was left alone on the top of a high chimney, after the scaffolding had been taken down; and he unraveled his stocking and let the tiny thread to the ground, by which he was able to pull up a strong string, and by that a small rope, and finally a rope strong enough for him to slide down on; so the story went, and so went his dream. He awoke.

Why should he have such a dream? He had known

that story by heart so long. He wasn't on the top of a chimney; down deep in the earth was quite a different thing. While he was musing over this curious story and dream, a swallow fluttered down the shaft, and dropped at his side. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought possessed Newman Higborn, and he put the swallow under his hat. Eager, weak, a ray of hope. He tore off his shoes and stockings, which he carefully unraveled, making a circular pile of the threads which would not snarl.

He worked eagerly yet patiently, until both stockings formed one long thread. This he carefully—how very carefully!—tied to the bird's tail-feathers, and put the bird under the hat once more; then, taking his pencil, he wrote on a bit of paper, by the light of matches:

"I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you send help. NEWMAN HIGBORN."

Then, folding it up, and tying it carefully on the other end of the string, he set the bird at liberty. It fluttered about his head for a moment, and then went slowly up.

Now a faint, glad hope stole into his heart; it grew stronger as the bird still ascended. Yes—noble little swallow!—the string was growing less every moment. Perhaps a life hung by that thread. The bird disappeared out of the mouth above.

How many chances, after all, had he? He shuddered when he thought how slight they were. Should the bird go to the right or to the left after reaching open air, how easily, by the friction on the shaft's outer edge, would the thread be worn off.

Little birdie found, after getting out, that it was harder to fly one side, and so sailed high up into the air.

Higborn could now see it again, the sun shining brightly on its wings; he knew it must be far above the surface.

The party of three, with which Higborn started, had missed him some time, and now were giving anxious search. They had passed and repassed the old shaft, and it had not occurred to them that he might have fallen in there. They had looked down into it once, out of mere curiosity, but saw only blackness below. As they were discussing what should be done next, one said:

"What is that by you, Fitts?"

"Where?"

"There, not three feet to your right; a string, yarn, or something. Why, it lays a long way on the bushes."

"Pull it," said Sam Higborn, Newman's brother.

Fitts pulled it, and a bird fluttered about two rods away.

"Why, the poor bird is tied to that string; I wonder what inhuman rascal could have been guilty of such a thing?"

"It's a swallow," said Fitts.

"I wonder where it's tied?" said Sam.

"Perhaps it's somebody's favorite bird," said Fitts.

"Favorite or no favorite, I'm going to give the poor thing its liberty;" and he cut the string.

Birdie knew what that meant, and in a moment was among the clouds. Sam followed the string, and suddenly called to Fitts:

"Come here, Fitts; here is a note on the end of this string." He tore it open, and read aloud:

"I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you send help. NEWMAN HIGBORN."

"Good Heavens, Fitts! Down in that hole—alive! Not twenty yards from here. It can't be, yet he says so."

Both rushed for the shaft.

* * * * * * *

The bird had gone up the shaft an hour ago. Newman was anxiously waiting; he had watched the mouth of the shaft above, until, weary, he had laid down, resting one cheek on his hand.

He had not been in that position long, when he was suddenly startled by some little chips of wood falling about him, and at the same time he heard voices echoing down the shaft.

He looked up, and could see two persons looking down.

Oh, how he shouted! A few more anxious moments, and a billet dropped at his side. He lighted a match, and read:

"We are here, and will bring help as soon as possible.
"SAM HIGBORN AND FITTS."

He shouted "Hurrah!" back, which was only a roaring, incoherent noise when it reached the open air. This was hope indeed, although three hundred feet above him.

A long hour passed—two, three. Night came. Four, five, six, seven hours. Something was coming down. He could see the light of a lantern at the top. Thump, thump, thump, and a rope, a stout rope, hit his head.

Oh, how eagerly he seized it, and how carefully he made a knotted loop, and how easily he slipped into it! Then he gave it a vigorous shaking, and shouted:

"Pull!"

"Up, up, up, slowly, hopefully—up, surely, higher—now it stopped, and went down a few feet. His heart came up into his mouth. Up again, slowly. He sees the stars above him—higher, almost—a moment more, and he is on the broad earth again, saved, weak, but alive.

Newman Higborn owes his life to one little bird, and it was gone.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

THE hippopotamus is a large, sluggish and generally inoffensive animal. But even the mildest can be roused. A traveler on the Zambesi thus describes the scene illustrated in our engraving:

"A shout, '*Et beggare et bahare!*' (the water ox), attracted my attention. I looked around for the hippopotamus; to my surprise none was to be seen, not even the ponderous head appeared above the water; but I saw a sort of wooden cross borne down the current, as if impelled from beneath. As it passed us a snorting was heard; a head for a moment appeared—that of a terrified young hippopotamus—but only to dive again. The hunters soon followed. This calf had entered a sort of creek and gone ashore. Here it was attacked in the usual way—a harpoon driven into it as, alarmed by the cries and drums, it fled to the water. Here the float, a cross of wood, not only served to guide the hunter, but increased the wound by the resistance it made against the water. Exhausted at last by the loss of blood, it halts near the shore to die, and is then killed by the pursuers.

"The hunters were keenly after it; but they had not noticed that they were in turn pursued by the furious dam of the poor wounded creature. At last, exerting all her energies, she shot forward, and seizing the front of the pirogue in her capacious jaws, ground it, crushing it in two, and hurling the hunters into the water. Yells and shouts, cries of distress and prayers to all their gods followed, as the brute bore down on the nearest sable form, after venting her rage on the wood. Another canoe had, however, put out hastily from the shore and darted between the angry mother and her prey in time to rescue them, while a few shots from our craft compelled her to dive.

"The terrified party was at last gathered in and reached the shore, well content to get off so well."

A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.—SEE PAGE 655.

A TRAGIC FARCE.—"SHE UNLOCKED THE CABINET DRAWER. THE PAPER WAS GONE! 'WHY, WHERE CAN IT BE?' SHE EXCLAIMED, TURNING RED AND WHITE AS SHE COMMENCED A SEARCH."

A TRAGIC FARCE.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

Down at Appledore Shoals there was a great scandal set afloat one Summer's day, right in the height of the season, and it was whispered on the piazzas, talked over on the sands, and dilated upon in my lady's chamber, until the subject was woven threadbare.

"Really, Lulu," said Jack Hinton to his wife, "I don't want to hear anything more of that affair. I have had assignations for breakfast, anonymous notes for dinner, and pistols for supper, for the last three weeks, and I have had enough of the matter. Please don't tell me any more."

"But, Jack, Mrs. Millefleur says that the anonymous note was all a hatched-up story."

"Anonymous notes usually are."

Mrs. Hinton rocked herself, while the pink coral drops in her ears swayed against her prettier pink cheeks.

"I say, Jack."

"Yes, Lulu," looking up from the New York paper.

"If you should receive an anonymous note, saying that I was untrue to you, what should you do?"

"I should treat it with the contempt it would deserve. I should do nothing."

"And you wouldn't be at all troubled or the least bit jealous of some unknown rival?"

"I thank heaven," said Mr. Jack Hinton, laying down his paper, and speaking with emphasis, "that whatever other faults I may have, jealousy is not one of my failings. No, Lulu, I should never be jealous of you."

But the face of the little pink-and-white woman dimpled

all over with a roguish smile. The season was nearly ended, and three days later found the young couple at home in their own city residence.

After Mrs. Hinton's Fall shopping was done, there was little to interest her. Time sometimes hung heavy on her hands.

You remember the old couplet:

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Well, one Fall day found Mrs. Jack rapidly scribbling a short note. Having copied it and carefully locked away the copy, she ran out to the nearest post-office box, mailed the note, and came back with a mysterious air.

Mrs. Hinton had written an anonymous communication.

She was very busy with her own thoughts all day, but when her husband came home she was quietly sewing in a composed manner by the fire.

"Dear me, Jack," she said, yawning, "what a very dull day."

Hinton did not reply, but threw himself upon a sofa, and lay staring at her.

"Why didn't you come home to dinner, Jack?" asked Mrs. Hinton, carefully turning her hem.

"I didn't feel very well—busy" replied her husband, incoherently.

"Going out this evening?"

"No," quickly.

A dimple twitched into sight in Mrs. Jack's rosy cheek.

"How glad I shall be to have my husband's society this long evening!"

A look, half pleasure, half poignant anguish, passed over Jack Hinton's mobile face. He did not speak, but seemed to writhe upon his couch. His wife saw. For a moment the twinkle in her eye gave way to an expression of repentance for the wicked little game which was such fun for her, but almost death to him.

"If he will only confess that he is jealous, I'll tell him the truth and not tease him any more," she said to herself.

She heard her husband draw a weary sigh.

"Aren't you well, Jack?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You don't seem to be very cheerful."

"Oh, yes, I am!" calling the little dog Fidele, who, when she had come, lay upon his breast, licking his face.

"I'm afraid something has happened to-day which troubles you."

For a moment he did not answer.

"Business has been very good to-day. I believe I heard my partner say so."

"And nothing has occurred to worry you?"

"Why?" fretfully. "Do I seem so very unpleasant this evening? Don't you enjoy my society?"

"Dear me, Jack!—yes. But you really have a worried expression. Well, come to tea. I dare say you are not well."

It shocked her, when they came to the lights of the tea-table, to see that her husband looked actually ill. She wanted to tell him now, but how could she, unless he would make some admission of having received the note.

"Foolish fellow! I really didn't think he was so stubborn!" she said to herself.

Twice during the evening she attempted to obtain his confidence, but in vain. Full of conflicting emotions, he dared not trust himself yet to take any decided course in the matter.

She was aware that he passed a wakeful night, but in the morning he slept late and heavily. After she was dressed, she went to his dressing-room, and taking down his coat, put her fingers in the breast-pocket. Yes, there was the note she mailed yesterday. She opened it, and read:

"MR. J. HINTON.—You are the victim of a deep deception. You are not, however, the first man who has been betrayed by the woman he loved. Your wife receives a visitor; discover that person if you can. She also walks on H—— Avenue. Watch her, and satisfy yourself. You are warned. ANONYMOUS."

"To think he should believe it for a moment!" laughed Mrs. Jack. "And yet I meant to tease him."

Mr. Hinton rose late. He took his breakfast hurriedly, and went down-town. For the first time in his life he left the house without kissing his wife.

"Really, now, that is too bad," pouted Mrs. Jack. "I wonder does he actually believe it! Will he be so foolish as to follow me?"

Actuated by this thought, she went up-stairs, and, unclosing the blind, looked down the street.

Her husband had not had time to leave the square, yet he was nowhere to be seen. She closed the blind quickly, yet not before her quick eyes had encountered her husband's as he stood at the door of a bookstore opposite.

"Well, this grows interesting," she laughed, as she withdrew into the centre of the room. "To think he should station himself at this miserable circulating library, for the sake of overlooking the house! Well, he'll have to change his post; he knows I see him! I'll ask him, this noon, what he went there for."

But Mr. Hinton did not come to dinner. This was not strange, as he often dined down-town. But to-day Lulu suspected that he was not engaged with his legitimate business.

When afternoon came, and she made her evening toilet, she suspected that Jack would be found in the vicinity of H—— Avenue, if she should stroll that way. The temptation was strong. Four o'clock found her with her bonnet on, wending her way to that locality.

Passing leisurely along the shaded walk, she allowed no one to pass her unobserved. Yet five minutes had not elapsed before she saw her husband on the opposite side of the street. He came directly across.

"What are you doing here, Lulu?"

"Here? Why," she said, innocently, "I came out for a walk. A beautiful day, isn't it? But what are *you* doing here? I thought you were too busy down-town to come home to dinner."

"I—I have—have business here to-day," avoiding her look. "Yes, it's a very fine day. I guess I'll come home with you to tea," giving her a quick, piercing glance.

"Yes, do!—so nice and early! I will buy a box of strawberries at Carson's, as we go along."

Jack Hinton's face was a study, yet suspicion was its strongest expression. He was gloomily silent as he walked beside his wife back to the house; silent as he ate his supper; silent during the evening, except that the sofa-pillow seemed occasionally to vex him.

"Dear Jack!" cried Lulu, suddenly, "don't be so moody and cross, and I'll tell you something."

"What?"

"You see, Jack, I wrote it."

"Wrote what?"

"The note you received yesterday."

Hinton had risen to a sitting posture. He sank back now on the sofa. There was a pause.

"How do you know I have received a note?" he asked, at length.

"Because I sent you one, and you've been jealous as a man could be for twenty-four hours!" cried Lulu, laughing, as she rocked and sewed.

"My God!" exclaimed Jack Hinton, suddenly getting off the sofa, and walking the floor. "What you have made me suffer!"

Suddenly he stopped before her.

"I don't believe it!"

"Believe what?"

"That you wrote the note."

"But I did."

"Prove it!"

"I can, Jack," said Lulu, now looking troubled.

"Very well; do so

"I have a copy of the note," said she, rising and putting her work off her lap. "It was very fortunate that I copied it," she said, hurrying into another room.

She unlocked the cabinet-drawer. The paper was gone!

"Why, where can it be?" she exclaimed, turning red and white, as she commenced a search. Her husband laughed bitterly.

"Spare yourself any trouble, Lulu!" exclaimed Hinton. "You will not find what you never could have had, of course."

"Jack——" indignantly.

"You need not say a word; my faith in you is gone," he answered. "Hush! do not try to patch up the matter with any kind of a story. All was lost the first time you deceived me. My God! would I not hope if I could? but the evidence is too damning!"

Lulu stared at him, horrified. Suddenly she sprang forward, and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, Jack, do listen to me. I can repeat every word of that unfortunate note."

As he made no instant objection, she did so.

Do you think I am a fool?" he said, looking cruelly into her eyes. "I know that you took the note out of my coat-pocket, yesterday morning, and read it! Of course you would remember it. Good heavens! it is burned in letters of fire on *my* brain!"

"Oh, Jack, believe me?" cried Lulu, weeping bitterly.

"Believe you? Do you think I am an idiot, Lulu? Did I not see you, this morning, fly up-stairs to a window, to watch for some one, the instant I was gone? Yes, the instant! You know that I saw you, Lulu!"

"I——"

"Silence! And do you think I will believe it a mere coincidence that you were walking on H—— Avenue today? No! my eyes are opened now. You have deceived me as long as you ever can. How hateful you are to me, with your hypocritical tears! Go out of my sight! Leave me! For God's sake, leave me!"

Actually afraid of him in his fury, Lulu retreated from the room. Her husband did not follow her. She passed the night alone. When morning came, she found that he had left the house.

In the course of the day her father came and took her home—having been requested to do so by her husband. Husband and wife were separated; the pretty home was shut up. The farce had become a tragedy.

Six months later, Jack Hinton—a most miserable man—decided to sell his household goods and go abroad. For this purpose an appraiser was admitted to the house.

"Mice in the house, sir," said the man, taking up a book whose pages were nibbled.

"I believe there are," replied Hinton, absently.

"Lady's writing-desk and cabinet — very nice thing. You don't wish to reserve any of the things, do you?"

"Nothing," replied Jack, bitterly.

He now had opened the cabinet, and was pulling out the drawers.

"By George!" said he. "The mice have been in here!"

He had pulled out one of the drawers, and in a cavity beneath was a nest, formed by those little creatures, of bits of paper and silk. Brushing out the handful of *débris*, and hesitating to throw it upon the velvet carpet, the appraiser laid it upon a table. Quite idly, Jack picked up one of the scraps of paper, and looked at it.

It bore his wife's monogram.

He picked up another.

There was a word written upon it; it was "ANONYMOUS."

Then the blood slipped suddenly out of Jack Hinton's face. He gathered up the scraps with a trembling hand, and incoherently dismissing his companion, then and there pieced out the torn sheet.

It was, as he had expected, the missing copy of the anonymous note!

Poor Jack! he covered his face with his hands, and hot tears of remorse rained down his cheeks.

That night Lulu sat in the quiet sitting-room of her father's house, alone, when her husband opened the door of the room. One look into each other's faces, and they were clasped heart to heart.

They are at home, now—Jack forgiven, both reconciled and happy. But in their gayest moments they never refer to the *farce*. It had proven too deep a *tragedy*.

THE SYCAMORE OF THE VIRGIN.

AT Matarieh, in Egypt, which tradition represents as being the residence of Christ and His mother during their exile in the land of Pharaoh, a sycamore is shown as having given its refreshing shade to the Messiah and to Mary. A French traveler says:

"Not far from Mary's Fountain, I was led within an inclosure set with trees; our Moslem guide stopped us before a sycamore, saying, '*This is the tree of Jesus and Mary.*' Vansleb, Curé of Fontainebleau, states that the ancient sycamore fell of old age in 1058; and fragments of it are preserved by the Franciscans at Cairo. Only the stump remained, and from this the present tree shot up."

Lady Herbert, of Lea, in her recent work, "Cradle Lands," says of her party: "They passed through a sandy plain, full of cotton, date-palms and bananas, and by a succession of miserable native huts, which consist of mud walls, with a roof of Indian corn, and a hole in the wall for light, until they came to an obelisk, and from thence to a garden, in the centre of which is a sycamore-tree, carefully preserved, under which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are said to have rested with the infant Saviour, on their flight into Egypt. It is close to a well of pure water, and surrounded with the most beautiful roses and Egyptian jasmin."

CALIFORNIA PIPER.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVAR.

"How OLD are you?"

"Twelve."

"What makes you so small, then?"

"I never growed very much."

"Have you got any father?"

"No; never had any—leastwise, since I was a baby."

"Mother?"

"Dead."

"Sister?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

THE SYCAMORE OF THE VIRGIN AT MATARIEH, EGYPT.— SEE PAGE 659.

"Land! hain't you got anybody belonging to you?"

"No; I hain't got no one."

"Dear, dear! Who takes care of you?"

"Takes care of myself."

"You don't look a day over six."

"Can't help it; I'm twelve."

"What's your name?"

"California Piper."

"Well, you can come in."

California went in, and, taking off her hat, sat down and began fanning herself, looking all the time like a peculiar kind of doll, wound up by machinery and warranted to run smoothly.

Mrs. Nutting was a clean old lady, with nice white hair and a frilled cap, and now she stood looking at California over her gold-rimmed spectacles in a half-scared way, as though she believed, as she no doubt did, that she had taken some uncanny thing into her house.

"What can you do?" said Mrs. Nutting.

"Sweep, wash, clean windows, and do plain cooking," replied the child.

This from a child who was twelve, but only looked six. Mrs. Nutting could not help langhing.

California did not seem to mind that at all.

"I washed this dress," she said, pointing at the same time to the little calico dress which she wore.

On inspection, Mrs. Nutting's opinion of the little maid's ability to wash did not improve.

"Well," she said, "you can stay here for a few weeks, anyway. I would not turn a baby like you out of doors in this weather, anyhow. You can help me what you can, and I'll get my daughter to look out for a place for you to take care of a baby. That's really all you are fit to do, though, land! you're only a baby yourself!"

"I won't take care of a baby," said California, putting her hat on the floor, and folding her small arms defiantly.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Nutting, in considerable surprise.

"Because I hate babies."

"Why, child?" again said the old lady.

"Because they always cry when there ain't nothing the matter with them, and then their mothers think you are pinching 'em or something, and cuffs you. I've taken care of three babies a'ready, and I don't care about trying any more."

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady.

"Yes," said California, decisively; "I must say that I prefer housework to anything else."

"Well," said Mrs. Nutting, "you can stay a while and

we'll see what can be done. You must help Sam Yek all you can in the kitchen, and I'll give you the beds to make."

"Very well," said California, in a business-like way; "I am willing to work for my board for the present, but in time I shall, of course, expect a more remunerative arrangement."

The long words rolled out so smoothly from the almost baby lips that Mrs. Nutting said, "Dear, dear!" again, and took California out into the kitchen, where Sam Yek, a stately Chinaman, greeted her with anything rather than a welcome; and in answer to Mrs. Nutting's injunctions to make her useful, answered:

"Me want no babies. Babies no good."

Mrs. Nutting, however, paid no manner of attention to him, but told California to make herself useful, and then went up-stairs.

The little girl sat in a corner for some time, looking very small and very important, fanning herself with her hat. Although it was "raining pouring" outside, there was no fire, and Sam Yek was shivering. After a while he turned round to her.

"Go build fire," he said.

She neither asked any questions as to the whereabouts of the wood, nor looked any; she thought to herself, with a curious sort of self-dependence, no doubt taught to her by bitter necessity:

"If there *is* any wood and shavings I can find them."

And she did, and built a fire so quietly and readily that Sam Yek said, gruntingly:

"Good baby!"

In a few days California had proved her usefulness so completely to both Mrs. Nutting's and Sam Yek's satisfaction, that the old lady told her daughter, when she came to see her, that she wouldn't think of parting with her little maid.

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady, looking over the top of her gold-rimmed spectacles, "just to think what a deal that child knows? Children weren't given to such things when I was young! And only twelve years old, too, and doesn't look six! Dear, dear!"

"Now, mother," said her daughter, Mrs. Burnham, "I think that child looks every day of twelve in her face, only she's been stunted in her growth. Don't you, Charley?"

Charley was her husband's brother, who said so little that it seemed as though he did not say anything. He was a tall, thin man, with mild blue eyes, rather watery.

"I did not notice her, Harriet," he replied, in an extremely melancholy voice, which was habitual with him.

Sam Yek never quite got over calling her a baby, although she grew a little in the course of time, and proved herself to be anything but a baby in the way that she did her work.

She had been at Mrs. Nutting's nearly a year, when one day she suddenly disappeared, no one knew, or could even guess, where.

Sam Yek declared that she was a bad baby; Mrs. Nutting was afraid that she had been kidnapped, and worried herself dreadfully for two or three hours after she had disappeared; and she was very much relieved when her daughter came up to see her, for she wanted some one to tell her anxiety to.

Mrs. Burnham, however, looked at the matter in quite a different light.

"Have you counted your silver?" she said.

"Counted—my—silver!" gasped the old lady, who had had her silver ever since she was married, and loved it almost as well as she did her own children; "my—my—silver!"

CALIFORNIA PIPER.—"AFTER A WHILE SAM YEK TURNED ROUND TO HER: 'GO BUILD FIRE,' HE SAID."—SEE PAGE 659

she gasped. "Oh, my dear, California was an honest child!"

"That may be!" said Mrs. Burnham, whose confidence in California was not as great as her mother's. "But let's count it, anyway."

They did so; and the old lady nearly fainted with grief when they discovered that a silver salt-cellar, three silver spoons and a napkin-ring had been taken away.

"Oh, the wickedness!" she cried. "I should have known that no honest child could be so wise as she was at twelve. I blame myself the most—indeed, I do."

Mrs. Burnham was less given to bewailing.

"Don't cry, mother," she said. "I will send John down to the police-office at once."

When John—that is, Mr. Burnham—went down to the office and reported the case, they asked him a great many more questions in regard to it than he was able to answer. He went to Mrs. Nutting, but the old lady could only say:

"Dear, dear! I'm sure I don't know!"

The truth was that California had never told very much about her affairs, and had flatly refused to answer Mrs. Nutting's questions on more than one occasion. All the good old lady knew about her was, that her mother had died of consumption when she was little more than a baby, and of her father she knew nothing, never having seen him; but she supposed him to be dead also.

She had lived with an old aunt until she was nine or ten, and since then, the aunt having died, she had taken care of herself.

This was all she had told. How or where, or with whom she had lived previous to her coming to Mrs. Nutting's house that rainy day, the old lady did not know, for on that part of her life California had preserved a rigid silence.

"Upon my soul," said the policeman to Mr. Burnham, "I think your mother was a bit careless to take in a child that way that she knew nothing about. The only thing I can't understand is why she should have taken so little when she might have had so much; so long as she could get into the drawer where the silver is kept, it's queer to me that she left anything there that she could carry off. Your mother keeps a Chinaman, doesn't she?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Burnham; "but we have perfect confidence in him. She would trust him anywhere, and with anything. He has lived in the house over two years now, and never has been known to do a dishonest thing."

"Humph!" said the policeman. He evidently had not as much confidence in Sam Yek as Mr. Burnham had.

He expressed it as his opinion that all Chinamen were thieves; he also said that he thought that California belonged to a gang of juvenile thieves, and that he had no doubt that he could "spot" her in the course of a week.

"Mother," said Mr. Burnham, carelessly, a few days after he had talked with the policeman, "did you ever have any cause to suspect Sam Yek?"

"Land!" cried the old lady, with considerable energy, "I would trust Sam Yek like Harriet or Matilda. Indeed I would, John!"

"I rather think he's honest, myself," said Mr. Burnham; so the whole weight of suspicion fell on California.

"Shows she's guilty, or she wouldn't run away," said Harriet, who was generally rather tart.

Time went by, but the policeman did *not* "spot" California; and after two weeks' hunting, he stated to Mr. Burnham that he had had pretty certain information that she had gone East, and taken the silver with her.

"There is no way of getting her, I suppose?" said Mr. Burnham. "My mother has had the silver since she was married, and thinks a great deal of it."

"Could send a detective," answered the man; "but it would prove very expensive, and he might not catch her after all. I am as near sure as can be that she left Sacramento for New York, four days ago."

"We'll have to give it up, then?" Mr. Burnham said. "By-the-by, she took both the saltcellars and six spoons instead of three. The folks made some mistake in counting, I suppose; although my wife is confident that the other saltcellar was there the morning that the girl left. But then," he added, laughing, "my wife is pretty confident anyway, about most anything."

The policeman gave a long, low whistle.

"I won't give up the case, yet," he said.

Mr. Charles Burnham, the melancholy gentleman with watery eyes, had had enough melancholy things happen to him to make his eyes watery.

Many years before our story opens, he had been a miner in Good Luck, one of the little mining camps which then were dotted all over the slope of the Sierra Nevadas. It was a miserable little place, full of gamblers and thieves and bad whisky, and depravity generally; from at least two-thirds of its inhabitants it deserved any name rather than the one it bore, but to Mr. Charles Burnham, quiet, steady, and industrious, it had given nothing but good fortune.

He went down to San Francisco occasionally, to sell his gold-dust and place his money in the bank, and he already had so much that he felt like a rich man, and at last sent for his young wife and the little daughter whom he had never seen, to take the steamer and come out to Good Luck to make a home for him.

He received a letter from his wife, stating that she would start on the next steamer, and about a week or more before it was due he went to the city to meet her.

Almost the first news which greeted him as he landed in San Francisco, was that the great Adams Express Company had failed—failed utterly—and those who had placed money in their hands would never receive a dollar of it!

He had trusted all his hard earnings to them, and was ruined — and completely ruined, because he had sold his claim for less than it was worth, intending to leave Good Luck for the sake of his wife and child, and go into business in San Francisco.

He had been in poor health from over-work when he came down, and now this blow completely crushed him; for a day or two he seemed calm, and the same as usual, but one night, in walking home to his lodgings, he fell down in the street, and was found the next morning, bleeding and insensible, and robbed of every dollar which he had.

Many, many months, nearly a year, went by before he was himself again, and then all trace of his wife and child was lost.

By writing to his friends at home he learned that she had started with her baby at the time agreed upon, but whether she had ever landed or not he could not discover, and never had discovered.

He was a bookkeeper now in a wholesale house, where he was very quiet and undisturbed.

He was a good and charitable man, going himself into the houses of the poor, and comforting and relieving them, as well as his means would allow.

In one of these visits he found California.

The policeman had been quite mistaken in his information and conjectures, and it was lucky, indeed, that Mr. Burnham had not sent a policeman after the California who was supposed to have gone East, for the real California had never been outside of the city since the day she had left Mrs. Nutting's house. When the quiet bookkeeper found the little girl, she was sitting on the corner of a very large bed, looking very small and very solemn, and also very thin and white, and not so important by half as she used to look.

Mr. Charles Burnham was near-sighted as well as watery-eyed, and he was not at all sure that this really was the little maid whom he had seen at Mrs. Nutting's; but California set his doubts at rest by saying, equably:

"How do you do, Mr. Burnham? How are all the folks at home? I have been very sick myself."

A middle-aged, careworn woman sat by the fire, rocking a very thin baby.

"Ah, the good child! she has indeed and indeed been sick. I gave her up one spell entirely," said she, slowly, and trotting the baby on her knee with every word she said.

"But—California!" gasped Mr. Burnham, who was astonished to see that she did not feel at all guilty.

California looked surprised, and then Mr. Burnham felt as guilty as if he had stolen the silver spoons himself.

There was rather an embarrassing pause, and then he asked her what she had been sick with, and why she had left Mrs. Nutting so suddenly and so secretly, and sent no word as to her whereabouts since that time.

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Nutting thinks I am very ungrateful for her kindness to me," said California, calmly; "but the truth is this: I once lived with Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Brown, Mr. Burnham—and I came to see them one afternoon, and found the three children all sick with what we thought was smallpox, but which finally proved to be only measles. I did not dare to see Mrs. Nutting again, for fear of somebody's catching it, so I told Sam Yek to fetch me my clothes out to the street. I met him, you see, on the corner when he was going home from the grocery with the yeast. I told him to tell the folks that I was afraid to come in on account of having been to a house with smallpox in it. He told all that, I suppose."

"No," said Mr. Burnham, rather excitedly, "he did not tell anything of the sort."

"Then," said California, "Mrs. Nutting has been thinking very hard of me. Well, I nursed the children with some help from Mrs. Brown"—this was said in the old important way—"and they all got well. Then I took the measles myself, and have been sick for about two weeks now—isn't it, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, trotting the thin baby; "two weeks yesterday."

Mr. Burnham left very soon, and took his way directly to his brother John's office, and told what he had discovered; and they went together to the police-office and told the policeman, who visited California and questioned her in regard to the silver.

She was extremely indignant, and denied all knowledge of it so emphatically, that the policeman, who was not much given to believing anybody, actually believed her; and the upshot of it all was, that the spoons, the saltcellars, and the napkin-ring were found under the sink in an old oyster-can, where they had been stowed by the tenderly trusted and incorruptible Sam Yek.

You may be sure that Sam was discharged, that Mrs. Nutting almost begged California's pardon (her daughter Harriet prevented it), and that she declared most positively that she *never*, NEVER could, would, or should trust another Chinaman.

Now comes the strangest part of the story.

When California found that she was suspected of theft, she became very communicative to the policeman; she told him that the lady whom she had called her aunt was not really her aunt, but somebody who took her from charity.

From her came the name of Piper; that was not her real name, she said; but she was so little when her mother died that she had forgotten what her real name was.

She then showed the policeman a locket, which had been her mother's, and had her mother's name engraved on it—"Nellie."

The policeman showed it to Mr. John Burnham, who became somewhat excited, and questioned California a good deal in regard to her mother. She could not remember very much, but what she did remember excited him still more. He told his wife, who said she didn't believe it, but she cried and kissed Mr. Charles Burnham when they told him, and said she believed that it was the hand of God which had led him to Mrs. Brown's poor-house; and as for Mr. Charles Burnham, he nearly fainted with joy; and when he had seen the locket, he hadn't a doubt; and when he had seen the child, and talked with her, and asked her a few questions, he hadn't the shadow of a doubt, but clasped California in his arms, and called her his own, his dear, his precious little girl, who would never be parted from him again.

VOLCANOES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

According to the Greek mythology, water and fire were distinct elements, presided over by separate gods, each with his train of followers. Neptune reigned over the sea with a band of tritons, nymphs, sirens, and naïads to do him honor. In the unfathomable depths of the mountains was enthroned the gloomy Pluto, while Vulcan forged thunderbolts at his resounding anvil, causing great flames of molten matter and clouds of cinders to escape through vast chimneys to the open air, filling mankind with terror, and often overwhelming the guilty with melted lava and ashes.

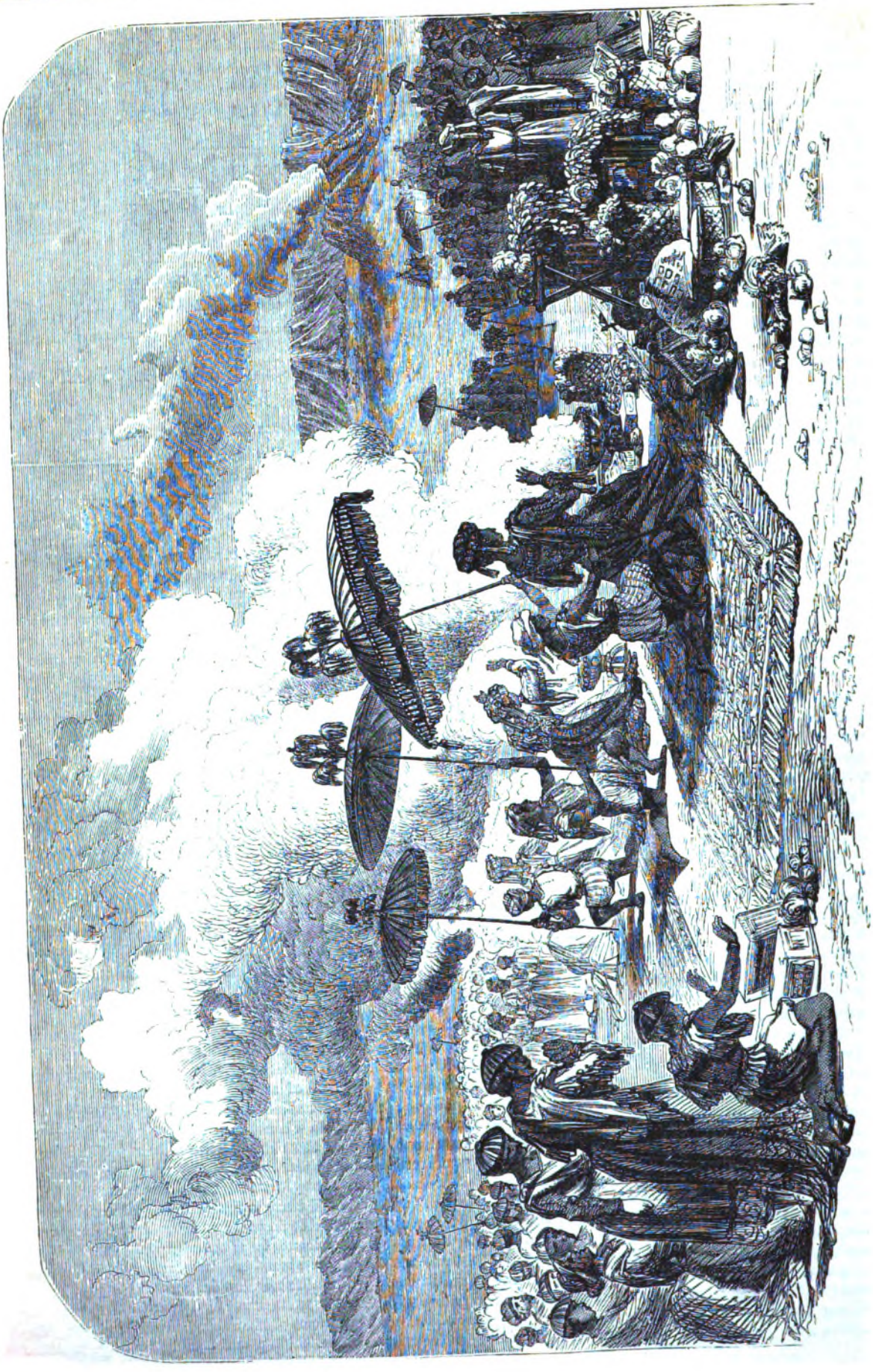
It came to pass that every hill and mountain, from the summit of which, at any time, clouds of smoke or solid pumice and liquid lava were seen to issue, was called a volcano, in honor of the mighty god, whose ceaseless smithy found vent wherever a fissure in the crust had produced an opening.

Those points where the fire had gone out and thunderbolts were no longer forged, were called extinct volcanoes, but this name often proved deceptive, and led men to their destruction.

In all parts of the world there are mountains which exhibit every sign of a former volcanic activity. The lava, pumice, scoriæ, and ashes are unmistakable, and geologists have no hesitation in pointing out the site where at one time the greatest activity must have prevailed. Professor Dana has shown that even in the now peaceful valley of the Mohawk there are the remains of extinct volcanoes, which doubtless contributed toward the elevation of the land above the level of the sea. Scattered over other parts of the United States, there are equally convincing evidences of a former activity of the subterranean forces. In France, the craters of former volcanoes are distinctly recognized, although no record of any eruption is extant.

No one who has studied the phenomena of existing volcanoes could fail to class these mountains as being true representations of the actual craters from which in times past burst forth fire and smoke. There is no security in their vicinity, as at any time they may break forth with renewed violence and destroy a whole region of country.

The most remarkable instance of what may be supposed to be an extinct volcano, is afforded by Mount Vesuvius. In ancient times, the shape and appearance of this mountain were very different from what they are at present. It was clothed with verdure to its summit, and at its base were situated the populous cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The gentle undulation on the top was sufficiently large to afford

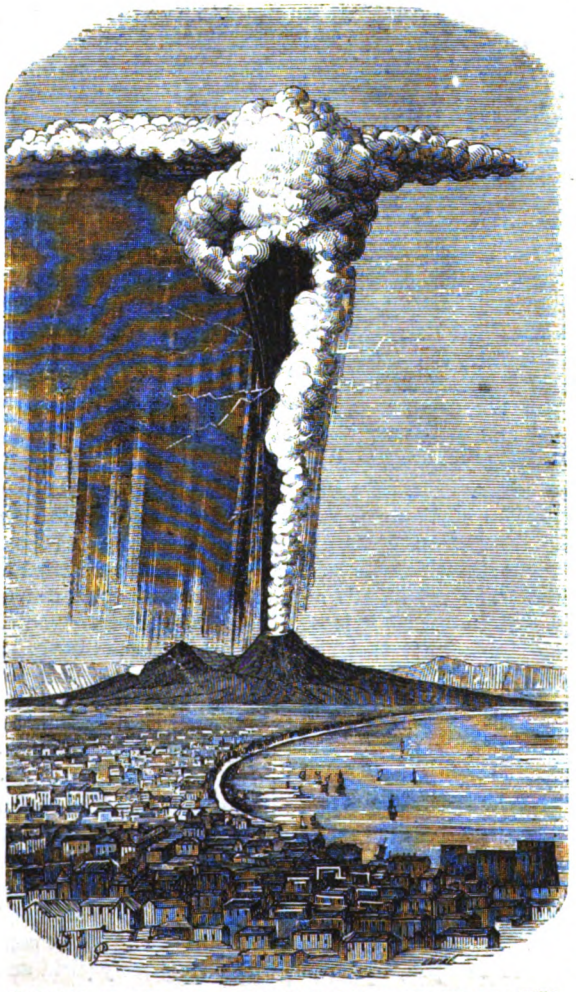


VOLCANO-WORSHIP IN JAVA.

to Spartacus ample room for the encampment of 10,000 men. No one looked upon this mountain as concealing any danger, and all around it were the favorite villas and gardens of wealthy Romans. Suddenly, the sleeping monster woke up from his lethargy of untold ages, and in the year 79, after Christ, occurred the eruption which buried up large cities and utterly changed the features of the surrounding country.

EXTINCT VOLCANOES IN FRANCE.

Fortunately, the younger Pliny was an eye-witness of this remarkable event, and from his interesting recital the world has gathered full details of the phenomena. We cannot do better than translate the account of the eruption of Vesuvius as given by Pliny in a letter to his friend and contemporary, Tacitus. The elder Pliny, who commanded the Roman fleet then stationed at Misenum, in his anxiety to get a near view of the phenomena, was suffocated by the exhalations, and in reply to an inquiry from Tacitus, the nephew wrote the following letter, giving an account of this tragic event: "My uncle," says Pliny, "was commander of the fleet at Misenum, and on the 23d of August, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother informed him that a cloud of extraordinary shape and remarkable appearance was visible in the direction of Vesuvius. He was, at the time, quietly studying, after having sunned himself, taken a cold bath, and breakfasted in a reclining posture, but immediately called for his sandals and climbed up to the top of a hill from which he could obtain a more favorable view of the phenomena. The cloud, the exact position of which was uncertain, but which afterward proved to be over Vesuvius, assumed a form and shape which closely resembled a pine tree—it seemed to rise from a trunk and to spread out like the branches of a tree. The spectacle appeared to this intelligent man very remarkable and worthy of close investigation. He therefore gave orders to prepare a light row-boat, and gave me permission, if I desired it, to accompany him. I replied that I preferred to remain at home to study, especially as he had given me some work to do. When he reached Retina, which is near Misenum, he found the sailors full of alarm and anxious to get away, but he declined to change his plan. He brought out the eight-oar galleys, and commanded the crews to steer for the shore, in order to rescue as many as possible. He himself hastened in the direction from whence all others were fleeing, steering into the face of danger without fear, and constantly noting every phase of the phenomena. Presently, ashes fell upon the ship, thicker and hotter the further they proceeded; then followed pumice and burnt-out stones, and soon the sea became shallow and the shore inaccessible, on account of the accumulation of ashes, pumice, and cinders. For a moment, he thought of turning back, but finally gave orders to steer toward Stabia, on the other side of the bay. Here he took refuge for the night in the house of a friend, and slept very soundly, notwithstanding the fact that the court of the dwelling was so filled with ashes that the passages were nearly choked up. He was roused up by the members of the household, who had remained awake all night, and conducted him to the open



SINGULAR APPEARANCE OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1855.

air. By this time nearly every one had fled, and before the servants could carry him to a place of safety he was overcome by the gases, and his body was found ten days later, perfectly preserved, and natural as if he had fallen asleep."

In answer to further inquiries from Tacitus, Pliny gave a very interesting and glowing account of his own narrow escape from death. It is a remarkable circumstance that he makes no mention of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in his letters to Tacitus. The probability would seem to be that his writings on this subject must have been lost, as he could not well have omitted to give an account of such an event as the utter extinction and burial of these cities. The fall of pumice-stones at the beginning of the eruption shows that the immense cloud projected by the gas of the new crater was formed both of the ashes from the depths of the earth and of the *débris* of a great portion of the old cone of Vesuvius, to which they gave the name of Somma. The destruction of the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiæ is generally accounted for by a long-continued fall of these materials; but the transport of beds of such thickness is difficult to imagine, by reason of the distance which separates them from the crater, and the idea propounded on this subject by M. Ch. Sainte-Claire Deville appears to us much more probable. This learned explorer of volcanoes shows us, indeed, that at the moment when Vesuvius again became active, the crest split, following transverse fissures, which he has shown to be connected with the volcanic system of the Campagna, and that two amongst them passed exactly by the destroyed towns, which, according to this theory, would have been buried with ashes, mud and lava ejected from these orifices. It is known that, until the middle of the last century, the real sites of these towns were not discovered. By a series of excavations since that period, the people of modern times have been transported, as if by magic, into the middle of ancient life, and have been enabled to trace most precious revelations, both to science and history, in the ruins preserved for eighteen centuries by the volcanic strata.

Since the fatal eruption of eighteen hundred years ago, Mount Vesuvius has remained a more or less active volcano. There exist indications of eruptions since 79 in the years 204, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1136. That of 1136 was very violent, but the volcano after that remained long inactive. Toward the close of the fourteenth century it sank into a slumber which lasted 300 years, and from which it awoke in 1631, with a violence scarcely less destructive than the one we have just described. Since the year 1631 there have been several instances of activity at Vesuvius, but no eruption to compare with the two earlier ones. On one occasion the appearance of the eruption of Vesuvius was identically in accordance with the description given by Pliny of the cloud resting on the mountain which he said resembled the Italian pine in shape. The cut affords an admirable representation of this phenomenon, and it is no wonder that Pliny's mother was so struck by it that she called the attention of her brother-in-law to it, and that the younger Pliny should have described it so fully.

Vesuvius is one of the best-known volcanoes of modern times. Situated as it is on the loveliest bay of the world, and near the city of Naples, it has become a place of resort to thousands of travelers, many of whom ascend it to its summit to look down into the crater, from which at all times gases and explosions emanate, or to enjoy the magnificent prospect to be obtained from the top. The ascent is made from the town which now occupies the site of the ancient city of Herculaneum; and it is customary, when making the excursion, to pay a visit to Pompeii, which is near at hand.

Although Pliny passed over the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in silence, we have from other sources interesting historical facts showing that these two cities were destroyed by ashes and mud, and not by red-hot lava. When the amphitheatre at Herculaneum was first cleared out, ashes were arranged on the steps just as snow would lie had it fallen there. The existence of the buried city was first discovered by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk in 1713, which came directly down upon the theatre, where statues of Cleopatra and Hercules were discovered.

In both cities records have been found commemorating their having been rebuilt after they had been thrown down by an earthquake which happened in the reign of Nero, sixteen years before the inhumation of the cities. Very few skeletons have been discovered in either city; so that it is probable the greater number of the inhabitants escaped. In the barracks at Pompeii were the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks, and at the gate of the city were the remains of the sentinel, who manfully stood by his post to the last. Of the few skeletons found, nearly all appear to have been overwhelmed while engaged in plunder, or in consequence of inability to escape, from sickness or old age. The colors of the paintings on the stuccoed walls are as clear and distinct as if recently executed, and many delicate objects have been found, showing conclusively that the destruction came from ashes and cinders, and not from red-hot lava. Occasionally rolls of parchment have been discovered, but they are so charred and brittle as to render the writing illegible. Few places of the living can vie with this city of the dead in point of interest, but we must leave it in order to pass to another branch of our subject.

Not far remote from Vesuvius, on the island of Sicily, is situated Mount Etna, a volcano perhaps the most celebrated in ancient or modern times of any fire-mountain that has been described by historians or geologists. It is entirely distinct from, and independent of, any other mountain range, rising from the east shore of the island in a congerie of mountains to a height of more than ten thousand feet. There are a multitude of minor cones distributed over its flanks, and which are most abundant in the woody region, thus imparting a grand and original feature to the physiognomy of Etna. The base is 87 miles in circumference, which gives a gradual inclination to the sides, and facilitates the ascent. The woody region of the mountain is six or seven miles in width, and reaches to about 6,400 feet perpendicular height; it begins and terminates abruptly; in the lower parts the trees are principally oak and chestnut; in the middle they are almost entirely oaks, some of them attaining to an immense size. Higher up the oaks disappear, and the firs become stunted, and by degrees all vegetation disappears and the desert region is attained. In the wooded zone is situated the celebrated chestnut tree, consisting of five great arms united in a single stem a little below the surface. The circumference of the united trunk is given by some travelers at 163 feet, and by others at 196 feet. A house of ample dimensions for the entertainment of travelers has been constructed in the interior of the tree.

The region above the woods is a dismal tract, full of gloomy and rocky hollows, and immense chasms formed of black lava, scoriæ, ashes and volcanic sand, covered for the greater part of the year with snow and ice, which are always to be found in the hollows. In the midst of this gloomy region, the principal cone, forming the summit of the mountain, rises to the height of about 1,100 feet; it is very precipitous, and as it consists of loose scoriæ and ashes, which frequently yield under foot, the ascent is extremely laborious.

The view from the summit is superb beyond description. Sicily is spread out like a map at the traveler's feet, and the course of every river can be traced to the sea. The strait that separates Italy and Sicily, the Calabrian shores and the Lipari Islands are distinguishing features in this magnificent panorama, which, it is said, sometimes extends to Vesuvius on the one hand and Malta on the other.

Though Homer has made Sicily the scene of some of the most interesting adventures in the travels of Ulysses, he nowhere alludes to Etna, from which it is inferred that the mountain had not then been an active volcano. Pindar is the oldest extant author (about 500 years B.C.), who takes any notice of the eruptions of Etna. The passage in which he alludes to the mountain, has been rendered by West as follows:

"Now under sulph'rous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Etna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever press'd:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure, liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And vail in ruddy mists the noonday skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire;
Or, gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
Far o'er the redd'ning main huge rocky fragments pour."

Since the time of Pindar, there have been a great many eruptions, both in ancient and modern times. One of the most tremendous occurred in 1669, when the hill of Monti Rossi was formed; but the most extraordinary phenomenon in this eruption was the opening of a fissure about six feet wide and of unknown depth, which stretched a distance of twelve miles, and emitted an intensely vivid light. The lava that burst forth on this occasion overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages, filled up the port of Ulysses, and partly destroyed Catania. About 27,000 persons are supposed to have lost their lives in this convulsion.

Among the ravines which intersect its sides, a deep valley —the celebrated Val del Bove—opens in the eastern side, and reaches as far as the sea. "To me, I own," says Mr. Poulett Scrope, "it has always appeared to have originated in a great fissure, enlarged into a crater by some paroxysmal eruption which blew out of the heart of the mountain, and since widened by the abrasive violence of aqueous *débâcles*, caused by the sudden melting of snows on the heights above by the heat communicated from erupted lavas and showers of red-hot scoriæ falling over the surface. One such torrent, indeed, is recorded, which rushed down the same valley in 1755, in the month of March, the volcano being at the time covered with snow; on which occasion the flood is said by Recupero to have run at the rate of a mile and a half in a minute for the distance of twelve miles —a rate which would give an enormous abrading and carrying force to a great body of water. Accordingly, its track, two miles in breadth, is now visibly strewn to the depth of from thirty to forty feet with sand and fragments of rock. And that similar *débâcles* had previously for many ages taken the same course is demonstrated by the accumulation of a vast alluvial formation at the opening of the valley to the sea, near Giarre, more than 150 feet deep, measuring ten miles by three in area, and now resembling an upraised line of beach 400 feet high above the sea."

During the great eruption of August 21st, 1852, described by Sir Charles Lyell, a great number of openings from the summit to the base of the great precipice which forms the entrance of the valley showed themselves. From the cone made by the lowest opening flowed a large sheet of lava, which, precipitating itself in a cascade into a deep ravine, gave out in its fall a noise as of "metallic substances and breaking glass." This eruption lasted nine months, and the depth of the accumulated lava, in some places, was as much as fifty-four yards. The recent investigations of geologists have shown the immense quantity of materials added during eight centuries to the mass of Etna, and it may be imagined that, with all these accumulations, the entire mountain might be created by series of eruptions, succeeding each other for an indefinite period. This explanation, however, does not exclude the enlargement of the bulk by internal swelling, owing to the rising up of the strata, or to the injection of the lava in the crevices of the volcano.

The last great eruption of Etna was in 1865. On the night of the 30th to the 31st of January, 1865, the pent-up lava broke through to the surface through a vent a mile and a half in length. Six principal cones of ejection were raised above the crevice, and gradually increased in size, owing to the *débris*, which they threw out of their craters; these gradually mingling their intervening slopes and blending them one with another, absorbed in succession other and smaller cones, which had been formed by their sides, thus reaching a height of nearly 300 feet. During six days the quantity of lava which issued from the fissure was estimated at 117 cubic yards a second, equivalent to a volume twice the bulk of the river Seine at low water.

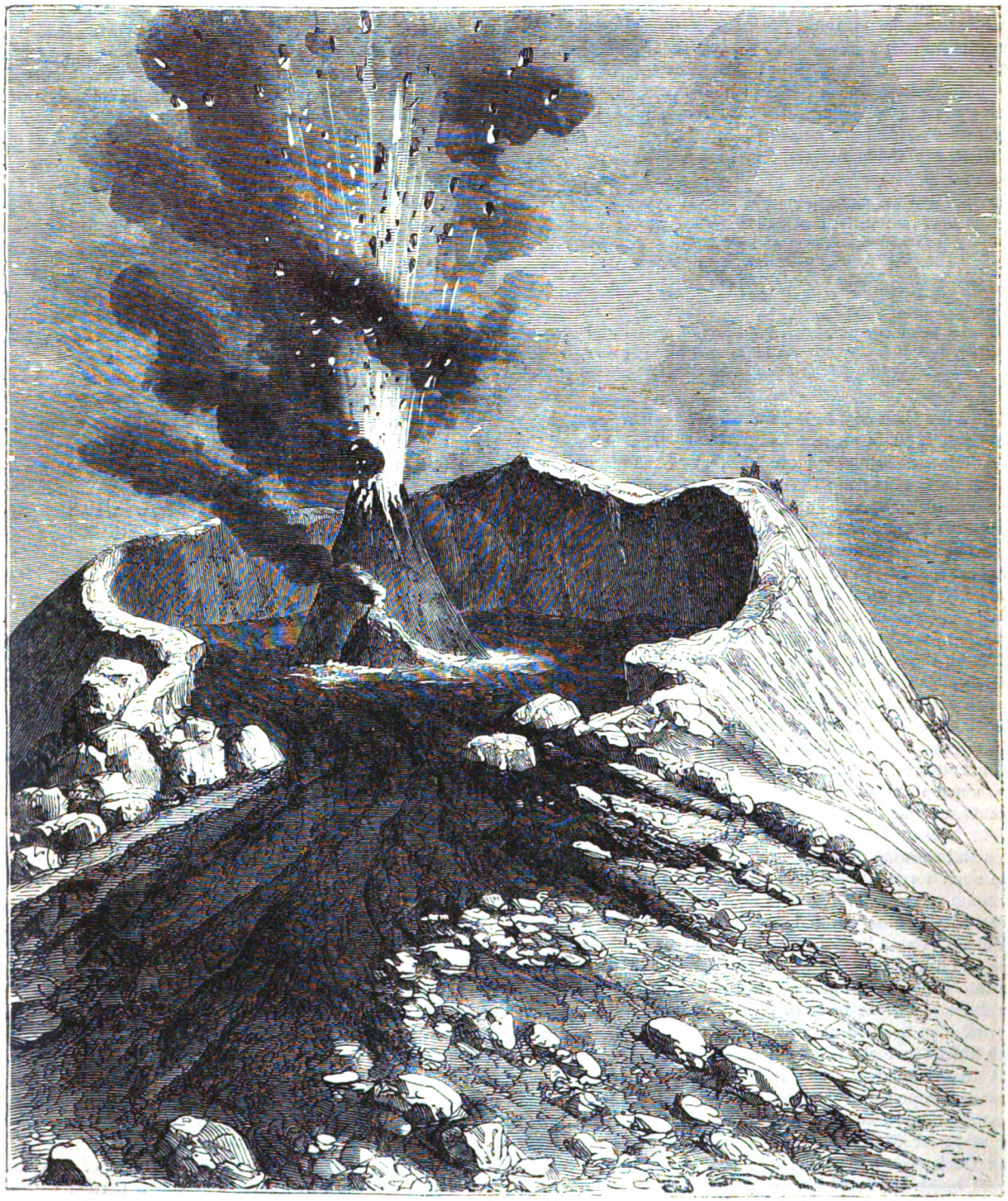
On the 2nd of February, the principal current, the breadth of which varied from 300 to 550 yards, with an average thickness of forty-nine feet, reached a distance of three miles from the fissure of eruption, and plunged like a cataract into the gorge below. It was a magnificent spectacle, especially at night, to see this sheet of molten matter, dazzling red, like liquid iron, making its way in a thin layer over the edge and breaking into fiery scintillations at the bottom of the ravine. But this splendid spectacle lasted only for a few days, as the ravine, which was at first 160 feet deep, was rapidly filled up, thus forming a uniform slope with the valley below. By the middle of February, the fiery stream was six miles long and making very slow progress, when all of a sudden a breaking-out took place at the side of the stream not far from the source, thus diverting the current of the burning river toward the forest, where it destroyed 130,000 trees. When seen from below, the burning trunks borne along upon the lava, as if upon a river of fire, singularly contributed to the beauty of the spectacle. Thousands of curious spectators were brought daily by the steamboats from Catania and Messina to witness at their ease the splendid horrors of the conflagration. But to the poor inhabitants of Etna it was no entertainment to watch the destruction of their forests and to see their homes threatened by the flowing torrent of fire.

In some places, rows of firs very close together, were sufficient to change the direction of the flow, and to cause a lateral deviation. In one place a trunk of a tree was noticed, which by itself had been able to keep back a branch of the stream, and to prevent it from filling up a glen which opened immediately below. "And yet this last eruption, one of the most important in our epoch, is but an insignificant episode in the history of the mountain; it was but a mere pulsation of Etna. During the last twenty centuries only, more than seventy-five eruptions have taken place, and in some of them the flows of lava have been more than twelve miles in length, and have covered areas of more than forty square miles, which were once in a perfect state of cultivation, and dotted over with towns and villages. In former ages, thousands of other lava-flows and cones of ashes have gradually raised and lengthened the slopes of the mountains. The mass of Mount Etna, the total bulk of which is three or four thousand times greater than the most considerable of the rivers of stone vomited from its bosom, is, in fact, from its summit to its base, down even to the lowest submarine depths, nothing but the product of

successive eruptions throwing out the molten matter of the interior. The volcano itself has slowly raised the walls of its crater, and then extended its long slopes down to the waters of the Ionian Sea. By its fresh beds of lava and scoria incessantly renewed one upon the other, it has ultimately reared its summit into the regions of snow, and has become, as Pindar called it, the great 'pillar of heaven.'"

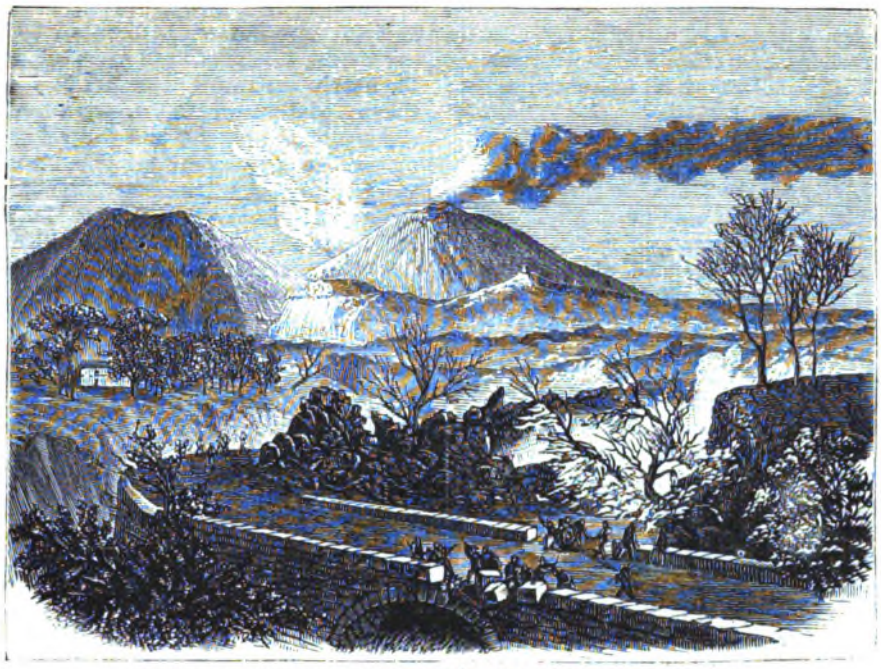
To the north of Sicily, in a direct line between Etna and Vesuvius, are the Lipari Islands, on one of which is situated the volcano of Stromboli, called by the inhabitants of the neighborhood *Il Faro*, the lighthouse. As it is only 2,770 feet high, and is nearly always in action, and is accessible to European geologists, it has been a favorite field for the observation and study of geological phenomena.

Stromboli throws out flames continually without being actually in eruption, although the nature of the ground shows that formerly it was subject to them. The crater situated at the top of the island is notched toward the north, and on the same side scoriæ flow into the sea by a very inclined slope. The observations made by geologists who, since Spallanzani, have visited this curious perpetually-active volcano, throw great light on the phenomena of



CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

eruptions, which are difficult to study under ordinary circumstances. The crater of Stromboli is very favorable to this inquiry. Easy of access in all seasons, "one is in a sort of way admitted," Mr. Scrope remarks, "into the secrets of the laboratory of Nature, which is here open to our minute examinations."



ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, IN 1869, SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

We have already quoted the description of M. Ch. St.-Claire Deville. Those of Spallanzani, of Poulette Scrope, and of the German geologist Friedrich Hoffmann, one of the latest explorers, differ very little. They present to us the lava under the form of a shining mass, as of molten metal, brilliant even with a glittering light in full day, which, from one quarter of an hour to another, rises with a dull grumbling to the edge of the crater, opens at its centre with noise, making the earth tremble, and vomiting, in the explosion, a sheet of incandescent lava and burning scoriæ. "The surface of the lava," says M. F. Hoffmann, "rose and fell regularly at rhythmical intervals. A particular noise is heard, similar to the decrepitations of the air entering by the door of a mine-furnace. A spherical mass of white vapor leaves it at each decrepitation, lifting up the lava, which again falls, after its leaving. These shells of vapor draw from the surface of the lava red-hot scoriæ, which dance as if moved by invisible hands above the edge of the opening." Similar appearances have been observed in the volcanoes of Masaya and Bourbon, in the crater of Kilauea at Hawaii, as well as in those of Vesuvius and Etna. When the eruption is permanent, there certainly exists below the orifices a mass of liquid lava in constant ebullition, which furnishes the prodigious mass of matters ejected during centuries, and which must be replenished by a cause still unknown, but probably analogous to that which connects the volcanoes of the same chain, often at great distances. It is, moreover, by admitting such affinities that we can comprehend the action of the volcanic mountains, which, as has been very well said by Seneca, even do not furnish the aliment of fire, but only give it an issue.

In the permanent volcanoes the force of subterranean expansion produces, as may be imagined, effects more or less energetic according as the weight of the atmosphere, the principal force of repression, increases or diminishes. Indeed, the inhabitants of Stromboli, who are mostly fishermen, habitually observe the phenomena of this volcano, in order better to forecast atmospheric variations. During the storms of Winter the eruptions are sometimes very violent, as we have observed in passing near the volcano at those times. These eruptions split the sides of the crater

VOLCANO OF JULIA ISLAND, JULY, 1831.

in the very act of explosions which shake all the island, and make themselves heard to a great distance. At Ternate, in the Moluccas, and in many other volcanic regions, the same coincidence has been observed between eruptions and tempests.

SUBMARINE VOLCANOES.

In the year 1831, between the 28th of June and the 2d of July, the inhabitants of Sciacca were much frightened by repeated earthquakes and subterranean noises, which, to their experienced minds, boded no good. These were the premonitory symptoms of remarkable submarine phenomena which developed themselves in great grandeur eight miles from the coast, on a spot where the water was known to be 700 feet deep. A vessel which happened to be near the spot witnessed an immense volume of water rise high in the air, which rose and sank in regular pulsations for a period of half an hour. At the same time a dense cloud of smoke obscured the whole heavens. The agitation of the sea was very great for a considerable distance, and many dead fish floated on the surface.

On the Sicilian shore, eight miles distant, the inhabitants were unable to see this remarkable and unexpected convulsion. While an uncommonly dark and cloudy horizon cut off all distant prospect, a great quantity of fine, porous pumice was observed to swim on the surface of the water, and to be cast upon the beach. These were so numerous as to obstruct the movement of row-boats.

On the 13th of July, great clouds of smoke and columns of fire were visible on the horizon, which at once proclaimed a volcanic eruption, and it was not long before the rim of a crater was visible above the surface of the water. An English captain, proud of being able to increase the extent of the British dominions, hurried to hoist his flag over the smoking stones, and to take possession in the name of the King. The islet gradually increased around the crater, and before long it measured as much as four miles in circumference. But at the conclusion of the volcanic eruption the work of demolition commenced, and the lava was gradually undermined at the base by the waves and currents. In October, of the same year, nothing remained but a little mound. Six months after, the newly discovered island, which was also claimed by the King of Naples, and had been christened with various names, was nothing but an oval reef about half a mile long. A few years later the sounding-line showed a depth of 700 feet of water over the spot where the much contested island had held a short control.

In July, 1863, the island again appeared, and in a few weeks rose to the height of 200 to 260 feet, but it scarcely remained long enough for any nation to lay claim to it as unappropriated soil. The whole story recalls the mysterious country mentioned in the "Arabian Nights," which plunged down into the ocean just at the moment when the voyagers were going to land on it.

Near the island of San Miguel, one of the Azores, there is another submarine volcano, which likewise vomits out at each of its great eruptions a temporary cone of scoriæ, which rises above the level of the sea. On one occasion an English captain found time to take possession of it in the name of his government, and to give it the name of Sabrina.

In the Greek Archipelago is the submarine volcano of Santorino, of which there are historical accounts going back as far as 1550 years B. C. It would be difficult to recount how many different eruptions and extraordinary perturbations have taken place at this spot. In remote antiquity, it was called *Calliste*, or the beautiful; an epithet that can scarcely be said to be appropriate at the present time. It is shaped like a crescent, or, rather, horse-shoe, and has a dismal appearance from the sea, consisting wholly of black, volcanic rocks, without wood or rivers. The inhabitants have no water other than that which they collect in cisterns, and the calcined rocks being of light consistency, the houses are rather excavated in it than built. Toward the end of January, 1866, subterranean roarings, a gradual sinking of the ground and the coloring of the water announced an approaching eruption. The centre of the shock was felt just below the little village of Vulcano, situated on the edge of a creek where ships used to cast anchor, in order that the water, mingled as it was with acid gases, might destroy the mollusks and seaweed attached to their keels.

On the 3d of February a brilliantly black mass of lava was seen, which rose slowly from the bottom of the crater and increased in size every day with perfect regularity. This mound, called George's Isle, attained in a few weeks a height of 164 feet, and ultimately became united with the shore. Afterward other islets made their appearance, the sea being all the time agitated by the gases escaping from its surface and exhibiting in turn the most diversified hues. The fish killed by the heat floated in multitudes on the surface, and mariners avoided steering their ships anywhere near the eruption for fear the pitch between their planks should melt in the water heated to a temperature of 160 to 170 degs. Fah.

After the cone of George's Island had appeared close to the surface it opened out for itself a crater by an explosion, which destroyed the whole of the surface portion of the mound. Volcanoes of this character, composed of soft pumice and shifting ashes, are not likely to last very long, as they cannot resist the action of the waves unless they are founded on a solid, rocky bed that rises above the reach of the water.

The observations made at this time permit us to give a very clear idea of the mode of growth of the volcanic hills of new formation. "This growth," says he, "is certainly partly caused by reason of a slow upheaval of the soil; there are even times when the upheaving action appears to predominate, but it is not ordinarily the case. That which especially contributed to the enlargement of the Georges, Aphroëssa and Reka, are the streams of lava which have their rise there. These streams flow down from either side of the fissure, Georges and Aphroëssa being the two principal points. They advance extremely slowly, cooled as they are on the outside, by the contact of the sea, but, nevertheless, they flow under the water, which they warm to a temperature near the boiling point. At their surface they present a regular slope on each side of the opening from which they spring, in such a way as very well to represent the two opposite slopes of a roof, of which the line at the top would correspond to the opening.

"As these streams advance, their thickness increases at any given point of their course, whence it follows that they emerge by degrees, and as their surface is covered with irregular blocks, these appear above the water one after another, and form like rocks round the points which have previously emerged. When, on the contrary, the upheaval of the soil is the principal cause, the blocks which emerge from the water are situated at a certain distance from the centre of activity, and moreover they are always of a low temperature at the time of their appearance, as if the matter which composes them had been for some time solidified. It was in this way that Reka appeared, distant from Aphroëssa some 32 feet, and without the water of the sea being much warmed in its vicinity. At the present time (March 25th) there are formed in this manner, by means of upheavals, fresh rocks to the west of Reka, on the side toward Palœa-Kammeni; but, in fact, Georges, Aphroëssa, and Reka, increase principally from the other cause that we have mentioned."

VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Leaving the submarine volcanoes and passing to the Western Hemisphere, we shall find abundance of material to occupy our attention. The group of Sandwich Islands possesses some of the grandest specimens of volcanoes to be found in any part of the globe; Kilauea and Mauna-Loa, on the Island of Hawaii, being particularly worthy of mention.

The crater of Kilauea is one of the most astonishing in the world. It opens at an elevation of of more than 3,900 feet on the side of the great mountain of Mauna-Loa, which is itself crowned by a magnificent funnel-shaped crater 2735 yards across from one brink to the other.

The elliptical crater of Kilauea is no less than three miles in length and seven miles in circumference. The hollow of this abyss is filled by a lake of lava, the level of which varies from year to year, sometimes rising and sometimes falling, like water in a well. The surface of the molten mass generally lies about 600 to 900 feet below the outer edge, and in order to study it it is necessary to get on to a ledge of black lava, which, like the ice about a frozen pond, extends around the outer rim, and affords a secure foothold. The surface of the sea of fire is generally covered by a thick crust over its whole extent; here and there red lava waves dash up like the water of a lake through the broken ice. Jets of vapor whistle and hiss as they escape, throwing out showers of burning scoriæ and forming cones of ashes on the crust 60 to 100 feet in height, which are so many volcanoes in miniature. Intense heat radiates from the immense crater, and a kind of hot blast makes its way through all the chinks in the vertical walls of the sides. The level of the fire-lake of Kilauea is incessantly changing. In proportion as fresh lava issues forth from the subterranean furnace, the broken crust affords an outlet to other sheets of molten matter and fresh heaps of scoriæ, and gradually the boiling mass rises from ledge to ledge, and ultimately reaches the upper edge of the basin. Sooner or later, however, the level rapidly sinks. The fact is, that the burning mass contained in the depths of the abyss gradually melts the lower walls of solid lava; these walls ultimately give way at some weak point, a crevice is produced, and the liquid matter drawn off like wine from a vat. The flow increases the orifice by the action of its weight on the sill of the opening and by melting the rocks which oppose its passage, and then running down over the slopes, flows into the sea.

In 1840 the crater was full to the brink, when a crack suddenly opened in the side of the mountain which extended to a distance of one hundred and thirty-one feet from its starting-point, and gave out a stream of lava thirty seven miles long and sixteen miles wide, which entirely altered the outline of the sea-coast and destroyed all the fish in the adjacent waters. Professor Dana estimated the total mass of this enormous flow as equal to 7,200,000 cubic yards—that is, to a solid body fifty times as great as the quantity of earth dug out in cutting through the Isthmus of Suez. The enormous basin of Kilauea, 1,467 feet deep, remained empty for a considerable time, but it has been several times filled and emptied since 1840.

The activity of Mauna-Loa appears to be of recent origin, the first authentic account of an eruption dating in the year 1832, since which time there have been several violent convulsions, especially toward the end of March, 1868. Almost all the volcanoes which rise to such a height as Mauna-Loa get rid of their overflow of lava through fissures which open in their side walls. The column of molten matter in the craters is of an enormous weight, and every inch it ascends toward the mouth represents the expenditure of a prodigious force. Many calculations have been made as to the degree of pressure which the steam and gases have to exert in order to lift such a column of liquid stone, but all of them are more or less hypothetical.

Sartorius von Waltershausen, the great explorer of Etna and Hecla, estimates the volcanic shafts as being of great depth. The prevailing rocks of the Earth's surface, granite, quartz, mica and limestone, have an average specific gravity of two and a half as compared with water, while the planet itself, taken as a whole, weighs nearly five and a half times as much as the same mass of distilled water; the density of the interior layers must, therefore, increase from the circumference to the centre. Taking all these data into consideration, Baron von Waltershausen has come to the conclusion that the rocks thrown out by the volcanoes of Sicily and Iceland proceed from a depth of 77 to 78 miles. Thus the shaft which opens at the bottom of the centre of Etna would be no less than 77 miles deep, and the lava which boils in this abyss would be lifted by a force of 36,000 atmospheres, an exhibition of power which it is difficult for the human imagination to grasp. On this hypothesis it is easy to understand why the side walls of the crater should give way to the immense pressure before the column could be forced to flow over the top.

VOLCANOES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Many portions of the Southern continent have never been explored, but enough is known to afford us a knowledge of some of the grandest volcanoes of the world. Beginning with Chili, we have a chain of volcanoes running nearly due north and south, some of which are no more than six or seven thousand feet in height; but included in this number is the majestic Aconcaugo, which, according to some authors, lifts its fiery head to the enormous elevation of 22,434 feet above the level of the sea.

In this region, within a distance of three hundred miles, there are thirty-two volcanoes, one of the most striking and interesting of which is Antuco a sharp mountain, 16,000 feet high, which is in a constant state of activity. The ascent of this mountain has been made a number of times, and as its crater can be easily studied, geologists and travelers have found it an interesting object. Considerable care has to be observed to select days for visiting this crater when the wind drives the gases, smoke, and lava toward one side, and to make the descent into the crater to leeward. Some travelers have pushed their curiosity too far, and have received a bombardment of melted stones to pay for their temerity.

Passing to the north, the chain of volcanoes ceases over the desert of Atacamo, but soon links on again, and continues with interruptions far beyond the Isthmus into Mexico.

In the region of Quito are eighteen volcanoes, ten of which are still in eruption. The view presented by their high peaks, which are distributed in a picturesque manner, is especially grand in character when we consider the connection of every part of the chain of subterranean communication. A general focus seems to spread itself under the entire plateau, and it is observed that the centre of activity for centuries has slowly propagated itself in the direction from south to north.

Quito is built at the foot of this volcanic mountain, which, during the sixteenth century, was the scene of violent eruptions, and although quieter since 1660, is not yet extinct. It is formed by an immense wall-like mass of black trachyte, which follows the line of fault in the Cordilleras for a distance of nine miles. This wall, like many strong castles, has three domes, the principal of which, called Rucu-Pichin-cha (the Father or the Ancient One), reaches the region of eternal snows.

Humboldt, guided by an Indian, in 1802, climbed up the most eastern of these lofty peaks. Arrived, by very dangerous paths, to the extreme edge of the crater, he found himself at about 874 yards from the bottom of the fiery abyss. "It was," said he, "a magnificent spectacle. Nature has never been presented to me under a grander aspect."

He afterward mentions the observations made since that time in the very crater of the volcano by a learned traveler, M. Wysse, who did not fear remaining there several nights.

town of Quito was often plunged for a whole day in complete darkness, caused by the dust of the rapilli."

The top of the volcano of Cotopaxi forms a perfectly regular cone, on which the snow-line and the limit of forest vegetation are marked in the clearest manner. Lower down, a few rough peaks, called "the Head of the Inca," seem to have been ancient streams of lava.

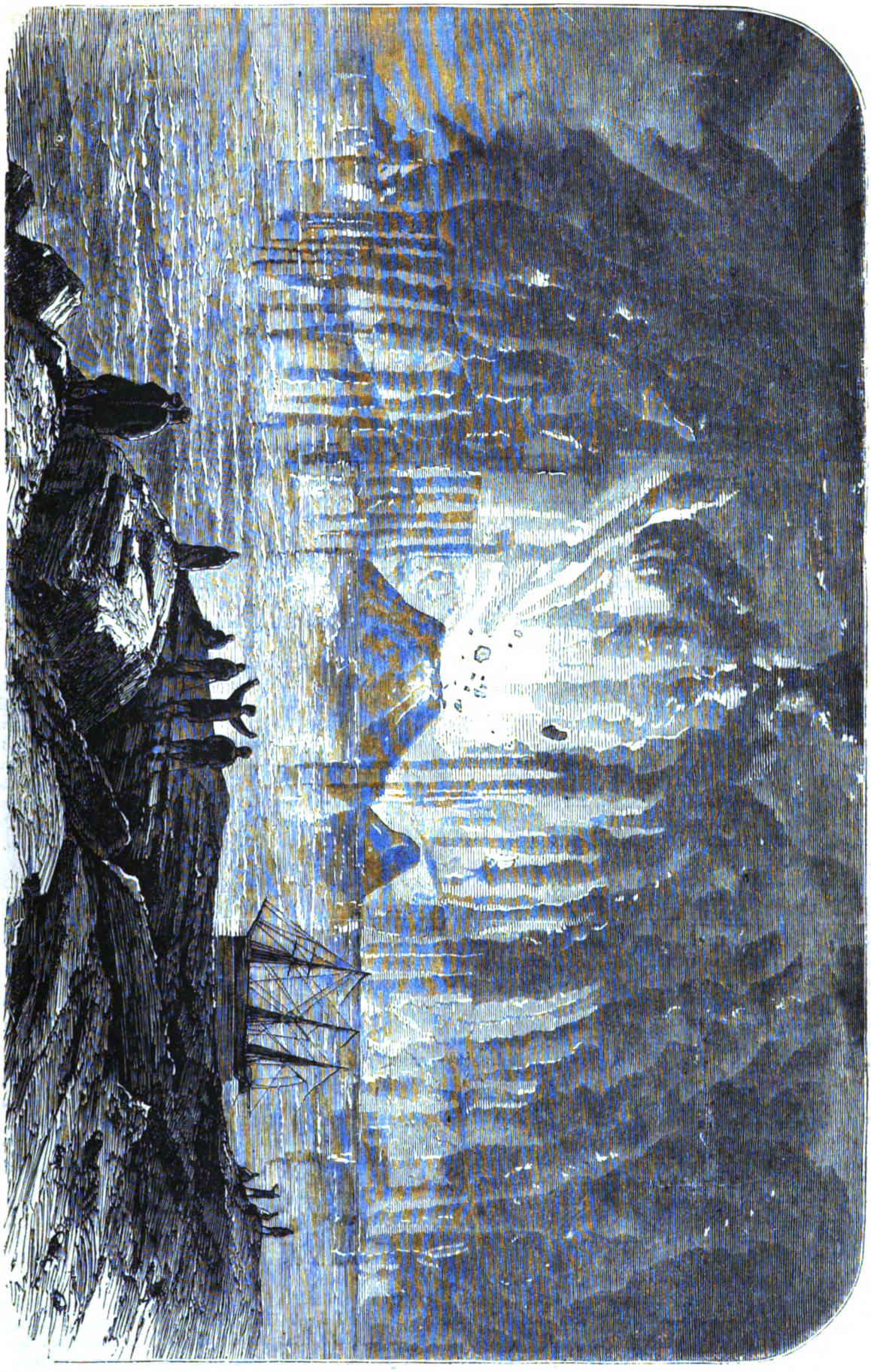
The approach of an eruption is announced by the sudden melting of the snows which cover the summit. Before the smoke rises in the air, the walls of the cone become incan-

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA, 1865.

"This crater is divided into two portions by a ridge of rock covered with vitrified scoriæ. The eastern part, of circular form, and deeper than the other by 1,000 feet, is actually the real seat of the volcanic activity. It contains a cone of eruption about 250 feet high, and surrounded by 70 still-burning openings, or 'fumaroles,' whence proceed sulphurous vapors. It is probably from the crater, covered at the coolest places with tufts of a kind of grass similar to reeds, that the igneous eruptions of scoriæ, pumice and ashes, which succeeded each other in 1539, 1560, 1566, 1577, 1580 and 1660, proceeded. During these eruptions the

descent, and shine in the middle of the night with a reddish light, above the enormous black mass of the mountain.

In 1741 commenced a long and disastrous eruption; according to La Condamine, the columns of fire which rose from the volcano attained a height of 1,000 feet. At the same time torrents of water, proceeding from the sudden melting of the snows which had been collecting for two centuries, rushed down the sides, drawing with them blocks of ice and smoking scoriæ; their power was so great that in the plain were seen large waves, and the velocity of the waters, even at four leagues from the mountain, was,



SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1831.

according to the estimation of Bouguer, 56 feet per second; 600 houses were destroyed, and nearly 1,000 persons perished.

Immense floods have sometimes been caused by the slow but continuous action of the snow during periods of repose. In consequence of its fusion, incessant infiltrations of water penetrate into the rocks.

The caverns in the sides of the mountain or at its base are thus transformed by degrees into reservoirs of subterranean waters, put into communication with the Alpine streams of the plateau of Quito by narrow channels. The fish of the streams prefer to spawn in the shades of the caverns, and when the shocks which always precede the eruption of the Cordilleras make the entire mass of the volcano tremble, the subterranean vaults fall in, and the water, fish and tufaceous mud are instantly expelled. This singular phenomenon brought to the knowledge of the inhabitants of Quito the little fish which they call *prenadilla.*

In the night from the 19th to the 20th of June, 1698, the summit of the volcano of Carguairazo, 6,561 yards high, suddenly fell in, with the exception of two enormous pillars, the last vestiges of the ancient crater; the surrounding lands were covered, over an extent of nearly seven square leagues, with the moistened sandy stone and a clayey mud containing dead fish, and reduced to sterility. The pernicious fevers which broke out seven years later in the town of Ibarra, to the north of Quito, were attributed to the putrefaction of a great number of dead fish ejected from the volcano of Imbabaru.

It is to the great eruption of Cotopaxi, which took place in 1533, the terrible remembrance of which is preserved in the country from generation to generation, that the existence, at a distance of three leagues, of blocks of trachyte measuring 130 cubic yards in volume is attributed. A circumstance which dispels all doubt as to the origin of these stones is that they are arranged on every side in lines directed toward the volcano.

On the east slope of the Eastern Cordilleras, between two systems of affluents which increase the waters of the Amazons, is the large volcano of Sangay, 6,561 yards high, and nevertheless more active than the little cone of Stromboli, which only rises 984 yards above the sea.

The eruptions of Sangay, which began in 1728, did service as a perpetual fire-signal whilst the French *savants* were engaged in measuring an arc of the meridian. These eruptions were accompanied with terrible noises, called by the inhabitants *bramidos*, which are sometimes heard at great distances. Thus, in 1842 and 1843, at the time when the subterranean thunders were more violent than ever, they were distinctly heard as far as Payta, along the coasts of the Pacific.

According to M. Wysse, who was the first to climb this colossal mountain, there are 267 eruptions in an hour; each lasts, on an average, thirteen seconds. The intrepid traveler proved also this remarkable circumstance, that, even on the cone of ashes, no perceptible shock accompanied these frequent emissions. The substances thrown out in the midst of a thick smoke, of a color sometimes gray, sometimes orange-colored, are ashes and scoriæ. M. Wysse counted, in a great explosion, sixty scoriæ having a spherical form, and about two feet in diameter. Most of them again fall into the crater, or slide over the wall of the cone, throwing out a light such as La Condamine believed he saw in flames produced by sulphur and asphalt. The ashes, which were very black, gave a frightful aspect to the upper part of the volcano. On its sides, and for eleven miles around it, they were spread in beds which, in some places, were 400 feet in thickness.

Antisana is a volcano, the most recent eruption of which took place in 1590 and 1718; it, however, deserves a particular notice. In the Cordilleras of Quito it is the only one which presents lava streams.

In its contour it is like Sangay. At a height of 4,593 yards is an oval plain, whence rises, like an island, the part of the volcano covered with perpetual snows. The dome-like top is connected by jagged hills to a truncated cone situated to the north. Formerly the plain served as a bed to a lake, but now the sheet of water is reduced to a lagune. Ramparts of basaltic stones rise at the foot of the mountain. Many of these rocks are so scorified that they resemble sponges.

Among the thirty-eight craters, spread in two groups on the Cordilleras, which extend from Columbia to the Straits of Magellan, sixteen may still be considered as active. The highest of all these volcanoes is the Sahama, which attains a height of 7,655 yards—six times that of Vesuvius. It is situated at the point where the chain of the Andes changes its course. It has a fine truncated cone, perfectly regular, covered with dazzling snow, and always crowned with a plume of smoke.

Near Arequipa are six volcanoes, one only of which is in action. In the sixteenth century this town was almost entirely buried by an eruption of ashes from Uvinas, now extinct, and situated at a distance of several leagues.

The volcano of Gualatieri, in Bolivia, is still active, according to Pentland, who found an ancient crater with streams of lava at the foot of the eastern chain, more than forty-five geographical miles from the coast—that is to say, at a much greater distance than that of Sangay.

The disturbances of the earth's crust in these countries have brought to the surface the most precious mineral treasures, formerly consecrated by the Incas to ornament their temples of the Sun. On an island in the middle of the Lake Titicaca is the most ancient of these sanctuaries. It was an edifice covered with plates of gold, and it contained the famous chain of the same metal, about 700 feet long, which the Inca Huayna-Capac manufactured, and which was used in religious ceremonies. The Indians could only rescue this chain from the avidity of their conquerors by throwing it into the depths of the lake, which, perhaps, now preserves it. Let us mention, also, the celebrated mines of Potosi, worked in the Andes, in a region of porphyry rocks, at a height greater than that of Mont Blanc.

In Central America is situated the volcano of Izalco, in San Salvador. It is, in many respects, the most interesting volcano on the American Continent, and the only one, with the exception of that of Jorullo, in Mexico, which is known to have originated within the historical period. It is in a state of constant eruption, and being visible from the sea for a long distance, is known among sailors as *el faro del Salvador*, the light house of the Saviour. It stands near the base of the great extinct volcano of Santa Ana, on which, previously to 1770, was a vast cattle estate. From the close of 1769, the dwellers on the estate were alarmed by subterranean noises, accompanied by shocks of earthquakes, which continued to increase in loudness and strength until February 23d, when the earth opened about half a mile from the dwellings on the estate, sending out lava, accompanied by smoke and fire.

The inhabitants fled, but the herdsmen, who visited it daily, reported constant increase in the smoke and flames, and that the ejection of lava was at times suspended, and vast quantities of ashes, cinders, and stones sent out instead; forming an increasing cone around the vent or crater. This process continued for a long period, the cone gradually rising in height from the aggregations. Finally, lava ceased to flow, and the accumulations have since been entirely from the ashes and stones thrown out from the crater,

until the mountain has reached a height of upward of 4,000 feet, or nearly that of Vesuvius. Its explosions occur with great regularity at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes, with a noise like the discharge of a park of artillery, accompanied with a dense smoke and a cloud of ashes and stones. At night the cloud of smoke and ashes is lit up at the base with a lurid glow, like that which hovers over the mouth of a furnace, and is traversed in every direction by tongues of flame, supposed by the people of the country to be lightning. The red-hot stones are thrown high into the air, and traverse the sky like meteors.

Being in full view of the city of Sonsonate, it is a source of constant interest to the inhabitants. The people of the Indian town of Izalco, however, which stands within a mile of its base, look upon it with constant apprehension, and in 1859 they had occasion to experience its power, as it destroyed the fine large church of the town.

There are sixteen volcanoes on the plateau or coast range of San Salvador, only two of which, Izalco and San Miguel, are active.

San Salvador, the capital of the Republic, is situated at the base of a volcano of the same name, and has had its share in the convulsions of the region as it was completely destroyed by an earthquake on the night of April 16, 1854, after having survived all previous disturbances since the year of its foundation, in 1528.

The volcanic range, which starts in Guatemala, extends through San Salvador and Nicaragua, terminates in the great mountain group of Costa Rica. It follows the general direction of the coast, sometimes rising in lofty volcanic cones, but generally sustaining the character of a high ridge, subsiding in places into low hills and plains of slight elevation. It seems to have been the principal line of volcanic action, and in Nicaragua is marked by twelve volcanoes and numerous extinct craters, surrounded by vast beds of lava and deposits of scoriæ.

In the vicinity of the town and lake of Masaya, Nicaragua, rises a volcano which was in active eruption at the time of the conquest in 1527, when it was known as one of the wonders of the New World, under the designation of *El Infierno de Masaya*, or the Hell of Masaya. It is a broad, low mountain, not more than 3,500 feet in height, with one large and several minor craters. Vast lava beds, some of very ancient, and others of comparatively later date, cover the country around it for many miles in every direction, and attest its fearful activity in times past. Its last great eruption was in 1670, when it sent out a vast flood of lava, which flowed down in the direction of Lake Managua for a distance of more than twenty miles. This great lava field is said to resemble an ocean of ink suddenly congealed by the cold. In 1860 there were renewed signs of activity, showing that the monster only occasionally slumbers, but never dies.

Passing further into North America, we find in Mexico five volcanoes ranged in an east and west line across the country. These are Tuxtla, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Jorullo and Colina. Jorullo stands upon the plain of Malpais, a portion of the great platform, the elevation of which is 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Around this plain are hills of basalt and ancient volcanic rocks; but up to the middle of the last century the region was not known to be subject to volcanic action. It was under cultivation, and watered by two streams, the Cuitisaba and San Pedro. In June, 1759, earthquakes began to be frequent, and so continued to the end of September, when flames burst forth from the ground, and rocks were hurled upward to great heights. A chasm soon opened, in which six volcanic cones were formed; the least rising 300 feet above the plain, and the highest, Jorullo, measuring 1,700 feet. Streams of lava flowed from the latter, and eruptions continued till February of the next year. In 1803, the locality was visited and described by Alexander von Humboldt. He found around the central group an area of about four square miles, which appeared to have been raised up in convex form, the portions near to the cones being about 550 feet higher than the margin of this area, and the slope at an angle with the horizon of about six degrees. Scattered over this surface were thousands of small mounds, called *hornitos*, or little ovens, six to nine feet high, from which issued steam and sulphurous vapors. In 1827 these vapors and exhalations had ceased to appear. The ground had then become cool, the natives were again cultivating the more fertile tracts upon the plain, and the new hills were covered with a thick growth of wood.

Within the territory of the United States there are numerous extinct volcanoes, but none now in active operation. A few years since, Mount Baker was said to have waked up from its lethargy to show signs of activity. Mount Shasta, one of the volcanic mountains of Western North America, has an elevation, according to Professor Whitney, of 14,440 feet. It is not now in action, yet has hot springs near its summit. It is an excellent representative of the general character of the Cascade range to the north of it, in Oregon, and of those along the Andes in South America.

We have seen that volcanic mountains are very numerous along the Andes; they are also common in Central America and Mexico. They occur in Oregon and Washington Territory, from Mount Shasta to Mount Baker and beyond, and in the Alaska Archipelago on the north.

On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, on the south-western route from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River to Santa Fé del Nuevo Mexico, there are three distinct volcanoes—the Raton Mountains with Fisher's Peak, and (between Galisteo and Pena Blanca) the hill of El Cerrito. The lavas of the first of these covered over the whole country between the Upper Arkansas and the Canadian river.

But it is on the western slope that the greatest number of ancient craters, lava-streams, and fields of scoriæ are met with. One of the principal volcanic foci is near the Salt Lake of the Mormons, where Mount Taylor rises to a height of 4,374 yards. This beautiful cone is surrounded by radiating lava-streams, which extend several miles.

Several littoral or coast chains run parallel to the chain of the Rocky Mountains . . . . and in their northern portion are still the seat of volcanic activity. Near the Gulf of California is the Volcanes de las Virgenes; its last eruption took place in 1746. Rocks belonging to ancient volcanoes have been also found in the gold-yielding longitudinal valley of the Rio del Sacramento, and in a fallen-in trachytic crater called the Sacramento Butt. . . . . Further to the north, the Shasty or Tshashtl Mountains contain basaltic lavas. . . . . The proper seat of still-subsisting volcanic activity is found in the Cascade Mountains, where several peaks, covered with perpetual snow, rise to heights of 15,000 and 16,000 feet.

The most remarkable are—Mount Saint Helen, a beautiful, regular cone, always sending forth smoke from its crater—an eruption took place in 1842; Mount Reignier, which was active also at the same time; and Mounts Baker, Edgecombe, and Fairweather, still burning and covered with scoriæ.

The little isle of Lazare, near Sitka, in 57 deg. N. lat., contains a volcano, the last eruption of which took place in 1796. In 1806 a lake was found in the crater, then in a state of inactivity. Warm springs rise in the neighborhood.

In 60 deg. N. lat. rises a giant volcano, Mount Elias. Its smoking summit can be seen fifty leagues from the coast.

SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN SANTORINA, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO—ERUPTION OF 1866.

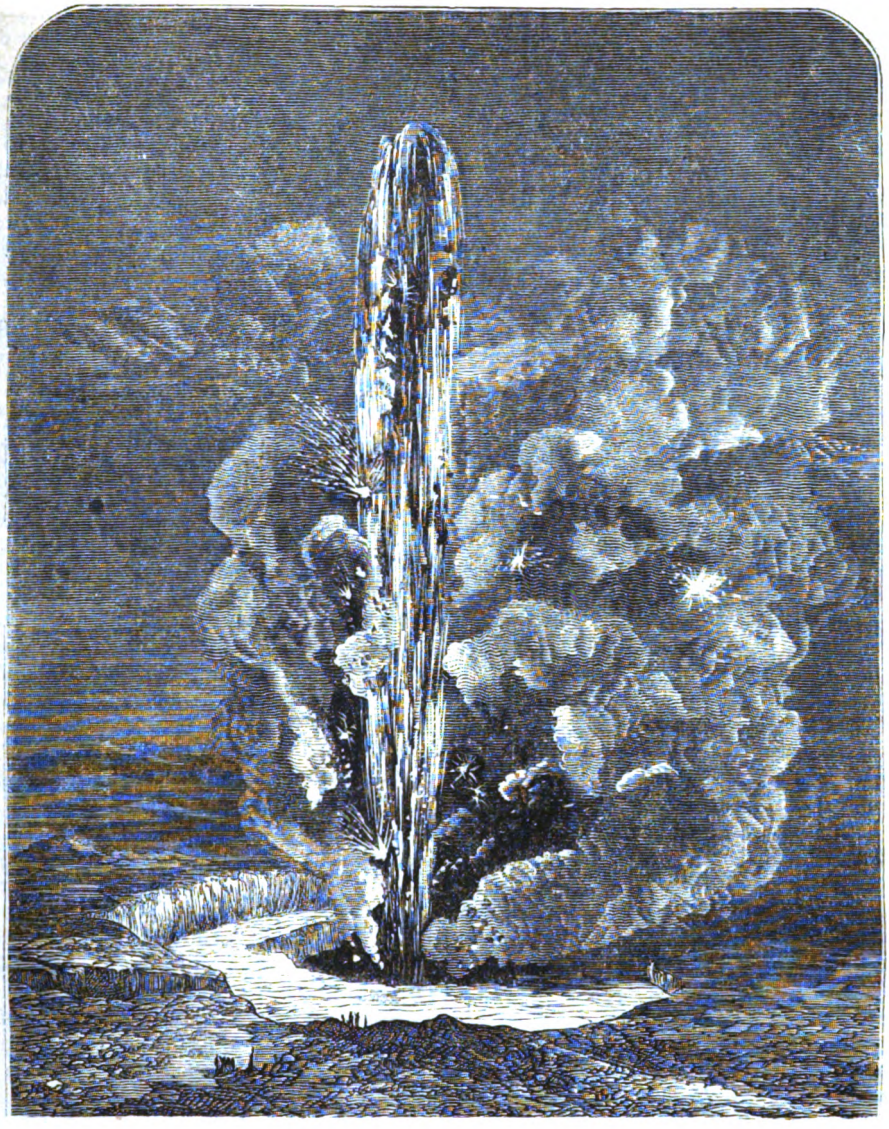
The chain of mountains, which up to this point turns from the north toward the west, falls back suddenly toward the southwest, forming the long peninsula of Alashka, continued by the long chain of the Aleutian Isles through the whole length of the North Pacific.

MacClure, in his voyage in the *Investigator*, to discover the North-west Passage, points out, at the east of the mouth of the Mackenzie river (in 69 deg. 59 sec. N. lat.) the volcanoes of Franklin Bay.

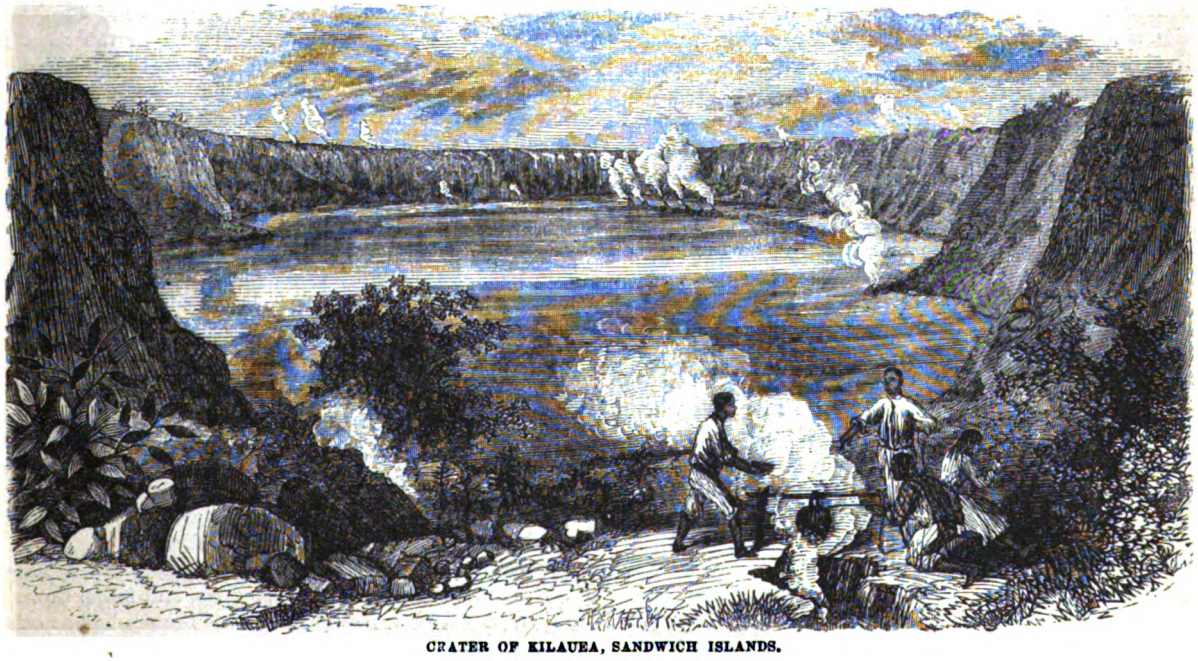
According to the description given by the missionary Miertsching, interpreter to the expedition, they were principally what are termed earthfires, or emanations of Salses. Forty columns of smoke rose from conical elevations of clays of many colors. Great heat of the sea-bottom was perceived. At night luminous phenomena were seen from the ship, and at a great distance there was a strong smell of sulphur.

Volcanoes abound all along the west side of the Pacific, through Japan and the East Indies; southward in New Hebrides, New Zealand and in the Antarctic regions.

Thus the Pacific, the great ocean of the globe, is girt with volcanoes, besides having many scattered over its surface. The Atlantic, in contrast with it, has none on its borders



ERUPTION OF MAUNA-LOA.



CRATER OF KILAUEA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

except in the Gulf of Guinea, on the coast of Africa and in the West Indies, and but few over its surface.

We ought, while describing the volcanoes of Southern Europe, to have passed to the famous island of Iceland, in the North, where a great island may be said to be a perpetual volcano, liable at any moment to a visitation of the most destructive forces of Nature.

On the southwest part of the island, about ten miles from the coast and 5,100 feet high, is the celebrated Mount Hecla. Its eruptions take place every seventy or eighty years, according to Sartorius Von Waltershausen, but the Icelandic records mention no fewer than forty-three since A.D. 900.

The desolate aspect of Iceland is owing as much to the enormous masses of volcanic *débris*, which cover the surface, as to the immense glaciers that come down the sterile mountains, and to the marshy plains where perhaps ancient forests rose, the remains of which are pointed out by the inhabitants. A considerable sinking of the temperature in the northern regions, which tradition proves to have been in olden times more peopled and flourishing, is not the only cause of the rude condition of existence in this isle at the present time. Since the year 1000, nearly fifty great eruptions have taken place, some of which have inundated the surface of the country with lava, cinders, and scoriæ, and decimated the population.

Mount Hecla, situated in the southern part of Iceland, at a little distance from the shore, is especially remarkable for the frequency of its eruptions, which have often coincided with those of Vesuvius and Etna.

The violent paroxysm of 1766 covered the surrounding country in a thick bed of *débris*. The rain of cinders reached to a distance of 149 miles, and the air was so darkened that objects could not be distinguished in many parts of the island. Shortly after, a torrent of lava flowed from the crater, and was soon followed by an immense column of water, which added its ravages to those of the fiery eruption.

In 1845, the top of the volcano was shattered by an explosion, and the mountain lost 500 feet of its height. The stream of lava in this last eruption reached a distance of nine miles, its thickness varying from 40 to 80 feet. Although enormous streams of lava have thus covered a great portion of the soil of Iceland, the showers of cinders and scoriæ proceeding from the numerous craters which have been in eruption since the historic period, appear to have especially sterilized the country, to which no other region of Europe can be compared for volcanic activity. In these high latitudes, each eruption causes also the melting of enormous masses of snow and ice, and it follows that a large proportion of the formations of Iceland consists of conglomerates formed by the tumultuous rush of floods from the eruptive heights, carrying along enormous quantities of alluvial matter, which they spread in wild confusion over the lowest level, filling up some valleys and excavating others. . . . .

During the eruption in Kotlugaia in 1756, prodigious torrents of water, ice, rocks, and sand, occasioned by the melting of the glaciers, rushed from the heights, and produced three parallel promontories, reaching several leagues into the sea, which remain above its level in places where fishermen formerly found forty fathoms of water.

The crater of Kotlugaia is an immense fissure which crosses the mountain, split in two during an eruption. The snows, ice, and smoke bar an approach to this abyss, which is distinctly visible at a distance of sixty-five miles. Lyell quotes the fact of a bed of ice found under the lava of Etna, and preserved by a bed of sand and scoriæ. The same thing often occurs in Iceland, and it follows that the transmission of heat to these glaciers, which would uphold beds of rock and volcanic matter, precipitates down the sides torrents of water and *débris*. The floods draw with them all that they encounter on their passage. Entire forests are thus buried at the base of the volcanoes, and form beds of fossil wood, which are often found there, and which in Iceland, as we have already said, seem to indicate a more favorable climate in former periods. In the recent eruption of Kotlugaia, in May, 1860, torrents of water again accompanied a column of black vapor and fiery scoriæ, which rose to a height of 7,600 yards, and the melting of the ice again caused the carrying away of enormous masses of rock, which were transported as far as the sea.

The devastating effect of such sudden floods may well be conceived; they not only heap up vast volumes of conglomerate on the plains below, but also tear up and score the mountain with ravines of proportionate size—groove, striate, and polish its hardest rocks with the rolling ice and stony flood, and add miles of new land to the coast line. When we add to this the dense showers of scoriæ and ash that fall continuously for days together from the air, into which they are ejected by the volcanoes, and the torrents of seething lava that, issuing from its entrails, rush down the slopes, in conjunction with the ice and water *débâcles*, and cover many square miles of surface with sheets of solid rock, it is evident that few more powerful agents of superficial change can be imagined among all the living forces of Nature.

These agents, which we now see at work, have powerfully contributed to the formation of the crust of the globe, at epochs when the energetic commotion of the elements increased the number and grandeur of the phenomena. In the midst of commotions, subversions, and changes, brought about by the two principles of water and fire, the repose of the immense mass, of which all the materials proceed from the prodigious struggle of the primitive forces, was prepared in an apparent disorder, these forces still at work, but with less energy and to a less extent, are but the consequence of the laws which have presided, and which still preside, over the organization of the material world, the cradle of humanity. The observations of geologists go to prove that Iceland has been entirely uplifted from the bottom of the sea by successive eruptions of a like volcanic system. Mr. Poulett Scrope believes even that it can be said, from the same volcano, and the arrangement of the orifices in activity supports his opinion.

Among the phenomena which the interior of the island presents to the curiosity of naturalists, one of the most remarkable is the valley of Thingvalla, formed by the sinking of the upper and central part of an immense overflowing of lava, emitted from the foot of the mountain of Hrafnabjorg, or, according to the record, from the middle of the ancient forest of that name. This enormous sinking has left on each side of the valley, the length of which is about four miles, and the depth 800 feet, a sudden precipice, a sort of abyss, the height nearly reaching 200 feet.

The most imposing of these gigantic fissures, called Almanna Gja, is about two or three leagues in extent, and at a distance is like an immense fortification. In some points, the lower beds of lava are arched, as if to resist the pressure of the upper beds, and have formed vaults similar to those of our large buildings.

The river Oxeraa, which descends in torrents in the crevasses of the plateau of Almanna Gja, called also the Hill of Laws, reunites its waters in a dark and deep basin bordered with crumbling rocks, where formerly women were thrown over when condemned to death for adultery.

The volcanic chasm on the opposite side, called Rabna Gja, equally extensive, but not so deep, and fallen down in places, does not give so clear an idea of the prodigious catastrophe of which Thingvalla has been the theatre.

Innumerable fissures cut the bottom of the valley, and two amongst them, which reunite, inclose an oval piece of land, which can only be entered by a narrow passage, where the old Scandinavian parliament of the island, the *Althing*, each year, in July, held its great meetings, at a time when Europe was still subjected to the despotism of feudal government.

The president of these free assemblies, named Logmadr, man of the law, was chosen for life by the people. It was in this place, one of the most celebrated in Iceland, that Christianity was adopted, by a majority of voices, in the year 1000.

A magnificent lake, the water as transparent as the bright tints of the emerald, rests at the bottom of the plain of Thingvalla, clothed in the fine season with grass and shrubs. We quote from a very interesting account of a voyage in the North Seas the following description of this strange and magnificent place: "A blaze of light smote the face of one cliff, while the other lay in the deepest shadow; and on the rugged surface of each might still be traced corresponding articulations, that once had dovetailed into each other, ere the igneous mass was rent asunder. So unchanged, so recent seemed the vestiges of the convulsion, that I felt as if I had been admitted to witness one of Nature's grandest and most violent operations almost in the very act of its execution. A walk of about twenty minutes brought us to the borders of the lake—a glorious expanse of water, fifteen miles long, by eight miles broad, occupying a basin formed by the same hills, which must also, I imagine, have arrested the further progress of the lava torrent. A lovelier scene I have seldom witnessed. In the foreground lay huge masses of rock and lava, tossed about like the ruins of a world, and washed by waters as bright and green as polished malachite. Beyond, a bevy of distant mountains, robed by the transparent atmosphere in tints unknown to Europe, peeped over each other's shoulders into the silver mirror at their feet; while here and there, from among the purple ridges, columns of white vapor rose like altar-smoke toward the tranquil heaven."

The volcanoes, or jökuls, of Iceland are situated on two parallel lines, crossing the island from northeast to southwest, and having between them a deep fissure, which gives birth to the immense quantities of lava with which Hecla, Kotlugaia, Sneifels, Skapta, etc., are surrounded. In 1783, this last volcano sent forth two enormous torrents, which spread to a distance of from forty to fifty miles, with a breadth of seven to fourteen. The depth of the lava was in places 150 yards, and it was calculated that the mass deposited by this single emission—one of the most considerable which has been known—exceeded the volume of Mont Blanc. Lava spouted out of various sources opened at the foot of Skapta-Jökul, and situated in the direction of a fissure formed by the pressure of the igneous matter below. On the prolongation of this line, at a distance of thirty miles, and during the eruption, an island, which has since disappeared, suddenly rose from the sea. The Skapta-Jökul rises from a vast, inaccessible space—a desert of lava and ice, whence flows the most dreadful plague which has ravaged the island.

This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding Winter and Spring had been unusually mild. Toward the end of May a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country toward the north, and, coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th the innumerable fire-spouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain; while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

Two days afterward a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever yet been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river, and in a little time—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a table-cloth, and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march: in one direction overflowing some ancient lava-fields; in the other, re-entering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss.

But this was not all: while one lava-flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts.

The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain, its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice and lava continued till the end of August, when the plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

During a whole year, says Arago, at the end of this eruption, the atmosphere of Iceland was mixed with clouds of dust through which the rays of the sun scarcely penetrated.

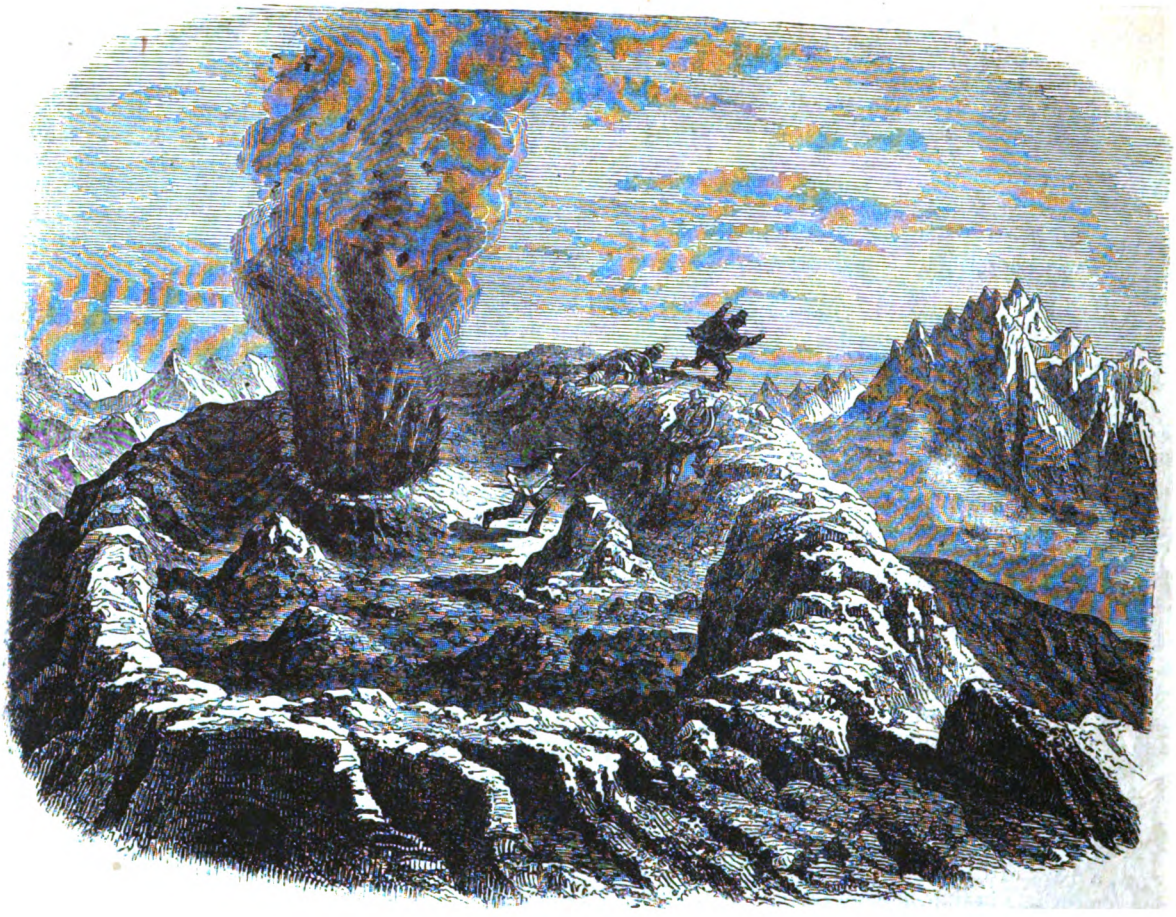
MUD VOLCANOES.

Next to lava and ashes, streams of water and mud are the most considerable products of volcanic activity, and the catastrophes which they have caused are perhaps among the most terrible which history has to record. It was doubtless by a cataclysm of this kind that the town of Herculaneum was destroyed.

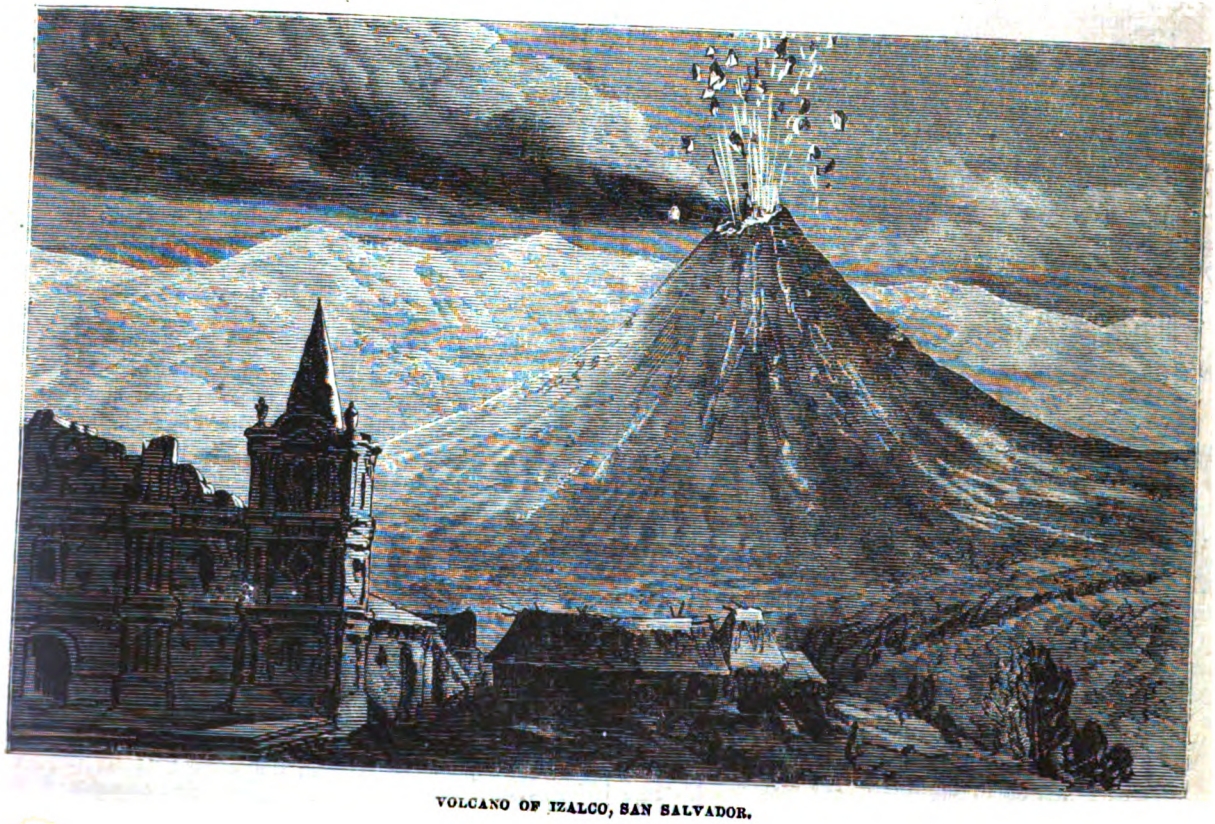
Several volcanoes in Java and the Philippines give vent during their eruptions to large quantities of mud, sometimes mingled with organic matter in such considerable proportions that they have been utilized as fuel.

One of the best illustrations of the mud volcano is afforded by Tabaco, one of the Philippine Islands. In the neighborhood of the crater a crust forms, which is sufficiently strong to permit the inhabitants to pass over it, just as the people of the Southern United States cultivate farms over peat swamps. This crust can easily be pierced with a sharp stick, when the mud oozes out.

Of all the eruptions of mud, the best known is that of Tungusagua, a volcano in Ecuador, which rises to a height of 16,400 feet. In 1797, at the time of an earthquake, a whole side of the mountain sank in an immense downfall, with the forests which grew on it; at the same time, a flow of viscous mud issued from the fissures at its base, and rushed down into the valley. One of these currents of mud



VOLCANO OF ANTUCO, CHILI.



VOLCANO OF IZALCO, SAN SALVADOR.

THE CITY AND VOLCANO OF SAN SALVADOR.

filled up a winding defile, which separated two mountains to a depth of 650 feet over a width of more than 1,000 feet, and, damming up the rivulets at their outlets from the side valleys, kept back the water in temporary lakes; one of these sheets of water remained for eighty-seven days.

Volcanic mud is analogous to lava in that it flows out through the crater or breaks through the sides of the mountain. Mud volcanoes emit gas and steam in abundance, add to their slopes by their own *débris*, shift their places, change their craters, throw off their summits in their explosions, and some of them are incessantly at work while others have periods of repose and activity, and they are usually situated along the sea-coast.

Besides the mud volcanoes of the Philipines, there are numerous extinct and active fire mountains on the different islands. On the Camiguin Island, which is only from seven to nine miles long, is situated a high volcano, while at its base there are coral reefs forming a barrier toward the sea. The shore is so rocky that there is only one tolerable shelter for vessels. In the same region is situated the isolated volcano described by the celebrated traveler Dampier, and sometimes named after him. It appears to have been originally a submarine volcano.

VOLCANO WORSHIP.

Considering the exhibitions of power and the destructive force of volcanoes, it appears natural that heathen nations should connect supernatural ideas with the subject, and that they should try to appease the gods of fire by making peace offerings. The Island of Java was formerly, on account of its beauty and the fury of its volcanoes, altogether dedicated to Siva, the god of destruction, and in the very centre of the burning mountains the worshipers of Terror and Death were in the habit of building their Temples. In many spots the ruins of these sanctuaries are discovered in the midst of trees and thickets which the Arab conquerors have left to grow in the formidable cavities of the volcanos. Semeroe, the loftiest peak in the island, was the sacred mountain; the Sumbing, which rises in the centre of the island, was the "bolt which fastens Java to the earth." Even in modern times faithful followers of Siva every year solemnly pour rice on the summit of an eruptive cone into the roaring mouth of the volcano. In like manner, in New Zealand, the ever-smoking orifice of Tongariro was considered as the only place worthy of receiving the dead bodies of their great chiefs. When cast into the crater, the natives believed that the heroes would go to sleep among the gods. But the volcanic divinities did not content themselves with the fruits of the earth or the companionship of a few warriors; they also demanded blood, and innumerable sacrifices have been offered to appease their anger. Impelled by a mingled feeling of fear and ferocity, the priests have cast victims, with great pomp, into the fiery furnace.

Scarcely three centuries ago, when Christians were persecuted over the whole length and breadth of Japan, the followers of the new religion were thrown by hundreds into one of the craters of Unsen, one of the most beautiful volcanoes of the archipelago. It did not have the effect of appeasing the anger of the offended gods, as toward the end of the eighteenth century this very same mountain and the neighboring summits caused by their eruptions one of the most frightful disasters of any that are mentioned in the history of volcanoes.

Actuated by a feeling of dread very similar to that exhibited by the Japanese priests, the Christian missionaries of America recognized in the burning mountains of the New World, not the work of a god, but that of a devil, and went in procession to the edge of the craters to exorcise them.

A legend tells how the monks of Nicaragua climbed the terrible volcano of Momotombo, in order to quiet it by their conjurations; but they never returned—the monster swallowed them up.

It is not, however, a matter of legend, that during a recent eruption of Cotopaxi, the priests made use of the occasion to provoke civil dissensions by proclaiming that the volcanic convulsions were evidences of the wrath of the Divine Power at the impiety of the government in depriving them of some of their Church rights. Extremes meet at points scarcely to be anticipated by the shrewdest philosopher.

VOLCANOES IN GENERAL.

According to Von Humboldt, the total number of volcanoes in action on the globe during the last 100 years was 225, and the number of extinct and active was 407. They can be tabulated as follows:

Regions.	Active.	Total.
Europe	4	7
Atlantic Islands	8	14
Africa	1	3
Continental Asia	15	25
Asiatic Islands	110	189
Indian Ocean	5	9
South Sea	26	40
America	56	120
Total	225	407

These figures can only be regarded as an approximation, as the actual number must largely exceed the early estimates of Von Humboldt.

The situation of volcanoes is a matter of great geological interest. A great majority of them are found within 30 degs. of the Equator, and a few are scattered over all latitudes. In America they are most numerous along the range of the Andes, upon which are found the highest volcanic peaks on the globe. Few of the volcanoes of America are near the Atlantic, but the great majority, from the southern extremity of South America to the Polar regions, are near the Pacific.

In many instances, volcanoes are on islands which they themselves have created. The composition of the gases and solid matters thrown out from volcanoes is quite variable. The industrial products are sulphur, borax, sal ammoniac, pumice, and building stones. A great variety of interesting minerals has been described as occuring in the lava and scoria of volcanoes, but it would carry us too far to attempt to describe them.

We have mentioned the leading volcanoes of ancient and modern times, and have given illustrations of some of them; thus endeavoring to afford the reader a comprehensive view of the subject.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.—Lewenhoeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

HAIDEE.

GERRILY over the smiling surface of the South Pacific Ocean bounded the *Golden Vanity*. The iris-tinted spray curled before her bows, as her sharp prow clove asunder the sun-gilded waves, for a fresh, free breeze filled her white wings, and wafted her swiftly toward where the equatorial cestus circles earth's waist.

A taut, trim craft, with raking masts and well-cut sails, that enhanced her beauty as the flowing vail that bedecks the bride, was the *Golden Vanity;* and, as I stood upon her deck, and watched the sea-birds skimming on strong pinions around her, I felt a conscious pride in the knowledge that she was under my command. I was young to fill such an onerous position, it is true; but I had entered upon my chosen profession when quite a boy, and had consequently had much experience in matters maritime. Therefore, when my father, a wealthy shipower of Melbourne, offered me the captaincy of the prettiest vessel in his fleet, without diffidence I assumed command of the clipper-bark above mentioned.

It was my first voyage in her, and she was bound from the land of gold to the shores of Cathay. Only two persons had taken passage with us; one was a middle-aged gentleman named Cartaret, who had business to transact in Shanghae; the other, a bright blossom from the garden of girlhood, whose mother had died in Victoria only a few months previous to our sailing, and who had been confided to my care during the journey to her father, a merchant at Tien-tsin.

Glad, indeed, was I to welcome Miss Mabel Meredith aboard my vessel, for I had been slightly acquainted with her during the lifetime of her deceased mother, and knew her to be one of the sweetest, most amiable and accomplished of her sex.

The ideas of different people vary materially in regard to woman's beauty; but it would have been absurd and preposterous for any one to gainsay Mabel's loveliness. Though only eighteen years of age, her faultless proportions were fully developed, and she bore herself with a majesty that was queenly and graceful. Her head was small, well-shaped and beautifully poised upon an arching neck of snowy whiteness; her face was a delicate oval, and her features marvelously molded. Her nose was aquiline, her forehead high; twin dimples circled in her cheeks, whose complexion was a wondrous blending of pink and white—the rosy tint which only perfect health can impart.

But though her lips, twin carnations, would have intoxicated with delight a frigid ascetic, had he sipped from them their honeyed sweets, all her facial charms seemed to sink into insignificance before the glorious radiance of her soft blue eyes. Eyes which were watchfires of love—eyes of Madonna-like holiness; sometimes sad and half vailed by their aureous lashes, at others sparkling and flashing with merriment and vivacity.

Like a cascade of molten gold rippling down an ivory stair, a wealth of silky, sheeny hair reached over her swan-like neck and fell below her dainty waist—when unbound, it was a glory; when confined, a crown. As the chime of silver bells stealing across the midnight tide was her laughter, and the melodious cadence of her voice fell on the ear like a syren's song.

Sailor-like, the men composing my crew worshiped her, and whenever she appeared on deck, even the saturnine face of old Jack Hirsus, the greatest grumbler, but best seaman aboard, beamed with smiles. From the first hour on which I had beheld Mabel, I had been fascinated by her beauty, and long before I had ever dreamed of the possibility of her taking passage in my vessel, I had indulged the hope that she would at some future day become my bride. But when I first learned from my father that the bereaved young lady was to proceed to China in the *Golden Vanity*, I registered a firm mental resolve not to take advantage of my position, as commander of the vessel and temporary custodian of the fair girl, to press my suit. It would be unfair, I reasoned, and she, considering it so, perhaps, would justly punish me by refusing to grant the joy, the solace, that acceptation of my devotion would engender within my breast. Great, however, was my temptation. My naturally susceptible temperament had been quickened by estrangement from feminine society during the greater part of my life, and Mabel seemed to me the personification of all that was good and beautiful.

Certainly, I felt myself unworthy of one so talented, one who soared above me in erudition as soars the blithe-songed skylark above the purblind mole; yet I knew that "love levels all," and I argued that if, by assiduity, I could so far exalt myself in the world as to gain her esteem, I might subsequently gain her affection and her hand.

"Captain Justice," said Mr. Saunders, the chief mate, one evening, putting his head into the saloon, where Miss Meredith and I were playing chess, "I think it would be advisable to shorten sail, sir, though there is not much wind now; but dark cloud-banks are rising all around, and the mercury in the barometer is fluctuating fearfully—jumping up and down just like a jack-in-the-box."

"Very well; take in the royals, light staysails, and fore-top-gallantsail, and tell the watch below to stand by for a call. I'll be on deck in a few moments," I replied.

"Don't let me detain you from your duty," said Mabel.

I laughed.

"You would think I was retreating to avoid impending annihilation, if I ran away at this stage of the game," I responded.

My fair opponent made two more good moves. I, two proportionately bad ones.

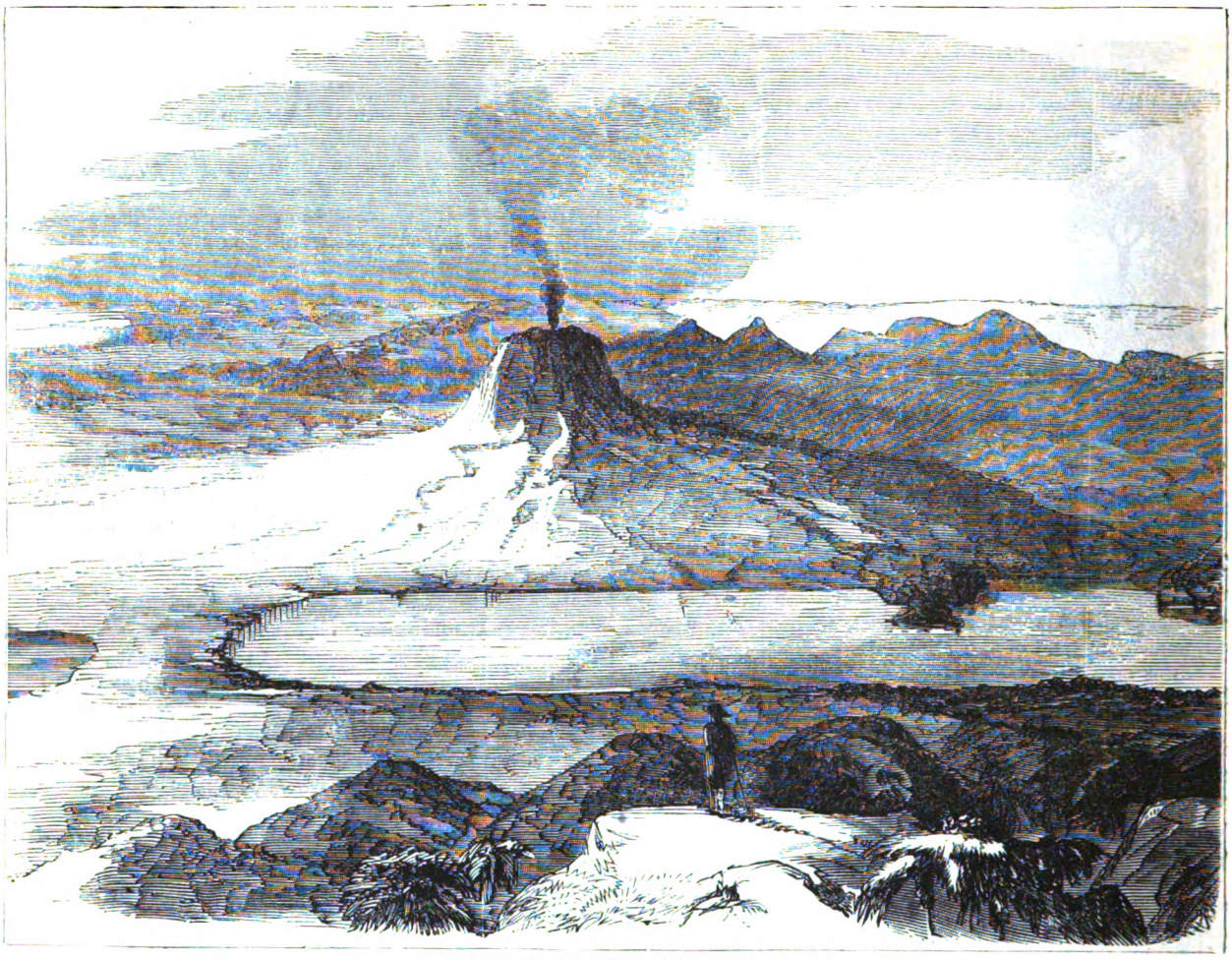
"I have mated you," she smilingly murmured, as she cornered my king with her queen.

"I wish you had," I said, with a sigh, as I rose from the table.

Her brilliant eyes flashed inquiringly up to mine for a second, as if seeking to ascertain whether the words had burst spontaneously from my lips, or were intended as mere vapid compliments. What she read in my telltale face I know not; but rosy blushes suffused her dimpled cheeks, and she averted her gaze as she extended her hand and bade me good-night.

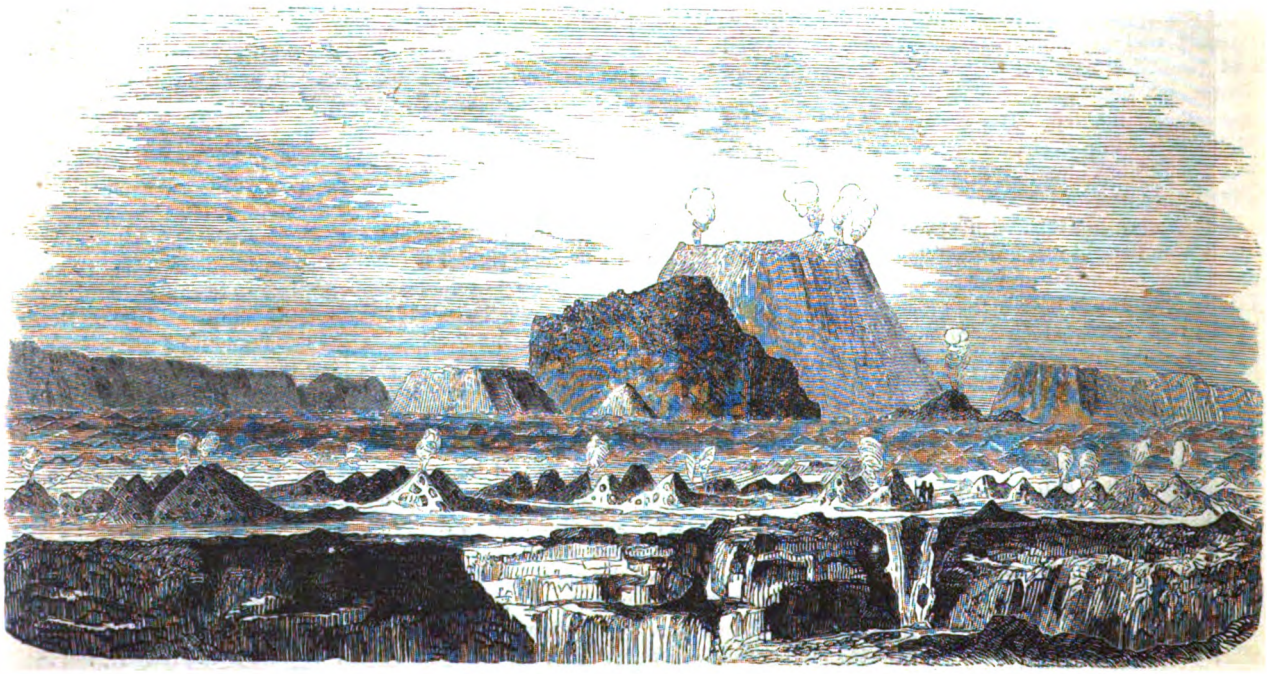
We were off the coast of New Guinea, having entered Dampier's Straits two days previous, since which our vessel had made but little progress, owing to the light airs and calms prevailing. When I gained the deck I instantly detected that a severe storm was brewing, and I was well aware that when a storm bursts near the equator, it does so with terrible violence; for it seldom settles into a hard, steady gale, but consists of a series of fierce squalls, accompanied by electrical discharges and waterspouts.

I called all hands to shorten sail, and the willing seamen showed the utmost alacrity in furling the maintopgallantsail and reefing the foretopsail; but, just as they had laid out upon the maintopsail-yard, for the purpos of reducing the sail thereunto attached, a gust struck the vessel with such terrific violence that she careened until her lee gunwale was immersed, the topmast snapped short off at the cap, and the yard, laden with its living freight, fell into the now seething surges.



VOLCANO OF MASAYA, NICARAGUA.

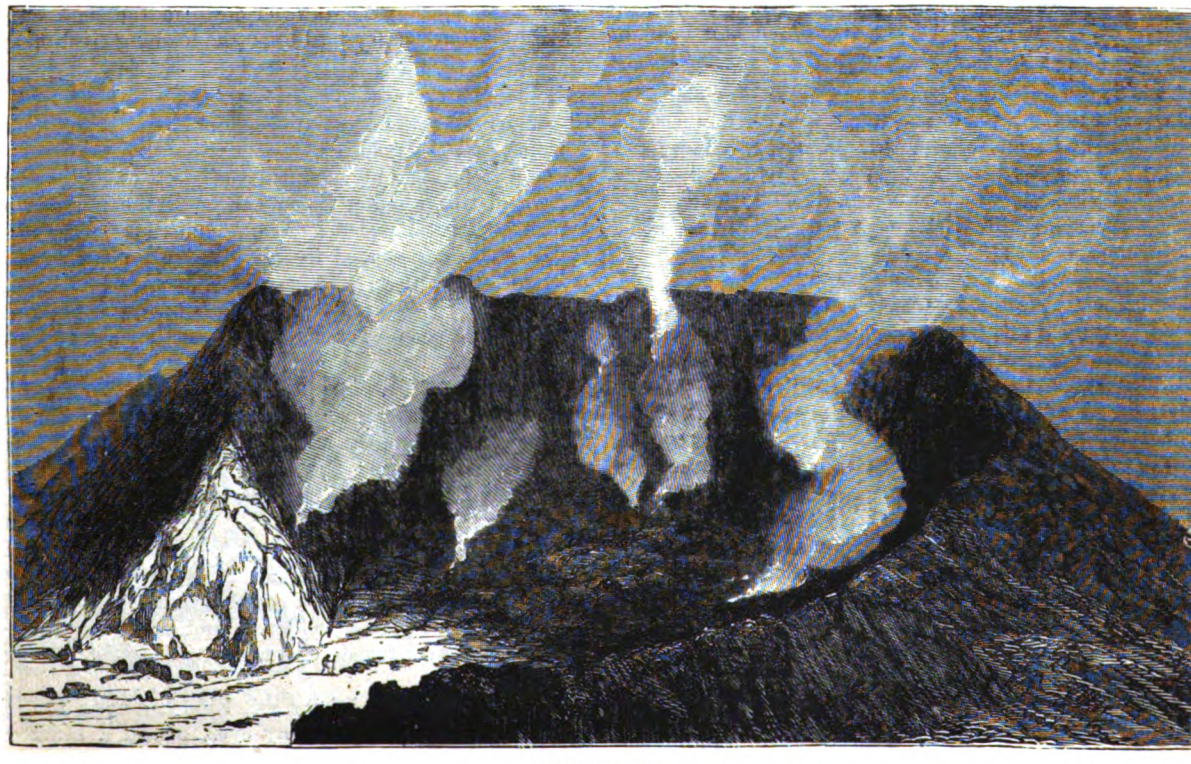
Urged by the furious blast, the bark flew forward like a bird pursued, leaving ten of my gallant crew a prey to the greedy waves, that leaped and hissed around as if mocking the frailty of the pretty toy which they flung hither and thither at will, now bowing her down in the dark valleys, anon uplifting her skyward upon the foaming crest of some



VOLCANO OF JORULLO.

MUD VOLCANOES OF TUBACO, PHILIPPINES.

giant billow stirred into anger by the whistling wind. The mainsail, though clewed up, flew into long strips that cracked like coach-whips as they streamed in the air; then came a mighty crash, the good ship reeled and staggered like a drunken man, and the foremast, with all its yards and sails, fell thundering into the sea, crushing to pieces the stout bulwark, and smiting the life from out three brave hearts, my two mates and the cook. It was a fearful scene, this warring of the elements. Rain fell in torrents; lightning, vivid and weird, flashed and played



MOUNT HECLA.

about the dismantled hulk of my pretty bark, whose stout timbers quivered and shook, as rude waves burst against her sides, and broke in cataracts upon her deck, as if thirsting for her destruction, yearning for her annihilation. Sole remaining seaman of all that gallant crew, who an hour before had been hale and strong, but were now lifeless and cold, I stood at the helm, vainly endeavoring to keep the bark's head to the wind, so that she might be spared the violence of the waves which breached over her whenever she fell into the trough of the sea.

At length there came a lull, and the vessel righted on her keel. In the vivid glare of the electric current still playing around I saw a figure staggering along the poop toward me. Just at that moment a sea burst over the quarter, and, sweeping to leeward, carried overboard everything movable with which it came in contact. Another gust, another lull, during the latter of which I hurried into the saloon. Miss Meredith, her fair face buried in her hands, was upon her knees, supplicating mercy from Him who rules the elements.

"Captain, is that you? Thank God, you have been spared from sudden death! You have come to tell me we are sinking. No—do not give me evasive answers at this dread hour. I am a woman; but I am strong, and know how to die. Tell me truly, is there any hope?" she cried.

"Very little, I fear, Mabel. Our masts are gone, and all my brave crew with them. Where is Mr. Cartaret?"

"He went upon deck a little while ago; said he was going to seek you. Have you not seen him?"

"He, also, has gone, Mabel. You and I are the only ones whom Death has not yet claimed."

"May God have mercy upon us!"

"Amen!"

Though surrounded by perils, though the deep, hoarse tones of the angry wind and the roaring of "heaven's dread artillery" seemed to chant a funeral dirge in my ears, and warn me that my hour was near at hand, I could not resist the impulse upon me. I took Miss Meredith by the hand.

"Mabel," I said, "we may never see another sun arise. I must go on deck now; perhaps I shall share the fate of my comrades. Will you kiss me once, for I love you well?"

"My captain!"

No other word did she utter; but she twined her alabaster arms around my spray-wet neck, and convulsively pressed her coral lips to mine. Sipping their nectar, holding the dear girl to my heart, I learned that my affection was reciprocated.

"Pray for me, darling! Though parted now, we shall meet in another world."

The fairy-like girl tore herself from my embrace, and sank upon her knees as I hurried again to the deck.

It was only with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in reaching the wheel, for the bark was laboring heavily, and great green seas repeatedly breached over her. I took a turn around my waist with the fall of the mizzen-vang, to prevent my being washed overboard, and, while easing the vessel as much as possible with the rudder, anxiously awaited the arrival of dawn.

It came at last, gray, sombre and sullen; but the faint streak of light that struggled through the interstices of the angry clouds brought with it a hope of salvation—it revealed land far away on the starboard bow.

The rain had ceased; yet, at short intervals, squalls swept over the still troubled sea, that raged and tossed around as though its bosom still was filled with wrath. Suddenly a giant billow leaped aboard from aft, broke full upon me, and snapped my life-line like a thread, and carried me along the deck. I should have been swept overboard had I not been hurled with rude violence against the cabin companionway; as it was, the concussion fractured my right arm, and rendered me almost senseless. In agony, unable to move, I groaned aloud. In a few moments I felt a hand tenderly upraise my head. Mabel was bending over me, looking like an angel, as she stood in the twilight, her luxuriant tresses floating on the wind.

"Speak to me, John, I implore you!" she sobbed. "Are you much hurt?"

"Fatally, I fear, darling! But you must not remain here, or you will be swept to destruction. Kiss me, and leave me to die. If you remain below, you may yet be mercifully preserved," I murmured.

Blushing through her tears, she kissed me affectionately.

"My captain, I care not for life without you. The merciless waves shall not bear my love from me!" she cried.

Then, betraying that aptitude inherent in every woman, she caught up a rope that trailed upon the slippery deck, and firmly lashed me to a broken studdingsail boom, the spar nearest to the spot where I was lying. She dived into the cabin, and returned with a broad strip of black silk, with which she bandaged my fractured limb, and fixed it in a sling. So acute was my agony, that I felt I should faint. The fair girl noticed my condition.

"I will get you some brandy, dear John," she said, and she hurried away.

Scarcely two seconds after she descended the companion-stairs I saw a great green mountain roller towering to windward. I knew no earthly power could arrest its progress, prevent it bursting aboard the bark, and overwhelming her.

"Mabel!"

At that last awful moment of despair, my loved one's name sprang spontaneously to my lips. Another instant, and I felt dark volumes pouring over me, stifling me, beating me down; the briny surges gurgled in my throat, my brain reeled, oblivion soothed my senses.

* * * * * * *

A strange, stinging sensation in all my limbs, golden mist, yellow clouds, enshrouding me. Could this be death? Scarcely; for the shooting pains were more acute in my broken arm than elsewhere. Yet, though I had the faculty of remembering past occurrences, I seemed floating on amber clouds; the very atmosphere seemed yellow and glowing, and the golden mist was stifling.

Could it be that my soul had really left its earthly tenement, and was winging its way through the aureous empyrean to ethereal realms? Yes, it must be so; the music of the cherubim seemed to fall pleasantly upon my ears. Strange strains these heavenly lyres produce! Hearken! I still must be on earth, my life has not yet ebbed—the music is the moaning of the surges, as they ripple up the sandy strand.

With an effort, I shook off the lethargy, and opened my eyes. The sunbeams, streaming full upon me, told me whence came the golden mist. I raised my head. Before me, the sapphire sea; above me waving leaves of giant palms, and the enormous fronds of tree-ferns and cryptogamic plants. I tried to move; I could not; I was still lashed to the life-saving spar, and too weak to remove the bonds which had been the means of my preservation.

In a half-confused state, I gazed around. Ha! what is that? My heart gave a sudden bound, and I fell back exhausted, as I saw a female, clad in strange apparel, hurrying toward me.

A moment afterward I felt a soft hand laid upon my aching brow, and, on opening my eyes, beheld a beauteous

girl bending over me. Though her complexion was tawny, her features were clear-cut and regular as those of a Caucasian, and her large, lustrous, dark eyes looked into mine with an expression in which wonderment and womanly sympathy were strangely blended. Her curly black hair floated unconfined on the gentle breeze that rustled the virent foliage around us into song; her dainty feet were shoeless, and her well-rounded arms were bare; but a tight-fitting jacket and petticoat, made of a sort of netted cloth, woven from the split leaves of the flax-plant (*Phormium tenax*), and confined at the waist by a cestus of tortoiseshell, hid while they half revealed the voluptuous beauty of her proportions. Pensile from her pretty ears were rings of coral, and curiously-fashioned bracelets adorned her slender wrists.

She addressed me in a soft, sweet voice; but, not understanding her language, I could merely smile in response. With the ready instinct of woman, be she savage or civilized, this dusky houri saw that I was suffering, and appreciated the cause.

Deftly her fingers removed the rope that lashed me to the spar, and, without betraying the slightest symptoms of fear, she assisted me to rise. So weak was I, however, that I staggered wildly, and should have fallen upon the sparkling sand had not the girl upheld me in her vigorous arms. Half carrying me, she advanced until we reached a grove of beautiful trees, and, on a grassy mound, shaded by the arching, pinnatified leaves of a splendid *Cycas circinalis*, she motioned me to recline. She quitted my side, but in a few moments returned with a bright bunch of bananas, the fruit of one of the many fecund trees (*Musa sapientum*) that grew in clusters close to the water's edge.

While I was eagerly devouring this luscious food, my pretty preserver nimbly climbed the straight trunk of a stately palm (*Cocos mucifera*), and soon after held to my lips a green cocoanut, the milk of which, to my parched palate, was more grateful than nectar.

When I had somewhat revived, the girl, by gesticulation, asked me many questions, the most important of which seemed to her to be whether it was probable that any of my shipmates had been cast up by the sea in like manner as myself. It was with a sad heart that I gave a negative reply to this interrogation, for I knew that my darling Mabel must have long since perished, as it was impossible for the dismantled hulk from which I had been washed to long resist the fury of the angry waves.

Then, by pantomime, this oceanic Haidee intimated that she wished to leave me for a while, and, by placing one hand upon her heart, and patting my cheek with the other, assured me of her friendliness, and her desire that I should remain where I was.

When she had disappeared from view amid the trees, I gave way to a bitter train of reflections. My darling drowned—gone to her grave amid the coral caves—could happiness ever again find place in my heart?

Afar off, I could hear the sea surging and breaking, chanting its ever monotonous requiem over the dead entombed within its bosom. Before me, the water was still and smooth, the tide ebbing slowly, plainly proving to me that I had been carried by it some distance up a creek.

Why had I been spared, and the sweet girl I loved left to perish in her purity and prime? Better far, I thought, that the great billows plashing outside the creek had dashed me on the rocks a corpse; then, at least, I should have been spared the misery which existence unshared by Mabel would necessarily create.

It was certainly a beautiful spot, this upon which the sea had cast its human jetsam, my sorrowful self. Around me grew almost every variety of tropical tree, most of which were heavy laden with the bounteous gifts of Nature. From beneath the pinnatified leaves of the *Artocarpus incisa* peeped ripe bread-fruit; cocoa-nut palms and plantains abounded; amid the beautiful blossoms of the almond-tree (*Amygdalus communis*) flitted birds of gaudy plumage and melodious song; cryptogams and amaranthaceæ filled up the spaces between the trees, around whose straight trunks coiled the flexuous, parti-colored convolvulus (*Calystegia sapium*), and many trailing shrubs and parasitical creepers. It was a terrestrial paradise; but to me it was a void, for the sunlight of my darling's presence was wanting.

In the course of half an hour, the girl who had found me upon the beach returned with about twenty natives, most of them men, tall, athletic fellows, whose good looks would have been vastly improved had they omitted to lubricate their hair and faces with oil and red-ochre. They betrayed so little astonishment at my appearance, that I became assured I was not the first white man whom they had seen, and they, by various signs, intimated that they were disposed to be friendly toward me.

Haidee, as I mentally christened my pretty preserver, was much more tastefully attired than the other females; and, as they treated her with great deference, I guessed that she was the wife or daughter of some potential person. Having discovered me, she seemed to think that she had a prescriptive right to me, and would not allow any of her sister savages to approach me; but, when she had tenderly examined my wounded arm, she spoke to the men, and they speedily improvised a litter, upon which I was placed. Five stalwart fellows bore this along at a rapid rate, and we soon arrived at a grove, in the midst of which stood several neat habitations, showing that the natives had advanced much further toward civilization than the people who infest most of the Australasian islands. I was taken into one of these dwellings, and confronted with an old, withered man, who seemed to be a chief, as my bearers paid profound obeisance to him. To me he was courteous, to Haidee jocose—he was evidently her father—and the girl embarrassed me much, for I had not forgotten Mabel, by hiding her fair head against my breast, when the old fellow made some remark that caused all the company to indulge in a hearty cachinnation.

Haidee was very attentive. With her own hands she cleansed the sand from my wounds, and bound up, in splints of bamboo, my fractured limb, after I had, with some difficulty, set it; she it was who prepared my couch, my food; she who delighted to minister to my needs. But, rather to my dismay, I perceived, in the course of a few days, that she, in her untutored way, was growing fonder of me than I desired. She seemed never tired of lavishing attention upon me, and whenever I would reward her with a smile her eyes would sparkle with animation.

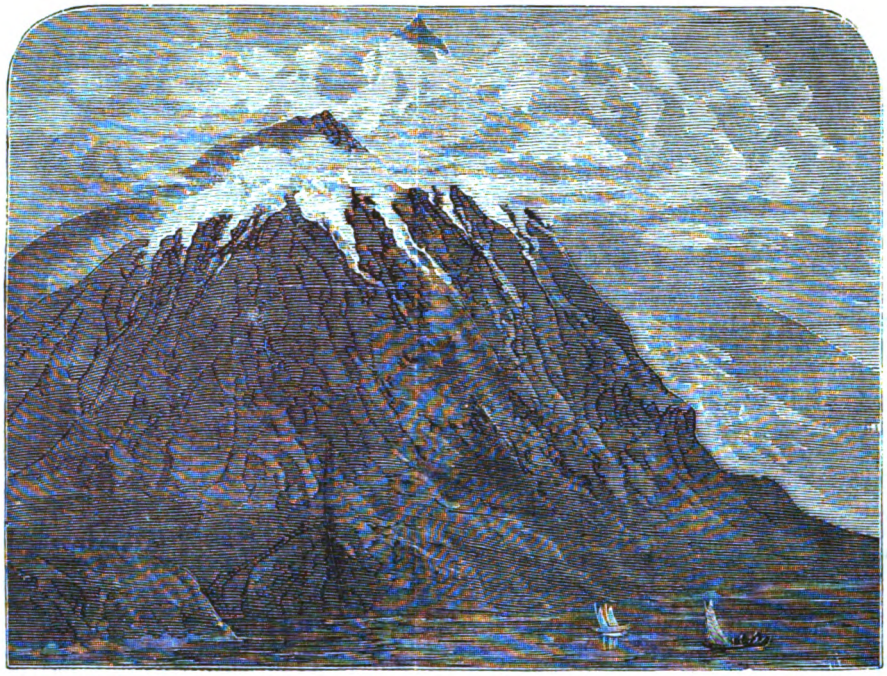
To inspire feelings of love and admiration in the bosom of any fair girl, be she white as a lily or dark as night, is flattering to man's vanity, and I soon had occasion to reprove myself for allowing my thoughts sometimes to stray from my poor, dead Mabel to my pretty nurse.

In three days I was strong and well, except my arm, which, of course, required time to heal, and was able to wander at will about the fertile island. Haidee always accompanied me on my peregrinations, and in the course of a week we had both acquired a smattering of each other's vernacular.

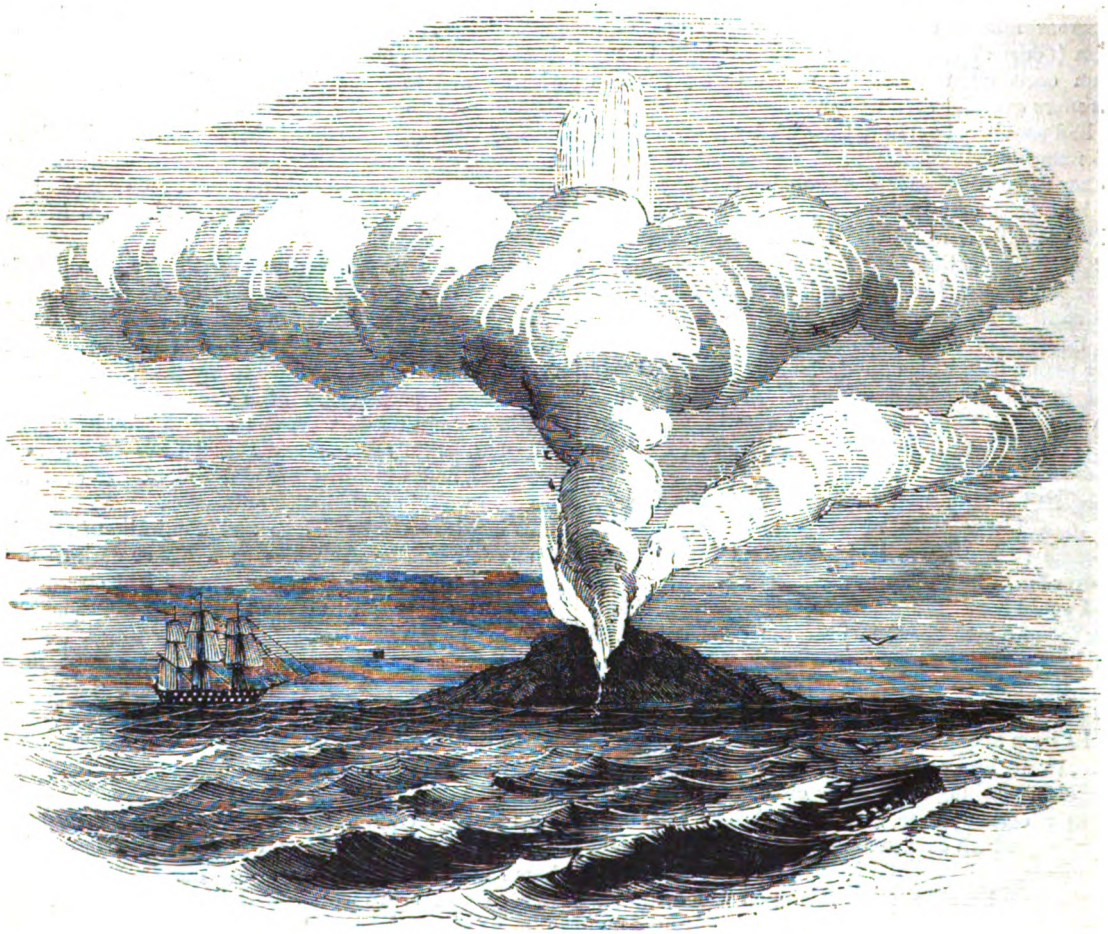
A thorough child of nature, my companion made no secret of her love, and took every possible opportunity to show her affection for me. I had not the heart, or moral courage, to reprove her for so doing; I was deeply grateful to her for her many kindnesses, and, though neither in thought nor deed did I ever wrong her, I reprehensibly

allowed her to indulge in the belief that I reciprocated her passion.

One day I stole away from the village, and strolled to the highest eminence on the island, for I wished, if possible, to ascertain whether any port frequented by foreign traders existed on the coast. I saw a few villages nestling among the luxuriant foliage, which literally clothed the island; but no evidence of any harbor, for the seaboard was thickly dotted with coral reefs and islets. In descending, I missed my way, and wandered about for several hours, until I felt so tired that I lay down beneath an umbrageous palm and sank to sleep. When I awoke it was quite dark, and I began to fear I was benighted, for I knew it would be almost impossible to recover the right track in the gloom. Hearing the surf beating upon the seashore, I determined to make my way to the beach, so that I could take a fresh departure for the village at early dawn. As I was proceeding, I suddenly noticed a singular light ahead, so halted, uncertain what to do; but, hearing no sound, save the soughing of the evening breeze through the leafage, I at length advanced, and then discovered that what I had thought flame was merely the



NEW VOLCANO AT CAMIGUIN ISLAND, PHILIPPINES.



DAMPIER'S OR VOLCANO ISLAND.

HAIDEE.—"HA! WHAT IS THAT? MY HEART GAVE A SUDDEN BOUND, AND I FELL BACK EXHAUSTED, AS I SAW A FEMALE, CLAD IN STRANGE APPAREL, HURRYING TOWARD ME."—SEE PAGE 683.

greenish, phosphoric light emitted by the *Agaricus igneus*, a parasite which clings to the trunks of fallen and decayed trees.

With my thoughts partly occupied by musings on this phenomenon, and partly by uneasiness on Haidee's account, for I knew the girl would be distressed by my absence, I wandered on, until I was startled by the sound of voices in the distance. I listened. Imagine my astonishment when the words of that grand old melody, the "Evening Hymn," came floating toward me. Guided by the sound, I hurried onward, and soon found myself in the midst of a party of whites, who were camping for the night at the foot of a gigantic palm.

"Stand by, my lads; here come the natives!" shouted a rough-bearded man.

All sprang simultaneously to their feet, and I heard an ominous clicking of muskets.

"All right, my hearties!" I cried, "You need have no fear, even of the natives, on this island, for they are a hospitable set of jolly good fellows."

"Where did you come from, and who the deuce are you?" asked, in great astonishment, the first speaker.

Ere I could reply, a shrill, musical exclamation greeted my ears, and in an instant a pair of beautiful arms were flung around my neck.

"Oh, John, my captain, can this indeed be you? Am I dreaming, am I in heaven, or where?" cried Mabel Meredith, hysterically.

"Mabel, my own sweet love, God in His infinite mercy has spared you unto me!" I replied, as I rained kisses on the ivory brow of my betrothed.

When we had become a little more calm, I told my story, and then learned, in return, that the men around me were the crew of the *Blackheath*, a vessel that had been burned in Dampier's Straits a few days previous. They had escaped in boats, and, while making for land, had found the *Golden Vanity* derelict, as they supposed. On boarding her, for the purpose of obtaining provisions, they discovered Miss Meredith, and, as the bark was on the eve of sinking, persuaded her to accompany them, though the poor girl, thinking me dead, expressed a wish to be allowed to perish with the *Golden Vanity*.

They had landed on the island—which they informed me was Admiralty Island, in latitude one degree twenty minutes south; longitude one hundred and forty-seven degrees four minutes east of Greenwich—two days previous; but had been afraid to proceed inland, lest the natives should prove hostile.

I camped with the brave fellows that night, and the following day escorted them to the village.

The old chief and his daughter were delighted to see me safely returned, but I noticed an angry gleam in Haidee's eyes when she saw the tender glances that Mabel and I unwittingly exchanged. My affianced tried to cultivate the acquaintance of the little savage, but Haidee rudely repulsed her.

The chief and his people were as courteous and hospitable to the new-comers as they had been to me, and pressed us to remain upon the island. This some of the sailors wished to do, for they had already found favor in the eyes of the dark-skinned native beauties; but Captain Palmer agreed with me that it would be much better for us to leave when the first opportunity presented itself.

Nearly two months had elapsed since the foundering of the *Golden Vanity*, and Haidee had learned to speak English tolerably well, when she, one day, waylaid me, as I was going alone to a signal station we had erected on an eminence.

"White man, John, bad man!" she cried, passionately, stamping her little feet. "Haidee find him; Haidee love him, tink he love Haidee; white girl come, John no love Haidee, love white girl; Haidee kill white girl."

She bounded like a young roe from me, and I confess I felt very uneasy, for I did not doubt that she would attempt to accomplish her diabolical design. I took early opportunity to warn Mabel to be on her guard, and we had a little lovers' quarrel in consequence; for, of course, my *fiancée* declared that I must have been making desperate love to Haidee before her arrival, and my utmost persuasive powers were impotent to dispel the illusion.

Suddenly Haidee changed in manner toward Mabel, became quite affectionate, and seemingly had forgiven her interfering with her *affaires de cœur*.

They soon became such good friends as to be almost inseparable companions, and wherever the Western lily went, the Pacific pansy was sure to follow.

One day I was standing near the flagstaff, gazing intently seaward, for I fancied I could descry a sail, when I was startled by a piercing shriek, and on turning to ascertain from whence it proceeded, I saw, to my intense horror and dismay, Mabel and Haidee struggling together on the verge of a precipice. The jealous savage was trying to hurl her rival over the dizzy steep, to death upon the cruel rocks below!

It was pitiable to hear the plaintive cries poor Mabel uttered—cries that told me only too plainly that she felt how inferior was her own strength to that of her dusky foe, and that she knew, unless succor quickly came, her hour had arrived.

With wild, mad bounds, leaping from crag to crag, and across wide chasms, like a hunted chamois, I endeavored to reach the scene of strife in time to save the life of my cherished love; but ere I could gain the grassy plain upon which the two girls were striving for mastery, I saw my betrothed launched headlong over the cliff!

Haidee fled like a frightened fawn when she saw me advancing at terrific speed, and a shrill peal of derisive laughter broke from her lips and rang in my ears as she disappeared in the leafy labyrinth.

I gained the brink of the precipice, but for some few seconds dared not look down, fearing to see the crushed, mangled and lifeless body of my betrothed upon the jagged boulders far below.

Hark! Surely that was her voice!

I laid down, and crawled forward until my head overhung the cliff.

To my surprise and joy, I saw that my loved one's garments had caught in a stunted shrub that grew horizontally out of a crevasse several yards below the edge.

"Courage, darling; do not struggle!" I cried, mentally supplementing my words with a prayer to Heaven to strengthen the tree, so that it might sustain the weight of the fair flower it bore.

Quick as thought, I pulled off my shirt and tore it into strips, which I twisted and knotted so as to form a short, stout rope. Again I leaned over the cliff.

"Mabel, sweet one!"

The brave girl uplifted her bonny blue eyes, and smiled through all her pain and peril. I dropped the rope; she caught it, and instantly divining my reason, lashed herself securely to the stoutest limb the pliant tree presented.

As upon wings, I flew down to the village, and hastily summoned the seamen to assist me to rescue the suspended girl. Four of the willing fellows rushed to her relief, bearing with them a strong rope. Panting with exertion, I reached the scene of the struggle just in time to receive my darling, who fell fainting in my arms directly she was hauled upon the sward.

"Sail, ho! She sees our signal, sir, and is bearing down!" cried joyously a jovial tar who had been gazing seaward.

In the commotion that reigned when we saw that the strange vessel was really standing in for the land, Mabel's late peril was forgotten, and when she revived, she begged me not to mention the story of the struggle on the cliff.

During the afternoon, a boat came ashore from the brig *Anastasia*, and when the captain of that craft heard our story, he readily consented to carry us all to Singapore. The natives mustered in great force upon the beach to bid us farewell, and tears of gratitude stood in my eyes as I wrung the old chief's hand. His daughter was nowhere visible, and I was not surprised at her absence; but just as we were about to embark, there was a movement in the crowd, the throng parted, and Haidee rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of Miss Meredith.

My Mabel raised her tenderly, and pressed her to her heart.

"Poor Haidee!" she said, kindly; "I know how severe a blow it is to be severed for ever from one we love."

"Haidee wicked, white girl good," sobbed the poor little savage, as she mingled her tears with those of my darling.

"Kiss her, John; she deserves that symbol of affection from you."

I obeyed my betrothed; but the overcharged current of the unhappy Haidee's grief burst its banks and overpowered her. The old chief lifted his daughter tenderly, and bore her off, as a wild, ringing cheer bade us God-speed on our way.

Mabel never continued her journey to China. I married her in Singapore, and she returned with me to Australia. Long years of supreme happiness have flitted by on the wings of love since then, and neither my cherished wife nor I have ever had cause to regret that we linked our lives; though, even to this day, my darling clings to the idea that, if she had not been miraculously preserved, I should have married Haidee.

Of the 3,800 islands which make up the Japanese Empire, only about half a dozen merit recognition, either as single islands or groups; and while some tracts, in heat and vegetation, belong to the tropics, others, far to the north, have a climate resembling that of Poland or Norway. At one place we are told of a rainy season lasting for three or four months, enervating and disagreeable, without being deadly or unhealthy; and at another we hear of a sky so pure and an atmosphere so bracing that even the best months of the Indian cold season would suffer by comparison. The general healthiness of the climate is partly due to the monsoons that sweep the Japanese seas and purify a country which is never at any place more than 130 French leagues in breadth, though it extends from north to south for more than 2,000 miles; but it must not be imagined that these islands enjoy complete immunity from the visitations of Nature. Violent earthquakes are common. Though Fusiyama has not spoken since 1708, other volcanoes are still in pestilential activity; terrible cyclones burst on the coasts; the tidal waves sweep along creeks and bays and overwhelm whole villages; while populous towns, apparently built of wood, string and pasteboard, are consumed annually by fire, entailing an enormous sacrifice of property and occasional loss of life.

There is more virtue in obscurity than is commonly supposed; and perhaps there have been nobler specimens of magnanimity in low life than even the pages of history can boast.

AMONG THE COCOANUTS.

A JAUNT THROUGH THE ISLAND OF ST. ANDREWS.*

By Alfred Trumble.

It was late on a sultry August afternoon, when my solitary lounge along the wharves brought me to a pier where a couple of men were loading the last of a cargo of cocoanuts from a trim, jaunty schooner, gay with fresh paint and newly-scraped spars, into a cart.

The air of the Summer afternoon was heavy with the scent of pineapples and oranges, and the south wind, blowing so faintly that it scarcely stirred the sail of the waterboat, from which the schooner's tanks were being pumped full, seemed laden, too, with tropical odors.

Light as the breeze was, it blew all vestige of the noise and bustle of the busy waterside from me in an instant. Like a flash a hundred dormant memories of wanderings under the Southern Cross woke to life again. The streets with their passing throngs, the docks with their shipping, faded to a day-dream of sunny seas and whispering palms and lazy breakers, in which the pelicans fished, and whose low music had so often sung me to sleep in lonely ranches and by solitary camp-fires in the old, happy, idle, vagabond days.

"By Jove! I would like to take a run to the southward again," I said, as I fancied, to myself.

"You would?" said a hearty voice behind me, and a vigorous slap on the back roused me from my reverie. "Then you're just the man for me."

Such was my introduction to Captain Robert B. Wilber; such was the inception of my jaunt among the palm groves of St. Andrews.

Over a jorum of good rum and through the smoke of a cigar, the compact was entered into which made the jolly captain and myself companions for many a pleasant day; and a week later we were skimming the Summer sea with broad-spread canvas, enjoying in its fullest development the *dolce far niente* of an idle life on shipboard.

Vessels trading with St. Andrews for cocoanuts carry but little cargo to the island, most of the necessities of the inhabitants in the matter of foreign manufactures being provided by a Central American trading house which has a store there. The fruiters, however, usually have full ladings for Jamaica, and the *Ocean Pearl* was no exception to the rule.

A week in that natural oven, Kingston, was therefore entailed upon us. This period of penance happily over, we joyfully ran down the harbor past Port Royal, with its trim houses, like sentries on guard over the quiet anchorage, and its little water battery under the row of palms on the sandy point; under the stern of the great hulk of a receiving ship, from whose quarter gallery, now transformed into a perfect bower of climbing plants and flowers, a young mother teaches her little one to wave us an adieu, and so through the intricate channel out to sea.

How bluff and thoroughly English the old, dismantled three-decker (she is called the *Redoubtable*, and looks the title), with her bluff bows and portly hull, looks by comparison with that black, low-browed craft anchored just outside the reef. One could tell, even without the evidence of

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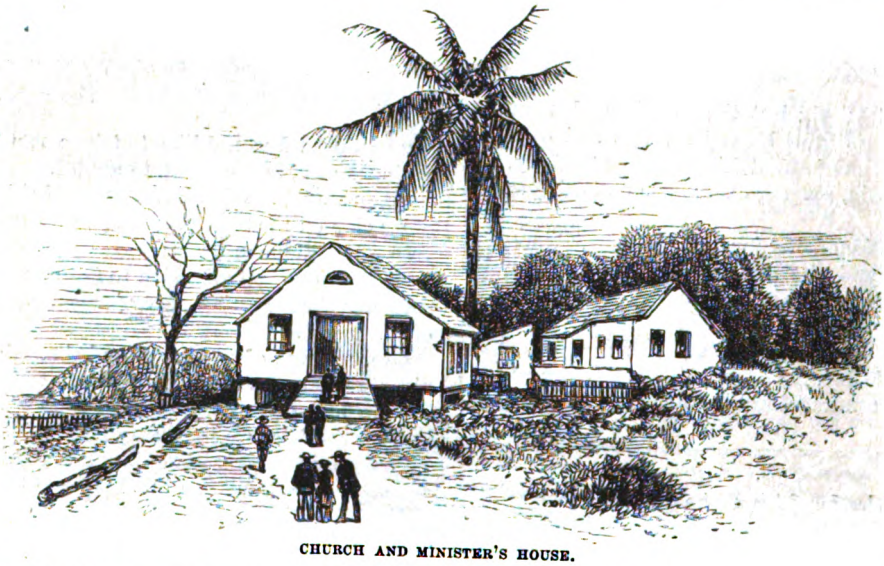
* The Island of St. Andrews is three days' sail from Kingston, Jamaica, and almost directly in the route from that place to Aspinwall, Cartagena, etc. It is the greatest cocoanut-producing island in the Caribbean, and from it almost all American fruit merchants, *en gros*, draw the greater part of their supplies of fruit.

VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS.

that drooping, red-yellow-and-red flag at her spanker gaff, that she was a Spaniard; for there is the sombre, evil look about her lean shape that belongs to, and is thoroughly characteristic of, the typical Iberian.

She is smoking, too, for from her funnel a thin stream of blue vapor, like that of a cigarette, rises slowly and spreads lazily on the dull breeze. Her ports are down, and in one of them, where an armorer is driving a bolt into a gun carriage, with the musical chime of his hammer-strokes echoing over the quiet water like the clear notes of a far-away bell, a port-fire is gleaming redly. One can look clear across her gun deck, and out through the ports on the other side.

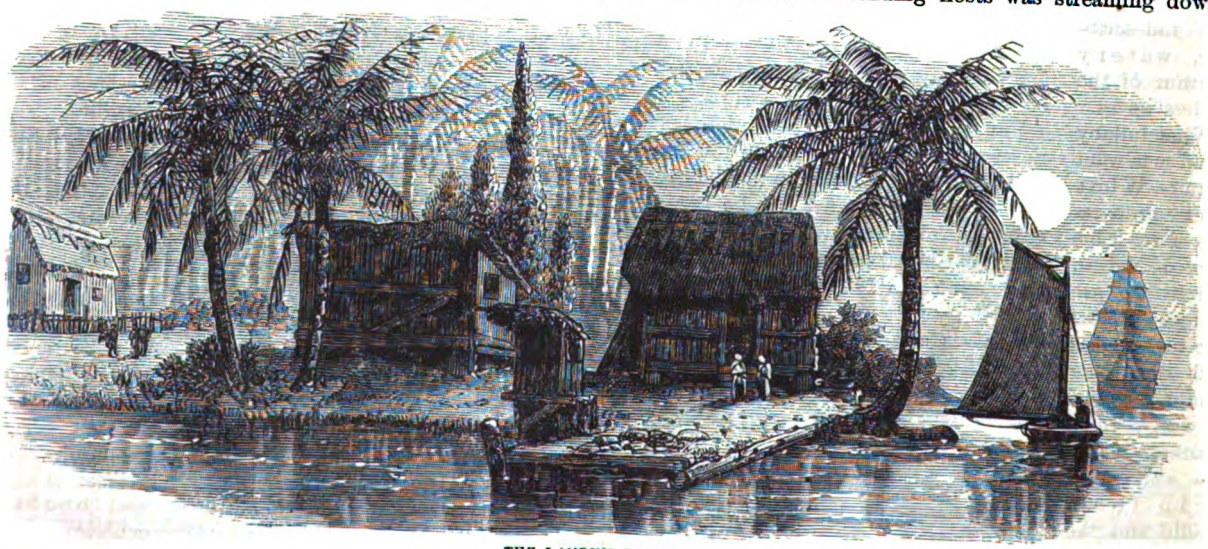


CHURCH AND MINISTER'S HOUSE.

This is the *Tornado*, historical from the share she bore in the capture of the ill-starred *Virginius*, and she is watching for another reputed Cuban craft, which she chased from Port Morant fairly into the shelter of the guns of Port Royal a week ago.

The Iberian sea-serpent does not show its fangs at us, however, and we soon drop her, and then Jamaica itself, into a dream of blue vapor on the gleaming sky.

The sea darkens from gray to purple, and the same sombre shadow creeps across the sky, save where, in the west, splotches of crimson lace it, as if there were war in heaven, and the blood of the contending hosts was streaming down.



THE LANDING-PLACE.

Then the stars come out, wide-eyed and bright. The sea turns to fire, each rising swell tipped with flame, and the wake of the schooner, plowing on before the freshening breeze, is a long gleam of unearthly light. The chill, damp wind whistles up the full sail with a low sough, and moans through the taut cordage, rattling a loose block here and there, and bringing with it the indescribable, watery murmur of the restless waves.

What lullaby could man want more? What fitter preparative for the fairy land to which we are going? Spend two such nights with me, dear reader, rolled snugly in a blanket, with the staunch ship for a cradle and the billows for a nurse, and answer me then.

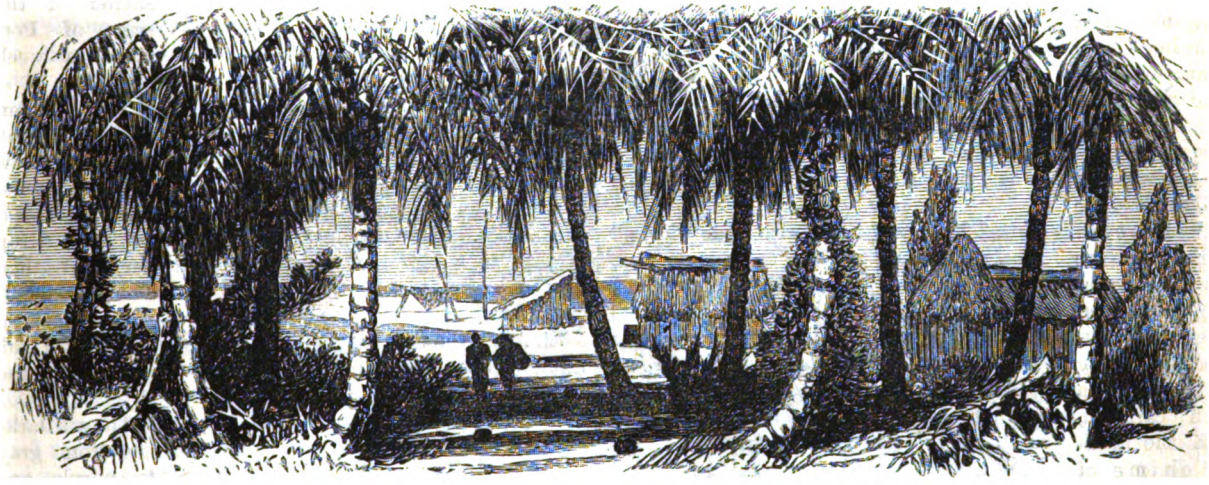
* * *

"So that is St. Andrews?"

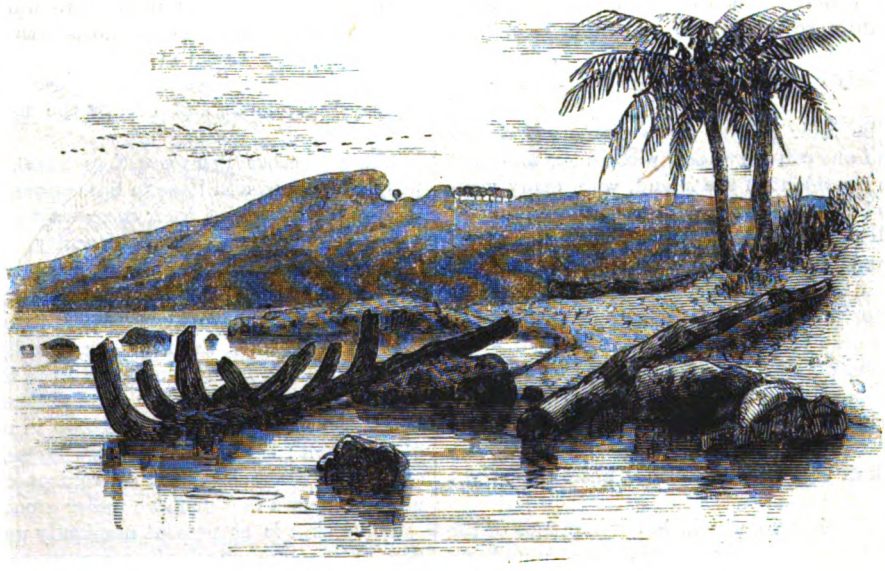
"That is St. Andrews," returned Captain Wilber. "Here, take the wheel, Smith. Jim, get the colors out. These nigger pilots won't budge till they're signaled."

Morning was just breaking over the gray expanse of the Caribbean. A crescent moon and one or two pale stars were fast becoming indistinguishable in the rapidly brightening sky, cloudless save for a few light vapors resting over that dim shape to leeward of us which represented, even according to the least glowing descriptions we had had of it, so much of tropical beauty. A few gulls and boobies wheeled about

ST. ANDREWS.—THE STORE.



THE END OF THE ROAD.



THE WRECK.

our vessel, which, rising and falling on the ground-swell, almost dead becalmed,—for daybreak in the tropics is usually accompanied by an hour or two of almost utter absence of wind—lay just outside the reef waiting for a pilot.

That worthy put in an appearance—in all the dignity peculiar to his craft—long after the sun had risen to dissipate the mists which hid the coy face of the beautiful land before us, and fanned forward by the lightest of light breezes, we crept in through the intricate channel, where, looking through the clear water, one could see great jagged rocks covered with brown moss, lying on the beds of clear white coral sand, or amid forests of weird sea-weed, "fathoms deep," the pilot said, although they seemed startlingly close to the vessel's side.

The island looked like a great fernery. Palms! palms everywhere, waving their feathery foliage in the breeze or resting without motion under the lee of the low hills. Glistening foliage, dazzling light. From the ripple of the wavelets in the harbor to the flaunting of that tall palm on the bare summit of yonder hill—a landmark for the pilots, by-the-by—light and life everywhere.

We were fully half a day creeping in from the reef to our anchorage; yet one never noticed the lapse of time. Every few moments opened up a new object of beauty. Now it was a fisherman's hut, thatched with palm branches, dried to the color of rich gold, his one or two canoes drawn up on the beach in front of it, his nets spread out to dry on the frames, the blue smoke of the fire rising like a vail over the sylvan background. Again, a little cove, where a canoe with rough, ungainly spars and ragged sail lay idly in submission to the will of its owner, preparing to visit his nets cast the night before.

The harbor is dotted here and there with little "keys," where the coral formation, having reached the surface, has, in the course of years, become covered with cocoanut palms, between whose stems a coarse growth of brush and grass and running vines has sprung up. This covert gives shelter to numbers of wild hogs, probably the descendants of some tame animals transported there by the islanders.

There are keys other than these; mere strips of white coral rock and sand, quite bare, save for piles of drift, the relics of departed vessels, which the strong northeast trade-wind has stranded on the reefs, forming the barrier of the harbor, the sea breaking on them constantly. There is, still, a sparse growth of coarse grass springing up on these barren spots, and in the course of a few years—for vegetation makes rapid progress under the sun of the tropics—they will, no doubt, contribute toward making the harbor what it will most certainly eventually be—a perfect land-locked bay.

Whatever may be their future, these places are dreary enough to day, and one can very easily picture the misery of one old man, now a resident of the island, who, many years ago, being wrecked with a Belize trading boat, had, clinging to a spar, been borne from the Quinto Sueno Bank, one hundred miles away, to St. Andrews, and stranded on one of the very spots in question, whence his signal for assistance had been observed by some of the people ashore, who rescued him, more dead than alive.

The fishermen occasionally organize expeditions to these keys, during the season, for the purpose of capturing the seals which, at that time are quite plentiful there. At other periods they are left in undisputed possession of the boobies which, for the lack of better resting-places, make their nests amid the drift.

The water in the anchorage, which, in consequence of the shoals, is situated some three-quarters of a mile from shore, is, even in the worst of weather, not disturbed beyond a ripple. This admirable feature of the harbor of St. Andrews has made it famous among seafaring men as a spot in which to seek refuge in stress of weather; and many an old sea-rover has put in here under jury-masts to make such repairs as were necessary to fit her out for sea again.

Long before we came to an anchor the schooner was surrounded by a swarm of canoes, of all shapes and sizes, every individual one with a sail so ragged and rotten that it was a matter of astonishment for one to conceive how they held together. Their owners invaded our decks, all most eager after the latest news—as regarded the cocoanut trade.

The march of time might disturb nations, dynasties rise and fall amid the thunder of artillery or the horrors of civil war, but as long as cocoanuts sell for twenty-five dollars a thousand, St. Andrews rests contented. Body and soul, for the length of their natural lives, these people exist but for one thing—the cocoanut crop. St. Andrews is the first cocoanut-producing island of the Caribbean.

The nearest approach to a settlement on the island is situated opposite the anchorage, where some half a dozen single-storied frame houses have risen around the store. This store is a low building of rough boards, but with a shingle roof (a remarkable feature in a place where a thatch of palm branches is the rule), and abutting on the rear of it a low shed in which, at the time of our visit, some 200,000 nuts were stored, awaiting the arrival of a steamer from New Orleans, for which market they were destined. This store, under the management of Mr. Uncles, a gentleman to whose unvarying and obliging kindness I owe almost all of the comforts I enjoyed ashore during my stay on the island, is run in the interest of Minor C. Keith, Esq., of Port Limon, Costa Rica. Here one may obtain anything, from a paper of pins to a barrel of whisky, of which latter article Mr. Uncles, as he informs me, disposes of a considerable quantity. Cocoanuts form the chief currency.

St. Andrews was originally a stronghold of one of the numerous bands of Knights of the Black Flag who infested these seas, and evidences of their possession are still extant in the almost shapeless ruins of some old defensive structures. These can never have been very necessary for the safety of the buccaneers, however. Their security lay in the intricacy of the narrow channel leading into the harbor, and so well did *it* perform its duty that they were enabled to hold their island in peace long after the fate of their compeers in the neighboring harbors of refuge had warned them from their own evil courses and transformed the savage spirits who had rioted in the sack of many an unfortunate Central American town into the peaceful tillers of the soil, whose descendants still occupy the narrow land of their forefathers.

These number not *more* than 2,000, without exception people of color, and have in the course of years, thanks to the productiveness of their cocoanut walks, become, beyond a doubt, the wealthiest community among the smaller islands of the Caribbean. With no opportunity of dissipating the gains they draw from their natural, unfailing source of revenue, they have kept adding to their accumulations year by year, until the island is literally a mine of coined gold; for, with a fashion inherited from their piratical great-grandfathers, they bury the silver dollars and golden eagles which the Yankee captains disgorge in return for their cargoes of fruit; each man's treasure house, as represented by an iron kettle, being in a convenient corner of his cabin, usually about a foot or more under ground.

The island is at present nominally under the Columbian flag, although practically its manners are more English than Spanish. The natives use no language save English, and

the only jurisdiction—and that never touching any but very petty affairs—that I found exercised in the place was by a native of an English island, the Baptist minister.

There were only four horses on the entire island, I was told by Mr. Uncles, and further inquiry elicited the fact that but one of these could be obtained for a jaunt through the cocoanut groves.

Mr. Uncles accommodated me with a saddle. The owner of the horse, an old negro, in a check shirt and dungaree trowsers, barefooted, and with a ragged handkerchief twisted around his head, accompanied me—to see fair play for the horse, I presume. I ought to have had some friend to do the like for me, for what with a most distressing cough, and an altogether capricious way of breaking into a hard trot just when I began a sketch, and stopping to nibble the grass by the path when I was anxious to proceed, the brute almost worried the life out of me. The trifling circumstance of his backing me into a clump of prickly pears only deserves mention as proving the impenetrability of the skin of that particular breed of animals.

The road, or rather path, for it was nothing more, led us through a succession of the most delightful woodland pictures. Only one fact was noticeable—the utter absence of those cheerful little songsters never missing from our own forests. There is a proverb current, I believe, to the effect that in the tropics the flowers are scentless and the birds mute. In St. Andrews there seem to be no birds at all.

Some two miles from the shore, at the top of the barren hill, we came on a great white building, and beside it a neat little cottage, between which grew the same tall palm I had noticed from the harbor. The larger house was the church (Baptist), and the other the residence of the minister, Mr. Shepherd, who, in addition to his pastoral duties, acted as judge, law-maker, and American and English consul; all of this in consideration of his being the only white man, except Mr. Uncles, who is regarded as a visitor, it seems, on the island. I was hospitably entertained by the good gentleman, whom I surprised at dinner *en famille*.

After the meal we walked through his cane and potato-fields, and inspected a young plantation of cotton of very good quality, of which he seemed decidedly proud. This cotton was raised from seed distributed during the period of our civil war by the English Government in an attempt which, as far as the West Indies are concerned, was not successful, to find in her own colonies a substitute for the blockaded specialty of the Southern States. A visit to the interior of the church, which was as bare and monotonous as the exterior, and a glass of native rum, which was very good, and I bade good-by to my entertainer and took the road again.

The termination of the path at a group of fishermen's huts, some five miles further on, formed the limit of the day's journey. The fishermen were all out at sea, but the women and children did full justice to their prerogative of staring at a stranger; expressing their opinions of me with a freedom that was embarrassing, to say the least.

My keeper lingered behind here, and I was really in hope, as I turned down the beach, that he had deserted me, but he turned up again before I had half a mile the start of him, with an enormous living lobster in each hand, and his handkerchief full of great hard-shelled prawns, slung over his arm.

At one spot, where a point of coral rock extended, bare and brown, far out into the sea, we came upon the timbers of a great ship, wrecked here during the period of emigration to California.

The vessel, an old whaler, such as only too often was pressed into the transit service during the wild excitement of those days, was on her way to Greytown. It was in early June, at the end of the hurricane season, and she met her doom in the resistless fury of a storm which leveled every house on the island on whose coast her broken timbers rest. One who experienced the storm informed me that for three days it was impossible for any one to leave the shelter of a little valley, in which all who had been able to fly had taken refuge.

When they did explore the ruin they found the carcass of the unfortunate vessel high and dry, and the shore covered with bodies and the *débris* of the wreck. More than a hundred corpses were buried by the awe-struck natives, and to this day and for all time the story of the wrecked ship will remain a dismal fireside legend for these simple folk.

The graves, two long trenches, were pointed out to me in a grove of tamarind-trees, near the minister's house. There, amid the bright foliage, where the sun shines through the tree-tops with a tempered glow, the two long mounds are fast losing the contour which will very shortly no longer mark the spot where so much of aspiration and of hope, so many dreams of the treasures of the land of gold, lie in unfulfilled promise awaiting the Judgment Day.

With the exception of one or two small trading-boats this is the only wreck of which the island can boast; a fact which the owner of my Rosinante seemed rather to regret; for, from his comments on the scene, I have been led to infer that he regarded an occurrence of this kind as conferring an enviable distinction on the place, and I have no doubt that he would have considered my dead body as part and parcel of a stranded wreck with much more of respect than he did my living self.

The murmur of children's voices from an old tumble-down house on the shore led me to inquire the nature of the place.

The answer came from the schoolmaster himself, who, barefooted, but with a very clean, coarse hickory shirt and brown canvas trowsers, had been attracted to the door by the unwonted spectacle of a stranger on horseback. The children all crowded behind him, staring at me with eager eyes.

The poor schoolmaster was a negro, very gentle in his manner, and with a peculiar American accent, which I understood when he informed me that he was a native of New Providence. He had been sent to St. Andrews by the Society for the Improvement of West Indian Blacks, which has its headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica.

He had been exercising his profession on the island for nearly a year, supporting himself by the contributions of his scholars, whose parents, he said, provided them most liberally for the purpose. It is achieving a great victory over the prejudices of such a people to establish schools of any sort, adding as they do to the inherent indolence of all natives of the tropics that heritage of long generations of ignorance that bore such fruits in more civilized countries as the riots on the introduction of improved machinery into English mills, and schools into the West and South of France.

The course of instruction in the humble place is, of course, very simple. The alphabet and reading, with for one or two of the more intelligent pupils a *soupçon* of arithmetic, forms the curriculum, doing more good, perhaps, than the more pretentious round of studies in most of our own schools.

Some of the children's faces are inconceivably ignorant. The majority, however, are bright enough to promise a much more intelligent future for St. Andrews than in the old order it could ever have known.

"There are two schools besides mine here, sar," said the schoolmaster, "whar ladies from Kingston teach. We're getting along pretty well now, although at fust we found it

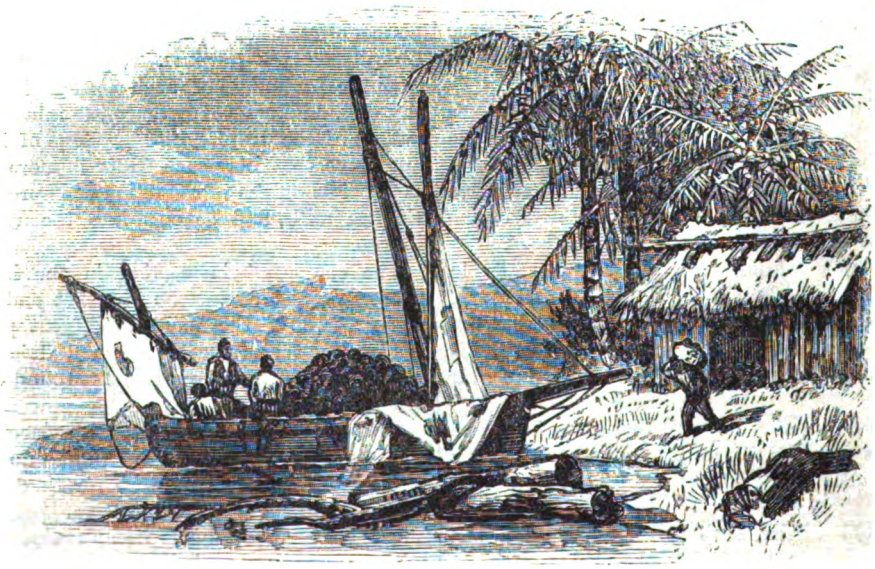
CUTTING COCOANUTS.

A SMALL LOAD.

very hard to keep them at their books. Their faders I don't believe ever saw a book before we came."

A shake of the hand and a cigar, and we started, the whole school following the master down to the beach to watch us. When we turned into the woods I saw him standing there among his pupils, in his coarse dress and in his humble faith a poor, weak man, but in his profession a pioneer of that great movement which is destined, in a later civilization, to sweep down the mighty barrier between the beggar and the crowned king. After leaving the beach the path wound in and out among the ringed stems of great cocoanut-trees, among whose branches the fruit clustered in incalculable quantities. The ground was covered with it, too. It lay in mighty piles awaiting transport to the store-houses on the beach, where the husk is removed and the fruit stored until it is shipped. At the least, this forest of cocoanut-trees is five miles in length, and one or one and a half miles broad; and some idea of the quantity of fruit grown may be obtained by the knowledge that each tree produces at least fifty nuts a season, and that in the whole extent of the forest no two trees are more than ten feet apart.

The soil on which these trees grow is the common dry sand of the beach. So dry and poor, in fact, that except the coarse grass and the running vines one finds on every beach in the tropics, no growth of any kind can thrive. The only evidence of the hand of man visible in the cultivation of the fruit is in the marks of knives on the stems of most of the trees. The natives assert, with how much truth I know not, that the occasional tapping of the tree improves the fruit both in quantity and quality.



LOADING THE CANOE.

We found the woods quite busy with men, women and

HUSKING COCOANUTS.

children, carrying the nuts from the heaps to the beach—the women bearing particularly heavy burdens in coarse nets, somewhat resembling very large cabbage nets, made of the fibre of the husk itself.

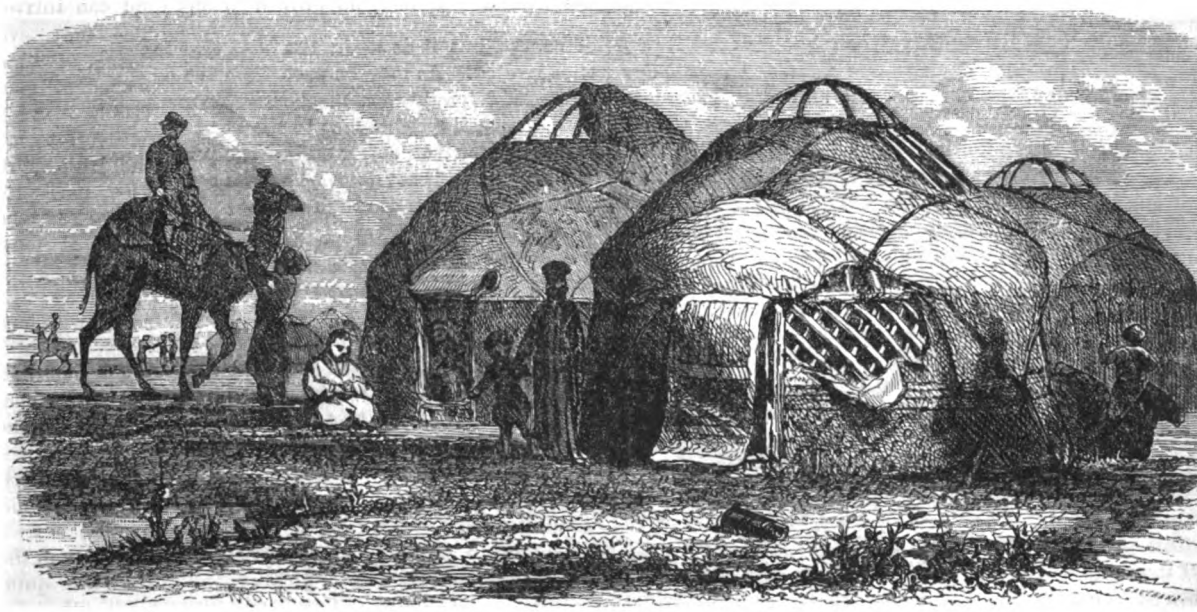
Several of the younger and more agile members of the community had ascended trees, knife in hand, and the thump, thump, thump of the fruit, as it was severed from the parent stem and fell into the sand with a dull thud, seemed familiar to my horse, who carefully avoided the scene of the cannonade, with a respect for the welfare of his bones which spoke well for his reasoning qualities. If one of the falling nuts had struck either of us it is pretty certain there would have been a disarrangement somewhere in our anatomies.

For the whole five miles the road wound through this rare beauty. The graceful stems of the tall trees on all sides of us, their foliage so interwoven that a ray of sunlight scarcely ever penetrated it; the picturesque figures bending under their loads or watching the progress of the stranger; the glimpse of the sea, dazzling white in the sunlight, occasionally to be had through the cool gray arches of the forest; a sense of luxurious quiet, born of the tropics and such as one experiences nowhere else, resting over and pervading all.

At one of the store-houses past which our circuitous path led us we found a group of negroes husking the nuts. They were seated on the ground before an old, tumble-down building, each with a pile of nuts, to which the women were constantly adding. Before them, between their legs, was an instrument, simply a piece of iron, perhaps nine inches long, slightly sharpened at the edge, and inserted firmly in a vertical position in a block of wood, Raising the nut with both hands, a single blow on this primitive instrument penetrates the husk to the hard shell, which a dexterous twist then lays bare.

Another method of removing the husk, which I afterward saw practiced, consisted simply in driving a pointed stake into the end of the nut by which it is attached to the tree. This blow, invariably well directed, splits the husk into halves, and the nut drops out.

When it is understood that an ordinary fruit-schooner of, say one hundred and twenty tons, will carry 100,000 nuts, the labor required in obtaining a cargo will be seen to be considerable. Yet not *one*, but at least a hundred cargoes,



A KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT IN ASTRAKHAN, RUSSIA.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

are supplied from St. Andrews every season, and we find the products of this graceful isle in the markets of New York and Boston, New Orleans, Charleston, and Savannah, as well as in many a city of the interior, a valuable addition to that stock of delicacies dear to a good housekeeper's soul.

Nor is the benefit of this evidence of nature's bounty restricted to one point alone. It is meat and drink for the islanders. Pounded to a jelly, it serves as an invariable dressing for their meat. Its oil supplies in their housekeeping the place of our own Southern pine-knot. The husks furnish famous fuel, and from the fibre they make ropes and nets, and curious baskets and bags of every kind. The branches of the tree thatch their houses, and the leaves are woven into baskets, and even *walls* for the fishermen's huts.

When a vessel makes the island late in the day, an immense fire of cocoanut husks is built on a prominent point facing the channel, and with this as a guide the pilots unfailingly bring their charge through the tortuous passage. Yet Captain Wilber informs me that the entrance is one of the most dangerous in the West Indies.

The island appears to be entirely of coral formation. In the midst of the woods, two or three miles from the sea, one comes upon great masses of coral rock, rising out of the rich vegetable mold, and so rapidly does this coral form that the coast line of the island changes very perceptibly every year. Twenty years ago vessels anchored within half a mile of the shore. Now it is impossible to approach it, save through the channel, nearer than two miles.

Extending from N.E. to S.W., about seven miles in length and three or four in width, its shape is almost perfectly oval. On the west or lee side there is a reef half a mile from the shore, impassable even for fishing-boats, and as a consequence this portion is deserted for the east-side, where the inhabitants can use their canoes.

Considerable quantities of vegetables and fruit are raised in the two valleys of the interior, and sugar-cane, cotton, and pineapples are cultivated on the hillsides.

There are three vast groves of this fruit other than the one I have attempted to describe; it, however, is the most flourishing. Probably the freshness of the N. E. trade-wind blowing on the eastern side of the island infuses a hardier life into the trees than those on the sheltered side obtain. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that the grove in question is the greatest both in point of productiveness and of longevity of the trees. For thirty years these trees have flourished, and the yield is as rich to-day as it ever was.

During our stay at St. Andrews the schooner's decks presented as animated a spectacle as one could wish. All day long, day after day, the canoes came and went, loaded to the water's edge with fruit.

In place of the soup-kettle, a great iron pot, full of tar, bubbled and seethed over the galley fire, and all hands and the cook were busy receiving cargo and "pitching the eyes" of the nuts. This operation consists in applying a dab of tar to each of the little round indentations at the small end of the cocoanut. The order to get under way came at last, and with our hold full, and our decks lumbered with baskets of bananas, pineapples and oranges, and wicker coops of fowls, for private consumption, we stood by the taffrail one pleasant Summer evening, watching the evening vapors closing in on St. Andrews, until the outline of the land quite disappeared.

All the discoveries made within the last century were ridiculed and treated with contempt by our forefathers; yet we are equally prejudiced and hostile to all those improvements proposed to us, which will in all probability be adopted by our children.

A KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT IN ASTRAKHAN.

The most interesting object to a traveler at Tsaritsyn, on the Volga, in Southern Russia, is the encampment of Kalmucks outside the town. They are dwellers in tents, which consist of a framework of sticks overlaid with skins and pieces of felt, rounded at the top, a hole being left in the centre for the escape of smoke. The people were dressed in long, dark caftans, bound round the waist with dingy red scarfs, but open in front so as to show their brawny, bronzed chests. Their boots were of red leather, and reached to the knee. Beneath yellow fur-trimmed caps long, black, elf locks hung down on both sides of their swarthy faces, which, by the broad, flat nose, projecting cheek-bones, and long, narrow, almond-shaped eyes, proclaimed their origin.

They are the remnants of the mighty Kalmuck horde that in the reign of Catherine II., urged on by one of those strange impulses to which Asiatics seem so prone, suddenly struck their tents, and ceased not journeying eastward till, at the end of eight months, they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor of China. The few who remained in Russia, and their descendants, have always adhered to the Buddhist faith, and recognize the Grand Lama of Thibet as their head.

Their treatment of the dead is strange and revolting. The bodies are carried to a distance from the encampment, and left on the ground to be devoured by dogs. Then they keep watch, and if more than six dogs feed on the body, they hold the deceased in high veneration; if fewer, the family and the tribe feel that he has disgraced them.

The Russian Government has at last succeeded in suppressing this strange superstition.

THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

The remarkable fish depicted in the accompanying illustration affords a striking instance of the wild and wondrous modifications of form assumed by certain creatures, without any ascertained purpose being gained thereby. We know by analogous reasoning that some wise and beautiful purpose is served by this astonishing variation in form; but as far as is yet known, there is nothing in the habits of this species that accounts for the necessity of this strange shape.

The shape of the body is not unlike that of the generality of sharks, but it is upon the head that the attention is at once riveted. As may be seen from the figure, the head is expanded laterally in a most singular manner, bearing, indeed, no small resemblance to the head of a hammer. The eyes are placed at either end of the projecting extremities, and the mouth is set quite below, its corners just coinciding with a line drawn through the two projecting lobes of the head.

It is worthy of notice, that several of our commonest British insects—those beautiful dragon-flies belonging to the genus Agrion—have heads modeled on a very similar principle, and there are some exotic insects where this singular shape is even more exaggerated, the eyes being set quite at the end of long, lateral footstalks.

This species attains to a considerable size, seven or eight feet being a common measurement, and specimens of eleven or twelve feet having been known. Its flesh is said to be almost uneatable, being hard, coarse and ill-flavored. The hammer-headed shark produces living young, and from the interior of a very fine specimen captured near Tenby in 1839, and measuring more than ten feet in length, were taken no less than 39 young, all perfectly formed, and averaging 19 inches in length.

Several species of hammer-headed sharks are known, among which the heart-headed shark (*Sphyrnias Tiburo*), has the best developed head, and the broad-headed shark (*Sphyrnias láticeps*), the most so. Another species (*Sphyrnias Tudes*), thought to inhabit the Mediterranean, and the shores of Southern America, is intermediate between the two extremes.

The general color of this species is grayish-brown above, and grayish-white below.

BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END.

By Jane G. Austin.

It was just that hour of a golden Summer day when all the world has selected its occupation or its pastime, and an idler too idle even for pastime is apt to find himself alone and unamused—that is to say, it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when Mrs. Clyde, strolling languidly toward the house, between the ranks of poppies and yellow lilies fitly illuminating the oldfashioned garden, stopped short at sight of a young man's figure listlessly leaning in the doorway and expressing in every line a profound *ennui*, or it might be a profound sorrow, for the two diseases are not always distinguishable.

"What a stupid time Percy Grant is having down here," said Mrs. Clyde to herself. "It will really be charitable for me to sit down and amuse him a little instead of reading, as I proposed." And then aloud, "You look lonely, Percy."

For they were first cousins; although bred in distant sections of the States, they had never met until now, by accident, at this quaint seaside farmhouse.

The young man started, a little surprised.

"Lonely! Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Clyde. But every one is out, and I am not strong enongh yet for excursions, so I staid behind."

"Ah yes. You still suffer from that wound. Did not some one say it had broken out afresh?"

"Yes," said Percy Grant, briefly, for here was a young man who was not his own favorite topic.

"Well, come with me as far as the grove, it is only a step; and from the beach there you will get a view of the sea, the smell of the salt water, shade, flowers, and the whole beauty of the day, not to mention the society of your cousin Cathie, whom you choose to call Mrs. Clyde."

"Because I did not know that I might call her anything else," said the young man, smiling a little as he fixed his eyes somewhat keenly upon the pretty face before him.

It did not look like that of a sedate matron, being rosy and dimpled, and lighted by merry hazel eyes and the constant glint of white teeth between bright, curved lips; nor was the rippling, bronze-brown hair, or the *petite* figure, or the coquettish morning toilet, at all venerable, and yet it was now five years since pretty Cathie Wendell had, with her own free consent, become Mrs. Clyde, and the mistress of all the thousands represented by that honorable name.

Percy Grant, tall, swart, and more manly than handsome in face and figure, strode beside this little, fluttering morsel of womankind, and, for the first time, looked at her with interest—an interest finally resulting in the naïve remark:

"Well, then, Cathie, I am very glad that you are my cousin, and that you are going to allow me the privileges of that pleasant relation."

Mrs. Clyde opened her eyes.

"Oh, I don't remember any promise of that nature," said she, glancing up with a half smile.

"Didn't you say I might call you Cathie?"

"No. I said that you did call me Mrs. Clyde."

"And did not that imply that you were willing I should call you by your first name?"

"Well—perhaps yes."

"And is not that a privilege?"

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then pray enjoy it."

"Well, then, are you not giving me the privileges of a cousin?"

Mrs. Clyde pouted a little.

"I did not know you were a lawyer. I thought you were a soldier," said she.

"And so I am, but defense is as important a tactic as offense. I was defending myself."

"Against what, pray?"

"Against your evident intention of patronizing me."

Mrs. Clyde reddened to the roots of her rippling hair.

"What gave you such a notion?" asked she, somewhat indignantly.

"What, that you were about to patronize me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I read it in your step, in your air, in your voice, and in your eyes, as you walked from the garden gate to the porch."

"Absurd!"

"Not in the least. It was very good of you, too. You said to yourself, Here is a poor fellow all alone, and evidently bored to death with his own stupidity. He is a stranger here, and, moreover, my own cousin, so I will waste half an hour in putting him in good humor. And then you asked me to go out in the grove with you."

"And now I have more than half a mind to ask you to go back to your doorway," said Mrs. Clyde, more embarrassed than she often found herself.

"Don't say it unless you mean it, because I shall be sure to go if you do," said Mr. Grant, waiting for an answer before he seated himself upon the other end of the rustic bench, already half covered by Mrs. Clyde's flowing robes.

"You had better sit down," said she, carelessly; and the young man accepted the invitation.

For some moments Mrs. Clyde seemed fully occupied with the view spread before her eyes, and from the attention she bestowed upon the soft headland rising through its purple haze at the mouth of the harbor, she should have been well able to outline it for a topographical survey. But all of a sudden a bubbling laugh rippled over the bright, red lips, and she turned her gleeful eyes full upon her cousin.

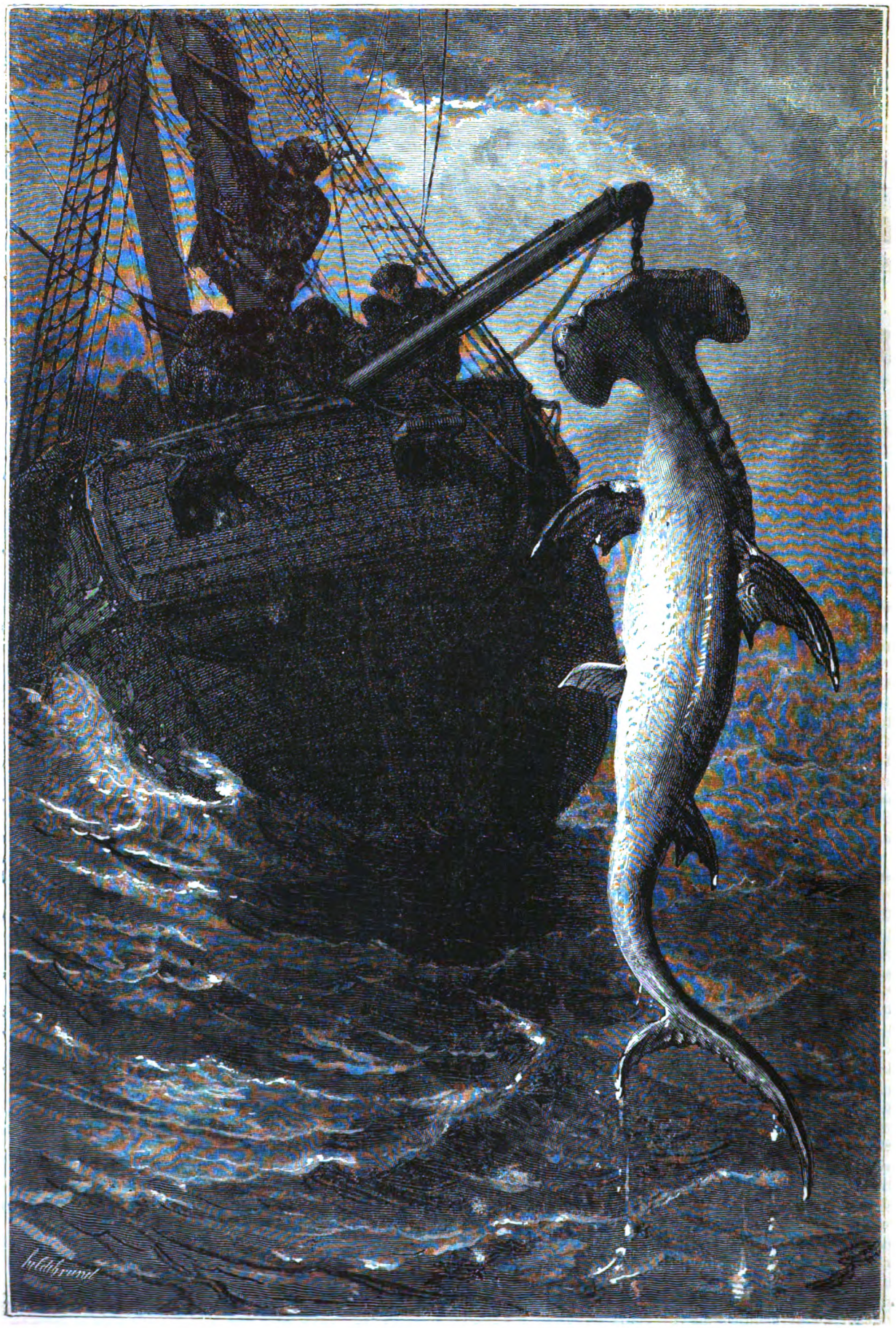
"I had a mind to be vexed," said she. "But I believe I'll laugh instead."

"I am happy to hear the decision, and hope I am not to be denied an explanation of its causes," said Mr. Grant, with tranquility.

"Why, you are so different from what I imagined. I heard you talking politics and things with Mr. Marven, and religion with old Mrs. Winship, and then you looked so blue just now. I fancied you were—won't you mind?"

"I think I can bear it."

"Well, I fancied you were just a bashful, retiring sort of young man, with plenty of sense but not a bit of—well, of *savoir faire* about you. And then you turned the tables so suddenly upon me; and if I did imagine it possible to



THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.—SEE PAGE 698.

BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END.—"'THAT IS THE LADY SEATED UPON THE ROCK,' SAID GRANT, GRIMLY."—SEE PAGE 699.

pa'ronize you a little, I am sure you have effectually undeceived me."

"Thanks for your frankness. So, now that we have at last arrived at a fair understanding of the premises, we will proceed to get acquainted, if you still feel inclined, Cousin Cathie."

"More than ever inclined, Cousin Percy."

And the two chatted until the lengthening shadows and the returning boats and wagons showed that the interval between amusement and feeding had arrived.

That was the way it began; here is how it went on.

Three weeks had passed, and Mr. Grant, almost as strong as he had ever been, roamed discontentedly along the beach, looking for something without which he could not rest. At last he found it nestled in the crevice of a rock—something white and heavy-eyed, and very, very sad.

"Why, Cathie! you have been hiding yourself to cry. Naughty child! What is it, tell me, dear?"

"Oh, Percy!"

"Well, Cathie?"

"I have a letter."

"Yes. I saw them give it you at breakfast-table. Is that the trouble?"

"Yes. It is—it is——"

"From whom?"

"From Mr. Clyde. He will be here to-morrow to stay a few days and take me home."

Percy Grant threw himself upon the sand, and resting his head upon his hand, looked steadfastly out to sea as he asked:

"And will you be sorry to see him, Cathie?"

She did not answer. How could she? At last he said again, still in that low, choked voice:

"Cathie, will you be sorry to see him? You have never wished to speak of him, and I have never urged you, for since the first I have not liked to remember him. Now tell me something of yourself and him. I mean your real relations to each other. Can you, dear?"

"He is seventeen years older than I, and we were married when I was just eighteen. He has always been very good to me, as good as an indulgent father to a petted child, and I have loved him just as such a child should love such a father. I have been very happy, for I did not know that there was any more in life than that which I had at my command."

"And now you are waking up to know what the real joy of life means," groaned Percy Grant, hiding his face in the hollow of his arm, while the great, hungry sea, thundering upon the beach, summoned those two to consign to him for ever the idle dream they had dreamed upon the shore.

"And the worst is that, once waked, one never sleeps again," said Mrs. Clyde, drearily.

A long silence, broken only by the menace of the sea crawling inch by inch toward them, and exulting in his strength, beyond the power of human woe to break. At last he sat upright, and turned his dark, troubled face upon her, while he said:

"Cathie, we have both been wrong, but, thank God, it is not too late! Go back, child, to your gay, bright life, while I go back to the work which is better for me than pleasure. Forget the dream we have dreamed here by the sea, and when we meet again it shall be as friends and cousins—nothing more. Shall it be so?"

He took her hand, but as its soft, clinging touch met his, dropped it, and clinched his own.

"Oh, Cathie!" groaned he, and hid his face.

"God forgive us both, Percy; but I cannot, I cannot!"

"Darling! How can I be strong if you will not help me? I am but a man, and oh, Cathie, you know that I love you!"

She did not speak, but bending low her head, hid her face in her hands, while her slight figure shook like the reeds upon the shore.

Angry with himself for having spoken the words he had determined not to speak, and yet longing to speak yet fonder ones, Grant sprang hastily up, and strode down toward the sea until the incoming wave slid to his very feet.

A step along the beach caused him to turn and face a tall, gray-haired gentleman, who, cane in hand, walked the shingle as if it had been the pave of Wall Street. With the

BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END.—"THEN GRANT, GRASPING HER STILL WITH ONE ARM, FOUGHT BRAVELY WITH THE OTHER TO THE BOAT."

courtesy of such places the two gentlemen saluted, and the stranger spoke.

"A nice place this for a seashore, sir. Pray, can you tell me whether Mrs. Clyde has passed this way?"

"That is the lady seated upon the rock," said Grant, grimly, and watched while the gray-haired gentleman stepped briskly up the beach, calling cheerily:

"Catharine, is that you?"

Watched with eager eyes her start and sudden look toward them both, her tremulous greeting, and the kiss offered by the husband and mechanically received by the wife. Then he sauntered down the beach, with a poor assumption of carelessness, leaving them to return together to the house.

That is how it went on. Here is how it ended:

"This is my cousin, Mr. Grant, of whom I wrote you, Mr. Clyde," said Catharine, the next morning, introducing the two men, who shook hands and professed themselves delighted with the opportunity of becoming acquainted.

"My wife has told me what good care you have taken of her, and you must accept my thanks," said Mr. Clyde. "She is not much used to being thrown upon her own resources, as she seemed to be here, until your arrival."

"It is I who am under obligations to my cousin, sir," replied Grant, coloring in spite of himself at such thanks. "I was ill and lonely, and she took compassion on me. She has been very kind."

"She is always kind. The most amiable little Catharine I ever knew," said the husband, with fond pride, as he smoothed the rippling hair off his wife's drooping head.

"Oh, Mrs. Clyde, we are going for a sail to the Outer Light; won't you and Mr. Clyde join us? Grant, you will go, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Bellows. Would you like to go, Mr. Clyde?"

"Certainly, dear, if you would, and your cousin will accompany us."

Percy hesitated, began an excuse, met Cathie's pleading eyes, and consented. Half an hour later the party assembled on the little pier, a gay, laughing, chatting crowd of young men and women, the oldest matron not over thirty, and all the men but Mr. Clyde under that age.

"Who is the skipper? Isn't James going?" asked some one, as the boat came alongside.

"James is away fishing, and we have to depend on our own resources. Hammond understands sailing the boat, however," said Bellows.

"I don't like the responsibility of sailing it with so many on board," remonstrated Hammond; but as no one heeded or answered him, he said no more, and taking the tiller, got his little craft off shore, and headed for the open sea in a very creditable manner.

"Now let us be jolly. Here are books, luncheon, a guitar, cards, and, if the ladies permit, cigars and pipes," announced one of the young men, inspecting the heap of *impedimenta* thrown beneath the little fore-deck, by whoever brought them aboard.

His companions were not slow in accepting the challenge thus offered, and in a few moments every one was intent upon his or her favorite scheme of amusement, and all laughing, talking, arguing, and exclaiming at once.

"Kitty, if you don't mind, I believe I will go and have a quiet pipe on the bows, where the wind will carry off the smoke. Grant, why don't you and my wife try that game of chess now, that you were speaking of this morning, with the patent pocket-board?"

"Certainly, if Catharine likes to play," said Percy, who had been apparently intent upon some object far out at sea ever since they left the shore.

The board was set, and the game began, as thus:

"I must leave this to-night, Cathie. It would kill me to stay another day."

A low, quivering sigh, and upward glance, and Mrs. Clyde placed her queen in front of her opponent's castle, while she said:

"I shall go myself on Monday. Cannot you wait until after that?"

"Cathie, you have no mercy."

"But to stay here when you are gone! And I cannot ask him to give up his few days of recreation after urging him to come."

"But, Cathie, think of the added torture to me of every day in which I linger here. To go is pain, but to remain is misery. Cathie, I wish that my wound had proved mortal. I wish I had been left dead upon the field."

"Hush, Percy, hush! You frighten me with such terrible words."

"It is not a terrible thing to die, Cathie. It is worse to live as I must live after this."

She slowly raised her eyes and looked full in his with such a flood of tender meaning that he could scarcely resist the mad impulse to snatch her to his heart and claim her his before all the world. But honor, and conscience, and the strength of a man's will stood him in good stead, and he only repeated more desperately:

"I leave this to-night, Cathie, and God only knows when we shall meet again, but not until I can take your husband's hand without the feeling of Judas at my heart."

"How is the game going, Mrs. Clyde!" asked some one, passing across the boat to pick up a handkerchief fluttered away by the rising wind.

Both players glanced at the board, noted its strange confusion, and with a sudden movement Grant allowed the wind to seize it and whirl it overboard.

"Gracious! there goes your board!" exclaimed the spectator, who had not had time to see the position of the pieces before they were sacrificed.

"Never mind; it is only pasteboard, with paper men. One of those pocket contrivances," said Grant, anxious to shield Cathie's burning face from observation.

"Pity to lose it, though. Do you understand our boat, Grant?"

"Very little. I should not like to undertake sailing one for any one but myself."

"The same with me; but, in my humble opinion, Hammond knows still less. He almost capsized while going about last time, and the wind is freshening every moment. I'm afraid we're in for a squall."

"We had better give up the expedition, then, and put back before it is too late," said Grant, looking anxiously at Cathie, who listened without appearing to.

"I'll speak to Hammond," and the male Cassandra made his way aft to the spot where Hammond, surrounded by a host of pretty girls, was trying to enjoy their society and manage the boat at the same time, but who succeeded in neither.

But at the first suggestion of giving up the expedition and returning home, the pretty Privy Council upraised its voice, declaring loudly against such pusillanimity, and so reviling the suggester that he was fain to retreat to his own little party, who sat gravely watching the gathering clouds, the uncertain course of the boat, the sails, now slacking until they almost filled aback, now so suddenly filled as to careen the little craft nearly to her beam-ends.

Percy also noted these points with a steady and comprehensive eye, glanced through the careless, merry groups of revelers, and turned to Cathie with a face of strange meaning.

"It is not a terrible thing to die, I said, dear," repeated he, softly.

She looked wildly into his face.

"Why do you say it now, Percy? Are we likely to die?"

"We are very likely to meet with a serious accident. No one here is capable of managing the boat, we are far from shore, and the wind is rising every moment; we shall have a thunder-storm upon us in fifteen minutes. Cathie, are you afraid?"

She covered her face with her hands for one moment, then raised it pale and radiant.

"No, Percy, I am not afraid. But should it come, and should you be able to save any one, let it be *him*, not me. He must not die and me live—that would be worst of all."

"He shall not die if I can save him, Cathie," said Grant, in a low, deep voice, and she, petted darling though she had always been, neither wondered nor grieved at his speaking no word of saving her.

By this the crisis had come. The pleasure-seekers, suddenly aroused to their danger, became as unreasonable in their alarm as they had been in their carelessness, and by their exclamations, their conflicting advice, and the sobs and tears of some of the women, so confused the helmsman, already sufficiently alarmed, that he lost such self-command as he had hitherto preserved, and as a sudden furious gust from the approaching thunder-cloud swept down upon him, he suffered his sails to be taken aback, and the next instant the boat lay capsized upon the waters, which swallowed, almost without allowing a moment for resistance, nearly every member of the reckless crowd who had sailed out of port as gay and thoughtless as if each held undoubted assurance in his own heart of happy years to come.

Mr. Clyde, lulled by the motion of the boat, the sunshine and his pipe, had dropped asleep, and only woke to find himself struggling in the black and foam-lined waves, the air about him ringing with shrieks and groans and wild exclamations. His first thought, his first word was, "Cathie!"

She was within a few feet of him, battling as we all do at the last for the life we have so bemoaned and longed to leave.

An arm was thrown about her, a gasping voice was in her ear:

"Darling, he shall be saved!"

Then she saw that it was Percy, and that he grasped in his other hand an oar. Carrying her with him, he made his way toward Mr. Clyde, who, as he rose from his first wild plunge, again cried in an anguish of love and terror, 'Cathie! Cathie, darling!"

"Catch this oar! Cling fast, for rescue is at hand. Do not leave it!"

So panted Percy Grant, pushing the oar into the old man's failing grasp. He caught it blindly, and clung, still moaning, but very feebly now, "Cathie! where are you, Cathie?"

Then Grant, grasping her still with one arm, fought bravely with the other toward the boat, to whose edge two or three half-drowned wretches were now clinging. Exhausted, dying, he reached it, and seized her hands to place them upon it, but she, her white face close to his, her eyes bright and clear, her lovely lips smiling serenely, whispered:

"It is not a terrible thing to die, dear love!" and clung fast about his neck.

He drew her to his heart, he kissed her lips for the first, last time, he unclasped his fingers, crisped with a death-grip upon the edge of the boat, and smiling in each other's eyes, clasped in each other's arms, they went down together; the wild waves rolled over the spot where they had sunk, and they rose no more.

Rescue was at hand, as Percy had said. Even in the moment of destruction his quick eyes had caught the glint of a distant sail skimming down toward them.

It was the fisherman who should have held the helm of the ill-fated boat, and who, recognizing her from a distance, and noting her wild career, had made for her in spite of the bursting storm.

He was in time to rescue three out of the merry party of eleven. Among those was a gray-haired man, clinging almost senseless to an oar, who, as he was drawn from the waters, half unclosed his glazing eyes, and feebly murmured, "Cathie, is it you?"

But he lived, and recovered health and strength, and even cheerfulness. He was wont to say, "She was a darling child, scarcely a woman, I think, except in her constant affection toward me. I shall always believe she gave up her own chance of life to save mine. I am quite sure she could have grasped that oar which some one pushed within my reach. Why she did not, except that she left it to me, I cannot tell. I suppose now I never shall know. And that fine young Grant, too. Strange, strange that those two fresh, strong young lives should have been lost and mine saved. Very strange."

Nor did he ever know, or could any one tell him, that those two had died because death is not so terrible as life, and is the true solution of life's weary riddle.

"LACROSSE."

THE only game, save the savage pleasures of the war and the chase, which the white man found the red man of North America enjoying when he landed on these shores was the Indian ball game known among the Five Nations by a name which had nearly as many consonants as there were players, "Tekentshikwaheks," and among other tribes by the more mellifluous appellation, "Baggatway."

The sport commended itself to the Indians by its simplicity of aim and its wild rush and excitement. They found in it the divine fury of combat, and its trial of endurance and muscle gave it a zest and importance which no mere trial of skill, no quieter sport could command. The early travelers among the Indians say that the utter wildness and fury of play in the original game surpasses anything ever before or since recorded of any field sport. In its exercise the grave and taciturn red man became as noisy and hilarious as an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. Certainly no other game of the kind has so tragic a story as is connected with this, for it is associated with one of the saddest episodes of our colonial history, that massacre of the British garrison at Fort Mackinaw, which was the first fruits of the conspiracy of Pontiac.

On the 4th of July, 1763, the Ojibywas assembled in large numbers before the fort and invited the garrison to witness the game of "baggatway." The gates were thrown open and the officers and men lounged about to see the sport. The Indians, under pretense of driving the ball through the goal next the gate, gathered their whole force of warriors under the walls of the fort, and at a given signal rushed in and murdered every man in the garrison. This deed of blood has given "Lacrosse" a place in history which happily no other field sport possesses.

The capabilities of the game were early seen and appreciated by the white settlers in Canada, and they quickly seized upon it for their own. It continually grew in favor, and eighteen years ago, on the first "Dominion Day," it was formally adopted as the national game of the Dominion

of Canada. Civilization has made strange work with it, and now it differs materially from the wild sport of the warriors of the five nations. From a rough pastime it has become a regular and even scientific game, though it yet retains many of the characteristics which brought it into so great favor with the red men. With change of manner has come change of name. The hook-like stick used in tossing the ball reminded the French settlers of the pastoral crook, the bishop's crozier, and so they called the sport *le jeu de la crosse*, the game of the crozier. By the English-speaking people this title has been shortened to Lacrosse, the name which the sport now bears.

CONDORS ATTACKING A CALF.

THE old stories of condors carrying off buffaloes and human beings have long been exploded, but these animals, in their fierceness and strength, do not hesitate to attack even man.

When they attempt to capture a calf or the young of the llama, the condor does not generally attempt it alone; and the animal falls beneath the blows of a mob. Such a scene is depicted in our sketch, where several have attempted to secure a veal dinner, but have aroused a stern protest from the matronly cow. The fight is a curious one; the timid calf can render no assistance, and the powerful *buitres*, some of them with wings spreading to fifteen feet, are as adroit as they are strong. They will circle around, approach, retire and threaten, till one diverts the attention of the cow long enough to permit another to dash at the eyes of the calf; or with its powerful beak lay open the belly. Once disabled, the calf is soon abandoned by its dam, and becomes a prey to the assailants.

The general color of this bird is a grayish black, but the adult bird exhibits a large white patch on its wings, and the secondary feathers of the wings are tipped with white. Around the neck is a beautiful white downy collar or ruff of soft feathers. The male has a fleshy crest, extending down over the beak. The female disdains a nest, and lays her eggs on the bare rock.

In the province of Huarochirin there is a large natural funnel-shaped excavation, about sixty feet deep, with a diameter of about eighty feet at the top. A dead mule is placed on the brink of the precipice. The tugging of the condors at the dead carcass causes it to fall into the hole; they follow it with greedy haste, and, having gorged themselves with food, are unable to rise from the narrow bottom of the funnel. Tschudi saw the Indians kill at once, with sticks, twenty-eight of the birds which had been thus entrapped. In a somewhat similar manner condors are caught in Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, as far as their range extends, and are frequently brought to Valparaiso and Callao, where they are sold for a few dollars to the foreign ships, and thence conveyed to Europe.

THE greatest scholars are not the wisest men.

CONDORS ATTACKING A CALF.

EVENING ON THE LAKE.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

THE marquis and marquise talked a good deal on their way to Les Sapinières, but Johnny did not join in much. One miserable thought after another came to occupy his mind. He did not wake to outer things till the coachman drew up suddenly at the turn into the avenue, in obedience to the energetic beckonings of M. le Curé de Sonnay, who was walking up the road with two or three peasants straggling behind him.

"Madame," said the Curé, arriving breathless at the carriage-door, "you are going to the château ?"

"Mais oui, M. le curé."

"Mme. la Comtesse is not there. I have just met her driving off with mademoiselle sa nièce to Rochemar, to carry the sad news."

"Ah, mon Dieu ! And you have heard nothing more ? No trace has been found ?"

The curé sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

"We are all in confusion. Auguste could not discover at the station that any one who could possibly be mademoiselle had left by train last night. They say that an English gentleman did leave, which makes it even more mysterious ; for if M. Wyatt is gone away by himself, where are we to look for mademoiselle ?"

"And they were seen walking away together from the château ?" said M. de Valmont.

"Oui, monsieur. Where are you, Mère Chapin ? Mme. la Comtesse has forgiven you, so we must not say much, but it was your fault that they had time to escape."

"Ah, dame," said the little shepherdess, with a gesture of despair, when the curé turned to her, looking as severe as his natural benevolence would allow, "M. le Curé says it was my fault. And how could I know ? How could I tell that the English gentleman meant any harm, walking straight down the road with mademoiselle sa cousine ?"

"Go on," said the curé, sternly. "You know that ought to have shown you that all was not right."

"Mademoiselle was crying as she walked," said La Chapin, looking up at Mme. de Valmont, and nodding her old head violently. "She did not look at me, but ce monsieur came up to me and said a few words."

"What did he say ?" said Mme. de Valmont, impatiently.

"I am going to tell Mme. la Marquise. He said, 'Allons, Mère Chapin, you are going straight home, n'est-ce pas ? You are not going to the château, to tell the people there that you have met me walking in the avenue ?' 'Mais non, monsieur,' said I ; 'who would have thought of it ! Is it my affair if monsieur and mademoiselle choose to walk out in the dusk ?' 'Not at all,' said he ; 'and so you are going to forget all about it. Here is a little present for you.' And he gave me a twenty-franc piece."

"Méchant !" muttered the curé.

"And that did not make you suspect something wrong, ma bonne femme ?" said M. de Valmont.

"Dame, I don't know, M. le Marquis. It was not the first money that the gentleman had given me. He is very good to the poor. I only thought that I had a piece of very good fortune, till they came to wake me up from my bed to say that mademoiselle was gone."

"But how did she go ?" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont. "She could not walk to Carillon. Was any carriage seen about the place, do you know, M. le Curé ?'

"Madame, the only carriage that passed through the village yesterday evening was that of Mme. la Baronne d'Yves. I saw it myself as I came from the church; she was in it herself. She stopped at the house of the poor woman Robert, to whom she has been very charitable. Her goodness to the poor is a marvel."

"Indeed," said Mme. de Valmont. "Well, we will not follow Mme. de Saint-Hilaire to Rochemar, and there is no use in going to Les Sapinières. We will go to Carillon. You will come with us, M. Johnny?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Morin, drive to Carillon. Adieu, M. le Curé."

The priest lifted his broad hat, and then stood with a sad face, looking after the receding carriage. He had a very sincere affection for the little demoiselle, who had always been so dutiful to him and so good to his people. The change in her lately had not escaped him, and he had been looking forward with anxiety to the departure of these English cousins, who could teach her nothing good. But the real result of their influence was much more dreadful than any of his vague dreams. Certainly, it was not much that earthly care could do to keep a wandering soul in the right way. The old man murmured a Pater and an Ave as he stood still on the road.

While the carriage rolled swiftly on its way toward Carillon, Mme. de Valmont told her two companions what reasons she had for a faint suspicion that Mme. d'Yves might somehow be concerned in Marie's flight.

"Your brother is acquainted with her," she said to Johnny, "and as I drove to Les Sapinières on Monday I saw him talking to her in the road. Then I overtook that poor child in the avenue. She seemed altogether in a strange humor, and talked among other things of the charity and goodness of this Mme. d'Yves. If I had dreamed of this—ah, how I wish I had talked more to her, and discovered all!"

"Do not trouble yourself with regrets," said her husband. "We may yet be in time to do some good. I agree with you—this Mme. d'Yves is a woman without scruples, and would certainly be ready to help in anything of this kind. Still, I should like to discover her motive."

"That is easy enough," said Mme. de Valmont. "She would do anything for revenge on Mme. de Rochemar. If it had not been for her, she might probably have established herself in society. Do you see?"

"Is it not wonderful how these ladies understand each other?" said M. de Valmont to Johnny, lifting his shoulders and eyebrows in astonishment.

His wife laughed.

"This is no time for joking, *mon ami*," she said. "The least I mean to do at Carillon is to discover what Mme. d'Yves knows of Marie."

"If Frank went off by train last night, and left her behind, she herself may be with Mme. d'Yves," said Johnny.

"So much the better. I shall find that out, and not leave Carillon without seeing her," said the marquise, decidedly.

Morin pulled up at the entrance of the town and looked round for orders.

"To the château," said M. de Valmont.

It was a wonderful thing to see one of the best known carriages in the neighborhood going full tilt through the narrow lanes that led to the river, and on down the poplar avenue to the front of the old château. People came out to stare. The washerwomen, ever busy in their little creek, stopped their work, and stood up with wet, shining arms, quite forgetful of their good manners, and incapable for the moment of anything but a prolonged gaze. The place itself was perfectly silent; the flowers bloomed against the rough old walls; the towers trembled on the broad, rippling stream. The carriage stopped in front of the great gates, which were tight shut, as well as the little postern-door beside them. M. de Valmont got out and pulled the bell that hung beside this door. It rang and resounded all through the place. Then there was silence again. They might have arrived at an uninhabited castle, or at least an enchanted one. Mme. de Valmont sat looking at the gates, as if she expected them to open of themselves, and Johnny, who felt as if all this was a horrid dream, stared mechanically at the card she held in her hand, "Mise. de Valmont." He read the letters backward and forward five or six times. Then the marquis came back to the carriage-door.

"We might as well have inquired at the station on our way," he said. "The whole family may have started for Paris this morning."

"I do not think so. I believe they are here," said Mme. de Valmont. "You had better ring again. Wait—we will get out, so that there may be no unnecessary delay."

Again the bell pealed, louder and longer than before. The door was suddenly opened by a footman, who looked rather incongruous, standing in that twelfth-century postern. Mme. de Valmont walked forward so decidedly that he was obliged to fall back, and allow her to pass into the little, dark courtyard under the old gateway.

"Mme. d'Yves is at home?" said she. "Take these cards to her, and tell her that the Marquise de Valmont begs the favor of a few minutes' talk."

The man bowed. "Par ici, madame," he said, and led the way up the corner staircase to the *salon*.

"We will stay here, mon cher," said the marquis to Johnny. "Mme. de Valmont will manage that lady better by herself."

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUIS DE ROCHEMAR.

WHILE Mme. de Valmont was waiting in the little Parisian *salon* for its owner, who did not seem inclined to appear, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and Agnes were just arriving at Rochemar.

Agnes almost forgot her own consternation and shame at Frank's behavior in the admiration she felt for her aunt. Not one harsh word had passed the old comtesse's lips against Marie, the child she had brought up; whose weak and delicate youth she had tended so carefully, whose happiness she had studied, who had been for so long the one object of all her thoughts and doings. After the first anxiety, when the truth was too plain to all eyes, she was very silent; she poured out no blame on any one. When the old shepherdess came, with tears running down her withered cheeks, and penitently confessed the meeting in the avenue, begging her mistress to forgive her for her stupid silence, the comtesse looked at her sadly, and stretched out a kind hand.

"Do not distress yourself, ma pauvre femme. It is not your fault. They would have escaped in spite of you. Do not spread this news about the country," she added, addressing the group of servants. "Now go to bed, all of you. Good-night, Agnes."

On Wednesday she was down early as usual. When Agnes joined her she was just come in from the yard, and was standing in the *salon* with her hat on, and her stick in her hand. Peloton sat at a little distance, looking at her. He might well look, Agnes thought with a sudden shiver, as she caught the first glimpse of her aunt in an opposite

mirror. There was a stoop in her upright shoulders, the hand that held her stick trembled, and her usually placid face looked worn and haggard. Sleep had been far from her eyes that night, it was plain enough.

"Bon jour, ma chère," she said, turning quietly to Agnes as she came in. "Will you put on your hat, and go with me by-and-by to Rochemar?"

"Yes, ma tante," said Agnes faintly. Then she came forward, took the old woman's hand and kissed it, and looked up into her face through suddenly falling tears. "I don't know how you can speak so kindly to me, or how you can endure the sight of me, when my brother has been so wicked, so ungrateful ——"

"I like justice myself," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "This affair makes you unhappy enough, I can see that. You are not responsible for other people's doings. I was a foolish old woman, it seems, to trust Frank as I did; but who would have imagined that you had no suspicion?"

"Suspicion that he dreamed of this? No, indeed. I knew that he was very fond of Marie, and that her engagement was a trouble to him."

"So did I. He confessed all that to me last Sunday. What falseness! I was utterly deceived. A character, too, that seemed so open and so gentle. Now if it had been John! There is something odd and reserved about John."

"Ah!" cried Agnes, "indeed you do not understand them. Johnny has an absent manner, but he is truthful, sincere, unselfish, honorable. Poor Frank — one cannot wish to blame him any more, but he has always had a way of thinking of himself first. He never cared very much how he got what he wanted, or what pain he gave · but this is beyond anything I ever dreamed of."

"Not much chance of happiness for my poor Marie, with a temper like that," said the comtesse. "She has chosen a sad fate for herself. With her peculiar character, it was necessary that her husband should be very amiable—patient, unselfish, compassionate. I knew that very well, and I had found a person who had all these virtues. Poor Louis! They are happy at Rochemar this morning. I cannot wait for them to come here. I must go and tell them the heart-breaking news."

So in the course of that sad morning they climbed the hill to Rochemar. As Auguste stopped his horses under the high arched entrance of the *cour d'honneur*, somebody in a velveteen coat came forward into the gateway. A short, dark-complexioned young man, with a grave countenance, and a black moustache, and small, pointed beard.

"There is the marquis. Ah, que c'est navrant!" sighed Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

M. de Rochemar came up and opened the carriage-door, and offered his hand to help her out, his face suddenly brightened and transfigured by a very sweet smile.

"Here I am, returned at last, madame," he said. "I hope to pay you a visit this afternoon."

"We will talk of that presently," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I am charmed to see you looking so well. Let me present you to my niece, Mdlle. Wyatt."

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," said the marquis, bowing. "I have heard of you already from my mother, and of messieurs vos frères too. I hope to make their acquaintance."

"Merci, monsieur," said Agnes. "I am afraid we are all going away at once."

"Ah, I hope not," said M. de Rochemar; and then he offered his arm to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was walking very feebly into the house. "May I ask for mademoiselle your granddaughter?" Agnes heard him say, as she followed him.

"No. I have something to tell you—but your mother must hear it too."

"Dear madame, you frighten me."

"Have a moment's patience."

M. Louis said no more, but took her into the *salon*, where his mother appeared immediately, hurrying to meet them with delighted exclamations.

"But where is our angel? Where is the Flower of Anjou? You have not had the heart to leave her behind?"

"You ask me where she is, madame," said the old comtesse, supporting herself on her stick, and leaning with the other hand on the back of a chair. For a moment she seemed unable to say anything more; she looked from Louis to his mother, and shook her head.

There was something in her manner so solemn and so terrible that the lively Mme. de Rochemar stood for an instant as if she was turned to stone. Then she glanced at Agnes, and shrieked, striking her hands together.

"Ah, mon Dieu! What has happened? Mademoiselle is crying. Is she dead, then, our angel!"

"Madame, I entreat you, tell us the worst at once," said M. de Rochemar. As he spoke he went up to his mother and took both her trembling hands in his. "Calm yourself, ma mère."

"Listen, then," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "She is gone. She left Les Sapinières last night, and Heaven knows that I would give all I have to be able to tell you where she is now. We have lost her."

"Did she go alone?" said M. de Rochemar, turning very pale, but stilling his mother with an affectionate pressure of her hands.

"No. With her English cousin, Frank Wyatt. Agnes, mon enfant," said the old woman, turning suddenly to her niece, "this is painful for you. I should not have brought you here. But your brother's fault is not yours."

"No, indeed," said M. de Rochemar. "But I am grieved and shocked to think that——"

"Ah, I cannot bear it!" cried his mother, throwing herself into a seat, and bursting out into a passion of hysterical crying.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, still leaning on the back of a chair, stooped forward and covered her face with her hand.

"Come with me, ma très-chère," said Louis, tenderly, putting his arm round his mother. "Pardon, madame; I will come back to you in a moment."

"Ma tante, would not you sit down?" said Agnes, when the mother and son had left the room together.

"No," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

But when the marquis returned he brought forward an arm-chair, and gently insisted on her taking it. Agnes was obliged to do the same, and then he stood still for a moment in front of them. Agnes could see that he was very much moved, and scarcely knew whether she felt more pity or admiration for this man, whose joyful hopes had met with such a downfall, and who could yet command himself, putting aside all appearance of resentment, or even surprise, and be ready with steady tenderness to dry a weak woman's tears.

"Have we been mistaken all this time?" he said. "My mother gave me to understand that Mdlle. Marie accepted me of her own free will. Was not that the case, madame?"

"I assure you that it was," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "This terrible thing is as great a surprise to me as to you."

"And the English gentleman," said M. de Rochemar, with an apologetic glance at Agnes—"did she know him before? Was it, perhaps, a long, hopeless attachment?"

"No, indeed. She never saw him till after she was engaged to you. I had the greatest confidence in him—so had every one else. It must be confessed that they were much together, and that he occupied himself a great deal with her amusement. But that, you know, in England, is

the way with young people, especially if they are related to each other. Still, I should have been more watchful. It was my fault."

"I fear that cette pauvre demoiselle must have suffered very much before she felt herself driven to such a step," said M. de Rochemar. "Had I only been here sooner I might have seen it, and withdrawn myself. I would not have stood in the way of her happiness."

"You are too generous," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I can only hope that you may in time find a wife more worthy of you. I know that Marie has thrown away her happiness. There is no trust to be placed in a person who could do as Frank has done. He has lived in my house, won my confidence, and then stolen away my only treasure."

"When did it happen?" said M. de Rochemar. "Have you any idea where they are gone?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire told him all the sad story, going through the circumstances slowly and emphatically. The marquis sat down, frowning, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Ma tante," said Agnes, suddenly coming forward, "I believe it was all my fault. I might have prevented it."

"How, my child?"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said Louis, looking up at her. "It is most likely that no one could have prevented it."

"But listen to me," said Agnes. "Frank told me one day, some time ago, about his affection for Marie, and that he believed she cared for him. I told him he ought to go away. He would not hear of that. I suppose I ought not to have held my tongue and let things take their course, as I did; but I trusted him. I was sorry for him; but, of course, I thought he was perfectly hopeless."

"You acted quite naturally, my dear," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I trusted him too, and did very much the same. When he spoke to me on Sunday, as I have told you, Louis, he offered to go away at once, if I thought it better. I begged him to stay. We have made a sad mess of it among us, but certainly I was the blindest and the most to blame. The thought of being allied with you was a great happiness to me, and I am sorry indeed to give it up. You, perhaps, already feel that it is fortunate for you. It will not be long before my poor Marie finds out her mistake—deceived like all of us, but the most terribly of all. I had better not stay here," she said, getting up. "I should like to know how your mother is, and then my niece and I will return home. Is the carriage there?"

"Do not think of leaving us yet, I beg of you, madame," said M. de Rochemar. "We cannot remain in this state of miserable uncertainty. Surely you wish to know where Mdlle. Marie is gone, and what she is doing? I understand that you have not even any proof that she has left Carillon. When our friends leave us in this way, we cannot at once lose all interest in them."

"That is true enough," said the comtesse, wearily. "But how are we to find out these things? I thought we could only wait for a letter. She is not so unnatural as to leave me long in suspense."

"I hope not; but three or four days may pass before the letter comes. We must try and ascertain something in the meanwhile. We will make no public inquiries; but I have friends enough at Carillon to find out anything I want to know. Will you let me carry out my little plan?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had sat down again, and was looking up wistfully into the grave face opposite her, darkened by the African sun, and now hiding all deep feeling under a quiet, matter-of-fact expression. The marquis was certainly a strong contrast to the tall, graceful, refined-looking Frank Wyatt; yet there was a soldierly dignity about him, a real naturalness and unaffected honesty which did not really lose in comparison with the careless, easy openness of Frank. Art often beats Nature in these things, and it is only a connoisseur who can always distinguish between the copy and the original.

"Then what do you want me to do?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"I want you and mademoiselle your niece to stay here and take care of my mother, while I go to Carillon. My poor mother cannot be left alone."

"I will do as you wish. But listen to me a moment. It is very wrong that you should do this. You ought to have nothing more to say to us. You have been treated in the most dreadful way by this girl, and you still care what becomes of her? Let somebody else take all this trouble. It is not your place."

"Madame, I did not think you wished to give me up as a friend. Say nothing more about it, I beg. I have known Mdlle. Marie for many years, and I think no one has a better right to take an interest in her."

Louis came forward, and kissed the old lady's hand; then he made a low bow to Agnes, and left the room without saying any more.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire rocked herself backward and forward in her chair, and sighed deeply once or twice.

"Well, Agnes, what do you think of him?"

"Ma tante, there is something about him that makes one think of the old paladins."

"You are right. We have not many such in the world now. He is like his father, who was the most chivalrous gentleman in France. Ah, Marie, thou little stupid one, what a parti hast thou thrown away!"

M. le Marquis de Rochemar muffled himself up in a large scarf, for the air was cold that October morning, jumped into his dog-cart, and drove off at a great pace. He had not a very clear idea of what he was going to do, but of one thing he was pretty sure—that he would succeed in finding out whether Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire and her English lover had left Carillon station; and if so, by what train.

CHAPTER XXII.

EN CACHETTE.

FRANK WYATT had made one great mistake, as the cleverest people sometimes do, perhaps fortunately for their less brilliant fellow-creatures. If he wished to keep his stolen prize, he should at all risks have carried it off with him at once. To leave Marie to her own reflections, shut up for so many hours in the Château de Carillon, deprived of the excitement of his presence, and with nothing to do but to wait and think things over, was about the most stupid thing he could have done.

She found herself almost imprisoned in a small, cell-like room, where Mme. d'Yves, her hostess or jailer, was constantly looking in upon her, with nods and glances and scraps of encouragement that jarred dreadfully on the little demoiselle. The first sign of reaction, which came on so early as Tuesday night, was a return of all her former prejudice against Mme. d'Yves and her black eyes. She hated her, and would scarcely answer when she spoke to her, quite forgetting how grateful she ought to be for the ready good-nature and hospitality which had made her elopement such an easy affair. Madame d'Yves remarked to her husband that she hoped M. Wyatt would be able to manage the young lady; she was quite beyond her.

Things got worse as the night went on. The wind howled round the old towers and turrets, the river splashed and gurgled, and Marie, wide awake with excitement, fancied all sorts of ghostly noises in the château, to which she was paying her first visit after such a strange fashion. She

thought it was very wrong of Frank to bring her to such a place as this, and to leave her in the charge of a woman like Mme. d'Yves. Then came a flood of repentance. What had she been thinking of? How could she have done it? Cruel, wicked, ungrateful girl, to leave her poor grandmother in such terrible anxiety! What was her grandmother doing now? Not sleeping her own, healthy, peaceful sleep, Marie was quite sure. And then she pictured all the search to herself, the uncertainty, the hunting far and near, the crying and bewailing over the lost child. Ah! could that be the wind, that melancholy noise? it was like somebody crying. Marie crossed herself, and then suddenly felt that she had no right to do that, while she was deliberately committing this dreadful sin. She almost heard her grandmother calling, and then she got up and tried to open the door. It was locked, but she shook it, and cried, "Grand'mère, grand'mère!" Only the moaning wind answered her; that sad cry could never reach her grandmother's anxious ears. There was nothing for it but to lie down again and cry very bitterly, so gradually sobbing herself into a sleep broken by dreams and sudden starts of terror.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—PRESENTATION OF THE WEDDING GIFTS.

In the morning Mme. d'Yves unlocked the door herself and brought in a cup of coffee. She found Marie already dressed, and walking up and down the room like a captive creature, her face very pale, and her eyes hollow and worn.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," said Mme. d'Yves, who looked smart and agreeable in a rose-colored peignoir trimmed with white lace. "You have slept well, I hope. *Tiens!* you are dressed already. I wonder you troubled yourself to get up so early."

"Thank you, madame," said Marie. You are very good. I have not slept at all."

"Indeed! what a pity! That was really unwise, mademoiselle, considering the journey that is before us. However, you must rest yourself during the day."

"Why did you trouble yourself to do that, madame?" Marie said, pointing to the coffee.

"I thought I should like to see how my charge found herself this morning," said Madame d'Yves, showing her teeth in a cheerful smile. "I do not wonder, myself, that you feel upset. Such things don't happen every day, and they are seldom thoroughly pleasant at the time."

"I never went through anything half so dreadful!" said Marie; at which her hostess laughed.

"Allons, mademoiselle, you have not had much to do for yourself. No jumping out of the window, or riding twenty miles, or hiding in woods, or any of those difficulties that one expects on these occasions. Everything has been arranged for you easily enough. I will say for these English gentlemen that they are very considerate. If you had

only heard the long discourses that M. Wyatt used to make to me on the subject. He was so unhappy, and I pitied him so much, poor fellow, that I was obliged to help him. And I think I may say that we arranged the affair very cleverly between us."

"You did, indeed," said Marie, but her tone of voice was anything but grateful.

"To be sure," said Mme. d'Yves, "we are not safely through with it yet. We have to get to Paris; but the worst part is over, now that you are with me. And once in Paris, let them search for you!"

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried Marie, suddenly sitting down, and hiding her face in her hands.

Mme. d'Yves stood and looked at her, with her hands folded on her peignoir, till one or two long sobs shook the small, stooping figure, and tears began to steal through the stiff, slender fingers.

"Allons! voyons! what is there to cry about, mademoiselle? One would think everything was going wrong, and that you were to be taken back home and married against your will. It is a bad compliment to ce pauvre monsieur, who has gone off to Paris to prepare for you. Or perhaps it is that the time seems so long. Bien! I am very sorry, but we cannot possibly start till this evening. Not so many hours, after all. Have a little patience, and do not cry, *ma petite*. It is a pity to spoil your pretty eyes for no reason."

In the course of her consolations, Mme. d'Yves advanced quite close to Marie, and stooped over her, gently touching her soft, dark hair. Marie started and shook off the touch, regaining her self-command with a sudden effort, and her hostess retreated several steps, staring at her. She was puzzled, not unnaturally, and perhaps resolved that this should be the last time she would give any help in the love affairs of a young lady of the noblesse.

"Madame," said Marie, standing up, "do you really wish to be kind to me?"

"You ask me that, mademoiselle?" with an expressive shrug.

"Then will you send a message for me to my grandmother? It makes me miserable to think how anxious she must be. Just a few words, to tell her that I am safe and well, and that I will write to her from Paris. She will die of anxiety if she hears nothing."

Mme. d'Yves screwed up her mouth, raised her eyebrows, and looked very grave.

"You should have thought of all that before, mademoiselle," she said. "As for sending a message, it is far too dangerous. I could not possibly do such a thing. Why, how should I get you away to Paris, if your grandmother knew you were here? She supposes that you are already hundreds of leagues away. Do not you see that your safety lies in the fact that no one suspects me? Be a little reasonable, *je vous en prie*."

"I wish I had never done it," said Marie. She stopped for a moment, and looked round at the narrow walls of her room with a sort of desperation. "I am like a prisoner here. I cannot get out, or do anything I choose. What will become of me?"

"Mademoiselle," said Mme. d'Yves, shaking her head, "forgive me, but you are too impatient. I am sorry you find yourself so uncomfortable here, but it was part of the plan that you should be carefully hidden in my house for a night and a day. It was done to please you, and if you complain, it is of the fate that you have chosen for yourself. It is absurd for you to think of going out to-day. I gave my word to M. Wyatt that I would keep you safely, and I assure you that I mean to do it. Take my advice and be contented."

Marie only answered by something between a sigh and an exclamation of rage. Mme. d'Yves left her to recover her temper, and went away to her husband with uplifted hands and eyes.

"Quel diable de caractère! That poor Englishman! I pity him with all my heart."

It was two or three hours after this that Mme. de Valmont arrived at the château. When she had waited some minutes in the *salon*, listening to every sound, and moving uneasily from window to window, M. d'Yves came in, bowing, with his Panama hat in his hand. His wife would have the honor of attending madame instantly. In the meanwhile might he offer his services? Was there anything he could do? First of all, he begged that madame would sit down.

"It is not worth the trouble, monsieur," said Mme. de Valmont. "I have only a few words to say to Mme. d'Yves. I must apologize for such an early visit, but the affair is urgent."

"And I cannot give you any assistance, madame?" said M. d'Yves.

"I suppose you have heard of the melancholy flight of Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire. Can you give me any news of her?"

M. d'Yves muttered an exclamation or two, shrugged his shoulders, and looked impenetrable.

"What news do you expect from me, madame? To be sure I have heard—so has the whole country, I suppose. Such things make a noise when they happen in good society."

"I want to find out where the young lady is now. Can you give me no help, monsieur?"

"Help, madame! Nothing but conjecture. Let us see; can they have reached England by this time? Or, perhaps, they might choose to go in some other direction. Poor Mme. de Saint-Hilaire! It must be a trial to her, but it will be a lesson never to trust the English."

"The English are very good people," said Mme. de Valmont. "Such men as this are the exception."

"C'est possible. You have driven from Lauron this morning, madame? May I venture to offer you breakfast? It will be ready in a few minutes."

"Merci bien, monsieur. We must return at once. Perhaps I need not trouble Mme. d'Yves this morning," said the marquise, glancing impatiently at the door.

"Pardon. She will be here in a moment. If you would have the goodness to sit down."

Mme. de Valmont was not unwilling to wait, for she had a sort of idea that Mme. d'Yves might have some information that her husband either did not know or did not choose to tell, and that it would be a pity to go away without trying all sources.

So she condescended to take one of the elegant little chairs, and to admire some handsome china which M. d'Yves brought forward for her inspection, little thinking how near she was to the object of her inquiries.

All this time M. de Valmont and Johnny were waiting in the little courtyard. They stood talking in the inner archway, which led into the garden, still gay and bright in Autumn beauty.

Johnny was interested by the curious old, gray mass of buildings, and walked a few steps forward into the garden to have a better view of them.

"They could hide twenty people in these queer old towers," he said to M. de Valmont.

"All sorts of strange things happened here in the Revolution," said the Marquis. "There are rooms that one cannot discover from outside. Look, do you see that little loophole close to the corner of the wall, half hidden by the gateway? I wonder what sort of place gets the light through

that. Wait for me here. I must speak to the coachman;" and he walked off, while Johnny lingered and looked up with curious eyes at the rugged walls and turrets that rose above him.

Suddenly a little white thing fell on the pavement at his feet, and he stooped instinctively to pick it up. It was a piece of paper, wrapped round a brooch that Marie often wore, with a few almost illegible words scribbled on it:

"JOHNNY, I am shut up here. I shall die. Come and let me out."

"O, by Jove, what does this mean! What have those confounded French beggars been doing to that little girl!" ejaculated Johnny. "Now how am I to get at her?"

A moment's inspection of the neighboring wall showed him a little narrow door in the recess between this turret and the next. He seized the iron ring that served as handle; the door was unlocked, and opened easily on the foot of a winding stone staircase. Up this Johnny sprang, turned into a twilight passage on the right, and found himself close to a door, of which the key was in the lock. He knocked, and there was a stifled cry inside. The handle was turned and shaken, and then came an eager voice—"Make haste, make haste, open the door!" Johnny wrenched the key round, and flung the door open. The next moment Marie was clinging to his arm.

"Where did you come from? Oh, I heard your voice, and another voice that I knew. Who was it? Did you come to look for me?"

"It was M. de Valmont," said Johnny. "Yes, we came to look for you. Mme. de Valmont is in the house with Mme. d'Yves."

"Ah! then she has been telling lies, and saying that I am not here. That dear Mme. de Valmont! Where is she? Take me to her, Johnny."

"Yes, you had better come to her at once," said Johnny. "You poor little thing, what have they been doing to you? Come along. Mind how you go down these horrid stairs. There, keep hold of me, and you will be all right."

"Yes, yes," said Marie, as they hurried down. "But where is my grandmother? Have you seen her? Is she here?"

"No. Mme. de Valmont will take you home."

Mme. d'Yves had not yet appeared in the *salon*, and Mme. de Valmont was getting a little tired of admiring the china, when she heard hurried, uncertain steps coming up to the door.

Fortunately for M. le Baron's beautiful Sèvres, she had just had time to put down the cup she was holding, when Johnny and Marie dashed into the room together.

"Ah!" cried Mme. de Valmont.

She rose up suddenly, and held out her arms to the poor little prodigal, who ran into them without even seeing that there was anyone else in the room. Johnny went quietly and looked out of the window. M. d'Yves pulled his moustache, stared from one to another, and muttered to himself. Another door opened, and Mme. d'Yves, elegantly dressed, and smiling, advanced into the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

MME. DE VALMONT disengaged herself gently from Marie's embrace, and made a low inclination to Mme. d'Yves, who returned it with one equally formal. Then there was a moment's silence, broken by Mme. d'Yves, who began in rather a weak voice.

"Tiens! Mademoiselle has changed her mind. I understood that she wished to hide herself. I beg your pardon, madame, for making you wait so long, but I was unavoidably detained. I am charmed to see you. Bon jour, monsieur," with another curtsey to Johnny. "It is monsieur votre fils, madame?"

"No, madame. It is a friend of mine. Will you have the goodness," said Mme. de Valmont, turning to Johnny, "to see if the carriage is there?"

Johnny bowed and left the room. M. d'Yves was standing in a corner, making faces. In obedience to a glance from his wife, he went out after Johnny. Marie stood half behind Mme. de Valmont, and Mme. d'Yves politely begged them to sit down.

"Merci, madame," said the Marquise. "My little affair has arranged itself, you see. I came to ask whether you could give me any tidings of Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire. Monsieur votre mari appeared quite unable to do so. You see I am satisfied, though at the same time very much astonished. Did you come to this house of your own free will, my dear Marie, or what is the meaning of it all?"

"Yes, madame, I did. I was very wrong, and I am very sorry," answered Marie, in a low voice.

"Does mademoiselle intend to pursue her journey to Paris this evening?" asked Mme. d'Yves. "If not, perhaps she will be good enough to write to M. Wyatt that she has changed her mind. I will not say that a letter will be quite equally welcome with herself, when ce monsieur meets us at Mont-Parnasse. But we will hope that he is a philosopher, and will receive it with resignation. What do you say, mademoiselle?"

"Allow me to answer for you, Marie," said Mme. de Valmont. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is obliged for your hospitality, madame, and for the interest you take in her affairs. She has now, however, placed them in the hands of her own friends, who will arrange them as she wishes. She is responsible for her actions to no one but to madame sa grand'-mère. Permit me also to remind you that kindness may sometimes be injudicious and misplaced, and that a person who allows herself to forward a flight of this kind is acting a part which must lower her position amongst honorable people."

Mme. d'Yves's eyes flashed, but she was afraid of Mme. de Valmont, who on occasions could put on the dignity of an empress, and who as she stood there, tall, fair, and grave, was something like a beautiful reproving angel. It was indeed as if little Marie's *ange gardien* had suddenly swept down amongst the dark crew who had seized upon her, and taken her at once into safe shelter and care. Mme. d'Yves shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head expressively.

"Bien, madame," said she. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is of course perfectly free to do as she pleases. At the same time she must allow me to say that when a thing is half done, the wisest course is generally to carry it through. She cannot think that she has improved her position in the neighborhood by this little adventure. M. Wyatt's disappointment is, of course, nothing in her eyes — though Heaven alone knows why she consented to run away with him, if she meant to turn back in the middle. But she should remember that an affair like this is not very soon forgotten—that former arrangements may not so easily be renewed, especially when a family has the price or all the fiends——"

"Pardon, madame," said Mme. de Valmont, flushing slightly. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire's position in the neighborhood will be taken care of by those on whom it chiefly depends. It is quite unnecessary for you to trouble yourself about it."

"Madame, I am charmed to hear you say so. And I am not even to take a message to M. Wyatt, mademoiselle?"

"I shall write to him myself. I am much obliged to you, madame," answered Marie.

She scarcely knew what she was saying, and was only conscious of a wonderful rest and peace in Mme. de Valmont's protecting presence. She was going back to her grandmother, and at the present moment that was all she cared to think of. The fear, the excitement, the heavy load that lay on her poor little conscience, seemed suddenly to be taken away. The stinging words of Mme. d'Yves, which had called that color to her friend's cheeks, made no impression on her ears. She only just knew that Johnny appeared at the door, followed by the footman, who announced that the carriage was ready; that there was a great exchange of courtesies with Mme. d'Yves; that Mme. de Valmont put her arm round her, and half carried her downstairs.

"Good-morning, dear mademoiselle," said M. de Valmont's cheerful voice in the archway. "What do you say to this?" he said to his wife. "Johnny and I think that he shall hire a horse at the Faisan, and ride off at once to Rochemar, while we go straight to Les Sapinières."

"Madame!" exclaimed Marie, looking up with a flushed face and tearful eyes. "Why to Rochemar?"

"Ma très-chère, your grandmother is there. When we passed through Sonnay this morning we heard that she was gone."

"Ah!"

"Yes, a very good plan," said Mme. de Valmont to her husband. "If there is a horse at the Faisan that will do."

"We must ask. Johnny, get inside with the ladies. I am going on the box."

"Thank you, monsieur," answered Johnny; "I am going to walk;" and he set off at once.

"Stop at the Faisan," said M. de Valmont to the coachman.

The Hôtel du Faisan was a long, white house, with green shutters, standing on the northern side of the chief "place" in the town. Opposite it was the quaint little market-hall, and all round were shops. Some carts were standing in the square, and people were moving backward and forward across the open space. From the church-tower behind the houses the bells were ringing, as M. de Valmont's carriage came up to the nearest lane and stopped on the uneven pavement in front of the inn.

Marie leaned back in the carriage and hid her face, feeling as if all the passers-by must be looking at her. Neither she nor Mme. de Valmont spoke. Morin jumped down and went into the yard to ask about a riding-horse, and as they waited there a dog-cart came in at a fast pace from the opposite side of the square, and its driver pulled up close to them.

Little Marie, in her exhausted state, with only one conscious feeling—the wish to see and be seen by no one—did not at first understand at all what was going on; but her kind guardian bent forward with a flushed and eager face, and M. de Valmont leaned from the box, stretching out his hand to Louis de Rochemar, who had sprung down at once and come forward, hat in hand, to the carriage. The few words that passed were in so low a tone that Marie did not hear them; but a movement of Mme. de Valmont's, as she nodded and smiled to her old acquaintance, roused her a little.

She peeped at her face, and, puzzled by what she saw there, looked further and met Louis's eyes. Of course she knew him at once, and yet scarcely realized who it was, looking at her so kindly, with so much sorrow and affection, and a sort of longing self-reproach. Mme. de Valmont watched the young man's face with incredulous pleasure. In spite of her dignified rebuke to Mme. d'Yves, she was not without a lurking fear that Marie might have destroyed all her prospects in life by this distracted adventure; however, if M. de Rochemar did not think so, no one else's opinion mattered much.

Marie herself seemed to be in a dream, from which in another moment she partially waked, and blushing crimson all over her pale face, turned aside to hide it in the darkest corner. Just then Johnny came up, and Morin appeared from the stable-yard with discouraging news about horses. When M. de Valmont introduced Johnny to the Marquis de Rochemar the sailor bowed very gravely; but Louis held out his hand.

"You are going to Rochemar, monsieur," he said, "in search of Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. Allow me to offer you a seat in my dog-cart. I am going back at once, and shall have great pleasure in driving you."

"C'est ça," said M. de Valmont. "As for ourselves, we will make the best of our way to Les Sapinières. Listen, Johnny. Tell madame votre tante not to be anxious or to hurry herself. Mme. de Valmont will stay till she comes. In fact, we shall invite ourselves to breakfast."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAUDSLEY.

Of course every one knows that England as a country to live in is safe, dull, humdrum, matter-of-fact and uninteresting. In an ordinary English existence it is very seldom that anything happens unexpectedly, while across the Channel there is an electric current of uncertainty always in the air. It is charged with revolutions. You never know when your house may be burnt down, or when you may have to pack up on five minutes' notice and fly for your life. There are all sorts of charming little excitements, too, in the course of one's daily affairs, which are impossible in a well-regulated English house, where everything and everybody goes on as if wound up by machinery. Still, very strange and unexpected things do sometimes happen to people.

So Johnny Wyatt thought, as he stood at an open window one August morning, and looked out across a lawn with glowing flower-beds in the shade of some tall elms full of rooks' nests. Some letters were lying on the breakfast-table, directed to Captain Wyatt, most of them invitations from people in the neighborhood.

It was the old Maudsley dining-room, where Johnny had never intruded himself much in his uncle's time, but where he was now master and at home. The old man had been dead about eight months, and had made a new will in his last illness, not long after reading a paragraph in the papers headed, "Distinguished Gallantry of a Young Naval Officer."

Some disaffected natives, somewhere in the East, had contrived to get possession of a British gunboat, and had seized and imprisoned her crew, who would certainly have been murdered, if a certain young lieutenant, with twenty men at his back, had not stormed the place, routed several hundred natives, and brought the boat and her crew back in triumph.

It was that old-fashioned kind of courage which people call foolhardiness now-a-days; if it succeeds it is lauded to the skies, if it fails it is well laughed at. It is seldom found in men who consider their lives things of much value. Johnny, as you know, had little of this instinct of self-preservation; and it was an adventure which just suited him, rather more dangerous than anything he had gone through before. He came off with honor and glory, and got his promotion on the spot. Also, on his uncle's death, not many weeks afterward, it was found that this quiet old man,

A FARMYARD SCENE.

occupied as he was with his own sorrow, had been able to measure his two nephews rightly. Frank's legacy of £5,000 was not sweetened by a paragraph in the will which explained Mr. Wyatt's change of intentions regarding the two brothers. A report of Francis's adventures when abroad in the previous Summer had reached his ears, he said, and had convinced him that his was not a character to be trusted with large estates. He had, therefore, resolved to make Johnny his heir; thus showing his respect for simplicity, unselfishness and bravery.

So it came to pass that Johnny, thinner and darker and older-looking, stood in his own dining-room window, and stared at the rooks' nests, while Frank, his leave being long ago at an end, was gone to join his regiment in Canada.

"Good-morning," said Agnes, coming into the room. Her brother turned from the window, and they sat down to breakfast. "What a number of letters! and here is a French one for me. I thought the aunt was never going to write to me again."

"Don't you want to read it? I'll do the coffee," said Johnny. "Most of those others are invitations from people who did not think me worth speaking to when I used to come here years ago. Mrs. Ashwood—do you remember her? I always used to think it would be the grandest day in my life if I could only get her to look at me when she shook hands. I used to look hard in her face, but she was always glancing on to the next person."

"Yes; I hate people who do that," said Agnes. "But you will have attention enough now, never fear. After all, you were only a little middy in those days."

"No; I was a lieutenant. She did it the last time I saw her, four years ago."

"Did she?" said Agnes, absently, already absorbed in the long, closely-covered sheets of her French letter.

Johnny poured out the coffee, and then opened a newspaper.

"Hallo!" he cried out, after a few minutes.

"What is it?"

"Moreau & Company have come to smash. That great ship-building firm at Brest."

"Well?" said Agnes, vaguely.

Johnny glanced up under his long eyelashes with a slightly wondering smile. Was it possible that any one's memory could be so short!

"Did you never hear of them before?" he said, patiently.

"Brest! Ah, to be sure; you went there with M. de Valmont. I had quite forgotten the people's name. Are they quite done for? What a pity!"

"You heard all about them at the time," said Johnny. "Don't you remember? M. de Valmont had a very large share in the concern; in fact, I believe he was one of the partners. Good gracious!" and Johnny leaned his head on his hand with an air of immense depression.

Agnes looked sympathizing, and hoped M. de Valmont was so rich in other ways that this would not make any serious difference to him. Then her eyes wandered back to her letter.

"Do you care to hear what my aunt says? There is something about them——"

"Go on."

"'I know you must have been glad, my dear Agnes,' said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, after some affectionate sentences at the beginning, "to hear of Marie's happy marriage, and to know that my long anxiety about her has come to an end at last. I fear you must have thought during the last two years that both she and I have neglected you sadly. You heard of her illness, so long and so serious, that those who loved her were afraid her health and strength were entirely lost, and that her nerves could never recover the trial they had gone through. That she did recover at all was entirely owing to the generosity and tenderness of M. de Rochemar. You will understand what I mean by generosity. He never alluded to the past; but when the poor child was able to come down-stairs, he asked me to allow him to do what he could for himself. His success was as complete as it was deserved; and even in England, I assure you, you could not find two people who love each other more sincerely. Mme. de Rochemar and myself are very happy in the fulfillment of our wishes. I will now give you a little account of the wedding.'"

"Won't that keep?" Johnny suggested at this point. "I thought you said there was something about the De Valmonts."

"We shall come to that directly. I'll spare you the wedding itself—you can read it afterward; but the reception at Rochemar must have been really lovely. My aunt went there to stay with Mme. de Rochemar, and there were a great many other people staying there; M. and Mme. de l'Allier—I remember them; don't you? My aunt says: 'The people worked fifteen days, preparing triumphal arches; and though Rochemar is such a little village, nothing could have been prettier or more perfectly done. Louis and Marie arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, on a most beautiful day. They got out of their carriage at the first arch, where four little girls in white and wreaths of flowers presented each a tribute to the bride. One had a live partridge in a basket, representing the game of the country; the second had a basket containing a cream cheese and a pot of milk; the third a bunch of grapes and a small sheaf of wheat; and the fourth a large nosegay. The Maire and the Curé made speeches, to which Louis replied. There was a double line of National Guards of a hundred men each; and in the midst of all this I went, with Mme. de Rochemar and her friends, to meet the young couple. We then set off to walk to the château in procession; Louis and Marie first, then ourselves, the Maire, and the Curé, and then the soldiers following. At the entrance of the château there was another triumphal arch, where we took leave of the Garde. In the *salon* the young girls of the village were awaiting us to present their nosegay, and they made a very pretty speech. Then we dined, whilst a band played on the terrace; and all the village people sat down to an outdoor feast. In the evening the whole of the avenue was illuminated, and there were banners flying in every direction. People came from Carillon and all the neighboring villages; and we walked about till nearly midnight amongst constant cries of "Vive Monsieur le Marquis!" "Vive Madame la Marquise!" You will believe that I have seldom spent a more delightful evening. I thought several times of you, my dear Agnes, and wished you could see the charming scene. You always took an interest in our people, and their behavior on this occasion would have convinced you of their kind, affectionate, and gentle nature. Marie has, of course, been received most cordially by the whole neighborhood. She has one great grief, however—which is mine also—that we are likely very soon to lose our dear friends M. and Mme. de Valmont. I fear he has been getting into difficulties for some time past. Several of his speculations have failed, and now he is involved in the bankruptcy of some great shipbuilders at Brest. They talked of selling Lauron, but I hope it is only to be let, and that their circumstances may improve by and by. They will, at any rate, leave it in September, and go to Tours for a time, till they can arrange their further plans. Their son Max is married to Mdlle. de Pontmercy, and now lives in Paris. Pierre and Cécile are at present with their parents.'"

"Not married!" exclaimed Johnny, under his breath.

His sister paused and looked up.

"I need not read any more, for you won't listen to it," she said. "Not married, I suppose. But, dear Johnny, for pity's sake, don't let us have any more of those French entanglements. I am sure we had a lesson to keep out of them. And now that you are so well off, and could marry some charming English girl, who would make this a really happy home for you! Do consider. I daresay you would have no better success than you had before."

Poor Agnes! In the history of mankind, is there an instance of the wisest sisterly counsels having any effect on a brother who was in love?

"Suppose you have some toast, and don't talk about it," Johnny suggested.

He did not say a word about his intentions; but Agnes

was painfully aware that all the invitations were declined, that the tidal-service in Bradshaw was being carefully studied, and that she might as well arrange to return home at her earliest convenience, leaving Maudsley in the care of the old housekeeper, who, with all her fellow-servants, already worshiped the Captain, as they called him.

CHAPTER XXV.

VESPERS AT LAURON.

DO not think it even occurred to Johnny to go respectably to his aunt's house, and from thence pay a correct visit to M. and Mme. de Valmont. As Lauron was his object, he found that the only natural course was to take the shortest way, to travel day and night till he got as near to it as the railway would bring him. This end of his journey was not Carillon, but a little town on the other side of the country—a small, clean, smart place—where he found a good inn for breakfast, and hired the master of the inn, his shaky wagonette, and old white horse, to take him on the three or four leagues to Lauron. M. Célestin did not find his passenger very communicative, and after some efforts at conversation took refuge in whistling and talking to his horse. It was impossible to be agreeable to a wooden-headed Anglais, who sat half asleep, with his head bent and his arms folded, and seemed to care for nothing, not even politics. It was Sunday, and as they approxched Lauron the bells were ringing for vespers.

"Did monsieur wish to go to the château?" Célestin inquired. "The family might very likely be at church. Not many more Sundays for them in their own old church."

"They are going away soon, then?" said Johnny.

"Mais oui, monsieur. In fifteen days or so."

Johnny woke and looked about him, as they crawled up the hill to the village in the broiling sun. There were the meadows, now burnt and brown; there was the river, and the well-remembered mill. On the other side were the heathy wilds, running away to the woods, where he used to shoot with those jolly French sportsmen two years ago. What changes since then! He had been to the other side of the world; and it was a wonder that he had brought his life back with him. Little he had thought of ever wanting it for such a purpose as this. In that case he was not sure that the blacks would have been so welcome to it. A sudden glimpse through the trees and houses of the irregular street showed him the château, great and stately as of old, the August sun burning down on its high-peaked roofs and massive walls. All the trees and woods about it looked brown and shriveled after the long, hot Summer. They were fading, like the fortunes of its owner. Johnny stopped his driver at a turn in the street where a narrow lane led up to the church, and asked him to wait at the inn a little further on till he heard of him again, which would be in an hour or two. He was not sure whether he should want to go back that day or not. In the meantime he left his portmanteau in Célestin's charge.

As he walked slowly and thoughtfully up the lane, he saw a barber's shop open on the other side of the road, and stood still and read the inscription on the sign, with a vague notion that his own locks would be the better for a little snipping. They grew more plentiful than ever, and would curl, though he did his best to brush them out straight. The legend was inviting: "Ici on embellit la jeunesse. Ici on rajeunit la vieillesse." Johnny wavered for a few moments; but as he stood looking the church-bell stopped, and he resolved to go on at once to the church. What could an inch more or less of hair signify, when she was there? And who could tell that this would not be his very last chance of seeing her? So this young sea-king, with his dark face and waving red-brown wig, went on up the lane to the churchyard, where groups of blue blouses were turning in under the rich archway of the Romanesque tower.

When Johnny followed them in, out of the blazing sunshine, he could at first see nothing but a confused crowd of white caps and blouses; but as his eyes got used to the dim light, he spied out the marquis's seat by our Lady's altar, with the white statuette and the pretty light-blue covering, and in it two ladies in hats, and the dark, close-cropped head of a young man.

Johnny had taken the nearest chair to the door, and as he sat there, while the monotonous chanting of the vesper psalms went on, horrible misgivings began to crowd into his mind. After all, had he not been a great fool to come here without some more certain knowledge of the circumstances? It would be a most extraordinary thing, he now began to think, if two whole years had passed, and Mdlle. de Valmont was neither married nor engaged. Especially as, so long ago, there had been some idea of a good match for her. Johnny could not see that young man's face. He supposed it was Pierre. But if it should not be Pierre! and if, just from the stupidity of not making inquiries beforehand, he should only have come there to make a fool of himself! He was within an ace of getting up and leaving the church as quietly as he had entered it, but somehow he stayed where he was.

After the *Magnificat* he remained kneeling till some of the people were gone out, and raised his face just as the party from the château were passing. Mme. de Valmont rustled gently by without seeing him, but he stood up and met Cécile face to face. She did not smile, but it was not the first time that he had seen that sudden flash of life and joy in her eyes. Pierre—for it was no one else—was looking another way, and did not see him, neither did he hear the vesper thanksgiving that rose to his sister's lips as she crossed herself with the holy water: "Nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino."

Johnny followed them out slowly into the bright churchyard. One of his misgivings was gone already—that which would persist in reminding him, all through his journey, that the parting between Cécile and himself had not been such as quite to promise a happy meeting. The violets—and that courtesy of hers, which seemed to change their relations so entirely, and to put him in the position of a rather inferior acquaintance. But there were instincts underlying these recollections which gave him confidence, though he did not himself know where it came from. Now he knew—I believe he had really known it all along—that Cécile was unchanged and unchangeable.

"We never forget," she had said to him that wretched morning. And he was quite sure that if anybody else had a superior claim upon her, that look of frank and happy surprise would never have been given to him. He saw that she was speaking to her mother and brother, and heard one or two astonished exclamations. Then Pierre came hurrying back to meet him, while the ladies stopped and turned round at the foot of the churchyard steps. The village people looked on, while Johnny, with his hat in hand, went forward to Mme. de Valmont, who was waiting for him with an anxious flush upon her face.

Johnny thought, as she welcomed him to Lauron, speaking with a little unevenness in her voice, and looking at him

almost wistfully, that in all his travels he had never seen a more charming-looking woman. She thought that her old friend had grown rather grave and conventional in manner. But Cécile knew that it was the same Johnny, only if possible more deeply in earnest, who took her hand and just raised his gray eyes half shyly to her face.

"You have been a long time paying us your promised visit," said Mme. de Valmont, as they walked away together toward the château. "Do you know that you had very nearly lost your chance of seeing Lauron again?'

"Yes, madame; so I heard," answered Johnny.

"I suppose you are come from Les Sapinières? We were there yesterday, but Mme. de Saint-Hilaire did not expect you. You took her by surprise."

"I have not been there at all. I came across country to Vèze, and got a fellow with a wagonette to bring me on here. I hope M. de Valmont is well?"

"Very well, thank you. We shall find him at the château."

"Maman," said Cécile, suddenly, "I am going with Pierre to Nicole's; we shall overtake you presently."

"And in the mean time," said Mme. de Valmont, "I shall hear all the wonderful adventures of M. le Capitaine. We have a great deal of respect for you now, monsieur. You are a hero. Yes; we saw you in the newspapers."

"I am very sorry, madame," said Johnny.

"He must tell his adventures over again to Pierre and me," said Cécile.

"Pardon, mademoiselle!"

It was all just like old times; the gentle, friendly teasing and quiet, sincere compliments of the marquise; her daughter's look of half-sympathizing fun. Their misfortunes seemed to have no effect whatever upon these people, except perhaps on Pierre, who stood by silent and with a rather grave face—but he had never been demonstrative.

I am afraid an English sailor showed a great want of principle and patriotism to feel such relief in his escape from Englishwomen and all their angles to these graceful-mannered people, on whom no outward circumstances seemed to have any power, and who could smile and say pretty things in the depth of misfortune quite as naturally as when they were the leading ladies of the neighborhood. Cécile and her brother turned into Nicole's yard, and Johnny walked on with Mme. de Valmont, into the pleasant shade of the avenue.

"You are not much changed," she said, looking at him kindly. "But do you know that I am very angry with you? How could you risk your life so foolishly?"

"It was not for nothing," said Johnny. "And my life would not have been much loss to any one if I had left it behind. But it seems determined to stay with me, though I am sure I don't know why."

"You are a foolish child, and very ungrateful, if you do not believe that your life is valuable to any one. But I am very glad to see you again, just the same as ever. Why did you not write to say that you were coming?"

"I don't know, madame," said Johnny. "I thought I should go on to Les Sapinières, but I came first to see how you all were."

This was not much of an explanation, but Mme. de Valmont was wise enough to appear satisfied."

"We have had great changes since you were here," she went on. "You have perhaps heard that my son Max is married to Stéphanie de Pontmercy, the most charming girl in the world. We are all devoted to her. She has a good fortune, and they have an apartment in Paris, where they spend most of the year."

"That must please M. de Pontmercy," remarked Johnny. "He was very fond of your son Max."

"Yes," said Mme. de Valmont, with a little sigh. "Max was considered a good parti. And I suppose you will go to Rochemar to see your cousin Marie. That dear child has made a most suitable and happy marriage."

"I was very glad to hear of that. If it had not come right, I don't think any of us could have ventured into this part of France again."

"There was certainly no shadow of blame attaching to you, my dear Johnny," said Mme. de Valmont, with all her old kindliness. "On the contrary, it always pleases me to think that you and I between us brought the poor little thing back. Where is your brother now?"

"With his regiment in Canada," said Johnny. He hesitated, and smiled a little. "There was a great deal in his last letter about a young Canadian lady."

"Well, I sincerely hope that he will make a satisfactory marriage and settle down at last," said the marquise.

She did not seem at all inclined to talk of her own family or their affairs, and made no further allusion to leaving Lauron. But her manner to Johnny was as kind as possible, and as they were getting near the château, he thought he must seize the present opportunity to ask his fate once more. If it was still the same, it would be no use to stay there and torture himself in sight of what was unattainable. Neither could he bear to go on to Les Sapinières. He would take Célestin and his carriage back to Vèze at once, and go home to England as fast as steam would take him. In the meantime he was far too much in earnest to use any polite circumlocutions, and bolted headforemost into his subject.

"Madame, I see that Mdlle. Cécile is not married yet. May I ask if she is engaged?"

"Well, no, she is not," said Mme. de Valmont, with a little hesitation, and, grande dame as she was, coloring like a girl.

"I have not forgotten what you told me before," said Johnny, "about manifest impossibilities. But perhaps you know, madame—you may have heard—that I have got a great deal that I never expected or deserved; and though it is nothing for her, compared with what she might expect, forgive me for asking whether it is still so impossible?"

Johnny stopped short, feeling that he was making a dreadful mess of it, and that Mme. de Valmont was laughing at his awkward blunders.

"I suppose I am a fool for letting myself think of it," he said, rather sadly. "I always was, and always shall be. Of course you have the same objections that you had before—a different country and all that. But please tell me at once, because, if you say no, I can run down the village and be off. I could not bear to see her again."

"Wait a moment," said Mme. de Valmont, putting out her hand. For once she seemed to have a little difficulty in finding words as Johnny stood before her, with earnest, entreating eyes fixed on her face. "You have told me something, and now I have something to tell you in my turn. And it is this—that for the last two years you have been the trouble of my life."

"How, madame?" said Johnny, in a low voice.

"In this way. Cécile has had several excellent offers, all of which she refused without any good reason. As soon as any gentleman was proposed to her, the unfortunate man became the object of her strong dislike. Now I promised her once that she should choose for herself, and therefore, though you may be sure that I remonstrated, I could do nothing more. It was not till we heard of your heroic conduct last year that I discovered—though I had my suspicions before—who it was that stood in the way of all these gentlemen. So, you see, I have reason to be very angry with you. Now that you feel yourself justified in coming back to ask for her again, I can only say, speak to her yourself, like a

brave Englishman, and, if she says yes, I can promise you that her father and I will not say no. After all," Mme. de Valmont went on, smiling, with tears in her eyes, "it will be only paying the debt she owes you." Johnny kissed her hand without saying anything. "Yes," she said, "you are both good, and you will be very happy."

Johnny followed Mademoiselle de Valmont into the garden that afternoon, and found her gathering pink clusters of late roses in the shade of the old colombier. A very large hat shaded her fair hair and her pale face, which flushed a little as she heard a step approaching. She turned round and smiled a silent welcome.

"Mademoiselle," said Johnny, in his slowest and gravest manner, "don't you like violets better than roses?"

"I know *you* do not," answered Cécile.

"Then, I wonder why I have kept a dead one for two years," said Johnny, holding out a square, brown hand, with a gray, flattened violet lying in the palm. "Yes, I must confess, I took it after you were gone. Will you forgive me?"

"I was very foolish. I must ask you to forgive me," said Cécile, gently.

"Then you have not forgotten it?"

"No."

"You have thought of me sometimes? Your mother said I might come and tell you how I have always loved you with all my heart. Do you care for me enough to leave your country and all your people? Am I asking too much?"

Johnny Wyatt is not by any means universally admired, and many people since that day have wondered how in the world he managed to gain the affection of this young French lady, with her beauty, refinement and nobility. They were not there in the old château garden when the dead violet lay between two clasped hands, and Cécile told her English lover, perhaps not exactly in words, that he could not ask too much, for life had long ceased to be life without him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A LITTLE MARQUISE.

ONCE more a full moon was shining on the Château des Sapinières, such a moon as shone there when Johnny saw it first. He reminded his aunt that it was exactly two years from that day. Madame de Saint-Hilaire smiled, and answered him kindly, but yet sighed a little, for it seemed to her that she had struggled through a good deal of trouble to the fulfillment of the plans of that day.

Marie's first engagement and its consequences were not very pleasant recollections, however well things might have arranged themselves since. But she was obliged to forget past trouble in sympathy with the happy party who came to dine with her that night.

All the rooms were lighted up, and doors and windows stood open on the terrace, where the younger people sat and wandered about in the moonlight. In the *salon* the comtesse entertained her elder guests, M. and Mme. de Valmont and Mme. de Rochemar. Peloton, after bestowing all kinds of endearments on the younger marquise, had finally established himself on the end of her train, as she sat in a low chair on the terrace. She and Cécile had a long talk here together, before Louis, Pierre and Johnny came out of the library, where they had been playing billiards. Then they all laughed and chatted together. The sound of their merry voices came in at the *salon* windows, where Mme. de Valmont was telling her friends some interesting news.

"Ma chère!" cried Mme. de Rochemar, ecstatically, "I never heard anything that delighted me more. Then we are not going to lose you, after all. Let me go and tell Louis at once."

"Wait a little," said Mme. de Valmont. "He will not be long without knowing. Cécile has told Marie, and now Johnny is there, and it cannot be so well talked of in his presence. It is all his doing—is it not, *mon ami?*" she added, turning to her husband.

"Certainly," said M. de Valmont. "He has advanced the money to help us through the present difficulty. He spoke first to Pierre, and then came to me and offered it, in the most generous manner. He has behaved throughout like a gentleman. I may confess to you, mesdames, that I am proud of my future son-in-law."

"I am very happy," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "to be connected with the families of both my best friends."

While the party in the *salon* were thus congratulating themselves and each other, Marie got up, rousing Peloton from his resting-place, and tapped Johnny on the arm with her fan.

"Let us take a little walk," she said. "I want to speak to you."

"I shall be charmed," said Johnny.

"Mon petit Louis, you and M. Pierre must entertain Cécile, and not let her run after us. Come along, Johnny. You and I have our little secrets that nobody else must hear."

She made him come down the steps, and they walked slowly along together toward the tourelles and the avenue. For the first minute or two she was silent, and an owl flew across among the trees with a melancholy hoot, almost close to them.

"Listen to the chouettes," said Marie. "They always make me shiver."

"It is a horrid noise," said Johnny. "Well, madame, what have you to say to me?"

He thought Marie was even smaller and paler than she used to be, and that her appearance was not improved by the rather magnificent style of dress which she had adopted to please her mother-in-law. But she certainly seemed much more uniformly happy than in the old days; there was a sort of careless content in her manner, the peevishness was gone, and to her husband and his mother she was always affectionate and gentle. She did very well as a great lady, and yet Johnny wondered how any one could compare her for an instant to Mdlle. de Valmont, in her plain white muslin gown.

"I have given you all my congratulations," said Marie, opening and shutting her fan as she walked. "I am not going to praise Cécile. You know that I think her perfect, and hate you very much for taking her away. However, as they are to stay at Lauron, I suppose you will be often there; and you must come to us at Rochemar. I want to know—have you heard from your brother lately?"

"I had a letter this morning, forwarded from home. I was telling your grandmother all about him. He is going to be married."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; to a Canadian lady, a Miss Terry. She is very pretty and very poor. Frank says they will have at first something of a struggle. I can't say that I envy the young lady," Johnny added, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know that you need say that," said Marie. "If she loves him enough, they will do very well. I was going to tell you that he wrote to me not long ago, a very nice, kind letter. He knew afterward, just as I did, that what we

did once was very foolish as well as very wrong. We did not really understand each other—we should never have been happy. I know now that I should have been very wretched. Poor Frank! I shall write to congratulate him now in my turn."

"What will M. de Rochemar say?"

"What are you thinking of? He saw Frank's letter, and will see this. Johnny, remember that you and your wife must know each other's thoughts if you are to be happy. Louis and I understand each other perfectly."

"I will not forget your advice, madame," said Johnny, with a grave little smile.

"I mean to have Agnes to stay with me one of these days, if she will forget all the trouble I gave her," said Marie, as they returned toward the terrace.

M. de Rochemar came down the steps to meet them, with a white shawl on his arm.

"It is not so warm now, *ma petite*. You must put this on. My mother thinks the air is fresh enough to shrivel up her flower."

"Merci, mon ami," said Marie, gently, submitting to be wrapped up. "It is a poor, pinched little flower at its best."

"Are you there, my children?" cried Mme. de Rochemar, appearing at the door.

Marie took her husband's arm and went to her. There they stood talking together in low tones, in the broad light that streamed out on the terrace.

Pierre walked off to play with Peloton, and Johnny and Cécile lingered at the top of the steps.

"Do you know what happened this day two years?" said Cécile.

"Certainly," said Johnny. "I met two ladies going into that old church at Le Mans. And do you know what I said to myself when I saw them?"

"No, indeed, Johnny. What was it?"

"Here she is."

THE END.

THE JAGUAR.

CLOSELY resembling the leopard in external appearance, and in its arboreal habits, the jaguar seems to play the same part in America as the leopard in the transatlantic continents. It is a larger animal than the leopard, and may be distinguished from that animal by several characteristic differences.

In the first place, the tail is rather short in proportion to the size of its owner, and when the animal stands upright, only just sweeps the ground with its tip. Across the back of the jaguar are drawn two or three bold, black streaks, which are never seen in the leopard, and which alone serve as an easy guide to the species. The spots, too, with which its fur is so liberally studded, are readily distinguishable from those of the leopard by their shape and arrangement. The leopard's spots are rosette-shaped, and their outlines are rounded, whereas those of the jaguar are more angular in their form. But the chief point of distinction is found in a small mark that exists in the centre of the dark spots which cover the body and sides. In many instances this central mark is double, and in order to give room for it, the rosettes are very long in proportion to those of the leopard. Along the spine runs a line, or chain, of black spots and dashes, extending from the back of the head to the first foot or eighteen inches of the tail.

It seems strange that such powerful creatures as horses should be reckoned among the prey of the jaguar, for it would seem unlikely that the muscular force of the animal could be equal to the task of destroying and carrying away so large a quadruped as a horse. Yet such is truly the case; and the jaguars commit infinite havoc among the horses that band together in large herds on the plains of Paraguay. A jaguar has been known to swim across a wide river, to kill horse, to drag it for some sixty yards to the water side, to plunge it into the stream, to swim across the river with its prey, to drag it out of the water after reaching the opposite bank, and, finally, to carry it off into a neighboring wood.

The natives of the country where the jaguar lives assert that even when two horses have been fastened to each other, the jaguar has been known to kill one of them, and to drag off the living and the dead horse in spite of the strength of the survivor.

The favorite food of the jaguar—when he can get it—is the flesh of the various monkeys. But to catch a monkey is not the easiest task in the world, and in general can only be achieved by leaping upon the prey from a place of concealment, or by surprising the monkey while sleeping. Sometimes it is fortunate enough to get among a little band of monkeys before they are aware of the presence of the dreaded foe, and it then seizes the opportunity of dealing a few fierce strokes with its terrible paw among the partly-awakened sleepers, thus dashing them to the ground, whither it descends to feast at leisure on the ample repast.

Peccaries are also a favorite article of diet with the jaguar, but he finds scarcely less difficulty in picking up a peccary than in knocking down a monkey. For the little, active, sharp-tusked peccary is more swinishly dull than is usual even with its swinish relatives, and, being too thick-headed to understand danger, is a very terrible antagonist to man or beast. It seems to care nothing for size, weapons or strength, but launches itself as fearlessly on a jaguar or an armed man as on a rabbit or a child. So, unless the jaguar can manage quietly to snap up a straggler, he has small chance with a herd of these warlike little pigs, which, if they caught a jaguar among them, would cut him so severely with their lancet-like teeth, that he would ever repent his temerity, even if he escaped with his life.

One of the easiest animals to obtain is that huge and timid rodent, the capybara, which is not sufficiently swift of foot to escape by flight, nor agile of limb to bound out of reach of its enemy, nor furnished with natural arms with which to defend itself against its assailants. Should it take to the water, and so endeavor to elude pursuit, the jaguar is in nowise disconcerted, for he is nearly as familiar with that element as the capybara itself, and thus seldom fails in securing his prey.

When the jaguar strikes down a large animal, such as a horse or a deer, it performs its deadly task in a very curious manner. Leaping from some elevated spot upon the shoulders of the doomed animal, it places one paw on the back of the head and another on the muzzle, and then, with a single tremendous wrench, dislocates the neck. With smaller creatures, the jaguar uses no such ceremony, but with a blow of the paw lays its prey dead at its feet.

Watching a turtle as she—for it is generally the female turtle that is made the jaguar's prey—walks riverward, or seaward, as the case may be, after depositing her eggs under a slight covering of earth, there to be warmed into being by the genial rays of the sun, the jaguar springs upon the creature as it is slowly making its way to its familiar element, and with a quick and adroit movement of the paws, turns the turtle on its back. There the poor reptile lies helpless, and waiting until its captor is pleased to consummate his work by killing and eating the animal which he has thus ingeniously intercepted.

The jaguar needs no saw to cut through the bony shell, nor lever to separate the upper from the lower portion, nor knife to sever the flesh from the bones, for his paw stands

him in the stead of these artificial instruments, and serves his purpose right well. Tearing away as much as possible of the softer parts that lie by the tail, the jaguar inserts his supple paw, armed with its sharp talons, and scoops out, as neatly as if cut by knives, the flesh, together with the vital organs of the devoted chelonian.

The eggs of the turtle are nearly as important to the jaguar as is the flesh of the mother turtle herself. After inverting the maternal turtle, the jaguar will leave her in her impotent position, and going to the shore, coolly scoop out and devour the soft, leather-covered eggs which she had deposited on the sandy beach, in vain hopes of their seasonable development by the warm sunbeams.

Birds are simply struck down by a single blow of the jaguar's ready paw; and so quick are his movements that, even if a bird has risen upon the wing, he can often make one of his wonderful bounds, and with a light, quick stroke, arrest the winged prey before it has had time to soar beyond his reach.

As to the fish, the jaguar watches for them at the water side, and as soon as an unfortunate fish happens to swim within reach of the spotted foe, a nimble paw, with outstretched talons, is suddenly thrust forth, and the fish swept out of the water upon dry land.

In the countries where the jaguar most abounds many tales are rife respecting the strength, agility and audacity of this fierce animal. When the earlier settlers fixed their rough, wooden huts in the recesses of the American forests, the jaguar was one of their most persistent and relentless foes. Did they set up a poultry yard, the jaguar tore open the henroosts and ate the fowls. Did they fill their stables with horses, the jaguar broke their necks, and did his best to carry the heavy carcasses to his forest home. Did they establish a piggery, the jaguar snapped up sow and litter; and, in fine, it was scarcely possible to secure their live stock so effectually that it could not be reached by this ravenous beast. The only resource was to kill the jaguar himself, and so to put an effectual stop to his depredations. But there are many jaguars in a district; and for a term of years the toil of ridding the country of these fierce marauders was a most arduous one. However, perseverance and indomitable courage gained the day at last, and the jaguars were forced to retire from the habitations of man, and hide themselves in the thick, uncultivated forest land.

REMEMBERED!

By Annie Thomas.

They had lived down in the Hollowdene House for at least two years before the time at which I take up the story of their lives, and during those two years they had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with a single inhabitant of Dene. They were a curious pair, people said. Each with a tale to tell, doubtless. But what that tale might be—whether it was of love or lamentation, of murder or mystery, of sin or only of sorrow, could not be easily divined.

They were a curious pair, truly, this Mr. and Mrs. Lawler, as they called themselves, though their servants hinted that they had doubts respecting the authenticity of the name even. Just a few trifles in the house were marked with initials, and the initials certainly did not stand for James and Annie Lawler, as this odd pair of recluses chose to sign themselves.

The man was a dark, saturnine-looking fellow enough. Ill-looking, those people called him who see no beauty in a face that is devoid of all fun and frankness. But just a few women were found to declare that this dark, gloomy, slightly sorrowful face had a strange, wistful, appealing beauty in it, that was far more interesting than the bright, brave beauty of the wife. Indeed, the lady was rather regarded as a nonentity by the more æsthetic portion of the Dene public—"a pretty nonentity," with just sufficient of the winning power about her to have successfully beguiled a clever and very superior man into a marriage with her.

All sorts of speculations were rife about the Lawlers. They were well off; so much, at least, was certain; for the fact that master never hesitated at drawing a check, however large a sum missus might ask him for, had leaked out through the servants, and flooded the village, so to say. They were young, handsome and well-educated, and she, at least, seemed blithely gay and happy. Why, with all these elements of popularity about them, should they persist in this irritating and perplexing seclusion? Dene asked itself this question over and over again, and still no answer came from the denizens of Hollowdene.

At length, when they had been resident in the place about two years, the shadow of a change seemed to be creeping over them. They ceased to return all bows and salutations with the cold, cutting courtesy that had hitherto marked their demeanor. They even accepted a few invitations to dinner and supper, and Mrs. Lawler took counsel with one or two of the village matrons as to the style of party which she should give as a return for all the hospitality which had been shown to them.

"For two years," she said, "Mr. Lawler had been suffering from one of those painful forms of indigestion that invariably produce low spirits. But he was better now—much better, and not at all likely to suffer from the return of his foe." So the wife spoke, brightly and cheerfully, and the Dene people began to declare that she was a charming, self-sacrificing creature, and very much to be pitied as the wife of a man selfish enough to bury her alive because he himself suffered from dyspepsia.

They made up now for their former lack of sociability. Hollowdene House soon became the scene of a series of wonderfully well-devised and successfully carried out festivities. Mrs. Lawler's receptions, and Mr. Lawler's little dinners speedily acquired a local fame. The lady was discovered to be the reverse of a nonentity, and the husband to be the reverse of a misanthrope. The only thing that seemed odd about them still was that they never spoke of any old friends. If they had only sprung into existence on the day they came to dwell at Dene, they could not have been more utterly free from the possession of any relics of persons of the past than they were now.

Two or three times some of the more adventurously curious spirits of the place ventured to hazard a few remarks relative to this singular fact. But the remark only brought the answer from Mr. Lawler that "life was too short for him to talk of what was over," and from Mrs. Lawler, that her "memory was so bad that she should forget even her kind friends at Dene if she was away from them for a week."

These debonair rejoinders were unanswerable as they were unsatisfactory. But still the Lawlers were so delightful, now that they had come out of their shell, that it would have ill-beseemed the most inquiring minds in the place to seem other than content and at rest concerning the incidents and situations that adorned the probably unblemished pages of the back numbers of their past.

July was a gay month in Dene. There were croquet tournaments, and archery meetings, and picnics without number, and every householder acted as if he or she held it to be his or her bounden duty to have friends from afar staying with them while there was something going on. And pretty Mrs. Lawler—fascinating, light-hearted, brilliant

Mrs. Lawler—was one of the keenest votaries of the pleasures that were going.

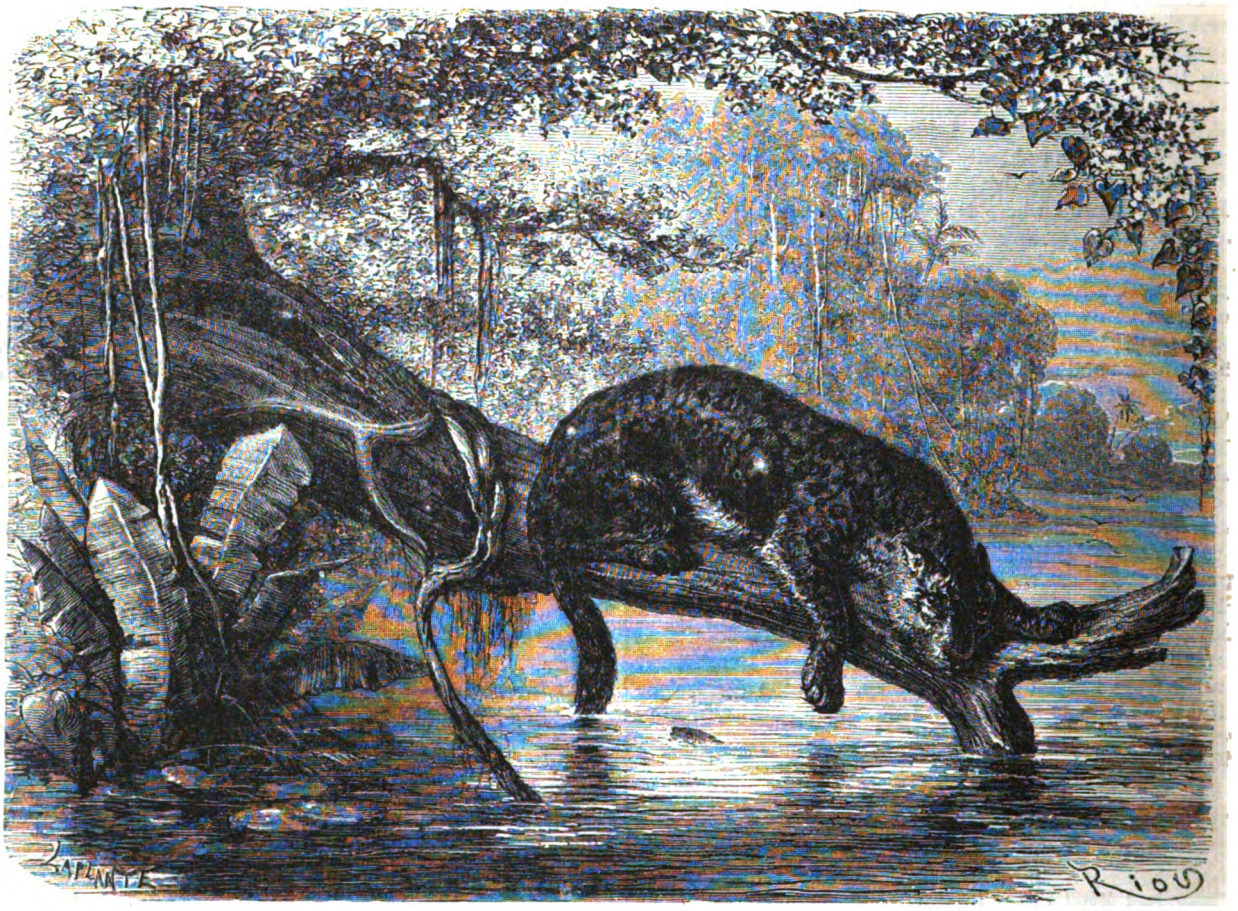
A pretty woman, one that can be described in black and white, too—a somewhat rare charm in a *really* pretty woman, be it understood. For your really pretty women, the ones who sway men most strongly and wildly, have this about them, as a rule, that their chiefest winning power consists in being indescribable. But Mrs. Lawler was not a beauty after this order. She had a finely outlined, *svelte* figure, swelling bust, slender waist, rounded arms, and graceful, bending throat—white and firm, this latter, as a marble pillar. Then, her head was set on straight and well, and she had the trick of holding it up with a pretty imperiousness that made her the empress of many an unwary man's soul. It was wreathed about with hazel-brown hair, this head, and the great star-like eyes, that gleamed out from beneath the cloudy locks that always lay upon her forehead, were hazel-brown too. Altogether a bewitching woman in appearance, gifted with the deeper witchery of making the best of her appearance, and of seeming to offer it up as a meet and proper offering to any man to whom she might be talking.

Do you marvel, reader, at Annie Lawler, the beautiful, bright, young married woman being the idol of the set from whom she had stood aloof so long? Do you wonder that her croquet parties should have been the best attended, the least wearisome, the most successful altogether of all that took place in Dene? Why, the sight of her meant success. She was success embodied. What an unjust thing fate was, men said, to have condemned this social sun to such a complete eclipse for two years!

She had devised a very original party for the evening of the 30th of July. The Hollowdene gardens were extensive enough to be called grounds, consisting as they did of two gardens and a rambling shrubbery, and all through the month that had passed glow-worms had been shining from the depths of the wood, and illuminating Mrs. Lawler's mind with a new idea. At length she carried it out. She would have a glow-worm party! Invite a number of people, and then let them stroll about, each with a chosen one, to search for and gather up these living stars, and, finally, place them in a heap of animated fire in the centre of the lawn, "where they shall help to light our supper-table," she said.

The evening came, and the guests with it—a number of them being strangers. It was like a scene from "Boccaccio," that glittering group of well-dressed, handsome, happy men and women. The moon shone softly through the silvery haze that the heat had caused, and the shade in some parts of the grounds was intense with the soft, sultry intensity shade rejoices in in July. Many a love-word was breathed low that night, and many a young heart beat high with hope and passion. And the fair young hostess was blessed with fervor for this brilliant scheme.

She herself appeared to be engrossed with her duties as hostess, and her journeys in search of glow-worms were, consequently, brief ones. A few faithful satellites followed her about, helping her to arrange the countless vases of gorgeous hot-house blooms with which she had decorated her supper-tables; and amongst these faithful followers of hers was one man, whose face had not been clearly revealed to her yet in the moonlight, but whose voice and manner



A JAGUAR FISHING.—SEE PAGE 718.

struck her as being very perfect, very charming, and polished, and well-bred. "If he looks as well as he speaks," she thought, "and if he is going to stay here for a time, Dene won't be so dull for me as it has been lately. Oh, dear, how happy those women must be who haven't the gnawings of an everlasting longing for attention and sympathy eating into their hearts!"

"Life is full of even stranger events than these," he whispered, and some impulse made her bend forward and try to scan his face. The shadow from his hat prevented her seeing it clearly; but she seemed satisfied, for she drew herself up again, and, pressing his arm, she said:

"Don't speak in suppressed tones; they always make me nervous. I like everything that is frank and outspoken,

REMEMBERED.—"WITH A SHRIEK THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, AND REACHED THE EARS OF THE GUESTS, THE CROUCHING FIGURE IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM SPRANG TO ITS FEET. 'NOT THAT—NOT THAT—YOU NEVER THOUGHT THAT, LEO!'"

Suddenly the stranger came nearer to her. She had not caught his name clearly. When he had been introduced to her, and, with a sudden impulse of coquetry, when he came to her side, she exclaimed, as she took his offered arm:

"What absolute strangers we are! How funny it is that we should be standing alone in a wood by moonlight, that my hand should be resting on your arm, and yet that we should know nothing of each other."

and, as I want to continue liking you, you must please to be these things."

"You speak as if you liked me already," he said, in a monotone.

"And so I do. My likes and loves are hearty, sudden, and——"

"Evanescent," he interrupted.

"No, no, no—lasting I was going to say; but I am a

married woman, and I must not discuss the subject of love with a stranger; at least, the world would judge me harshly if it heard me; but you, *you* will not judge me harshly."

She spoke in a sweet pleading, and he felt her hand tighten on his arm. A shudder passed over him. Could it be that he feared this woman's witchery, or could it be the night air chilling him, sultry as it was?

"I will not judge you at all," he said, at last. "I will only look at you, and try to remember that I must leave you soon."

"Not soon. Dene is a quiet place, but strangers find it a pleasant place to spend the Summer and Autumn in. The friends with whom you are staying are friends of mine, and we have incessant intercourse with them. Don't say you'll leave Dene soon."

"What brought you to Dene, Mrs. Lawler?"

"My husband's desire. I hate the place."

"And he likes it?"

"Well, it suited him while he was in bad health."

"Has he been in bad health long?"

"How low you speak!" she said, pettishly; "it's an affectation, surely, that suppressed voice. My husband was ill for two years, and during those two years I suffered a martyrdom of seclusion."

"But your married happiness made up for all things," he whispered.

"Who has talked to you of my married happiness?" she asked, in a half-startled tone.

"No one has talked to me of it; it is patent."

"You have not seen me with my husband yet," she pouted, and half withdrew her hand; but he caught it, and replaced it more firmly.

"Don't take it away, Annie."

When he called her that, she halted suddenly. There was a marvelous, a mystic charm to her in this man's manner, although she had not seen him clearly yet. But, despite this charm, she shrank from him when he addressed her by her Christian name.

"My marriage is a sufficiently happy one for me to feel that no man save my husband should call me Annie," she said, gravely. "Am I not right?"

"You are right," he replied.

"Then, why don't you pay me the compliment of saying, 'Forgive me,'" she laughed, recovering her spirits as abruptly as she had lost them.

"We will talk about forgiveness by-and-by. I wanted to hear how 'Annie' would sound from my lips. It is long since I have uttered that name."

"Is it a favorite name of yours?" the woman who was longing for sympathy and change asked, softly.

"It was once."

"And she who owned it ——"

"Did not hallow it," he said, sternly. "We won't talk about her—we will only talk of you."

"Some people say that 'Annies' are all alike, all of one type," she said, trembling.

"The one I knew had black hair and eyes, with golden gleams in them," he said, softly, and he laid his other hand on hers, and she looked up into his face with a sigh that had a sound of relief in it.

"It is time for me to go back to the lawn. My glow-worm hunters will be coming back hungry, and we must have supper."

"How many couples will date their happiness or misery from this night's entertainment."

"Ah, but you know 'young blood will have its course.' When I was a girl, I would have risked the possible misery that might ensue, for the sake of the positive happiness of an hour with the 'thee' of the day."

"With the 'thee' of the moment, you should say, rather: for your loves could not have been lasting."

"I wish you wouldn't assume to know so much about me," she said, quickly. "I see what it is, you go in for studying psychology, and you make mistakes."

"I shall never make a mistake about you again."

"That is right; then I forgive you for calling me Annie just now, and for hinting that I am fickle, and have been a flirt; and now, back to the lawn; and do, do, promise me that you will stay in Dene for a few weeks."

They went back to the lawn, and the brilliant hostess gave the signal for a trumpet to be blown, to recall the wandering guests, and for lamps to be brought out.

"You will support me on my left, my unknown squire, will you not?" she said, winningly, in a whisper.

And he shook his head, and said:

"No, he must face; no side view could content him."

Clearly, at last, he was revealed by the light of the lamps. A tall, stalwart, handsome man, with a careworn brow, and sad, deep eyes. A young face still, and yet the hair that grew somewhat scantily about his temples was gray. Poor fellow! He has seen some terrible tragedy enacted very near him, was the thought of most of those who gave him a thought at all.

As he moved away from her, Mrs. Lawler's blithe gaze followed him, recognized him, and changed to a stare of such dismay, that her husband sprang, eagerly questioning, to her side:

"Annie!—Annie!—my precious darling—what is this?" he asked.

And she only answered:

"He is alive!—he is here!"

"Where?"

She pointed to the retreating figure.

"He must be got away! Command yourself! Has he been here long—have you spoken to him?"

"We have been in that wood for half an hour, and I was blinded, and did not know him. Oh! James!—the fabric that I have raised at such a woful price, will it all fall down, and be utterly destroyed?"

"What was the price, my wife? You told me that he died! If you believed it, darling, he will not blame you more than I do. Nerve yourself—remember your guests—be your own brave self."

These words are easy to say; but, ah! how hard it is to follow the counsel they contain, when the heart is like a stone, and the head is swimming, and the eyes are dim with the tears they dare not shed. The poor, pretty, guilty woman had the courage of a lioness; but she quailed now, as that stranger-guest took his seat at the other side of the table and began gazing at her steadily. All her pretty manner, all that witching way of hers, fled, and she shook and stammered pitifully as she strove to fulfill her duty as hostess. Pale, plain, and frightened, she sat there, waiting her doom; and Memory made a Hell for her.

At length she saw that in the stranger's face which told her that her doom was coming; and presently one of her servants brought her a sealed envelope. Piteously, imploringly, she looked at the stranger opposite, and he signalled to her to open it without delay. She did so, and read the one word, "Remembered!"

With a moan so faint that it might have come from the lips of a sleeping infant, she rose from the table, and a dozen eager friends were about her at once. Was she ill, was she faint, was she tired?

"No," she spoke, with horrible calmness; "I am only mad!"

Then they fell back from her, and she passed on into her house with her husband. and presently the stranger followed

them into the sumptuous little boudoir that was no sanctuary to her now.

It was a striking tableau. Rich oriental cloths, and shawls, and rugs were lying about on the chairs and sofas and floor, giving warmth and voluptuous color to the room. An astral lamp, burning clear and bright, hung from the ceiling. Flowers, passionate pale lilies, and sensuous hot-house blooms, filled the air with fragrance. A piano was open, and upon it were strewn a number of simple English ballads. Her carving-tools, her fret-work saws, her silk embroideries, and her books and writing-materials—all suggestive of the graceful, busy life she led—were scattered about in profusion. And, in the midst of it all, she crouched. half sitting, half kneeling, on a chair, her husband by her side.

"Take that lie from your head, the first thing," the stranger said, aloud, as he entered; and she looked up dumbly, and clasped her hands, but he only replied, "Take it off, I say!"

"You shall not dictate to her!" Mr. Lawler cried, in sudden wrath; "if you are the man she fears you are, you still have no right to dictate to her—no justice on your side in being harsh to her. What are you made of, man, that you can attempt to bruise this already bruised heart? She thought you dead. Is it not agony enough for her that, thinking this, she should have married me?"

"You poor, beguiled fool!" the stranger said, more gently; "my poor brother in misfortune, do you believe in her to this extent? Well, the revelation will be the harder for you. This woman tried to murder me—thought she had done so until to-night."

With a shriek that echoed through the night air, and reached the ears of the guests, the crouching figure in the centre of the room sprang to its feet.

"Not that—not that—you never thought that, Leo!"

"I knew it," he said simply.

"You did not, you could not—it 'was not' to be known! How can you know that happened which never did happen? You have been more cruelly deceived than ever I deceived you. Weak as I have been, I stopped short of that wickedness. My sin against you was far less than I thought, if you have lived thinking this of me!"

In a moment they had changed places, and she was the accuser now. But he recovered himself, and said:

"That fair hair bewilders me—take it off! When I see you as I knew you, I shall be the more easy to convince that I have been deceived about you."

Then she put up her hand and loosened a spring, and the bright, wavy, hazel-brown, that all Dene admired so much, came off, and left her head covered with soft, dark tresses, cut short, like a boy's.

"Why, if you believed me dead, did you deem it necessary to disguise yourself?" he asked. "When you married me, years ago; when I believed in you as the most innocent girl in the world; when I was ready to make any sacrifice to secure your happiness, you were not more beautiful than you are now. Why did you put on the fair hair, then? It could not add to your beauty; there must have been some other motive."

It was hard to explain it all, but she did, at last, make them both understand the truth, or, at least, some part of it. It seemed that, four years ago, this Leo Hunter and Annie, his wife, had been as happy a pair as the sun ever shone upon. But some cloud of irritability had settled over the husband's spirits, and the wife had been out a great deal without him. In society she met a man who had a poet's soul, and a poet's tongue, and his sympathy became dangerously sweet, and she woke one morning to know that he was going away, and that she loved him.

Simultaneously with this discovery, her husband was taken with a sharp, sudden illness that demanded incessant care and watchfulness; and, feeling herself unequal to the task, she secured the services of a second-cousin of his, who had always feigned a sisterly regard for him. One night—the night before James Lawler was going to leave England—this cousin came to the wife, and told her that Leo Hunter was dead. In the madness of passion and excitement, the unhappy woman left her home, and sought that of the man she loved—the man who was leaving.

"Take me with you, or I shall die!" she prayed. "My husband is dead; there is none between us now; be as merciful as fate has been; take me with you."

He obeyed her, and the next morning they were married—married, and far away, by the time Leo Hunter recovered from the long swoon into which he had been deftly thrown. When he came back to life, the soft hand that was holding his brow, the tender voice that was wooing him back to life, seemed doubly dear to him. He looked up in gratitude, and saw, not his wife, but his cousin.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Gone! Be grateful that she is gone. See the parting draught she gave you. She left, thinking you dead; she came and told me you were dead; and, when I came out of the agony that statement caused me, she was gone; a few drops more of this (and she tapped the poison-bottle), and you would not have been here to despise the Jezebel, and cast her out from your heart."

So he was made to believe that she, his wife, had sought to murder him, and had fled, believing that her attempt had been successful. And she, poor, wretched, half guilty creature, was left to believe that he was dead, and she was free.

It was then that they went down to Dene. Her spirit was so shattered, that she could not brace herself up to bear the shortest sea voyage, and the life of a town half maddened her.

"In solitude only can I find peace," she said to the man who looked so saturnine, and was so soft-hearted. "If I met any one who knew me before, and who, perchance, might discover that I married the morning after my first husband died, I should die with shame. I must alter myself—for your sake I must never be known."

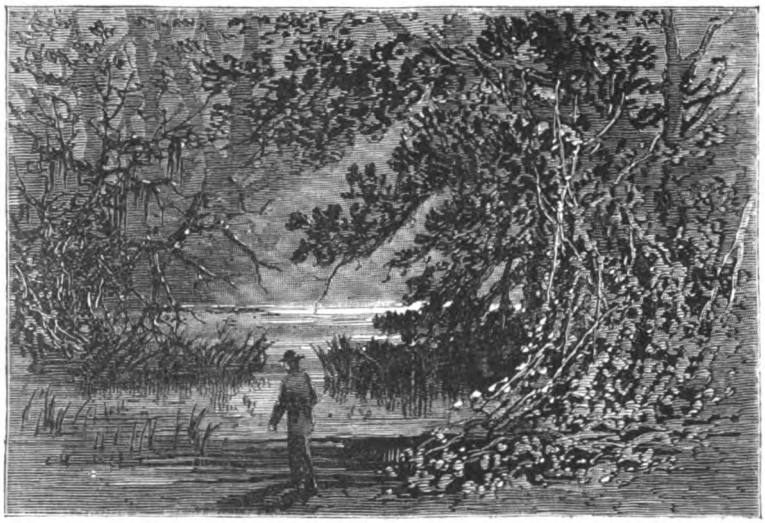
This was their secret, then; and now, after she had thrown off its bondage, and struggled back into the semblance of peace and joy again, it had all come to light. Leo was alive again, and she—what was she?

"What will become of us all?" That was the question she asked when she had told her tale, and forced them both to believe it. "I ask nothing for myself from either of you. I only ask this of you"—and she turned to the man who had been the lover and husband of her youth—"that you spare him all he can be spared; do with me what you will; punish me privately; humiliate me to any extent; only avoid publicity for the sake of a man who never wronged you, and who has suffered as bitterly from his connection with me as even you have suffered. What will become of us all?"

It was a passion in tatters, indeed, pleading thus. The two men, each agonized as only men who love and are wronged can be agonized, stood there, helpless and powerless to answer to her appeal.

"We must do something—ay! something—but what?"

To "act—act in the living present," is a great gift. Women, I verily believe, have the greater power of doing so. Now, at this horrible juncture, when they were, one and all, so harassed and distraught, the woman was the only one who could control herself into a consideration for the immediate events of the day.



REMEMBERED.—"HE STUMBLED AND FELL, WITH A LOUD CRY, INTO A MINIATURE LAKE THAT WAS EMBOSOMED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOOD."

Once more she put what her husband had called the lie upon her head, and went out amidst the astonished people, who had, in the meantime, eaten their supper.

"A terrible trouble has come upon us," she said—"a trouble that will take us away from you at once, and that is of a nature to make me pray that you may never hear of us again. But, before I say good-by to you, I should like to hear that your last experience here has been a pleasant one. Let me be well remembered by all of you, at least."

"What a winning witch it is!" the stranger said to himself, as he stood watching her. "What a winning witch it is; and not a bad woman, either, if only she could have loved me! As she could not, what evil fortune brought me here? Poor little thing!—if I could only spare her now!"

He walked away to think over the subject. The generous, good fellow, who had never meant to revenge himself, and who pitied her now, even more than he pitied himself.

"I will get the divorce as soon as possible," he was saying to himself, "and then she can marry him, and I'll go off to some torrid zone, where what is left of life will soon be burnt out of me. Oh! heavens! what fools win lightly and hold as nothing, we men, who started thinking ourselves wise, would give our lives to keep!"

What an impenetrable wood it was, and how utterly bewildering, now that the moon had gone behind a cloud for the nonce. He stumbled, and plunged, and then fell, with a loud cry, into a miniature lake that was embosomed in the middle of the wood. Some fair, treacherous bindweed caught about his feet, and, slight as its bonds were, he could not break them. He had but time to compare them to those Delilah wove, before he dreamt away into unconsciousness, and then straightway into death. When those whom his cry had reached came to him, he was quite lifeless, and must have been so for several minutes, they said; and, as he was a stranger, the tragedy of his end was soon forgotten.

But she, of whom his last thoughts were kind, made the place where he died a holy spot, for she built a chapel there, and taught the children that were born to her to pray their sweetest prayers by the grave that was marked by a plain stone, and the one word—

"Remembered!"

ARTIFICE will for a time conceal the most glaring errors. Superficial adornments are rarely tangible.

IMPULSE, OR INSPIRATION.

"IF one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull," said my friend Mrs. Melton, as we sat together in her pleasant little library, endeavoring, as women sometimes will, to explain away or account for certain phenomena in themselves unmeasurable, and utterly at variance with so-called scientific laws.

I say, as *women* sometimes will, because, so far as a necessarily limited observation has permitted me to examine, I am free to say that men generally pass over the wonderful and weird in life with a laugh, or a shrug of the shoulders, and, ten to one, without an attempt even to arrive at the causes of mental phenomena.

My companion was a study in herself. She wasn't the least bit in the world pretty, and by no stretch of the imagination could she be called ugly. She was tall and graceful, with large gray eyes, a broad and rather high forehead, projecting in the region of ideality, a head exceedingly well developed in the moral and intellectual, a straight nose, large mouth, and very beautiful teeth. Critics declared that her face lacked animation. This was probably the case, but those who knew her best, and understood the depth and force of her character, very soon forgot this defect, if defect it could be called, in the sweet dreaminess and almost angelic expression which, under all circumstances, her countenance wore.

Mrs. Melton thought and wrote a great deal—talked very little. Ordinary conversation did not interest her, and in such she never joined; but let some one touch a metaphysical or speculative chord, and the earnest woman responded at once.

We had been talking about impressions, and sudden convictions, and the shadows of coming events, and trying to discover for such a scientific or natural cause, when Mrs. Melton made the remark which opens this chapter.

"If one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull, one might at least unravel the skein, and understand its complications; but my thread always breaks, and, before I know it, the end is lost.

"If one could only comprehend one's moods even, just think what a stride that would be toward knowledge! Let me tell you," she continued, an expression more pensive than usual stealing over her features—"that is, if you are not already tired of the sound of my voice—

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an experience which drifted into my life a few days ago, the troublous effects of which I have only just been able to rid myself of. I am almost convinced that I haven't quite finished with it yet.

"Since my earliest remembrance I have been strangely attracted or repelled, not only to or from those I am thrown in social and daily contact with, but with those I meet in the street, in car, stage, or ferry-boat.

"I have told you of those things before, but you do *not* know how I have struggled the greater part of my life to crush these sensations, which I was aware would not stand the test of honest inquiry, and which were as impossible for me to describe as my friends to account for.

"I will give you this last history, not only because it is the most recent, but because it goes a little further into the weird and incomprehensible than anything which ever happened to me.

"About ten days ago, as I took a seat on a Fulton Ferry boat, bound for New York, my attention was attracted to a fine-looking young gentleman opposite. He evidently knew nothing and cared nothing for his surroundings. He was on his way to New York, that was all, and, while making the trip, was utterly oblivious to conditions. There was a haughtiness to the curl of his lip, and an occasional quick glance right and left, which I could not reconcile with the general tired and almost pleading look which seemed to be the natural expression of the man's face.

"Now, ask yourself how you should have felt had you been in my place! For myself individually, I was no more attracted to this man than to any other gentleman or lady in the cabin, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my eyes from his face.

"No, there was no animal magnetism about it," as I suggested the probability of accounting for the attraction in that way. "No, it was *not* that. It was something outside of him, and equally removed from me.

"An inner voice, or perception, or something, which is just as indescribable as the rest, whispered—now, mind, I do not say *seemed* to whisper—'Watch him carefully, and do as you shall be led.'

"We were just pushing off from the dock, when a man sauntered lazily through the cabin, and as he caught sight of the gentleman I was so busily watching, approached him familiarly, extended his hand, which the other one grasped, and then took the nearest seat beside him.

IMPULSE, OR INSPIRATION.—"I DREW VERY NEAR TO NO. 1, TOUCHED HIS ARM, AND REPEATED WHAT THE STILL, SMALL VOICE SUGGESTED."

"Strangely enough, this newcomer seemed to arouse all the fury there was in my nature. I think really that I could have looked on while that man drowned, without so much as a quiver of my nerves He was clothed like a gentleman, had the air of a gentleman—that easy, indifferent, nonchalant manner which is so thoroughly artistic, and oftentimes so fascinating. But, oh, the restlessness of those black eyes!

"Not a movement escaped me. As No. 2 took his seat, I noticed No. 1 glance down at his own shirt-front, and carefully and almost stealthily draw together his own coat, as if preparing himself for an emergency.

"'Hiding his diamond shirt-studs,' whispered the inaudible voice. But why? I wondered. Surely he could not be afraid that his companion would steal them? Not that certainly; but what could that movement mean? No. 2 was disgustingly familiar. Each time that he came, in the course of his conversation, to an exclamation point, which was very frequently, he came down with a slap upon the knee of his companion. For a while No. 1 seemed to be deliberating whether he should submit to it or not. The

knitting of the brows and compression of the lips showed more plainly than words the rebellion of the proud spirit.

"This was finally evident to No. 2. For a second a demoniac smile lit up his countenance, and, crossing his legs in an indifferent sort of way, like an indolent man thoroughly satisfied with himself and the whole world, he leaned his head slightly toward his companion, and, with a careless shrug, uttered a few words, which brought the hot blood in a gust to the face of his companion, fading away as quickly, and leaving the poor fellow as pale as a corpse.

"But, ah, what a long apprenticeship he must have served to duplicity! No. 2 could not read his countenance as I did—his position forbade that—so he had no means of observing any effect from his communication but the wonderful *sang-froid* which immediately followed. As a piece of acting, Booth could never have equaled it. After that, No. 1 led off in conversation, No. 2 evidently not a little muddled as to the effect of his last remark.

"I knew the shot had told; but no words can do justice to the joy which I felt when I discovered that No. 2 was not aware that he had brought down his game.

"The boat struck the pier, and the two gentlemen arose. I followed, as well aware that I had a part to play in that drama of real life as that we are sitting talking the matter over this morning. It was full two minutes before the boat got fairly in, and during that time the attention of No. 2 was arrested by a large Newfoundland dog, which he appeared to examine with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I drew very near to No. 1, touched his arm, and repeated just what the still small voice suggested:

"'That man has lied to you about the letter. She never wrote it. If you go with him to-night, you are lost.' As the last words fell from my lips, the excitement which had upheld me from the moment of my entering the boat seemed all at once withdrawn, and I was compelled to lean against the railing for support.

"'Good God, madame!" he whispered, 'what do you know? Who are you?'

"Hush!' I entreated, pointing to No. 2, still busily engaged measuring the shaggy Newfoundland. 'Remember what I have said, and govern yourself accordingly.'

"No. 2 came lazily forward, passed his arm, with a slight, caressing motion, through that of his companion, and the two sauntered off together, No. 1 apparently indifferent to all the world.

"Now, just observe the peculiarity of my position. Suppose that man had followed me, and demanded to know what I meant, and where I got my information, what should I have said to him?"

"But he *didn't?*" I ventured to suggest.

"No," she replied. "He went his way, as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary course."

"Well, that was ordered also, no doubt," I found myself saying.

"Well, perhaps," she answered, dreamily.

"Then, you think that this circumstance will have to be accounted for through so-called spiritual agency?"

"I do not admit that, although I do admit that everything, so far, in the way of explanation, has fallen far short of satisfying my reason.

"But let me proceed with my story. For three days and nights this strange episode haunted me, not so much because I felt that, in this instance, I had made myself in a way ridiculous, but because I realized that, in order to prevent such occurrences in the future, I should be compelled to remain most of the time at home; and even here, to tell the truth, I did not feel particularly safe. If one can be of service to one's friends, by advice, suggestions, or warnings, let them be never so strange or weird, we then could find much to admire in such a phenomenon; but to go traveling round the earth, compelled, against every sense of propriety and delicacy, to obey a superior will, is something which I felt strongly inclined to rebel against.

"Day before yesterday, I awoke in the morning entirely free from all anxiety. The unpleasant features of the past seemed so utterly insignificant, that I wondered at myself for ever having worried about them. I decided to go to New York and spend the day with my sister at the —— Hotel. You remember, of course, how bright the morning was, and as I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat, it seemed to me that nothing ever described by poet or artist was so wondrously beautiful as this glorious East River. The Bay of Naples was nowhere in comparison. Oh, for an artist's skill to convey to the world some idea of this grand centre of beauty and civilization!

"Oblivious to contiguous surroundings, I stood drinking in the calm loveliness of the scene, when, all of a sudden, I was called to a practical sense of my position by a light touch on my arm, and a very gentle, 'Good-morning, madame.'

"I turned to see No. 1 gazing down into my face, with a pair of eyes which a new-found happiness and peace had made as radiant as the eyes of an angel.

"I smiled back—who could have helped it? Yet, I was just as clearly myself as I am this minute, and remarked:

"'You seem happier than when we last met!'

"'Happier!" he repeated. 'Why, my dear woman, you have been my salvation! You know, of course, how strangely Hattie has behaved in this matter between Harcourt and me.'

"I smiled again, thinking, perhaps, it was not best to undeceive him, and he continued:

"'Well, that letter, which you assured me Hattie had no hand in, was a perfect *fac-simile* of her handwriting, and every sentence was composed in her usual terse and telling style. In this she accepted his addresses, and denounced me as an adventurer—a man utterly unworthy of trust. The only time in my life that I was ever fully under the influence of liquor, Harcourt, after arranging everything to suit him, dared me to play a game of bluff. I have no recollection of anything that happened that night, excepting my terrible debt to Harcourt. He had won, of course, every time; and Heaven only knows how long we played, or how the game footed up. I was obliged to accept his figures, and, in order to cancel this indebtedness, was compelled to sacrifice an amount of valuable property given me by my father, and even now I owe him almost five hundred dollars. As it happens, I am possessed of a few thousands which, according to a strange stipulation, are not convertible for several years yet into cash.

"'Had it not been for this wise provision, I should have been a ruined man. He understanding this, and wishing to get the whole property into his clutches at the end of the allotted time, has since haunted me like a shadow, urging me all the while to play, and bring back my luck. I knew the other morning, if I did not agree to his proposition, that he would come down upon me for my diamond shirt-studs, which were a present from my sister in Baltimore, and which I did not feel called upon to part with, even to cancel a debt of *honor*. So I covered them up from his greedy eyes; and after he had whispered to me that Hattie had promised to marry him at the end of the month, and with the evidence of what I believed to be her own handwriting to that effect, I confess I did not care what became of me, and I agreed to play him again that evening. Then you came and spoke to me. I believed you as thoroughly, as if an angel from heaven had whispered the words in my ear.

"'As soon as I could rid myself of Harcourt, I started for Hattie's house. I found the dear girl sick and almost heart-broken. The villain had represented me falsely in every particular, and had made the whole family believe that, but for his influence in keeping me away from the gaming-table, I would not have had a dollar to call my own. It is all right now, and Hattie understands the whole business thoroughly. My dear friend, where should I have been to-day, but for meeting you the other morning? Tell me how you came to know the circumstances, and, even knowing them, to recognize me?—for I do not remember of ever having met you before.'

"Oh, who can doubt, after *such* manifestations, that a loving Father is at the helm?"

"Well," I interrupted, breathlessly, "what next?"

"Oh, there is not much more. Hattie and her lover dine with me this evening. You will remain, of course, and get acquainted with my *protégés*."

THE HORSE OF THE DESERT.

[*From the Arabic.*]

By Francis Hastings Doyle.

My steed is black—my steed is black
As a moonless and starless night;
He was foaled in wide deserts without a track,
He drinks the wind in flight;
So drank the wind his sire before him,
And high of blood the dam that bore him.
In days when the hot war-smoke rises high,
My comrades hail him as the unwing'd flier;
His speed outstrips the very lightning fire—
May God preserve him from each evil eye.

Like the gazelle's his ever quivering ears,
His eyes gleam softly as a woman's, when
Her looks of love are full;
His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,
And, in the shock of battle, he uprears
The forehead of a bull.
His croup, his flanks, his shoulders all are long,
His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round;
Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong,
Such as the desert ostrich bear along,
And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.
As my own soul I trust him, without fear;
No mortal ever yet bestrode his peer.

His flesh is as the zebra's firm; he glides
Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the plain;
But, when at speed, his limbs put on amain
The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides.
Yes, in one day he does the work of five;
No spur his spirit wakes,
But each strong vein and sinew seems alive
At every bound he makes.
Over the pathless sand he darteth straight,
As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate;
Or, like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,
Toward water hidden in a hollow rock.

A war-horse true, to front the clash of swords,
He loves to hound the lion to his lair;
Glory, with beauty won from alien hordes,
And the soft voices of our virgins fair,
Fill him with fierce delight.
When on his back through peril's heat I break,
His neighings call the vulture down, and shake
Each foeman's soul with sudden fright;
On him I fear not death,
She shrinks aside,
Scared by the echoing thunder of his stride.

My darling says, "Come, come to me alone,
Through night and silence come to me, mine own."
(O stranger, from beyond the howling seas,
Leave, leave those flowers
Whose bloom is ours,
To the love-murmur of their native bees).
Then, by some sweet and subtle instinct taught,
He learns to read aright each secret thought.
Obedient to the impulse which I feel,
As to my hand this lifeless steel,
Like a hawk sweeping homeward to her nest,
Strong in his quenchless will,
He rushes onward still,
That I may clasp the loved one to my breast;
But whilst I lay me down with happy sighs,
Under the light of those entrancing eyes,
In some secluded spot, beyond her door,
With countless dangers near, he stands alone
As if his fiery heart were changed to stone;
And champs his bit till I return once more.
By our great Prophet's head, this matchless horse
Is the true pearl of every caravan;
The light and life of all our camps—the force
And glory of his clan

Born, when the war-shout wakes, to lead,
I am an Arab sheik;
My flocks are there the poor to feed,
My name protects the weak.
The stranger from my father's tent
Is never turned aside,
For God his choicest gifts hath sent,
And blessed me far and wide;
But if change come, and angry fate
Hold forth her bitter cup to drink,
The path of honor still is straight,
From thence I shall not shrink.
I shall live nobly yet, if ills are borne
In patient trust;
I shall be rich enough, if I can scorn
The sordid lust
Of gold, and look for happier days, to bloom
Beyond the night-frost of the tomb.
Yea, though misfortune's iron hand
Should smite me with her heaviest rod,
I shall be strong enough to stand,
And praise the name of God.

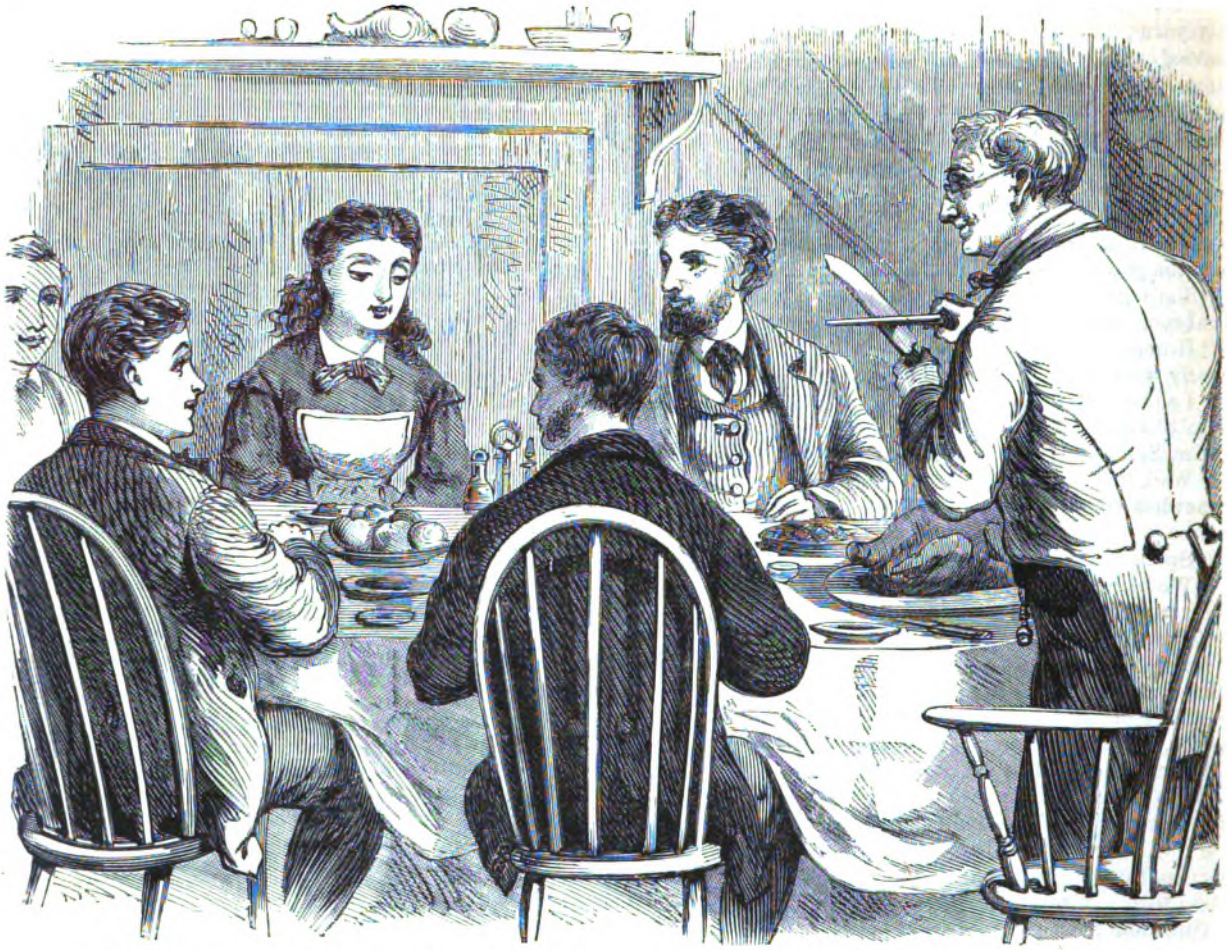
RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

"You see just how we're fixed!" said Deacon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner.

The gray November twilight was closing, like the misty shadows of a dream, over the desolate valley that lay between the rock-crested hills, fringed with hemlocks and white pines, while the gray-green foliage of cedar copses gave a ghostly shimmer to the distance. Just at the mouth of the valley the mirror-like gleam of Lake Champlain reflected the dull firmament, and beyond, the peaks of far-off mountains lost their outlines in the low-hanging vapors of the sky—the Adirondacks themselves!

But Deacon Carey, who had been cradled, as it were, among their grandeurs, never thought of the Adirondacks, except as a very unprofitable investment of land. Familiarity breeds contempt, and even the Colossus of Rhodes ceases to inspire awe to their next-door neighbor.

"Folks come a dreadful ways to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; "and, arter all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good medder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a-shinin' out among the shocked corn! That's *my* notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' rye out o' the Adirondacks."



RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.—"'RUTH,' SAID THE DEACON, MILDLY, 'YOU'RE A VERY GOOD COOK, MY DEAR. I WISH WE COULD KEEP YOU HERE AL'AYS!'"— SEE PAGE 727.

And, after all, there was an inkling of common sense in the deacon's view of things.

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farmhouse, whose overhanging eaves made you think of a boy who has pulled his cap too far over his eyes—a farmhouse upon whose shingled roof the gold and scarlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts at every sough of the melancholy wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Champlain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather had planted in the Revolutionary days, when he never knew, coming home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should not find his home a heap of smoldering cinders, with the cry of the savage redskin where his babies' cooing voices had sounded at the morning-tide! He was in his grave, dust and ashes, long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every year.

Within you saw a low-ceiled room, with colored prints hanging on the wall, a mist of asparagus over the clock-shelf, and white and yellow chrysanthemums blossoming between the net-fringed curtains of the three little windows. A rag-carpet, woven in dazzling stripes of red and blue, covered the floor, while the bricks of the clean-swept hearth could not have glowed brighter if they had been carved in Neapolitan coral, and a fire of splendid chestnut logs blazed and crackled, wreathing the polished brass fire-dogs as if they had been a pair of John Rogers at the stake, suffering continual martyrdom. Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry, compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and winking spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of twilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely dark.

Obed Carey occupied the cushioned rocker opposite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands where the veins stood out like cord. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat there, erect and thin and uncompromising.

And while her elders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, paring diligently away, with the firelight glinting on her sunny brown hair.

Ruth was small and dimpled, and exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first frosts, and she had violet gray eyes, darkening into blue around the edge of the irides, and dewy, scarlet lips, and a slender throat, circled with a string of red wood-berries; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark; "I see. It was a dreadful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Carey should be took away."

"Four years ago this very month," said the deacon, meditatively; "four—years—ago. A houseful of boys is a tryin' thing, Mrs. Skinner."

"I should think it must be," said the widow.

"And it's a remarkable orderin' of Providence that I should have six boys and you six gals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a needleful of gray yarn; "but my gals has all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the factories in Lowell, and Alethea's lived to Squire Hall's these two years, and Kate's doin' well at the millinery business, and Ruth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Ruth ain't like the others; she ain't good for much."

The deacon hitched his chair, with a grating noise, across the hearth, to get a better view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.

"She's good to look pretty, anyhow," he said, with a cumbrous attempt at a joke.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was extremely limited.

"I s'pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home to Thanksgivin'?" hazarded Mr. Carey.

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly.

"Wall, that's sort o' providential too" said the deacon, somewhat embarrassed. "Bein' you've got so many gals, mebbe you'd spare one."

"Spare one?"

"We hain't no women folks to our house since Hepsibah Duckett stole the spoons and went to Canady; and I set my foot down not to have no more hired help, and it *was* sort o' forlorn last Thanksgivin' Day, and the boys, why, they missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and ginerally hev an eye to things, it would be a sight o' accommodation."

"I'm willin', if Ruth is," said Mrs. Skinner, composedly.

"We've got as fine a turkey as ever squawked," went on the deacon, "and Jared he fetched in a pumkin off the side-hill lot, bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Huldy Simons, so there ain't no lack o' things to do with. What d'ye say, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-cheeked apple she had just taken up.

"I—I have no objection, if mother thinks it proper."

"Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on airth shouldn't it be proper? Of course it's proper!"

"Wall," said the deacon, rising to his lanky fullness of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Ruth, and to you, too, marm."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner, hospitably.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mr. Carey. "There ain't no tellin' what mischief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dretful sight o' watchin'."

"Dear, dear!" sighed the widow.

"Jared he wants to wear his Sunday clothes to singin'-school, and John wants spendin' money of his own, and Josey he sticks out for't he's got a right to burn a candle arter ten at night ef he's a-mind to, and Lewis he buys picter-papers every week, as if money growed on blackberry-bushes, and I do feel to get most discouraged sometimes. There ain't nobody but a father knows what a father's trials is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the deacon went out with a groan.

"The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men growed," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you most through with them apples, Ruth?"

And Deacon Obed, plodding homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal gnats, thought of Ruth Skinner's rosebud face, and wondered how it would seem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blossoming of brightness!

"I ain't so very old, arter all," thought Deacon Carey, "and there ain't no law against a man's marryin' again, as ever I heered on. But she's young and skeery, and I must drive kind o' slow at first. It was a good idea, that o' mine, borrowin' her for Thanksgivin'. Ruth, Ruth, it's the prettiest name goin', and she's the prettiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the gnarly tree by the well every time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creeter, *I* know, for I watched her parin' them apples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown caliker ever since last March."

And the deacon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain.

It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the summits of the Adirondacks vailed in slowly-drifting snow-flakes, and Lake Champlain shining up with steely glimmer where the bend of the valley revealed its far-away surface. The leafless trees seemed to stand shuddering in the blast—the pines and hemlocks, their needle-like foliage transformed into a thousand moaning wind-harps, tossed their green crests to and fro, like human creatures groping

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.—"BREAKING AWAY FROM HER ESCORT, RUTH RAN AWAY, THROUGH THE SNOW AND SLEET, TOWARD THE FAR-OFF RED LIGHT OF THE SKINNER FARMHOUSE."

blindly for help in some awful strait. Nature was chanting her *Miserere*, and the grand mountains seemed to listen in silence.

But the Carey homestead was all alive with warmth and cheerfulness and red firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioned house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and re-crossing overhead, and curious wooden wainscotings half-way up the walls, and odd little three-cornered cupboards built, as if by malice prepense, in the most inconvenient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being mere after-thoughts and appendages. Nor was the furniture a whit more modern. The chairs, tall and claw-legged, tipped you inhospitably forward; the looking-glasses warped and twisted your features into a deathblow to all vanity; the chest of drawers stood in a high-shouldered manner against the walls, with Argus-eyes of brass, and the old clock on the first landing of the stairs ticked a slow, mournful monotone, which would have driven a hypochondriac mad.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen-table, a white apron tied over the brown calico dress which had awakened Deacon Carey's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring some fragrant compound of spice and raisins and orange-peel, while five of the six "Carey boys" stood around surveying her, as five tall barn-door fowls might stare at a tiny golden pheasant, or a Seabright bantam.

"Boys, boys!" croaked the deacon, emerging from his room, in the glories of a blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt-collars that held his chin up at an angle of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind 'em."

"Oh, I don't, I assure you, sir," said Ruth, laughing. "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the nail by the dresser."

"I wish you wouldn't call me *sir*," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt-collars would have admitted of it.

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrows.

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Obed," was trembling on the deacon's lips, when he caught the ten eyes of his sons fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The deacon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously.

"You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"Oh, I can't, sir—Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pies."

"Well, boys," said the deacon, "come along."

"Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Proclamation Thanksgivin', to be home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?"

"He was out a-fodderin' the creeters," sullenly answered John, the second son.

"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer.

"I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in front of the fire.

"He needn't ha' been in such a hurry," grumblingly commented the deacon; "but he al'ays had a way of his own of doing things. Ruth, my dear, don't stand so near the fire—you're burnin' your face the color of a cabbage-rose."

Ruth murmured some scarcely articulate answer as the deacon tapped her cheek with clumsy *espièglerie*, and bent more closely than ever over her work.

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cubburd for't."

Hosea left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud:

"Door's locked, father."

"No, 'tain't locked nuther," sharply responded paterfamilias. But he went to inspect the "cubburd" for himself, nevertheless,

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the key?"

There was a shout of unanimous denial. The deacon looked round with lowering brows.

"If that 'ere key's lost—— Ain't them the church-bells?"

And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a stray muffler, twisted it round his parchment-like throat, and sped upon his way, with his five sons following in long array.

And Ruth Skinner was left alone with the crackling wood-fire, and the ticking clock, and the soft clicking of the snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the plaintive strain of a hymn-tune she was murmuring under her breath as she arranged the cranberry tarts on the dresser-shelf and filled up the oven to its very mouth with paste-shells full of golden, trembling custard.

Only for a moment, though. There was an ominous grating as of the wards of a rusty key in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr. Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified "Jack-in-the-box."

"Joe!" cried Ruth, turning scarlet. "Don't!"

"Don't! You mean *do*," said Joe, unceremoniously taking Ruth round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet. "Why, I thought I should have stifled among the old hats and boots."

"But, Joe, it's so wrong!"

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Morality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longsentence when my heart was in the old kitchen at home with you. Now, see here, Ruth, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe tied a towel deftly round his slim, well-molded waist, and commenced stirring vigorously at the saucepan he took from Ruth's hands.

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you mustn't spatter so."

Mr. Carey accordingly relaxed somewhat of his over-zealous earnestness, and looked at Ruth over the top of the table.

"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer to-day."

Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a snowy mass of table napery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Is this the best table-cloth?"

"Yes—no— I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-cloths. Is it to be yes or no, Ruth?"

"Oh, Joe, we are both so young."

"Nonsense."

"I suppose these napkins are the right one?"

"Do *you* suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose up against the buffalo robes, to decide the question of napkins with you? I *will* be answered!"

"Well—but—what shall I say?"

"*I* should say 'yes,' if I were in your place."

"But, Joe——"

"Look here, Ruth," and Joe overturned the saucepan in his enthusiasm. "Here's where it is. Would you rather be my wife or my stepmother?"

"Joe!"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little, demure kitten! Come, don't keep me in suspense!"

He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant hazel eyes into her shrinking, rose-red, smiling face.

"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.

"But it is burning!" cried Ruth, piteously. "Oh, Joe, *please!*"

"Not until you have decided my destiny. Yes or no!"

"Yes, then, you provoking fellow!"

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of paction which Mr. Joe stooped to possess himself of, ran to the oven.

"It's burned! I *knew* it would be!" she breathed.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, critically surveying the royal bird over her shoulder. "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to *you!*" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she reclosed the oven, after basting and turning its contents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready?"

"It *shall* be ready!" said Joe, solemnly. "I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

* * * * * *

"That was a proper good sarmon," said Deacon Obed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme tip of his nose from the driving snow. "Boys, walk along straight, and don't be loitering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heathens. Yes, an edifyin' discourse—apples o' gold in pictures of silver. I do wish Ruth had a-heerd it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.

"You needn't be afeard, Hosy," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner understands her business as well as the next one. She is a-stirrin', smart gal as ever I see, and economical, too! I never shall forget how bad I felt the Fall arter your mother was took away, seein' Hepsy Duckett dress chickens—slingin' the gizzard and liver away like a wasteful huzzy as she was. I watched Ruth last night. I tell ye my heart jumped up into my mouth when she come to the giblets! But she washed 'em clean, and she chopped 'em up fine, with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt to make the stuffin', and says I to myself, 'Many darters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!' To see the way she wrings out her dishcloth, too—it would melt a heart o' stun!"

Hosea looked at his father with the slightest *soupçon* of a twinkle in his eyes, and began to whistle under his breath. The deacon walked on, lost in his own blissful reflections.

The Thanksgiving dinner was ready—a culinary triumph—as the churchgoers came in, bringing a whiff of keen northern air with them, and a plentiful powdering of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself, brown, glistening and unctuous, lay in the centre of the board, with wings meekly folded and breast distended with aromatic stuffing, while, ranged round him, quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimson cranberry tarts blushed through their lattice-work of puff-paste, while mince-pies and pumpkin, custard and suet puddings, sent up an odorous appeal to the senses. Apples, red and russet, flanked either end of the board, while stone pitchers of cider, freshly drawn by Joe, foamed and sparkled brighter than the champagne of any fair vineyard of France.

And the deacon, propitiated by this burnt offering of savory meats, forgot to reprove Joe for his delinquency in the matter of church.

"Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chicken-pie beyond it, "you're a good cook—a *very* good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here al'ays!"

Ruth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs round the table with very unnecessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that "she *must* go home," the deacon rose up to escort her.

"Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand authoritatively. "Take your seat again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe hum!"

"I—I would rather go alone, sir!" faltered Ruth.

But the deacon tucked her arm protectingly beneath the sleeve of his shaggy, butternut-colored great-coat, and they set forth together.

"Ruth, my dear," said the deacon, breaking a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks.

"Sir," fluttered Ruth, softly.

"It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs o' boys."

"Joe isn't a rough cub, please, sir," said Ruth, plucking up a momentary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy.

"Wall," said the deacon, somewhat surprised at this unexpected partisanship, "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all?"

"I don't understand you, sir!" said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of the snow and darkness.

"To come there and live—to be my wife—Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deacon, beginning to feel uncomfortably warm about the regions of the nose and cheekbones. "Don't you understand *now*, Ruth?"

"Oh, sir!" uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I cannot!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly. "I know you're young and inexperienced, but I'm willin' to overlook all that, and——"

"But, sir," interrupted Ruth, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I—I've promised to marry Joe!"

And, breaking away from her escort, Ruth ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-off red light of the Skinner farmhouse.

Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations; and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of his son and daughter-in-law, with a little, cherry-cheeked grandchild tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.

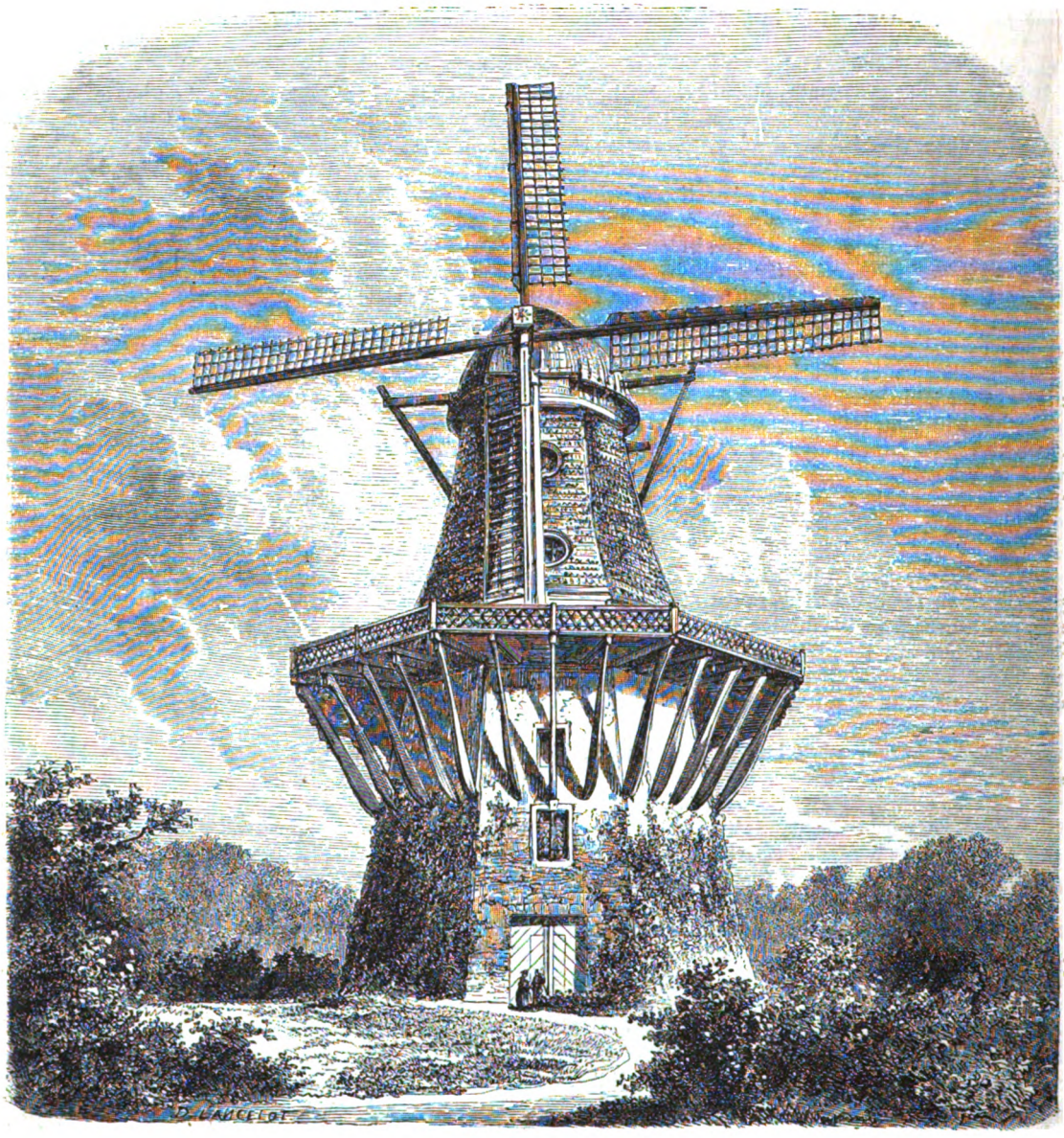
ARISTOTLE laid it down as a maxim "that all inquiry should begin with doubt." Whenever, then, we meet with mysteries beyond our feeble comprehension, would it not be more rational to doubt the very faculty we are employing—the capacity of our reason itself?

THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI, PRUSSIA.

SANS SOUCI was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, where at one time gathered around him the most brilliant literary *coterie* in Europe, till quarrels and petty jealousies, from which even the heroes of war and letters are not exempt, broke up the circle.

All here was simplicity itself. The king lived with no state whatever. At night a corporal and four grenadiers came to guard it till daybreak, and this was all the sign of pomp to be seen. One day a stranger whom the king had invited arrived at Sans Souci, entered, but found nobody—so he knocked at a door. A little man dressed in blue quietly opened it—Frederick himself. On another occasion the king, preserving his *incognito*, showed a tourist over the grounds of Sans Souci, and received an offer of money from the delighted traveler.

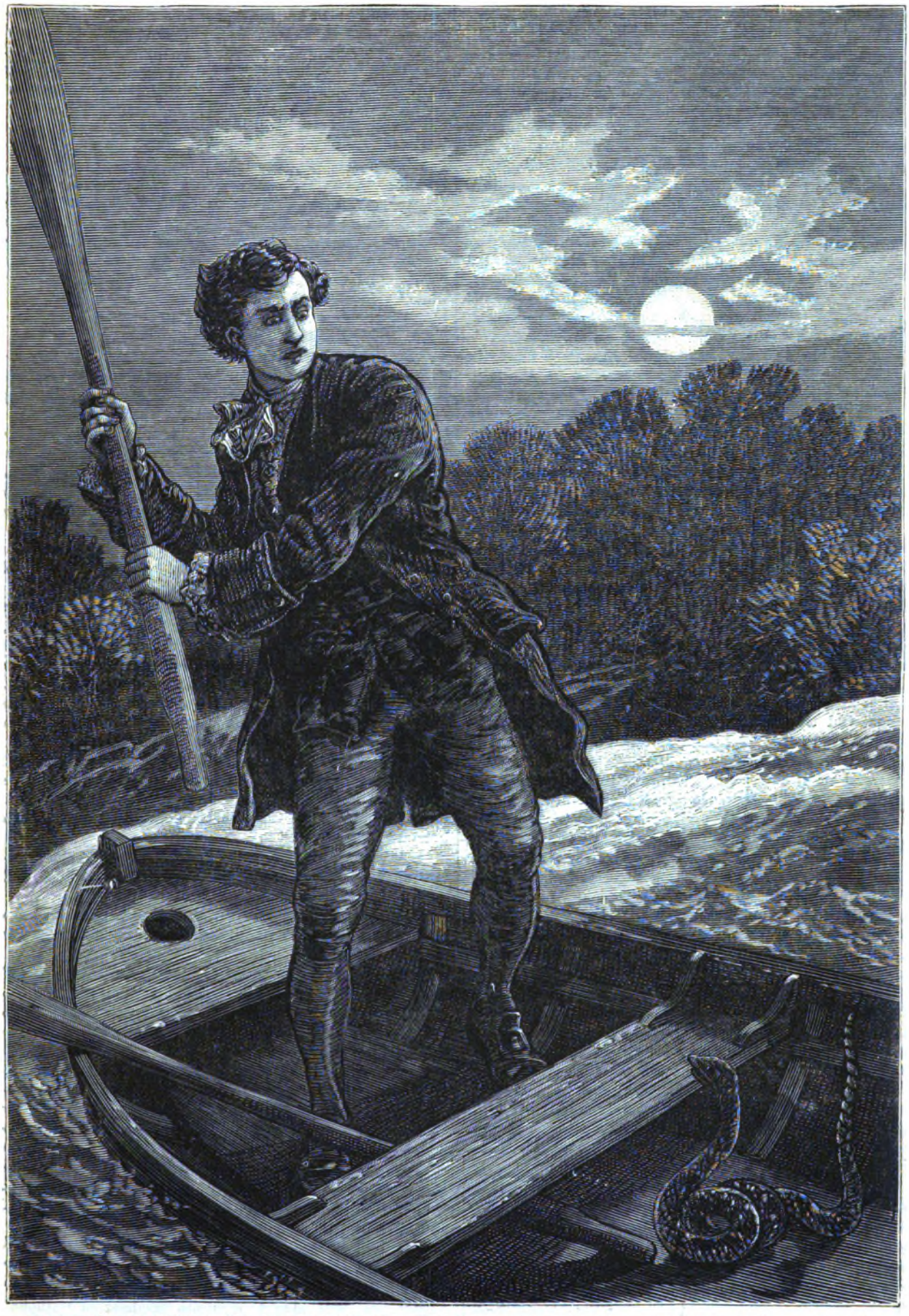
Of all the anecdotes of the place, the most famous is that concerning the mill. The view from the gardens was marred greatly by an old mill. The king resolved to buy and demolish it; but, to his annoyance, the miller objected. It had been his father's and his grandfather's, and he wished to die as they had done—owner of the mill. So he refused point-blank to sell. The king raised his offer, and as this failed, his temper rose. He threatened to take it without paying. At this the miller drew up. "What! take my mill! You might, if there were no courts of justice in Berlin." This settled it. The king laughed to think that in his reign there was such confidence in the integrity of the judiciary, and, turning to his friends, he said: "We must change our plans. Neighbor, keep your own; your answer is a good one."



THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI, PRUSSIA.

Historians have endeavored to give the anecdote authenticity; but perhaps the best corroboration is in the fact that the late king of Prussia, finding the mill in a state of decay, and the miller's descendants poor, rebuilt it at his own expense, and secured it to them.

TRUE zeal will always inculcate moderation without diminishing a conspicuous intrepidity.



AUNT PRUE'S CRAPE BONNET.—"HE SAW THE THING MOVE, UNCOIL, AND SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH UPLIFTED OAR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AUNT PRUE'S CRAPE BONNET.

By the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

IT was Sunday evening, one hundred years ago. In the quaint parlor of a house in a quaint village of Connecticut the moonbeams of May fell upon two bright young heads in the recess of a deep bay-window. Beyond the heavy curtains, and the shadow they threw on the dark red carpet, a blazing fire snapped and crackled, for Sabina, the old house-servant, had just thrown an armful of split hickory in front of the great back-log, reddened to its core. A small work-table, drawn to the verge of the hearth, held a dainty wicker-basket, lined with blue silk. Yarn, spools of cotton and linen, a silver thimble and a pretty pink "huswife," filled the basket. By its side lay a long woolen stocking, the knitting-needles composedly closed at the tip of the toe.

In the time of which I write the sacred hours of Sunday closed at six o'clock, when the lighter work of the household was sometimes resumed.

This wide, low-ceiled room presented the graces and comforts of a New England interior—the comforts many, the graces few.

Straight, tall chairs, that gave one the backache to look at, were agreeably alternated by low, cozy seats and rockers. Rugs and crickets, and foot-stools and screens and round tables, were plenty. It was also rich in antiquities. The white, carved mantelpiece reached nearly to the ceiling. An artist of modern times might turn from the odd, uncouth cornices, but they possessed a certain merit, and were very dear to the present occupants of the ancient homestead.

Three bookcases, tall, prim and narrow, and bearing the date of 1620 on their steel locks, stood on one side of the room. Old Squire Everdeen was "book-larned," as the less erudite of the neighborhood called him, and held in great repute for his scholarly gifts.

Several really choice pictures ornamented the queer, triangular-patterned paper; but the most cheerful thing there was the fire, throwing fanciful, flickering pictures over the ponderous balls that topped the massive brass andirons.

All this was lost for the present on the two lovers over whom the moon shone so benignantly. It lighted up the old stone porch, and the rose-vines and jasmines entwined to its very top; it brought into view the undulating fields beyond, with their background of hills, and sailed in the midst of fleets of snowy clouds through a sky rich in depth of coloring.

"I cannot imagine, my little Vida," said the deep voice of Rector Medway's son, "what has given rise to these melancholy reflections. Surely never was night more beautiful, and—I may speak boldly after to-day, my darling—you are mine now—my very, very own; the central object of my life, as you are to be the queen of my home." He lifted her face gently with his hand—a glorious face it was, with its clear, dark eyes, proud brow, and beautiful mouth. "What, a tear! You give me sad welcome to-night, Vida—and I am so happy! Let me kiss it away."

"No, no!" and the girl drew back; "no more kisses to-night,' she said, with smiling lip but grave aspect, as she shook her head. "Forgive me that I cannot quite command myself," she added, playing with the silver chain at her waist that held her chatelain, 'and, believe me, you are as welcome as ever. I have been wondering myself at this unusual mood—could it be, do you suppose, because I put on Aunt Prue's crape bonnet?"

She looked up with a half-childish, half-anxious smile, that brightened her sweet face wonderfully.

"Aunt Prue's crape bonnet!" the young man repeated. "I suppose Aunt Prue is the elderly lady with white curls, to whom I was introduced at the dinner-table; but what, pray, has her bonnet to do with your low spirits?"

Who can deny that a little hesitancy—a little confusion—heightens the beauty of a pretty face? Vida met the clear eyes looking into her own shyly, and the rose deepened on her cheeks as she made reply:

"Why, you see, Aunt Prue lost her husband only a month ago, and that is the reason she is here. You must know that, for the first time, to-day I wore flowers in my bonnet, not thinking; but, out of respect for Aunt Prue's mourning, I thought I would take them out after tea, and while I was waiting for you. So I sent Sabina for it, while I stood on the stairs in the dark with some books in my hand. She brought it down and put it on my head, and so I went into mamma's room. The instant they saw me everybody exclaimed, even papa. Instead of my own bonnet, I had on Aunt Prue's dismal black one, with the long mourning crape vail. Aunt Prue had carried it to my room by mistake. Mamma called to me to take it off, but even then I didn't know—not till I held it in my hand—and you can have no idea what a shock it gave me. And that dismal vail behind, sweeping almost to the floor. Then Aunt Prue shook her head, and gave such a groan as she said, 'I'm afraid there'll be another death, sister Dolly!' and fell to crying. I could have died myself, everybody looked so solemn. Such a thrill went over me! I felt my very blood run cold—I'm cold now, just thinking of it."

"This is not to be a lasting sorrow, I hope," her lover said, laughing. He was tall, and exceptionally handsome, this young Connecticut doctor, and the vivid light brought his dark beauty out with wonderful effect. "It don't seem to me worth worrying over—the black instead of the brown. What's in a shade? I can't allow you to give rein to the foolish whims of superstition that range all the way from the saltcellar to the moon. Deacon Everdeen's daughter should be braver than that. What! shivering again? I must take you to the fire. Suppose I tell you that these are the ordinary symptoms of fever, would it frighten you? Come, let us talk of livelier matters, and send Aunt Prue's bonnet to the shades."

He led her, with all the grace and dignity that characterized the men of that period, to the genial hearthstone, and seated himself beside her.

"Well, what now?" he queried, seeing her start as she turned to the candle which had been brought in a few moments before.

"You will laugh at me—but see! the winding-sheet!" And, utterly unnerved, she pointed to the wick of the candle, which had coiled itself under its sheath of flame into the shape which old-fashioned people call a corpse-light.

"Why, Vida, my poor child, this will never do," he said, as her fair head drooped and the tears she had been struggling to hold back fell thick and fast. "It is only your nerves; I cannot think you attach any serious results to such trifling superstitions. And the other matter you have referred to seems quite inadequate to produce these powerful emotions. Your hands are hot, your pulse is rapid; darling, it is I who should fear; you are worrying yourself into a fever."

"Oh, no! I am quite well," she replied, lifting her head from his shoulder, and struggling with her tears. "I assure you it was not only Aunt Prue's dismal bonnet, but I had such a fearful dream last night."

Happily her eyes were downcast, or she might have

taken umbrage at the amused smile with which her lover surveyed her, much as if she were a child that puzzled and yet pleased him.

"Well, and what was the terrible dream?"

"Oh, I shall not tell you—I could not! you never can put such things into words. I don't know how I came to speak of these things at all—I never meant to; you will think me very silly, but I cannot help it."

Young Medway felt himself powerless to combat with this subtle phase of a mysterious power, this new and strange interpretation of character. Educated to hold all signs, forewarnings and sickly fancies in contempt, he could scarcely bring himself to excuse what to him seemed a senseless and unreasonable superstition.

Never before had he seen anything of this nature in connection with sunny Vida Everdeen. It almost angered him as he tried, but in vain, to chase the shadows from her beautiful face.

Any sportive allusion to the black bonnet, Aunt Prue's sombre relic of other days, only brought the tears and a mournful "Oh, don't, Harry! you can't imagine how I dread it——"

"It! What?"

"The shadow—the—something——"

"That Aunt Prue said was going to happen. Well, set your mind at rest—it happened to-day," said Harry, brightly, taking the words out of her mouth. "We were published, you know. I don't know how they behaved in your church, but in ours every man, woman and child made it their pleasing duty to stare at me as if I had changed out of my natural aspect into something quite foreign and amusing. It seemed to me almost like a profanation to hear your name sung out by old Gamaliel Crabtree, the clerk, whose voice never twanged as it did then. My father sat in his robes as immovable as a statue, but mother's hand came stealing gently over to mine—she likes you, Vida—and you can't tell how the touch thrilled me. It almost seemed as if I had your own white fingers in my clasp."

Little by little he won her from the gloomy forebodings that had occupied her mind, till he fondly hoped that Aunt Prue's crape bonnet was disposed of for the night, if not for all time.

The old eight-day clock in the corner, with its usual majestic intonation, gave out the hour of nine. Harry rose reluctantly; in that staid household it was the signal for his leaving.

"In one short month," he said, with a significant gesture toward the stately interloper, "and these miserable partings will be over for ever, and the glory of my life begun."

As for Vida, the smile died on her lips, and gloom and darkness seemed suddenly to shroud her as with a pall. The strictness of her Puritan training had made the expression of an unwonted emotion almost impossible to so meek and modest a maiden, but nature for once triumphed.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, turning and clinging to him, what is it weighs upon my heart when I think of your leaving me this night—what is it?"

There was an almost awful sadness in words and voice, which, however indifferent he appeared to be to their import, for the sake of soothing her, still gave him inward uneasiness. It was more the dread of a scientist that trouble was coming to her in the shape of illness than fear for himself. These shadows were not the offshoots of a healthy mind, and there was a fever in the low country that was extending its limits from day to day.

He thought of this as she stood there so white and slender in the vivid moonlight, for Harry had parted the curtain to look out, and someway the two had crept under its folds in the dear old nook that had witnessed so much happiness.

She held both hands out helplessly, the exquisitely molded lips trembling, the dark eyes heavy with unshed tears. He did inwardly confess to a certain feeling of irritation at her persistent foreboding of evil to come, but that pleading glance, that pitiful cry for the help of his stronger will—what could he say? He only drew her more closely to his heart, as he whispered:

"Has my darling forgotten those beautiful words, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father'? Dearest, cannot you trust me to his protection?"

"I will, Harry. Forgive me these miserable forebodings. I am ashamed of myself for making your remembrance of this night a sombre, an almost unhappy one. See; I will try to overcome my silly fears," and she looked up at him with what she strove to make a bright and trusting smile.

Then she went with him to the old porch, whose stepping-stone was worn smooth by the feet of many generations, and looked after him till he was nearly lost in the shadows.

"Don't watch him out of sight, deary," said a well-known voice, and Sabina, the old servant, came round the corner. "I've hearn it say as how them as is looked clean off don't come back ag'in."

And Vida, with a little chill, turned and went in. What wonder, when she had been nursed on signs and sayings, that the girl's mind was tinctured with the old superstitions of New England that culminated once in the horrors and persecution of witchcraft?

There is scarcely any need of saying that the theme of conversation among the elders that evening was the appearance of Vida, with the crape shrouding her beautiful face.

Aunt Prue had been inconsolable ever since, and had unearthed from their ancient resting-places in her venerable brain sundry funeral stories which she aired for the mournful pleasure of her listeners.

The elder sat apart from the rest, reading a highly edifying book, if one might judge from the frequent nods of his gray head; and, though he pretended to despise what he considered "old wives' fables," yet occasionally he would pause at the turning of a page, and listen to the story of old Goody Sweepstakes, who dreamed three nights running, when her Sophocles was five years old, that he grew up, killed a man, and was sentenced to be hung—"and you all remember that Sophocles Sweepstakes was hung, when in his twenty-third year, for his brother Solon is living in this town," she added, triumphantly, her thin, yellow visage flushed to a dull red.

"Let us hope the Lord will avert the trouble!" said Mrs. Everdeen, piously. "I myself am bound to confess that the vision of our fair Vida in black crape did shock me a little out of my accustomed serenity." And one involuntarily listened for the "Yea, verily," which her prim visage and concluding words seemed to suggest.

Vida happily escaped all this solemn palaver by seeking at once her own bedroom, where, after taking down the luxurious braids and curls of sunny brown hair, she could sit before the little fire kindled by thoughtful Sabina, and indulge in misgivings quite as melancholy, though they had the merit of not being forced upon her by others.

How beautiful she was as she sat there, the innocent-hearted New England maiden!—the soft, changeful eyes, generally so full of light and merriment, now pathetic in their sadness.

"If I could only reason myself out of it!" she said, passionately, clasping her hands over her knees, her shining, rippling hair falling about her like a vail. "It was not so strange that Aunt Prue's bonnet should be in my room—she carried it there herself—nor that Sabina should bring it down—she is half blind; nor that she should put it on me in the dark. And as for the dream—oh, that horrible

dream! I remember how I waked up cold to my heart; nor was I warm again that night. So dark it was! And in the darkness I seemed to see a shadow—yes, many shadows of rocks and water and angry clouds, and he, ever before me, bowed as with agony, and moaning—and I could not reach him, or pluck him from the death that seemed inevitable. Oh, the utter powerlessness—the sharp agony! Shall I ever forget them? Still, it was only a dream; I won't let it disturb me so."

She dashed her hands over her eyes, rose, and went to the window. For the first time that evening she seemed to be aware of the moonlighted beauty without.

"How lovely it is!" she whispered—then lifting her eyes, she breathed a prayer to Heaven—her lover's name upon her lips—drew the curtain over the silvery lights, and sought her rest, calmed and strengthened, though still haunted by misgivings.

Dr. Harry Medway, as he parted from Vida, threw all his conjectures and misgivings to the winds. The highway shone far ahead as if marked in lines of silver. The pretty, pastoral surroundings of the village coppices, winding roads, the far-off hills under the clear sky, and soft yet still chill air of Spring, formed a combination pleasant to the romantic fancy of a young man deeply in love with the sweetest of Puritan maidens. He pleased himself with thinking of her charms—the acquisition she would be to the sombre old rectory, where his mother would no longer be alone, and where, after his daily rounds, he himself should come as to a bower of beauty, secure in the possession of his peerless bride.

THE WOUNDED HOUND. BY LANDSEER.—SEE PAGE 742.

Striking across a meadow through the path worn by the townspeople, he came out upon a pretty little landing, where he had left his boat, for he always rowed himself over to N——, where his father's old servant waited with the chaise to drive him three miles further to the rectory. The boat belonged to him—a jaunty, slender little craft, painted green. Loosing it, he stepped aboard, took up the oars, and softly whistling, rowed out of the brown shadows into the bright, silver-tinted river. Below, not quite half a mile from the landing-place, the water took a leap, forming a Fall of no inconsiderable height, and as it was early Spring, the river being swollen, and the current rapid and strong, it required some skill to handle a boat, even at that distance. But Harry had lived on the water almost since his earliest childhood. His vigorous shoulders were almost herculean in their strength, and what would have been hard work to many a powerful man, was but play to him. He had not made many strokes from shore, still whistling softly, his cap thrown back from his handsome brow, his eyes intent upon the middle of the stream, when a strange noise attracted his attention. It seemed to proceed from the bow of the boat, and for one brief moment unnerved the arm that was straining to its work, for he had heard the sound once before in his life, and only once.

"It must be imagination!" he murmured, as the boat fell further into the current, and he braced up to recover her, but he bent forward and looked and listened intently. Yes, certainly, something was there—something that gave forth that unmistakable sound that made every vein in his body thrill with horror.

A temporary fright will sometimes assail the strongest man, and hold his will in abeyance to his feelings. Harry, as he sat there, irresolute, recalled the picture of a rocky hillside, all overgrown with tangled greenery, with here and there patches of pasture-land, where a little boy wandered, one glorious day—a boy only seven years old—whose sunny curls fell low on the white frock in which a mother's fond hands had arrayed him; in his grasp a tin pail half full of whortleberries. Afar off the child gazed on a wonderful panorama of river and shore, of richly blended coloring, of picturesque hamlets, of cool blue sky shining over a round and beautiful world; and in his careless joy he laughed and shouted, when suddenly there came a sound like that which Harry heard now, his dark, dilated eyes fixed on the bow of the boat. Then the boy saw, slowly undulating in lines as of snow and fire, the coils of a fearful thing, whose small, fiery orbs seemed to draw him against his will—fascinated with horror and a strange, dumb necessity—nearer and nearer to the black and poisonous fangs. Another second, and an immense stone, thrown with deadly aim on the head of the enemy, crushed it to atoms; but still the hideous length moved, and still the child stood, his blood all tingling, till a strong grasp—the same that had sent the ragged rock

hurtling through the air with such precision—snatched him from peril to a father's breast.

How like lightning this passed through the mind of the young physician, as he tried in vain to recover his self-possession, and looked intently into the shadowy bows! He remembered that, at the place where he had moored his boat, an arm of the woods came down into the water, and that the hills and forests around were famous for their dens of rattlesnakes. He saw the thing move, uncoil, and sprang to his feet with uplifted oar. Fatal movement! The boat lost her hold on the smoother water and whirled swiftly round to the fierce current. Little by little the heavy coils of the reptile loosened. What was to be done? On either side danger—below, the Falls, rendered dangerous by the accumulation of water poured from the hills by the Spring freshets; in front, the deadly fangs of a more horrible enemy!

He looked hurriedly about him, fully aware of his peril, for the creature was certainly moving toward amidships. What was to be done? The boat was gliding now into deep shadows; the banks were high and thickly wooded; the creature's hot breath seemed to play upon his face. He strained his vision to take aim; if he could but kill or cripple it, there might yet be time to arrest the boat and to battle with the tide. Oh, for an inch of moonlight! The vital terror was growing too strong for even him; the sweat of fear, such as he had never felt before, broke out upon him. He could not brook encounter with his unseen, slimy antagonist, and as the river grew narrower and more swollen, and the thing seemed close upon him, and the boat grew unmanageable, he felt that his

YOSEMITE FALL, CALIFORNIA.—SEE PAGE 742.

best chance would be to try and reach the land by swimming. With a half-suppressed cry, he sprang into the now whirling rapids, and struck out with the energy of despair for the shore.

Too late! Though he fought with an energy almost superhuman, he heard, nearer and nearer, the roaring of the Falls. Louder it grew, and still louder, a hoarse fury of sounds that had in them an element of the human.

As, when the winds roar in the dead midnight, and bend the trees and rave through dismal corridors, one hears the shrieks and groans of agonized wretches, some in fear, others in wrath, and many so pitiful that one can think only of lost souls, so in this raging elemental discord, thousands of voices seemed to threaten, and some to plead, while others uttered shrieks of demoniac laughter and welcomed him to death.

The boat rushed on to its destruction, but a vigorous resistance made his fate more uncertain. He struggled to gain the shore. Oh, how near it was, but for this narrow, swelling gorge!—now sloping out toward him, a soft bed of emerald verdure; now jutting, a ragged, cruel pile of rocks, into the seething waters, yet strong for help could he only once gain foothold.

Could one but paint the conflict of thought and feeling that rages within the mind at such a period! Home, mother, Vida, with the strange, foreboding fears that now awoke an answering chord; the dear old father, whose idol he was; the familiar scenes and faces of his official life; even old Billy, standing patiently but wonderingly on the shore, by the bridge, waiting for his young master; the service of the day, the publishing of the banns, and the words he had spoken to his betrothed, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father," all these came crowding swiftly one upon the other, while he passed literally through the dark waters.

His brain grew dizzy at last, and his strength failed; he ceased to battle for dear life, and whirled on, a helpless atom, along the rushing tide.

* * * * * *

Boat's found, or what there is left of it, that's all."

It was Ford's boy who spoke, a half-witted lad who rode four miles every day to supply the dwellers in the valley and the adjacent city with milk. It was five o'clock in the morning, and Deacon Everdeen's household had long been astir. The servants stood huddled together at the back porch looking at the queer boy, the queer cart, whose patient horse winked lazily under his blinders, and at each other, till some one ventured to suggest that "it moutn't a bin the doctor's dory."

"Warn't, eh? Don't you s'pose we all knows his boat? Didn't it have his name on the starn? Guess I've got eyes an' kin read. We seen the thing, fust, outer the barn-winder when we was givin' the hosses their feed. Our place goes clean down to the water, 'n I sent ole Jake Washburn to see what'n thunder it could be, an' the ole feller came back like a ghost. 'It's the doctor's boat,' says he, 'an' she's been over the Falls, an' she's smashed consarnedly.' Well, we all goes down then, and I'll bet it made us all crawl, for we all know where the doctor spends his Sunday evenings. Now, the question is, where's he?"

He leaned forward, peering into their faces, the flaps of his home-made cap falling about his lank cheeks and heavy jaws, in a manner that suggested a veritable death's-head—for Ford's boy was no beauty, with his small, dull red eyes and hanging lip.

Silence followed upon the question. Old Sabina shook her white head with bitter brevity, and set her lips tightly over her toothless jaws.

"Told you so—knew suthin' would come—but, oh, my heart, it's too soon!" she said, as soon as she recovered her voice. "When I think of that pretty child's face under that dreadful crape bonnet, and the long widder's vail a-trailing a'most to the floor, it e'en a'most takes my senses away; I wished I hadn't a-lived to see this day—I do, I do!"

"But mebby he's alive," said one of the maids, whose usually ruddy cheeks were bleached to the color of white cotton.

"Mebby!" ejaculated Ford's boy, with scornful brevity. "Why, it's death to shoot them 'ere Falls, anyhow, 'cause of the rocks under 'em, but biling like a red-hot wash-kettle as they be now, 'tain't death only, it's teetotal destruction. They'd be grinded into meal and sifted through into Chiny."

A chorus of subdued screams followed this most forcible announcement, and Ford's boy felt that at last he was of some consequence in the world, as he pushed the flaps of his cap from his ears and went on his way.

"Sabina!" called a clear, sweet voice.

"Oh, my heart! there she is, and me a-crying my eyes out. Scat, every one of you—it would be the child's death to hear it now, even if it wa'n't true!" and the old woman drew her apron across her face, and went toward the door of the living-room. There stood a sweet vision—Vida in hat and mantle, eyes bright and cheeks glowing.

"I only wanted to say that I am going out for a walk, so that if mother misses me, you can tell her. It is such a lovely morning."

"I'll tell her, Miss Vida."

"Is anything the matter?"

She was very keen to notice a shade of difference in voice and manner. The old servant quailed for a moment, but answered, resolutely:

"Nothing, bless you, dear, only the maids is so hard to manage, and they do vex one. Are you going up the road or down? Don't speak to Ford's boy--he's a rude, graceless scamp."

"Ford's boy! Why should I speak to Ford's boy?" repeated Vida. "What an odd injunction, Sabina! As if I ever speak to Ford's boy! It makes me laugh."

"Dear, of course not. I only meant—indeed, there now, it is good to see you, laugh, Miss Vi," replied the old woman, awkwardly, angry with herself that she had so thoughtlessly given a clue to her own disturbing fancies. "You better be goin'," she added, turning to her duties, "and be sure to wash your hands in the May dew."

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!—how queer!" mused the girl, as she went down the angular garden-path; "as if I should think of such a thing—of speaking to such a scarecrow!"

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!"

The words seemed to dance in the softly blowing air, to print themselves upon the wayside greenery, and "What did she tell me that for?" came ever and anon from her lips.

Meantime there was every chance that she should overtake Ford's boy, for his nag was a slow one, and he himself had news to retail. Not that there was a certainty in it, only the young doctor had left the deacon's at nine the evening before. Of course he had gone back, or tried to get back, to N—— in his boat. However, he should know soon—he supplied the parsonage with cream every Monday morning.

Vida had not walked far before she saw the antique wagon-top, and, finally, walking much quicker than was her wont, came up with it.

Ford's boy had just delivered the milk, and was lazily mounting to his seat.

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!"

There seemed a certain ludicrousness about the charge now that amused her at sight of his absurd face.

He started as the beautiful girl came into view, and pulled the peaked visor of his rabbit-skin cap sheepishly

"Good-morning," said Vida, with her sweetest smile.

"Morning, miss," he answered, his cheeks glowing like carbuncles as he gathered up the reins.

Vida paused a moment in order to reflect what was best to say next.

"Are they all well at the farm?"

"Yes, miss; that is, the folks; but the horses are sick, some of 'em. Old Sue, we thought we should lose her Saturday night. Well, she pretty nigh kicked her stall down."

Vida recoiled, but something in his manner provoked further inquiry

"Any news? Anything particular—from—anywhere, I mean?" she asked again, feeling her cheeks redden.

"There's been some extry freshet, I b'leeve," he answered, looking at her sideways, and resting awkwardly forward on his knees. "You can hear the Falls, can't ye?"

"The Falls? Why, yes, always," she said, looking at him as if she would look through him.

"Yes, 'n I guess you always will," was the quick reply, as he urged the old horse with a gesture that seemed meant both for warning and concealmen'

Vida felt her heart sink. What was that in his manner that jarred upon her mood so terribly? The day had suddenly lost all its freshness and beauty, and the old haunting forebodings returned. She had not noticed the distant hum of the Falls before, but now they seemed to thunder in her ears some message of warning.

Suddenly she turned about and made for home. Though every limb was trembling, she walked at her swiftest pace. The front of the old house came in view. Who was that dismounting at the ancient door-step, whom her father welcomed with so grave a face? Surely it could not be—yes, it was the rector of N——, Harry's father, on the old, gray nag. The horse was all in a foam. Now the minister had gone in—why had he come at that hour? It was a long ride. He must have been in the saddle since early dawn.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she moaned. "What is it?"

Little by little, strength and courage seemed to ooze away. She could scarcely drag her feet to the porch, and arrived there, she could go no further, but sank shivering upon the stone step. Voices echoed out into the hall, falling with a cold anguish on her foreboding heart.

"Not seen him since two o'clock yesterday!" exclaimed Deacon Everdeen. "Why, he left here at nine last evening, promptly, as he always has."

The rector's voice answered, but the words seemed thick, the tones unnatural. The Falls, the warning, the perturbation of old Sabina, all came back to her now, colored with a new meaning. She struggled to her feet—her features were stiffened and blank. An awful horror rushed over her, like one in a dream. Pushing the hat and the thick tresses from her temples, she staggered into the room.

"It has come," she said, with one wild glance—"the dream, the crape, the trouble—they did mean something! You need not tell me. Harry has gone over the Falls."

She sank down in a heap at her mother's feet, and when she lifted her, she had swooned away.

"Oh, dear Lord, this is trouble!" came from the white lips of the deacon's wife, as they carried Vida up to the sunny room from whence she had gone so early, determined to put away every haunting thought, and to seek strength and vigor in the sweet beauty of the day. Poor child! as she then reviewed the incidents of the foregoing night, lips and cheeks burned with a sense that was akin to humiliation.

"What must he have thought of me?" she murmured. "A noble wife for one who must sometimes take his life in his hand! How could I be so doubting, so superstitious? Thank God, all the dark fancies are gone with the light of this beautiful morning. I'll never give way to such morbid illusions again."

Death came very near that old house in the beautiful month of May. The fever, which had doubtless been hidden in her veins, attacked her with unusual severity.

Back and forth the people passed, with soft tread and saddened faces, for the deacon's little girl was very dear to them all. The roses, that bloomed earlier than usual, crept noiselessly from porch to window, and, looking in, saw a sight that was hard for loving eyes to look upon.

Scorched by fever, delirious at one time, at another lying in a deathly swoon; now trembling toward life, now verging to the very brink of the river, so that her white feet touched its chill waters, it was very sad to watch this burning and wasting of the fragile frame.

At last there rang on the still air a voice that could thrill, if any power might, the sinking energies of the dying girl into activity.

"She may die any way—she shall die in my arms; do not forbid me to see her."

It was the first of June. A heavenly peace seemed resting over all the earth, the day was so still, so serene, so perfect.

"You cannot, you must not, refuse me!"

They could not, and did not. Following the mother, Harry Medway, himself wasted and pale, and tottering with weakness, almost like an old man, went into the room where Vida was lying, like a drooping lily, among the snowy, heaped-up pillows.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he sobbed, sinking down by the bedside: "Have you suffered all this for me?"

For hours he held her nerveless hand, while the others watched, trembling and fearing, for the crisis was very near.

Would she know him, and die of joy? Was it safe thus to risk so much, and she perhaps entering "the valley of the shadows"?

It was a moment of intense expectation when, at noon, the sinking girl opened her eyes. Harry had not lifted his head. The girl's glance fell feebly upon the rich brown curls massed upon the pillow. She felt the thrilling pulse upon the hand still prisoned in his clasp.

It was curious to watch the waves of expression that chased each other over the fair, faded face. First a great light, and then a slow, puzzled, doubting glance; then she looked up, as she said, softly:

"Am I in heaven? Yes, I think I am, for my Harry is here!"

Caution was useless now. He had gathered her to his bosom; come death, come life, she was his for ever.

There had been great rejoicings. The people had even wanted to ring the bells of the churches across the river, but the stern old deacon forbade that. Yet his heart was as soft as that of the happiest child when he first had the pleasure of taking Vida down-stairs in his strong arms and placing her inside the curtains in the old bay-window.

"Papa kissed me," said Vida, solemnly, when Harry joined her; "he has not kissed me before that I can remember, since I was a baby, and I only know he kissed me then because mamma says he did. Look!" and she pointed to a blur on her cheek. "It was a tear. How much he must have felt!"

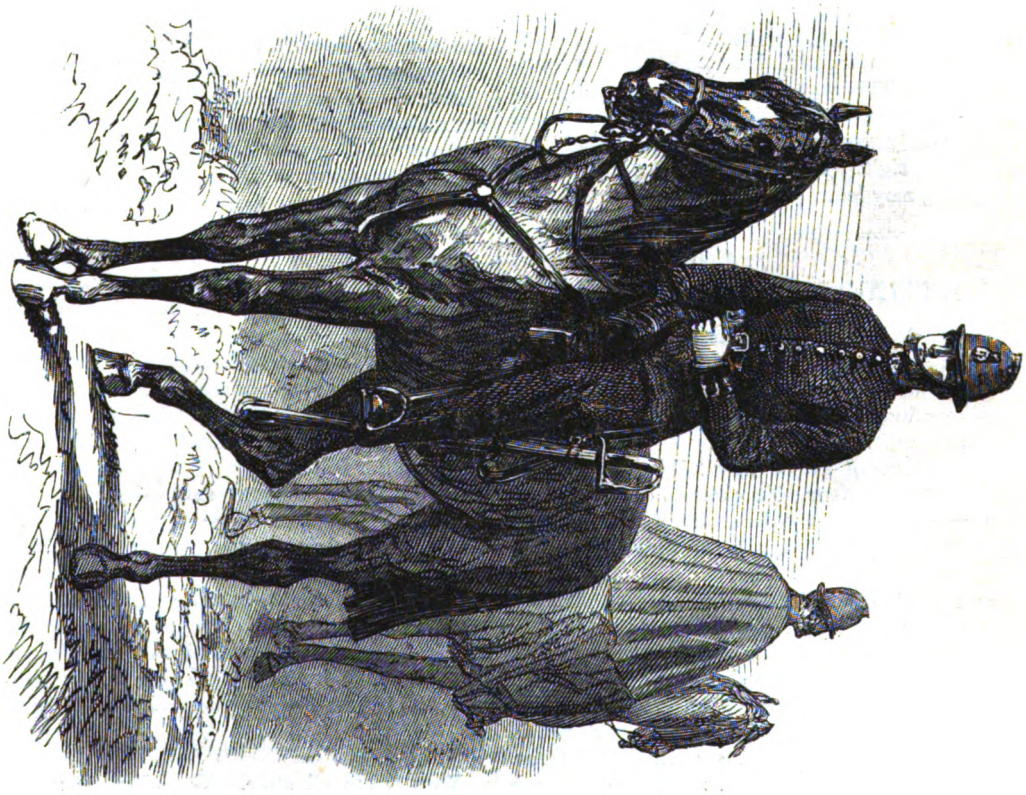
And so they sat there again in the old accustomed place, and Harry told her, for the first time, of his wonderful escape.

"I thought of you, and called you, and I remember

LONDON POLICE.—NIGHT UNIFORM. —SEE PAGE 743.

LONDON POLICE.—PATROLMAN'S DAY COSTUME.

LONDON POLICE.—COSTUME FOR WET OR STORMY WEATHER.



LONDON POLICE.—MOUNTED FORCE.

nothing more, except the sensation of feeling weary and bruised, and conscious that people were bending over me, and lifting me up—then I must have fainted again. I was carried to a rude little cottage low down upon the river-bank, and tended with the most loving solicitude by the humble folks who found me. It was nearly a week before they learned who I was, and as much time before they could get word to my father. So here I am; and the crape bonnet and all the other foreboding matters were myths, after all."

"Oh, Harry, but something *did* happen!" said Vida, earnestly.

"But not as a consequence upon a mere careless action, or any dream, or any warning. I am sure there was fever in your system before that remarkable day, and that was why your dreams were confused and fearful. Put all such useless thoughts away from you, my darling, and let us both adopt the words that came to me like balm in the midst of the seething waters, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.'"

So, in time, there was a quiet wedding, old Rector Medway performing the ceremony, according to Vida's wish. And the sunny parsonage was more beautiful than ever, and Harry and Vida lived to tell the story of Aunt Prue's crape bonnet — with the bonnet left out — to children and grandchildren.

THE WOUNDED HOUND.

We give our readers an engraving of Mr. Ansdell's beautiful painting of "The Wounded Hound." This fine dog belonged to Mr. Mark Lemon. One day a sad accident occurred, whereby both the forelegs of the hound were lamed. The old stableman carried the poor dog into the stable, and, after bathing his wounds very carefully, bandaged his legs with strips of linen, dipped in Heal-all from the black bottle. The wounded hound was as gentle as a lamb, and seemed to say to the kind old man, "Thank you." But whilst the injured dog was so still, his companion was howling most piteously. This was *his* way of expressing his sorrow and sympathy; and then little Tiny was at the old man's side, apparently saying, "Please, can I help?" It was a most touching sight. How many lessons of kindness both old and young may learn from dumb animals.

THE YOSEMITE FALL, CALIFORNIA.

The grandeur of American scenery is a theme on which we are, perhaps, apt to expatiate in too glowing terms. Yet with Niagara and our sea-like lakes, the Mauvaises Terres, the Mississippi overflowing its bounds, we may be pardoned for some degree of pride.

Yet the older portions of the country fall behind the Pacific coast in absolute grandeur. No cataract of the Atlantic slope can match the fall of the Yosemite, where the mass of water descends nearly half a mile in three successive bounds.

A recent account thus describes this wonderful cataract: Crossing a rude bridge over the main stream, which is here about sixty feet in width and nine in depth, we keep down the northern bank of the river for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of valley in front of the hotel, that is probably overflowed with water. On either side of our trail, in several places, such is the luxuriant growth of the ferns, that they are above our shoulders as we ride through them.

Presently we reach one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It is the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood and other trees, form an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pebbly stream, and, in the background, the lower fall of the Yosemite is dropping its sheet of snowy sheen behind a dark middle distance of pines and hemlocks.

As the snow rapidly melts beneath the fiery strength of a hot Summer sun, a large body of water, most probably, is rushing past, forming several small streams—which, being comparatively shallow, are easily forded.

When within about 150 yards of the Fall, as numerous large boulders begin to intercept our progress, we may as well dismount, and, after fastening our animals to some young trees, make our way up to it on foot.

Now a change of temperature soon becomes perceptible as we advance; and the almost oppressive heat of the centre of the valley is gradually changing to that of chilliness. But up, up we climb, over this rock, and past that tree, until we reach the foot, or as near as we can advance to it, of the great Yosemite Fall, when a cold draught of air rushes down upon us from above, about equal in strength to an eight-knot breeze, bringing with it a heavy shower of finely comminuted spray, that falls with sufficient force to saturate our clothing in a few moments. From this a beautiful phenomenon is observable—inasmuch as, after striking our hats, the diamond-like mists shoot off at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, and as the sun shines upon it, a number of miniature rainbows are formed all around us.

Those who have never visited this spot, must not suppose that the cloud-like spray that descends upon us is the main Fall itself, broken into infinitesimal particles, and becoming nothing but a sheet of cloud. By no means; for, although this stream shoots over the margin of the mountain, nearly 700 feet above, it falls almost in a solid body—not in a continuous stream exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in their descent, and mingle the one into the other; the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and beauty.

Huge boulders, and large masses of sharp, angular rocks, are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of an immense, and apparently ever-boiling, caldron; around, and in the interstices of which, numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grasses and flowers, are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream.

It is beyond the power of language to describe the awe-inspiring majesty of the dark-frowning and overhanging mountain walls of solid granite that here hem us in on every side, as though they would threaten us with instantaneous destruction, if not total annihilation, did we attempt for a moment to deny their power. If a man ever feels his utter insignificance at any time, it is when looking upon such a scene of appalling grandeur as the one here presented.

The point from whence the photograph was taken from which our engraving was made—being almost underneath the Fall—might lead to the supposition that the lower section, which embraces more than two-thirds of the picture, was the higher of the two seen; when, in fact, the lower one, according to the measurements of scientific men, is about 700 feet above the level of the valley, while the upper fall is about 1,448 feet, and between the two, measuring about 400 feet, is a series of rapids rather than a fall, giving the total height of the entire Fall at 2,548 feet.

Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk; once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.

THE LONDON POLICE.

Suppose a portion of New York City, oblong in shape, and its dimensions about one mile and a half by half a mile, with the City Hall as a kind of central point, to be set apart from the remainder of the city, with a distinct corporate government of its own, a Mayor, and police arrangements entirely independent of the outer part, and, in all respects, being a definite, individual Government of itself. The case I have supposed is precisely analogous to what really exists in London. It is a city within a city. Its income is about $1,500,000 per year, and its expenditure about the same amount. The Lord Mayor has a snug salary of $50,000 per year, and is popularly supposed to earn his money, but finds it next to impossible to live upon so meagre an income. While his term of office lasts he has legal powers almost equal to those of any despot, and even England's Queen must ask the Lord Mayor's permission before entering his domains. Practically, these powers exist mostly on the statute-book, for they are seldom used, and are little more than mere forms. The police of this inner city, or what is strictly the City of London, number about 800. They are known as the City Police; those of the outer part are termed Metropolitan Police. The statistics which follow refer only to the latter.

The Metropolitan Police of London number a little more than 10,000 men; 7,917 are Englishmen, 820 Irishmen, 145 Scotchmen, 13 Welshmen, and 23 foreigners. Only one is an American. Over 1,000 have served in the army. The rank and pay of the whole force are as follows: Four District Superintendents, 1 at $4,000 and 3 at $3,500 per annum; 25 Superintendents, with salaries from $1,550 to $2,375, and an allowance of $55 for clothing; 277 Inspectors, at salaries of $440 to $1,380, and an allowance of $50 for clothing; 1,053 Sergeants, at salaries from $440 to $810. Constables at salaries from $310 to $440. Single men receive an allowance of forty pounds of coal each in Winter, and twenty pounds in Summer, weekly; and married men receive a small—very small—cash allowance in lieu of coal. All are provided with uniforms. Two men have been in the force for upward of forty years, thirty-one more than thirty years, 718 more than twenty years, and 3,439 more than ten years. At Scotland Yard there is a special detective corps, consisting of one Superintendent, whose pay is $2,250 per annum; three Chief Inspectors, at $26 55 per week; three Inspectors, at $21 75 per week, and sixteen detectives, divided into two classes, the first class at $15 65 each weekly, and the second $11 85 per week.

It will be seen that the London police are not paid by the New York police scale. Counting all allowances, the mass of the force receive not more than $400 per year each—that is, a little more than $1 per day. And the sixteen detectives at Scotland Yard receive, for their specially hazardous and responsible duties, the sum of about $800 per year. Some of the latter receive for special services enough to make their aggregate wages about $1,250.

The English police are usually men of good size, and present an excellent appearance. The London police are generally polite, trusty fellows, but less ready, intrepid and shrewd than they ought to be. A good tenure of office is one of the excellent features of most English institutions. When a man once obtains a place he is not likely to lose it except through gross inattention to duty, signal lack of ability, or dishonesty. But this plan has one drawback—it does not secure the fittest men for the places. They set great value upon their experience, but too often they simply do a sort of listless, machine work. In many other departments I have noticed the same thing. Through a feeling of ownership of place, if I may so call it, teachers, clerks, and other public servants seem to have drifted into a kind of slipshod work that would never be tolerated in the United States. But it is important to remember that honesty and faithfulness are fairly secured by this plan.

There is another matter which deserves notice. Two thousand nine hundred and forty-one policemen were assaulted in the course of the year, and many of these assaults were of a serious nature. Trivial assaults were not reported at all. On frequent occasions I have seen disorderly men try their strength with an officer, without even being arrested for so doing. The officer's only weapon is a truncheon—a short club—and this he is permitted to use only on the most extreme occasions. Practically, he might nearly as well be unarmed. The New York Courts would uphold an officer in clubbing, smashing, or killing an assailant, where an English officer would scarcely feel at liberty to draw his truncheon.

A case was decided in the Westminster Police Court a short time ago which illustrates how a police officer may be actually beaten. A man was using bad language on the street corner, and an officer told him to move on. For a reply, he struck the officer, knocking off his helmet. A man standing near came to the officer's assistance, and he, too, got roughly handled. Finally, it required the united efforts of five officers to take the offender to the lock-up. The Judge fined him $15, or, in lieu of that, a month's imprisonment.

UNDER WATER.

An Incident in a Diver's Life.

There is one incident in my life which never recurs to my memory without causing a cold shudder to run through my whole body. It took place at a time when I contemplated entering the Church, though I had even then begun to have doubts whether my vocation tended that way; but as it was desirable in any case that I should take my degree of M.A., I accepted the offer of a post in one of the best conducted of our endowed schools, to pass the months that must necessarily intervene before I could go up for my degree at the least pecuniary cost to myself. There was another reason why I practiced economy where it was possible to do so without interfering with my immediate object, and this was that I might have more funds at my disposal for experiments in mechanics, and especially in the construction of a dress and appliances for enabling a person to remain under water for any length of time he might desire. Experimental apparatus of this kind can only be made at a considerable outlay, and required a greater amount of space for the construction of models than I could conveniently devote to the purpose in my rooms at the university. It so happened that the school in which I had accepted an engagement was within two miles of the most rocky portion of our coast, and the sight of the numerous coves, in which the water was always deep, offered an excellent opportunity for putting my ideas to a practical test.

One day, as I was wandering along the top of the cliff, stopping every now and then to look down the precipitous sides at the smooth sea which alternately swelled against and retreated from it, I came upon a coastguardsman whom I had not met before. He touched his hat, as they always do at these out-of-the-way stations, with the hope of getting a few minutes' conversation to relieve the monotony of their existence, and I did my best to gratify him.

"You cannot have been long in this port, for I do not remember your face, and I think I have never passed any man

UNDER WATER.—"THE LANTERN WAS TIED TO THE TOP OF ONE OF THE ASH SAPLINGS." SEE PAGE 743.

of your force, without looking at him since I have been down here."

"Oh yes, sir; I have been down here a long time, and have often seen you through my glass, when you have been down on the beach to bathe; but my beat ended where you see the cliff projects yonder so far out into the sea, and you never came up there."

"That is true. It is rather out of the way, and is difficult to get at; yet I have several times thought of going there, on account of the fine view one must get from it."

"The finest view along the whole coast in fine weather; but when it is blowing a gale you must look out, if you don't want to be blown over. Many a time have I lain there and seen a vessel driven in, foot by foot, in spite of all that those on board could do."

"I suppose, on a coast like this, the crew of the vessel driven in by a gale are always drowned?"

"Almost always. Now and then, it strikes the cliff on the top of a very high wave, and one or two of the crew get pitched up on a rugged part of the rock, where they contrive to hold on till the gale abates, and a boat is able to get round and take them off; but that rarely happens."

"Has any vessel of large tonnage been wrecked here since you have been on this station?"

"Well, there was a brig of I should say about three hundred tons went down in that cove away yonder about four months ago. Take the glass, sir, and you will see a part of the cliff which points toward you like the bowsprit of a vessel. It lies just beneath that; and on a quiet day like this, you can see it full twenty feet below the water when the tide is out."

"I see the spot you mean. Does your beat extend so far in that direction?"

"A good deal further than that; for since she was wrecked, I have been moved round here, to be nearer help, in case of being attacked by some who have sworn to do me a mischief if ever they have a good opportunity."

"What for? What had her wreck to do with you?"

"Why, I made a report as to the way in which I believe it was brought about. But if you would like to walk over and look at her, I will tell you how it was as we go along."

I accepted his offer, and he went on:

"It was about as dark a night as ever I saw, the night she was wrecked. I was lying right out at the end of that bluff I showed you; I was sweeping the coast with my glass in search of lights, when all at once I caught sight of one, rising and falling, as though it was hoisted at the mast-head of a vessel. At first, I really thought it was a vessel, although I knew that if it was it must be quite close to the cliff; but after watching it a bit with my glass, I found it never changed its place in the field, but always kept in the same position; then I knew that it must be on land, and I judged it to be a signal to a smuggler out at sea.

"If you were on that bluff now, you would be able to see between two and three miles off a part of the cliff, where a few shrubs and crooked, slender ash-trees grow. As I felt pretty sure it must be there, I left the edge of the cliff, and started at a good pace in that direction. Before I got there, I met one of our men, who was waiting for me to come up. We found the light was hoisted at the place I had supposed, and we got down the cliff as quietly as we could, so as, if possible, to avoid being heard or seen until we had made out how many men we should have to deal with. To our surprise, though the light continued to rise and fall, sometimes more and sometimes less, we could make out no sign of a human figure.

"We pointed our glasses at every dark object, until we had satisfied ourselves that, at the most, there could not be more than one or two men there; then we took a firm grip of our sticks, and crept as straight as we could toward the light. I went first, because I knew the ground better, and it was lucky for both of us that I did, for otherwise we should most likely have tumbled over the edge of the cliff into the sea; in which case, with our heavy jackets on, we should have been drowned, for though the top is not more than ten or twelve feet above the water, it is so steep that it is impossible to climb up it. There was no man there.

"The lantern was tied to the top of one of the ash saplings, and its weight nicely balanced against the spring of the plant by putting stones in the bottom, so that it bent over the edge of the cliff and rose and fell with every breath of air. I groped about until I got hold of the ash, and cut away the top of it, lantern and all, and gave it to my mate to carry to the station, where we agreed he should go to put them on the lookout, while I went back to my post on the bluff, where I should be most likely to see if anything happened in consequence of the light being hung out.

"You see, I knew pretty well now that it was not put there as a signal to a smuggler, because in that case it would have been placed where it could not move, the effect of the motion being to give the appearance of being hung from the mast of a vessel at sea; but still, smugglers are so artful that it was impossible to be certain that it was not a signal arranged in this way to deceive us, and capable of being recognized by their mates at sea.

"What I believed, however, was, that it had been put there by some villains, with the hope of bringing a vessel against the rocks. You will understand that a ship running along the coast on a dark night, and seeing this light, would imagine that it was a vessel between her

UNDER WATER.—"BESIDE THE BED THERE LAY THE BODIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN."

THE WOMEN OF CERVETRI, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 750.

and the coast, and the depth of water all along here being well known to mariners, the officer would suppose, if he had four or five hundred yards more offing, that he was quite safe; but if you notice the lie of the coast, you will see how easy it would be for a ship misled in this way, while steering a course which *ought* to be safe, to run right upon the rocks out there.

"Well, I have told you already that the night I am speaking of was pitch dark, and if I had not been able to find my beat blindfold, I should not have found my way back there that night; as it was, I was obliged to be very cautious in my movements. I must have got pretty near the end of the point when I stopped to turn my glass toward a light at sea. There could be no mistake about its being a vessel, for I could make out portions of her rigging by the light she carried at her mast, and also at her bows.

"On such a dark night, when it was quite impossible to make out the least sign of land, I could not tell whether she was holding a course which would take her safely past the point we are going to or not; but I feared not, and I scarcely breathed while I watched her going steadily along.

"Suddenly I saw the light at her mast dashed backward, and could distinguish the sound of the breaking of timber; the light at the bow was extinguished, and I saw nothing more. This was just about the time of high-water.

"It wanted some time to daylight when this took place, and several of our men were on the spot waiting to see what had happened; but even when it came we could make out nothing, except an empty boat floating out to sea, and here and there a smaller object tossing about in the water, and going out with the ebb.

"We tried to hope that, after all, the vessel had escaped with damage to her masts only, and that her crew had managed to get up some kind of sail, so as to get away upon her; but while examining the wall of the cliff with my glass, I caught sight of a piece of rope dangling from that piece of rock I showed you that looked like a ship's bowsprit.

"I called the attention of the others to it, and some of us went to the station, and pulled round from there in a boat, and then, as the sun was by that time quite up, we were able to make out a vessel standing on her keel, as though in dock waiting to have her bottom cleaned or repaired. She had come in on the top of high-water; her bowsprit had most likely passed just under the projecting rock, which had then caught her masts, and swept them from her deck, rigging and all, at the same instant that her bow struck against the jagged rock, so that she filled directly and went to the bottom.

"What her name may have been, where she was bound to, or where she came from, there was no means of knowing. Nothing, as we know of, has ever been washed out of her, nor have any of the men about here who have tried it been able to get anything up through her hatchways with grapnels. Four days after she went down some fishermen brought in the body of a middle-aged sailor, which we supposed was one of the crew. His right arm was very much torn, as though by the rigging attached to the falling mast. He was most likely steering when she struck.

"Up to this time we have been able to get no clue to the ownership of the lantern; but there is no doubt that some wretches hung it there with a view of bringing vessels against the cliffs, though they were disappointed in their hopes by its happening to catch my eye, and by the only vessel that was misled by it going down in such a curious way in deep water. Five days ago I picked up a letter on my beat threatening to toss me over the cliffs, and so on. I gave it to my commanding officer, who removed me to this beat in consequence."

I found, when we reached the point of the cliff referred to, that the sun had sunk so low that its rays struck the water at an angle which made it impossible, even with the glass, to see more than a few inches below the surface; but my companion told me that any day I felt disposed to go out to look at it, I might do so by calling at the coast-guard station, and sending in my name to the officer, who would be certain to give me a place in the boat if it were going out.

A day or two afterward, I had an opportunity of doing this. The officer was very obliging, and ordered the boat to be manned at once, he himself going in it.

The oars were taken into the boat as we lay over the sunken vessel, and I found no great difficulty in satisfying myself that the coastguardsman's statement as to her position was quite accurate.

To all appearance, she had run straight against the rocks, her stern having been forced under water by the pressure of the rock against her mast, her forepart had then been stove in; then she had recoiled a few feet, and had filled and gone down almost instantaneously in the deep water, finding a natural cradle among the rocky peaks of the bottom.

That she had not shifted her position, or been broken up, the officer attributed to her being so far below the surface of the sea as to be beyond the reach of the influence of the tides, and that nothing short of an unusual gale would be sufficient to displace her.

As I walked homeward an irresistible desire took possession of me to put my invention to the test. It was almost impossible that a more favorable opportunity could occur for doing so, and if I hesitated it was only from a morbid dread of the ridicule which would fall upon me in the event of failure.

Once a day, either morning or evening, I went to the spot to bathe, having discovered that a platform on the opposite side of the projection on which the submerged vessel lay could be reached with perfect safety by cautiously descending the cliff. This platform was a few feet above the level of the sea, and very effectually screened from the eyes of the coast-guard.

It became an everyday amusement with me to swim round the point and dive down to the deck of the vessel, until I had become so familiarized with its appearance that it seemed to me it would be perfectly easy to ascend the hatchway and make my escape, in event of an accident to my apparatus.

The more frequently I descended to the deck of the vessel, the more eager became my desire to penetrate to the interior, and learn something respecting her.

Eventually, I determined on making the attempt, and running the risk of being seen, and I only waited for a favorable opportunity to do so.

The apparatus I had prepared was so simple that a clear idea may be given of it in half a dozen lines. It consisted of a cap or head-piece of stout india-rubber, the upper part of which was thicker than the lower, and fitted pretty closely round the forehead. In the forepart were fitted two large eye-pieces of fine, strong glass, and below these the tube passed through into the mouth, the air being in this way drawn directly from the atmosphere, exhaled from the lungs through the nostrils, and forced out into the water through two short, thin tubes, which were readily distended by the pressure of the breath, and closed of themselves when the expiration was completed, without admitting a particle of water. To keep the whole thing in its place, and to prevent it from being dragged off, a strap was carried over the top, each end of which was attached to another strap which ran down the helmet, and fastened beneath the armpit.

The tube I made use of on the occasion of my descent into the bark which I am about to describe was a little over forty feet in length, having, about twelve inches from its upper extremity, a bulbous-shaped expansion, which floated on the surface of the water; the twelve inches of tube projecting upward from the ball being quite sufficient, as I considered, to prevent the chance entrance of any spray into the tube.

The greatest difficulty was to make the lamp burn under water. I could see my way clearly enough to the construction of the thing, but it involved appendages which would have been very inconvenient for my purpose.

In this dilemma I had recourse to a friend who has since made a reputation as a chemist, and from him I received certain substances, with directions to mix them in a strong, stoppered bottle immediately previous to use.

Thus prepared, I packed the things in a small bag, and started one Saturday morning for my usual bathing-place. Arrived on my platform, it took me but a few minutes to prepare myself for the descent.

At the last moment I mixed the chemicals according to my instructions, carefully tied down the stopper, and on letting it sink below the surface, I had the satisfaction of seeing that it emitted a strong phosphorescent light.

I drew on the head-piece, buckled the straps under my arms, and thrusting my left arm through the coils of tubing, used the other to swim round the projecting rock. Here I released my arm, and plunged straight down to the deck of the vessel by a mode of propulsion familiar to swimmers.

I laid hold of the stump of the mast, and sat quietly on deck for three or four minutes, with the view of testing the efficiency of my apparatus before descending the hatchway. I found it to answer admirably; the great thing to guard against being the expiration of the air from the lungs into the tube, instead of expelling it through the nostrils; but I had so completely accustomed myself to the requisite mode of breathing that I had not thought it worth while to adopt a mechanical appliance to render this impossible, as I might have done. Finding that all was satisfactory, I crawled along the deck to the cabin-stairs, and forced my way down.

In the first cabin, the skylight had been forced off by the pressure of the air, or what is more likely, had been taken away the better to provide for the ventilation of the cabins. On the table there still lay a thick volume, which, on opening, I found to be an old quarto edition of Anson's "Voyage Round the World," bound up with a German version of Kemper's "Japan."

A couple of tumblers were lying on their sides against the raised edge of the table, in the middle of which stood a heavy metal inkstand. A round piece of wood, hooped round, hung from the roof of the cabin, and two decanters, partly filled, retained the position upon it in which they had been placed by hands so soon afterward rendered incapable of changing it.

There were two sleeping-places on the left of the entrance to the cabin, both of which were empty; and on the opposite side there were two others, in one of which was the body of a little boy, and in the lower one the body of a little girl. Her face was bleached by immersion, or had been in her lifetime of a white, waxy appearance, and her hair was long and worn in plaits.

She lay partly with her face on her pillow, and one little arm hung over the side of the berth, and waved gently up and down as I approached, owing to the motion communicated to the water by my presence in the cabin.

The same movement caused a sheet of paper to float out of her berth, and this I secured and passed under a strap I had buckled round my waist, chiefly to carry a knife. Not seeing any drawers, or any place in which papers could be kept in this cabin, I passed into the next.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge that the bodies of the two children I had seen in the other cabin had a good deal unnerved me, though I had made up my mind, before coming down, that I should have to encounter some such objects; but the sight that met me now was far more painful, and had time to impress its horrors upon me by reason of the slowness with which I was able to realize them in consequence of the weakness of the light I carried.

A low bedstead projected across the open entrance, and I felt relieved when I moved my light over it to find that the bed appeared empty; but on edging my way up to the side I felt a naked foot thrust between my legs, and I had to make a violent effort to prevent my feelings from overcoming my reason.

Beside the bed there lay the bodies of a man and woman, probably the captain and his wife. The man lay on the floor, and the woman with her head against the side of the cabin, her legs on the pillow, and her arms clinging round her husband's neck.

From their position, I imagine the captain was in the act of getting out of bed on feeling the shock; and at the same instant, as the water came rushing into the cabin, his wife clasped him round the neck, and both were forced down by the rush of water, and drowned. I was obliged to move the woman's body slightly to see what the captain's face was like.

He looked composed, and I might have supposed he was asleep, but for the unnatural white appearance of his flesh (an appearance, by-the-way, which might have been partly owing to the nature of the light by which I regarded him).

He was a fair-haired man, with a yellowish beard, which he wore long, and I perceived that some of the front teeth were wanting in the upper jaw. The woman, too, was fair-haired, but to have seen her face I must have unwound her arms from her husband's neck, and that I had not the heart to do.

As the principal object I had in view in entering the sunken vessel was to ascertain her name and the place to which she belonged, I looked around for any drawers or other place in which the captain would be likely to keep his papers; and on a little table at the further side of the cabin, I could make out what seemed to be a writing-desk.

I moved toward it, and was just stretching out my unoccupied hand to lay hold of it, when I felt a drop of salt water pass from the tube into my mouth. I stepped back instantly into the outer cabin; in my eagerness I had forgotten to bear in mind the length of my tube and the distance I had advanced, but this suddenly reminded me of the danger I ran from advancing only an inch too far, as well as from the rising tide, even if I remained stationary.

The tube had risen and become entangled among the floating objects I have mentioned; and while I was trying to get it free, another drop of salt water came trickling down, and the next instant my mouth was filled with it.

Half choked as I was, I succeeded in swallowing it, and drew three or four inspirations with freedom, upon which I was encouraged to make another attempt to disentangle it, but the instant I moved the water again rushed down the tube, and this time in larger quantity, so that I was near falling down suffocated.

A moment's reflection, when I was again able to breathe, made the whole position of things clear to my mind.

The tube had become entangled among the articles floating about the cabin and at the bottom of the stairs, so that the ball was unable to rise as the tide flowed; consequently, the orifice was but little above the surface of the sea; and

the tube might, the very next instant, be filled by a wave a little higher than usual, and I should be rendered powerless.

In this emergency, I decided on adopting a means of escape which a good swimmer will perceive to be perfectly feasible.

I undid the string which held the bottle, and let it go; then drew my knife from my belt, and taking hold of the tube, I very cautiously filled my lungs with air—having previously placed myself exactly under the skylight—and drawing the pipe from between my teeth, I cut it away close to my mouth.

Without the loss of a fraction of a second, I sprang up to the skylight and drew myself right through. This was the critical moment; and had the circular opening in the skylight been ever so little smaller, or had I been impeded by the accidental presence of any obstacle, I should have been lost.

Fortunately this was not the case; but I had another difficulty to encounter before I found myself safe on my platform.

Suddenly I felt something grasp me, but my eyeglasses were dimmed, and it was some seconds before I realized that the slimy arms of a gigantic octopus were around me. I was weaponless, and felt that there was no escape, when all grew dark; the arms relaxed, and I felt I was free. Whether some shark or other sea-monster had assailed it, I know not; I only felt that I was free.

A desperate spring upward and a few strokes brought me to the surface; I thought I had only to look round and swim to the place I had started from; but when I tried to do this, I found that I could distinguish nothing clearly through the wet eye-glasses.

However, what a man can do out of the water he can do in it, only more slowly; and having freed my head from the apparatus which encumbered it, I struck out for the point whence I had started, which the tide had almost reached.

It was not just at this time that I felt the most acutely all the horrors of the situation I had passed through; I seemed only to realize them by degrees, and when this was at the worst, I was so completely unnerved that I refrained from even walking on the cliff, for fear of falling off into the sea.

LOOK OUT!

I append a copy of the fragment of the letter I rescued from the vessel, not on account of its possessing any particular interest for the American reader, but from the possibility that it may meet the eyes of those for whom it was intended, and lead to the identification of the vessel. The letter was written in German, and I have translated it very literally:

"MY DEAR MADAME DE GROETS: We expect to-morrow to finish our voyage, which my husband says is one of the best he ever made. We have had a fair wind all the way, and the sea has been as smooth as could be desired, which rejoices me much on account of the dear children, who have not been sick at all since they came on board. Little Anna has been busy working a bag to hold your dear husband's tobacco, and Theodore is making the rigging of a beautiful war vessel for your little Carl, and good old Bernhard is helping him.

"You were quite in the right in saying that I should not regret making this voyage with my husband; my health is very much improved already; still it is very inconvenient to live in such a confined space, and the smell of the cargo is very unpleasant. This evening——"

POVERTY is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich is the popular name of a bird which is one of the species of the genus *Struthis*. It is a native of Africa and Arabia, and is the largest of all birds, being four feet high from the ground to the top of the back, and seven, eight, and, it is said, even ten feet to the top of the head when walking erect. Its thighs and the sides of its body are naked, and the wings are so short as to be unfit for flying. The plumage is elegant, and much used in ornamental and showy dress. The speed of this bird in running equals, and often exceeds, that of the fleetest horse.

Some travelers have maintained that in certain parts of Africa the natives ride them as though they were horses.

The manner in which this remarkable bird is hunted is this: A party of ten or twenty divide themselves into two bands, and, mounted on the swiftest horses they can find, advance into the plains, describing a semicircle, so as to drive the game toward some spot which is likely to afford no opportunity for the escape of the hunted bird. This semicircular course is taken by the first band. The second division of hunters is stationed so as to form the other half of the circle. This circle, by the advance of the horsemen, becomes gradually contracted until the ostriches, which generally frequent very high grass, are warned by the male ostrich, who is placed as sentry. The sound of warning given by the sentinel ostrich is a sharp cry, not unlike a boatswain's whistle. Directly they hear this, they commence to run in a straight line, never looking back after they have commenced their flight.

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

As the ostrich generally goes in a family of ten or a dozen, it is not difficult to find some.

They live on fresh grass, and never quit the vicinity of the water, and in the month of November lay their eggs in the wildest part of the plain, fifty or sixty at a time, which are brooded solely at night, by male and female in turn, with a touching tenderness. When the incubation is terminated, the ostrich breaks the barren eggs with its beak, which are at once covered with flies and insects, supplying nourishment to the young birds.

A characteristic trait of the ostriches is their extreme curiosity. In the Indian villages where they live in a tamed state, it is of frequent occurrence to see them stalking among groups of talkers, and regarding them with fixed attention. In the plain this curiosity is often fatal to them, for it leads them to look at everything that seems strange or unusual to them. We will give a capital Indian story here in proof of this.

The jaguars are very fond of ostrich meat, but unfortunately, though their speed is so great, it is almost impossible

for them to run the birds down; but the jaguars are cunning animals, and usually obtain by craft what they cannot manage by force. They therefore employ the following strategem: They lie on the ground as if dead, and raise their tails in the air, where they wave them in every direction; the ostriches, attracted by this strange spectacle, approach with great simplicity—the rest may be guessed; they fall a prey to the cunning jaguars.

WOMEN OF CERVETRI, ITALY, FETCHING WATER.

In many parts of Italy everything is in as primitive a state now as it was in the days of our Saviour, when He met the woman of Samaria at the well. Our engraving represents the women of Cervetri, a village in the Pontifical States, fetching water for their daily purposes. Cervetri is remarkable for the tomb recently discovered there, and which, there is every reason to suppose, was that of the Tarquins. This was discovered in 1846. It contains two chambers, one of which is called by the peasantry the Grotto delle Iscrizioni, from the number of its inscriptions.

EDUCATING EGYPTIAN GIRLS.

Mr. J. H. McCoan, in his new book, "Egypt As it Is," gives the following notice of the work done for female education in new Egypt:

"More interesting than the whole of these male seminaries, as an evidence of progress and of the lead Egypt is taking in Eastern civilization, are the two girls' schools, which, though not three years in existence, are now admirably educating nearly 450 Moslem, Coptic, and other girls as, since the Hegira, women in the East have never been educated before.

"It is to the Princess Tshesma Haft Khanum, the third wife of the Khédive, that the initiative of this great reform is due. Three years ago the only public schools for girls in Egypt were that conducted with exemplary self-sacrifice by Miss Whately, and another by ladies of the American mission. But these, although attended by a few Moslem children, were but as a drop in the ocean for the great mass of the Arab population.

"The deeply rooted popular prejudice against female education had, however, baffled every attempt of the government to supply this primary condition of social reform till, in the Spring of 1873, the third wife of the Khédive lent the prestige of her sex and her position to the effort. Under her auspices, and at her private cost, an old palace in one of the most populous quarters in Cairo was purchased, in great part rebuilt, and adapted to the necessities of school life, with accommodation for two hundred boarders and one hundred outside pupils.

"Even thus sponsored, however, the scheme was so far in advance of public opinion that, although it appealed to the poorest classes, offering free board, lodging, clothing and education to all who chose to come, it was with difficulty the first batch of pupils was obtained. But the spell of prejudice once broken, the school rapidly filled with both residents and outsiders, and since then the applications have been many hundreds in excess of the accommodation. The pupils, ranging from seven to twelve years of age, are of all ranks, races and creeds known to Egypt—from pashas' daughters to slave girls; Arabs, Copts, Nubians, Jews and Levantine Christians of every cross of blood.

"The course of instruction, which will spread over five years, includes reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, Turkish, French, music, the Koran (for Moslem pupils), plain and ornamental needlework, cookery, laundry and general housework—all thoroughly taught, by a staff of fifteen masters and mistresses, two of the latter of whom and the directress are Europeans.

"Periodical lottery sales are held of all needlework beyond the personal clothing of the pupils, and the proceeds given to a dowry fund for the poorest girls.

"The great success of the first effort to rescue Egyptian womanhood from the ignorance and apathy of harem life, and so to lay the true foundation of a really national education, soon led to the opening of a second school with a less extensive course, mostly with a view to domestic service, in another part of the capital, where, under a staff of nine teachers, of whom the directress and one of the mistresses are Europeans, 147 pupils (76 boarders and 71 outsiders) were last year maintained and instructed at the charge of the Khédive's first wife.

"Both these institutions, adequately endowed by their foundresses, are now under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and rank among the most flourishing and important of the schools of Egypt. A third is in course of erection, and will be at work before the close of the present year, and, in compliance with numerous petitions, arrangements are in progress to open others in the chief provincial towns. In fact, popular prejudice has been completely overcome, and if this movement in favor of female education be continued, as there is every reason to hope it will, in another generation the most essential of Eastern reforms—the social emancipation of women—will in Egypt be an accomplished fact."

HORSES IN EUROPE.

Russia leads all other nations in the number of its horses. In 1876, she had 21,570,000 horses, or more than all Europe besides, and 60 per cent. more than are owned in the United States. Compared with other countries, Russia has one horse for every three and a half persons, Austria one for every ten, Prussia and Great Britain one for every eleven, France one for every twelve, and Italy one for every twenty-seven.

Far back into the history of Russia, the rearing of horses has always formed a notable branch of national industry. The Government of Russia devotes special attention to the encouragement of horse-breeding. There are no less than twelve imperial studs, of which nine are in Europe, and three in the Caucasus; there are also fourteen government depots and country stables spread over the empire, each having from 60 to 150 stallions for public use; besides which are about 2,500 private studs that own 6,500 stallions and 69,000 bloodmares. The government offers prizes and medals at races and exhibitions for improvement in the various breeds. Over 400 horse-fairs are h annually, and at fifteen of the most important of these, f. n 2,000 to 10,000 horses are offered for sale; while in all, some 300,000 change hands at these fairs.

During the period from 1870 to 1875, Russia averaged an annual export of horses exceeding in number 25,000. In the provinces of Central Asia and Siberia, there is almost a horse to every inhabitant. Russia requires, in time of war, for its army purposes, 272,000 horses; Italy, 26,000; Turkey, 30,000; Egypt has about 6,000 mounted troops; Austria, 59,000 cavalry.

In number of horses, France stands next to Russia, with 3,633,605; then Germany, with 3,352,231; while Great Britain owns 2,252,129. In 1875, the number of horses in the United States was 9,504,260, and Canada claims the ownership of 2,624,290.

Not only to individuals, but to the British Government, is the present scarcity of horses in England becoming a matter of anxiety. Lord Roseberry stated in the House of Lords, some time since, that his government had 6,600 cavalry horses, and 6,000 artillery horses, but in case of war, there would be required at once, in addition, 25,000 cavalry horses, and 4,000 artillery horses; also, at least 25,000 light and 75,000 heavy transport horses.

War makes sad havoc among the horses, and it is estimated that the great civil war cost the United States at least 1,000,000 horses.

When on a peace footing, the French army requires from 9,900 to 110,000 horses, although, under the new military law, a war would demand 176,000 horses. In Germany, for military purposes, 97,000 horses are required when at peace, and on a war footing, 233,500 for field troops, 35,500 for depot troops, and 37,000 for garrison purposes. Her cavalry requires about 70,000.

These facts are full of significance to the American farmer and horse-breeder, especially in the event of a general European war, when a large demand must arise for our horses. Already Canada has inaugurated the shipment of large numbers of fine draft horses, which meet with quick and remunerative sale in Great Britain.

The class of stock which may eventually be needed abroad, is the horse of good weight, strong in limb, full of endurance, hardy and muscular. Certainly no inducement exists, either at home or abroad, for the average farmer to waste his time and opportunities in breeding trotting horses, but let his attention be devoted to rearing serviceable farm and draft horses, good family and carriage animals, and he will make far better profits, and meet with far less disappointments in the long run.

TREES OF STONE.

The site of the petrified forest in California is about one thousand feet above the sea level, and lies in the same trend with the geysers, Mount St. Helena and the thermal springs of Calistoga. Geologically, it is one vast tufa bed, in which the trees lie as they were thrown, probably thousands of years ago, by some vast convulsion of nature. This tufa, I will say, for the benefit of the uninitiated in scientific lore, is a volcanic ash or cinder; it is lava thrown upward in a fiery mass and descending with rain. It is gray in color and granular in structure. Sometimes it is found imbedded in the form of little globes or bombs. Ammonites found in the strata fix the event in the cretaceous period.

The trees lie at five or six different levels—on the lower almost north and south; at the highest northeast and southwest. At the latter level the trees must have been buried under eighty or a hundred feet of lava; at the lowest five hundred feet. Their dip conforms to the dip of the tufa, and is at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees. They are in fragments, many of which have been converted into charcoal, others into lignite, and others into beautiful specimens of jet.

Where the heart of a tree had decayed the cavity is filled with opal, a form of lustrous, uncrystallized silica, containing water. Chalcedony, another form of silica, but clear and limpid, is found in other cavities. No top has been petrified, and only here and there a root.

Many have been charred by fire. Some are broken after petrifaction had taken place, as there is no mark of splintering or bruising. What must have been the giant force that followed their first destruction to have dealt this further blow? The majority of the trees are redwood, some few the madrona, and the limb of an oak has also been found. One of the first named trees is eleven feet in diameter, and the part of the huge trunk still preserved is sixty-eight feet in length.

Another shows marks of having been hacked with an ax, probably made of obsidian, as all the pre-historic implements from this locality were made of this same substance, a volcanic rock, which appears in abundance all about. There is no mistaking the fact that the cutting was done before petrifaction began, as the cuts occur at different angles to the grain of the wood.

The deduction is inevitable that man was in California before the birth of Mount St. Helena even, and also, that he was of a type superior to the people who inhabited it at the advent of the European, for he knew how to fashion cutting tools.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN.

Among the most thrilling scenes of history is the assassination of Gustavus III., of Sweden, who was killed by Count Ankerstroem, at a grand masked ball in Stockholm, on the 16th of March, 1792.

Gustavus was the oldest son of Adolphus, Duke of Holstein, and had ascended the throne in 1771. The country was at that time divided by two factions, the Hats and the Caps, as the aristocratic adherents to the Russian and French policy respectively called themselves.

Gustavus took the bold resolution of subverting both these parties, with the assistance of the people. The execution of the King's plans was commenced by the insurrection of the commandant of Christianstadt, who issued a violent proclamation against the States-General.

Gustavus sent Prince Charles with a powerful force, ostensibly to subdue the rebel, but in reality to unite with him. On the 19th of August, 1772, the King began to follow out his plans in person. He arrested the heads of the parties and the most powerful members of the States, and publicly announced his plans for the establishment of a new constitution.

The next day the magistracy of the capital took the oaths of fidelity, and the States-Generals were invited to assemble. Gustavus entered the assemblage, in order to submit to them the proposed new Constitution.

His armed force was apparently sufficient to subdue every scruple of the assembly; but as the Constitution only restricted and circumscribed the privileges of the nobility, and did not infringe the liberties of the citizens, it was received by the majority with real satisfaction, and confirmed by oaths and signatures.

Those who had been arrested were immediately afterward released, and the revolution was completed. The nobility were silenced, but they nourished a secret hatred, which at length broke out in the year 1788, when they prevailed on the States to refuse the supplies while the King was engaged in a war with Russia and Denmark.

In order to free himself from the ever active intrigues of the nobles, the King, on April 3d, 1789, caused the leaders of the opposition in the Diet to be arrested, and a law to be passed, by which the royal prerogatives were very considerably increased.

After varying fortunes in the war, Gustavus concluded a peace on the 14th of August, 1790, with his foreign enemies; but the nobility, who apprehended the loss of all their privileges, resolved upon his death.

Accordingly, they formed a conspiracy, under the direction of Counts Horn and Ribbing, and Colonel Lilenhorn, and a nobleman named Ankerstroem undertook to murder him. Ankerstroem chose a masked ball, given on the 16th

of March, 1792, at Stockholm, as affording the fittest opportunity.

The King was warned by some anonymous friend, but he ent to the ball, and the assassin shot him through the body. The King suffered with much firmness, and died on March 29th. His murderer was executed, and many of the conspirators were banished from the country.

The private history of those times adds that the chief conspirator was the Countess Christina, daughter of the Count Tessin, the King's governor, when a youth, and who was the King's mistress.

It is said that the King incurred her jealousy by his attentions to his own wife, and that in revenge she incited Ankerstroem to fire the fatal shot. It is also a matter of history that a few days after the funeral of the King she committed suicide.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.— SEE PAGE 751.

"I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER."

"I have a little sister, they call her Bo-peep,
She wades through the waters, deep, deep;
She climbs through the heavens, high, high:
Poor little sister!—she has but one eye."

In a cottage on the borders of a wood, there lived two children, a boy and a girl, with their father, the Wizard of the Wold. He was the descendant of a long race of wizards, and he looked scarcely like a human being, with his dark eyebrows and black, fierce eyes and long, sharp teeth. The children, however, were not so strange-looking, for their mother had been an ordinary woman, who married the wizard because he promised to revenge her upon some people who had done her wrong. But she did not live long, although long enough to repent of her marriage with so wild and uncanny a being.

The boy, Cosmo, was indeed dark-browed and silent, like his father; but little Stella was merrier and more child-like, and had bright yellow hair, which was always flying about over her face and shoulders. They never went to school or learnt to read and write as other children do; nevertheless they had their lessons. Their father taught them the language of the birds and beasts, the winds and clouds, the trees and flowers; and he made them learn by heart spells which enabled them to stop and question the wind as he went by, or to call the insects out of their holes to play with them. He encouraged them, too, in all manner of pranks, so that they would gather daisy-buds and make them grow and blossom on oak-trees; or they would change birds' eggs, and make the thrush hatch wild ducklings, or the wren blackbirds. Sometimes they made cunning snares to trap the feet of unwary travelers, or would frighten them by making a snake suddenly wriggle across the pathway. And when their mischievous joke succeeded, they would clap their hands and run laughing away, for they had never been taught what was right and what was wrong. Only Stella sometimes thought she would rather not have robbed the little bird of her eggs, or the squirrel of its store of nuts; and whenever Cosmo brought home small animals that he had hurt in what he called his play, she would tend and feed them until they were quite well, and then let them go free again.

JACK FROST COMING TO BO-PEEP'S ASSISTANCE.

So it came to pass that all creatures learnt to love Stella, as much as they feared and hated her father and brother. Travelers used generally to avoid the road that led past the wizard's cottage, for it soon became known that people seldom passed that way without meeting with some mishap or other. But the bolder ones, who still ventured to take that road, used to give Stella the nickname of Bo-peep, because of the way she had of peeping out at them from the doorway, with her yellow hair blowing about her face, and hiding and peeping out again, if they staid to look at her. But if her father caught her at it, he scolded her and sent her to bed; for he would not let his children have anything to do with other people.

How the wizard employed his time, nobody knew. He read a great deal out of great, black-letter books, and sometimes he would disappear for two or three days at a time, and then came back looking just as black and sullen as when he started. Sometimes Cosmo wanted to go too, but the wizard never would take him.

"Father," said little Stella, one day, on his return from one of these excursions, "I have been wanting you. There is something that you have never taught me. I want to learn the language of the angels."

"What do you know about angels?" said her father, gruffly.

"I don't know anything," replied Stella. "I cannot see them; but the trees see them, for they bend their heads and hush the whispering of their leaves when the angels pass. And the clouds see them, for they part and make a gateway for the angels to fly through to the blue sky. I want to be able to see them, too, father."

The wizard made no answer, and she was going on, "Won't you teach me——" when he turned and said:

"I won't teach you anything! get along with you!" so angrily, that Stella ran away out of the house for fear of him.

It was a beautiful night; and as she stood looking up at the stars, she thought that they must be the homes where the angels lived, and longed to go and live there too. Then

she thought what wonderful beings they must be, that her wise father, who knew almost everything, should not know their language. Then she thought that they might be watching her now, though she could not see them, and a feeling as if of fear came over her, and she ran into the house again, away from the starlight.

It was not long after this that the wizard went off again, as he had often done before; but instead of coming home at the end of a few days at most, week after week went by and he did not return. Perhaps, cunning as he was, he had met at last with some accident; or, perhaps, he had grown tired of taking charge of the children, and was gone to settle somewhere else all alone. Be that as it may, he had disappeared, and Cosmo and Stella never saw him again.

They were not very sorry to lose him; he had been too selfish and unkind for that to be possible. Cosmo, indeed, was glad; for now, he thought, he would go and join himself with other boys—a thing his father had never allowed—and would be a little king over them, because of his knowledge of magic and power to work spells. Accordingly, the next time he heard boys' voices in the wood he went out, and found a whole company of them bird-catching. Then Cosmo called, and a quantity of little birds came fluttering into his hands, and, laden with those as proofs of his power, he went up to the other boys, smiling, and offered himself as their companion. But as soon as the boys saw him they cried, "The wizard! the wizard!" and, leaving nets and snares, they scampered away, never stopping to look behind until they were out of the wood. Cosmo flung down his poor little prisoners in a rage, and went home and sulked for the rest of the day.

"Those boys are stupid, ignorant fellows," he said to himself; "it was a mistake to begin with them. I will go to the town, and see whether the learned and clever men there will not perceive my superiority, and be thankful to have me for a companion."

But as soon as he entered the town some one recognized him as the boy who had done him and his fellow-townsmen so many an ill-turn as they passed along the woodland path; the news soon spread, and in a few minutes half the boys in the town turned out to meet Cosmo, and pelted and hooted him for a wizard all down the street and along the road toward the wood.

This time Cosmo went to bed and stayed there for three days; and when he got up he went about as black and silent as his father. He would scarcely answer Stella when she spoke to him, and his only pleasure seemed to be to lay plans to annoy and hurt every one that came in his way.

One day Stella heard a cry of distress not far from the house, and suspecting that it must be some one whom Cosmo had played some trick upon, she ran out to see. There, in the ditch beside the path, lay an old woman, dressed in her best red shawl and check apron, with a squashy, greasy mess under her that had once been a basketful of butter and eggs.

On helping her up, Stella was glad to find that the old woman was not much hurt, though so much shaken and frightened that she could not go on to market. Stella took her into the house and washed the dirt off her, and persuaded her to lie down on her bed, where the old woman fell asleep.

She did not wake until it was too late to go home, and she agreed to spend the night at the cottage. When Cosmo peeped in and saw a guest there, he frowned fiercely, and went straight to his own room; nor would he open the door when Stella presently came knocking to offer him some supper. But the old woman was charmed to find the little witch-girl so much kinder than she expected, and the next morning she said to her:

"My dear, it grieves me to think such a kind-hearted little girl as you have shown yourself to be should yet be living in the midst of so much that is wrong."

"What does wrong mean?" asked Stella.

"Whatever is displeasing to God is wrong," replied the old woman. Then seeing that Stella still looked puzzled, she added, "To Him who made us, and who is Lord of everything."

"Is He Lord over the angels?" asked Stella.

"Surely," said the old woman. "They are His messengers, you know."

Stella had many more questions to ask, which the old woman answered as best she could, until at last she got up and said she ought to be going. Then, to her surprise, Stella put into her hands her old market-basket, neatly mended, and inside it were some plovers' eggs and some large pieces of honeycomb.

"I put that in instead of butter," said Stella.

"My dear, this is worth a great deal more than my butter and eggs were," said the old woman. "I will come and see you again when I next pass; but if ever I can be of any use to you, only let me know, and I shall be very glad to help you."

The old woman had left Stella plenty to think about, with her new ideas of what was right and wrong. She began to fear to do anything that she felt not to be right, lest the angels, or the Lord of the angels, should be looking at her; and she tried to talk to Cosmo about it, but he soon cut her short. So, while Stella was always looking upward and thinking about what was good, Cosmo's eyes were always fixed on the earth, and his mind filled with what was bad; and he grew ever blacker and gloomier, until one day he too went out and did not come back again, and so Stella was left alone.

At first Stella wandered through the wood day after day looking for him; but when she had convinced herself that he was not there, she went back to their cottage; for she said:

"Surely he will come home at last, and if I wait here I shall see him."

One day she had wandered a little way into the wood to gather a few herbs for her dinner, when she saw two carrion crows before her, busy with a dead rat in the pathway. At the slight rustling which she made among the branches, one of the crows half rose, fluttering as if afraid; but the other cried, with a hoarse, croaking laugh:

"What are you frightened at, you foolish fellow? There is no one here to be afraid of now. The Wizard of the Wold is gone, and his son is gone; there is nobody left but Bo-peep, as they call her, and she never hurts any one."

Now, Stella understood the language of birds, so when she heard this she stopped to listen, hoping that she might perhaps learn something.

"Cosmo gone too, is he?" said the younger crow.

"And gone to a place which he won't get away from in a hurry," replied the elder.

"Where is that?" asked the other, while Stella listened with all her ears.

"Where is he, do you ask?" said the elder crow. "He is with the Black Dog, in the Swamp."

And both the crows left off eating, and nodded their heads at one another, by which Stella knew that it was something very dreadful.

"He is come to that, is he?" said the younger crow, at last. "And what will become of him, I wonder?"

"That is what I have been wondering," said the other. "You know, if he were an ordinary mortal he would die before long in the black dog's service; and if he were

wholly a wizard he would grow blacker and wilder, and his hair and teeth would grow longer, until he too would become a black dog, and then the two would fight until one remained the master of the swamp. But Cosmo is neither man nor wizard, so I cannot tell what will become of him."

"I suppose it is possible that somebody may go and save him?" said the younger crow.

"I don't, then," croaked the other. "Who would do it, I wonder? Why, everybody hates him; even his sister must, for he has behaved to her lately more as if he were a black dog already than a brother. And if she wished to do it, she would not know how."

"Who does know?" said the younger crow.

"Only three people in the world."

"Tell me who they are?"

Stella crept a little nearer, that she might be sure to hear the answer.

"First, there's the Wizard of the Wold," began the old crow, "and he is gone off nobody knows where. Then there's his brother, the Wizard of the Waste. And, lastly, there is the Witch of the Willow-bank. They are the only three that know the secret how the Black Dog can be killed."

"Where does the Wizard of the Waste live?" asked the younger crow.

"Over yonder brown mountain, and far away on the other side," replied the other. "But he lives in a hole in the ground, and no one knows the path to it except the caterpillar on the ragwort-stem; so he is safe enough from visitors. Ah! you thief, you! while I have been talking you have eaten up all the best bits!"

And the two crows fell to fighting over their carrion. But Stella had heard enough.

"I will go to the Wizard of the Waste," she said; "he is my uncle, he will surely tell me the secret, and if it be possible for a weak girl to do so, I will save poor Cosmo, though I die for it."

She crossed the brown mountain, and reached the waste on the other side, and her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. There were many ragworts on the waste, and she wandered long from one to another before she found the one on which the caterpillar lived. At last she spied, on a tall ragwort-stem, a brown, hairy caterpillar, with orange spots.

"Oh, caterpillar," said Stella, "tell me the way to the dwelling of the Wizard of the Waste?"

But the caterpillar shook his head lazily from side to side, and would not answer her until she threatened to force him by a spell. Then he said:

"First a ragwort, then a burdock, then a ragwort, then a burdock, and so on to the end."

"That is not enough to guide me," said Stella. "How shall I know when I am there? for I see no house or hut on all this waste."

"You will get there," replied the caterpillar. "I only wish I were as sure that you would tumble in before you saw where you were."

"Thank you for nothing," said Stella, and went on her way from ragwort to burdock across the waste, until suddenly she saw at her very feet a hole in the turf, and rocky steps that led down into darkness. "This must be the place," thought she, and boldly clambered down.

There was a low cave at the bottom, and as soon as her eyes got accustomed to the darkness she saw the wizard, crouching in a corner.

"Oh, Wizard of the Waste," she said, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him, and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"You could not do it," said the wizard, after looking at her for some time. "He would kill you."

"I should not mind that," said Stella, "if I can save my brother;" and she went on for some time, persuading the wizard to tell her. At last he said, "What will you give? I do not tell for nothing."

"Alas!" said Stella, "what have I to give?"

"Give me your witch-power and knowledge of spells," said the wizard. "My memory is failing, and your knowledge would make it fresh again."

"But how can I save my brother without this power?" said Stella.

"It will not help you," replied the wizard; "do not think of it. It would rather be a hindrance."

"Here, take it, then," returned Stella; "and now tell me what to do."

"Go to the Witch of the Willow-bank," said the wizard. "She will tell you. I have forgotten."

"Oh, but that is not fair," cried Stella. "Either tell me what I ask, or give me back my powers."

"I cannot talk any more," said the Wizard of the Waste, "it makes my jaws ache."

"Tell me at least how to find the witch," entreated Stella. The wizard raised his hand and pointed northward, and with that she was forced to content herself. But she left the cave sadly enough to start on her second journey. On and on she went, till her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. She could scarcely have found her way, however, if all the birds and plants and insects had not joined to help her. Stella found that, though she had no more power to make spells, yet she still understood the language of all living creatures. And it seemed as if they knew what her errand was, for the bushes bent out of her way, and the butterflies fanned her with their wings, and the birds hopped in front to show her the road.

"How is it that you are so good to me?" said Stella. "Perhaps the angels have told you to help me?"

And the branches rattled and the birds twittered, and the lark sprang high above her head, and sang a beautiful song about the angels and the glorious place they dwell in.

At last they came to the willow bank, where sat the old witch under the roots of a dead willow, muttering to herself, and twisting the rotten twigs in her fingers.

"Oh, Witch of the Willow-bank," said Stella, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him, and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"What do you want to set him free for?" said the witch. "You think he will be grateful to you, but he won't. He will hate you because he owes you his life, for that is the way with bad hearts."

"I do not want him to be grateful," said Stella. "I only want to save him. Tell me how I may do it."

At last the witch said, "What will you give me if I do?"

"Alas!" said Stella, "I have nothing left to give."

"I am nearly blind," said the witch. "Give me your eyes and I will tell you."

"That I cannot," replied Stella, "for how should I save my brother if I could not see? But I will give you one eye if you will tell me all you know, and help me all you can."

"Well, then, give it here, and I will," said the witch.

But Stella was too wise now for that.

"You shall tell me what to do first," she said. And after much persuading, the witch began:

"You must cross the swamp yonder until you reach an island on which is a cave; there lives the Black Dog. But do not go to the cave. Wait till the stars come out, and

among them you will see a very bright one that changes to all manner of colors, red and blue, and green and yellow. That is Sirius, the dog-star. You must spread out your hands to it, and if your heart be pure and your desire firm, a spear will fall at your feet from the star; that is the only weapon that can slay the dog. But if your heart fail you, or your wishes be set on aught else than your brother's deliverance, you may spread your hands in vain, and the dog will kill you—helpless as you are. Give me the eye you promised me."

"Here it is," said Stella; "but tell me, is there any particular part that I should aim at if I do come to fight the dog?"

"There is but one spot where he can be hurt."

"And where is it?"

"I will not tell you," said the witch. "You would not give me all I asked, so I will not tell you all you want. Go: you will get no more."

And Stella went sadly on her way; but still her courage did not fail.

"If I am doing right," she said to herself, "perhaps the Lord of angels will send and help me."

So she journeyed on, the land spreading black before her, until toward evening she came to the borders of the swamp. Traveling became a difficult matter here; and as she picked her way slowly on, she heard a sound behind her that made her cheek grow pale. It was the howling of wolves; she could see them in the gloomy twilight, dark figures gathering fast and following on her track. She plunged into the swamp and waded on, deep in the muddy waters; but the wolves gained upon her at every step. Nearer and nearer they came, she had given herself up for lost, when a hand caught her, and a voice cried:

"Courage, Bo-peep! spring up here; we will balk the rascals this time!"

The bog rang hard under her feet, as she obeyed; and as her companion's breath smoked like vapor before them, she saw the water curdle and freeze wherever it spread. She found the ice firm enough to bear her light footsteps as they sped swiftly along; but it cracked and broke beneath the wolves, and soon they were left snarling and floundering far behind. Now, Stella had time to wonder at her strange companion. He was all in white; white plumes that seemed a mixture of feathers and palm-leaf and fern, floated from his head, and his dress was spangled all over with shapes of crystal, and moss and spar.

"Do you not know me?" he said, as Stella began to stammer her thanks. "Jack Frost is the name people give me. Why, you have often admired my handiwork on the banks and hedges."

"But I never met you before," said Stella. "Where should I have been if you had not come to my help to-night? If ever I can do anything——"

"Tut, tut," said Frost; "I have done nothing wonderful after all; but if you want to do me a kindness, I will ask you to give a smile whenever you see me. You are safe now, so I will be off to give the north wind a hint as to driving away those clouds, for I know you will want to see the stars."

And he darted away without waiting for further thanks.

By the time that Stella had reached the island, the stars were shining brightly, and she had no difficulty in singling out Sirius, the many-changing dog-star. With mingled fear and hope she stretched her hands toward it, and lo! at her feet fell a spear, shining and many-colored, like the star from which it came!

After a grateful upward glance, she grasped her weapon and walked boldly round to the front of the cave. A large fire was burning at the mouth of it, beside which lay the huge, misshapen Black Dog. Cosmo was passing to and fro with wood, which he piled on the fire, and it struck her

FAIR INES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 758.

to the heart to see how his likeness to the Black Dog was already growing. But she had not much time to look round her, for the dog rose up with bristling back and bloodshot eyes, and Cosmo fled to the back of the cave, while the dog sprang at Stella with a horrid growl.

It was a strange battle and a fierce one. For a long time Stella could do no more than defend herself against him, for the spear, sharp though it was, rang harmless against the dog's thick hide. She felt her strength failing her, and gathering herself up for a last stroke, she thrust the spear down his open throat, and the dog leaped up, rolled over, and was dead.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ARGUING THE POINT.—SEE PAGE 759.

Stella drew breath with a long sigh of relief, and went to seek out Cosmo as he sat cowering in the shadow. At first he seemed spell-bound or stupefied, though she spoke to him tenderly, calling him by the pet names of their childhood. At last he bowed his head and relieved himself by a fit of weeping.

He told Stella all he had done, how he had gone from bad to worse, what evil thoughts he had nourished in his heart, and begged her to forgive him his ill-treatment of her. And when he raised his head all traces of likeness to the Black Dog had vanished.

Now that her work was over, Stella turned very pale, and when Cosmo saw it, he laid her down gently and tended her as best he could, bidding her recover quickly, that they might go home together.

"Dear Cosmo, I think you will have to go without me," said Stella. "I am very weary, and a great longing has come over me to go up and be among the stars, where you know the angels dwell. But promise me that you will not live alone. Go to the old woman who spent that night with me, and beg her to come and keep your house until you find some othe friend."

Then she told him all she had learnt about the angels and the Lord of the angels, and how He saw all that people did, and besought her brother to be kind henceforth to all creatures, and to every one. And Cosmo promised, listening with a full heart.

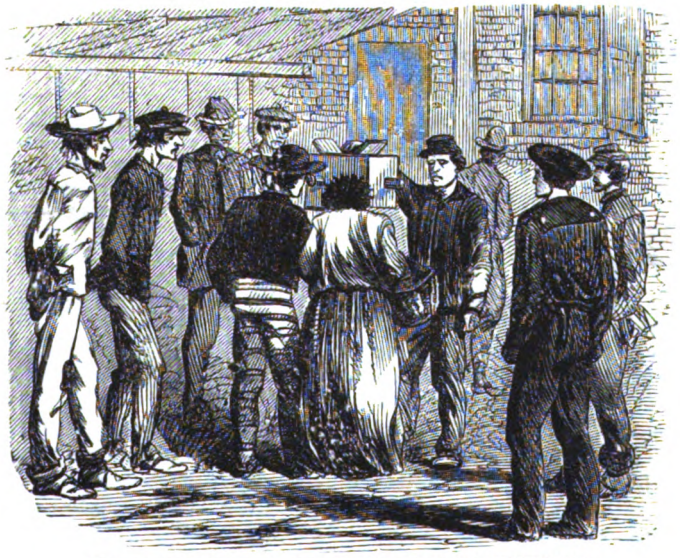
Before the morning dawn had made the stars grow pale, an angel stooped to beckon her, and Stella mounted up to join the starry host.

"It is well," said Cosmo, as he watched her upward flight. "I did not deserve to keep her, and she is far happier there."

And as he gazed a small new star shone out in the sky beside Sirius, and Cosmo knew that it was his sister.

The sun had risen when Cosmo crossed the swamp, so that he did not encounter the wolves; but he soon found himself wandering, doubtful of the way, for all the birds and insects shrank away at his approach, remembering how he had been wont to treat them. Then Cosmo made a mournful little song, and sang it as he went along:

"I have a little sister, they
call her Bo-peep,
She wades through the
waters, deep, deep;
She climbs through the
heavens, high, high:
Poor little sister!—she
has but one eye."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A STREET PANORAMA IN WILMINGTON.

When the creatures round heard this song

they said: "This is Bo-peep's brother, whom she went to save; come, let us help him for her sake."

And the birds flew circling round him, and the grasshoppers hopped in front to show him the path, and the flowers looked up at him and smiled. And still, when he saw that little star twinkling above him, or its reflection quivering in some pool at his feet, he sang his song as he journeyed on. So he reached the cottage in the wold at last.

The old woman came to live with him when he asked her, as Stella had begged him to do. Her neighbors said she would repent it, but she never did, for Cosmo was quite changed now. And before long the cottage in the wold, instead of being shunned and feared, became the resort of all that were in trouble, whether man or beast. For Cosmo henceforth used his magical powers to heal instead of to hurt, and his name became known throughout the country as the friend of those that were in need.

Every starry night Cosmo went out to greet Stella, his star that had done so much for him, and Stella smiled down on him again. She is still shining there; and her smile is always brightest when Frost is at work on earth below. She has learnt the language of the angels now.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Arguing the Point.

The Southern darkey, since he became possessed of the rights of citizenship, has displayed an astonishing aptitude for acquiring all the arts of the politician. For native shrewdness and diplomacy, indeed, some of the more notorious negro legislators, with whose names we have become familiar during the past decade, could scarcely be surpassed by their white prototypes, and in the matter of pure and unadulterated rascality there is unfortunately little to choose between them. Always fond of theological discussions, generally in an inverse ratio to their knowledge of the subject, the negroes found a new field for disputation when they were admitted to the domain of politics. "Arguin' de pint" became a more than ever popular amusement, and nothing more ludicrous can well be imagined than the spectacle of two or three staid old "uncles" looking, like Lord Elton, "wiser than any man ever was," discussing the affairs of the nation, the prospects of parties, or the qualifications of candidates, with a solemn gravity befitting the consideration of such momentous questions.

Mr. Shepherd's sketch is a capital example of the artist's rare skill as a delineator of negro character, and shows plainly that the younger disputant has only succeeded in astonishing, not convincing, his older companion. Whether the subject under discussion be the coming election, the President's policy, or the chances of securing the longed-for "forty acres and a mule," we can scarcely judge, but from the intent expression of both disputants it is evidently something of no little importance.

A Street Panorama in Wilmington.

As a companion picture to the above clever sketch of negro peculiarities, we present an amusing scene from the streets of Wilmington, the commercial capital of North Carolina. Some enterprising Yankee is exhibiting a miniature panorama, or "peep show," and has apparently succeeded in astonishing the natives. His audience seems to consist chiefly of that class of poor whites variously designated, as Cracker, Tar Heels, or Clay Eaters, and the air of open-mouthed wonder with which they survey the machine and its proprietor, shows that he has made a great impression on their bucolic mind. Itinerant showmen of this class find many parts of the South an excellent field for the exercise of their peculiar talents, and between the patronage of the Crackers and the Negroes drive a thriving trade, especially after the cotton crop is harvested, and planter and laborer alike rejoice in the flush times of the year.

FAIR INES.

By Thomas Hood.

Oh, saw you not, fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrival'd bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
The gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no loving dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youths and maidens gay—
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream
—If it had been more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps
And shoutings of the throng.
And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines;
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its decks,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore;
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

MACARONI-SELLERS.

Macaroni, or maccheroni—the learned are divided as to the orthography and etymology of the word—is the principal food of the poorer, and the favorite dish of all, classes of Neapolitans. So much is this the case, that the people of Naples have had for many ages the nickname of "Mangiamacaroni," or macaroni-eaters.

"Grano duro," or "Grano del Mar Nero," the small, hard-grained wheat grown in the Russian territories on the Black Sea, and shipped at Odessa and Taganrok, is considered

the best for the purpose, and was once imported for the macaroni manufacturers, although now cultivated there.

The best macaroni is made entirely of the grano duro; but in the inferior qualities this is sometimes mixed with soft wheat. The conversion of the flour—which is somewhat more coarsely ground than that intended for bread—into the long, round strings called macaroni, is effected by a very simple process. With the addition of water alone, the flour is worked up into paste, and this paste is kneaded for a length of time by a heavy, loaded block of wood, which beats into the trough where the paste is deposited; this block or piston is attached to a beam acting as a lever, whose fulcrum is near to the block, whilst the other extremity of the beam is some eight or ten feet from the fulcrum. One or more men or boys seat themselves astride at the further end of this beam, and, descending with their own weight and springing up by putting their feet to the ground, give the requisite reciprocating motion to the lever.

When the paste has been sufficiently kneaded, it is forced, by simple pressure, through a number of circular holes, the sizes of which determine the name to be given to the substance. That of superior diameter is macaroni, that smaller is vermicelli, and that smaller still is called fedelini.

The macaroni is hollow throughout, and many persons have been puzzled to know how it is formed into these long tubes. Nothing is more simple. Over each of the larger holes meant for macaroni, a small copper bridge is erected, which is sufficiently elevated to permit the paste to pass under it into the hole; from this bridge depends a copper wire which goes right through the hole, and, of course, leaves hollow the paste that descends through the hole.

When the paste has been forced through the holes, like wire through a wire-drawer's plate, a workman takes up the macaroni or vermicelli and hangs it across a line to dry. From the long kneading it has received, the substance is very consistent, and dries in unbroken strings that are two or three yards in length.

In respectable Neapolitan houses, macaroni is on the dinner-table at least twice or thrice a week—in many, every day. It is served up first; and on macaroni days, generally speaking, no soup appears. The writer would rack his memory and ingenuity in vain in attempting to describe the numerous ways in which it is cooked. But these are two of the most common preparations. The macaroni is thrown into a caldron containing boiling water, care being taken to bend and not to break the strings more than necessary (for half the beauty of this paste consists in the length of its fibre), and it is there left to boil until from white it assumes a greenish tinge, which, if properly managed, it does in about a quarter of an hour.

Verdi-verdi! (Green! green!) is the expression of the Neapolitan's delight when his macaroni has been properly boiled to the very second. It is then taken out of the caldron, drained of all the water, then saturated with some concentrated meat-gravy or tomatoes, sprinkled throughout with finely-grated cheese, and served up in a large tureen, in firm, unbroken strings, which are easily detached from each other.

This paste forms the principal food of the poorer classes of Neapolitans. They would be too happy, however, if they could get it every day! In the course of the week they are often obliged to satisfy themselves with bread, generally made of Indian corn, with a few onions or heads of garlic, and a little *minesira verde* (or greens) boiled in plain water, with a lump of lardo or hog's fat thrown in to give a flavor. Many thousands of them do not get meat for weeks, nay, months, together; but they care not for this if they can have their macaroni, which is a substitute for every eatable.

Venders of this national commodity are established in every corner of the city of Naples. Some have shops or cellars where they prepare and retail it, but a much greater number cook it on the movable furnaces in the open air, and sell it to their hungry customers in the streets.

In former times these macaroni stalls dared to stand under palaces, and lined even the Strada Toledo and other of the principal streets, mixed up, in grotesque confusion, with the stalls of other retailers and of artizans.

BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.

We much question whether the celebrated Beau Brummel and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates were not absolutely mere Quakers in their dress compared with some of the distinguished dressers of former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely powdered, and embroidered with pearl; in the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig in the place of a button; his trunk-hose or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great Court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,000, and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls.

King James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked on so loosely, that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and he wore diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearl. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made—the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and precious gems could contribute, one of which was an uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, worth £80,000, besides a feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs.

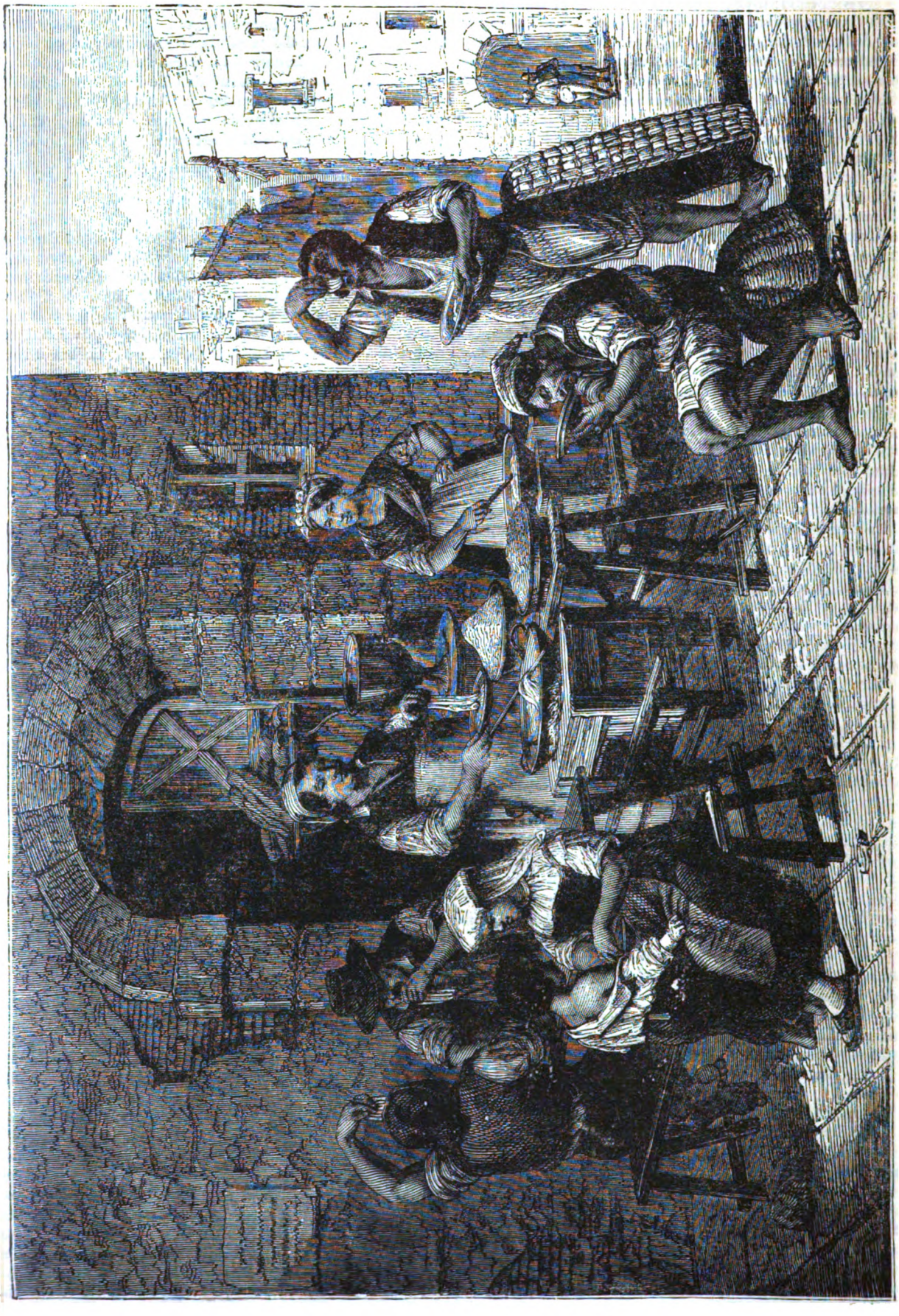
When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

A LONE WIDOW'S DEVICE.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him, and bade her sell the horse and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself.

Soon after his death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them, with the announcement that the price of the dog was 500 francs and that of the horse 5 francs. The passers-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first. At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain; after which the skillful woman handed over five francs to the family of her deceased husband, and retained 500 francs for herself; thus contriving at the same time to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband and to secure the larger sum of money for herself.

The story is good, but we are not sure that we have not heard the tale told before, with the scene laid in Ireland.



MACARONI-SELLERS.—SEE PAGE 755.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF LIGHT.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It had been for a long time known that the combustion of certain liquids converted into gases was accompanied by the disengagement of heat and light, and toward the close of the seventeenth century it was found that oil submitted to distillation in closed vessels at a high temperature formed a gas which burned with a brilliant flame, but no practical use was made of this knowledge, and it was well-nigh forgotten. The history of the discovery of the processes employed in the manufacture of illuminating gas has been written many times, and however often we recur to the subject we shall find something attractive in the narrative. There was something in the character of the pioneers of this great industry that gives a charm to the recital quite independent of the intrinsic value of the discoveries they made. One of the first persons to take up the manufacture of gas for illuminating purposes was Philip Lebon, in France.

It was in 1791 that this celebrated engineer directed his attention to the production of gas by the dry distillation of wood. He was engaged in studying the properties of smoke at his father's house, and while there built a furnace in the court and distilled a quantity of wood, passing the products through water in order to purify the gas and save empyreumatic products; he found that the gas burned with a hot and illuminating flame, and at once was seized with the idea of using this method for lighting our streets and houses. He fitted up a suitable laboratory for the exhibition of his process in Paris, and, although he charged a good price for admission, there was always a large attendance of people curious to see the new wonder. The odor of the gas was looked upon as an invincible objection, and no doubt raised a prejudice against the new process that required many years to allay. Lebon was too much occupied in professional pursuits to be able to devote all of his time to the development of his important invention, and this occasioned another delay. He was obliged to be frequently absent from Paris, much to his own distress, and greatly to the detriment of his countrymen, to whom his services in the capital could have been made of much greater value than they were as an engineer of roads and bridges.

PHILIP LEBON, WHO FIRST INTRODUCED STREET GAS LIGHTING.

EFFECT ON PARISIANS OF THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF GAS INTO THE CITY.

In December, 1804, Philip Lebon was invited to Paris to witness the ceremonies attending the crowning of the Emperor Napoleon. Returning from these festivities late at night, Lebon had occasion to cross the Champs Elysées, and while in the shadow of the trees was assassinated by some unknown person. His body was found the next morning pierced with thirteen dagger-wounds, and no clew could ever be obtained to the authors of the foul murder. This melancholy event greatly retarded further progress in gas illumination in Paris, and it was not until success had been attained in England that the French were ready to adopt the process which had been so ably advocated by their own unfortunate countryman.

While Lebon was prosecuting his researches in France, William Murdock, of Redruth, in Cornwall, conceived the idea of applying coal gas to economical purposes. His apparatus consisted of an iron retort, with tinned copper and iron tubes, through which the gas was conducted to a considerable distance; and there, as well as at intermediate points, was burned through apertures of varied forms and dimensions; he also washed the gas with water and used other means for its purification. In 1798 Mr. Murdock constructed a large and improved apparatus for the purpose of lighting Boulton & Watt's celebrated manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, which, on the occasion of the peace in 1802, was publicly illuminated by the same means.

But the attention of the public in London was first called to this important subject by the experiments of Mr. Winsor, who, in 1803 and 1804, lighted the Lyceum Theatre, and shortly afterward one side of Pall Mall, with gas from coal. From that period the manufacture of gas suggested itself as a lucrative speculation; several private gas works were erected, and companies were formed for the purpose of carrying it on upon an extended scale. Oil lamps were soon after abolished from all the great thoroughfares of large cities, and in the course of from ten to fifteen years not only was every street and alley illuminated from the same source, but it was generally introduced into shops, dwellings and public buildings.

It is related of the celebrated Scottish divine, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, that, happening to be in London at the time when Mr. Winsor was trying to persuade the people of the feasibility of introducing gas into private houses for the purpose of illumination, he heard a lecture on the subject, and was so convinced of the practicability of the scheme, that on his return home he had the requisite pipes introduced into a parsonage which was then building for his occupancy, so that they should be ready when the discovery was accepted and gas works were established.

The introduction of gas into the streets of Paris met with much opposition. The people objected to the bad odor, and they were afraid of explosions and suffocation. All kinds of mishaps were predicted, and it required a good deal of courage on the part of the city authorities to carry through their scheme. A full description of the processes employed in the manufacture of coal gas, and of the important incidental products now obtained, would carry us much beyond the limits of our present article, and, in fact, be irrelevant to the object we have in view.

A condensed statement copied from some of our technical dictionaries, together with excellent illustrations, will suffice to afford the reader a clear idea of the subject. When coal is subjected to what chemists term destructive distillation—that is, when it is heated red hot in close vessels, it yields a great variety of complicated products, which may be classed under three heads—namely, permanent gases, condensible vapors and solid residue. The object of gas manufacture is to separate these from each other, and so to purify the gaseous products as to render them fit for combustion. The apparatus employed for this purpose consists first of retorts, as they are called, in which the coal is subjected to heat; secondly, the apparatus for condensing the solid and liquid products; thirdly, the purifiers, by which the gas is cleansed from various matters which would be prejudicial if retained; and, fourthly, the gasometers, in which the purified gas is ultimately received, and which are connected with the service-pipes for its distribution. The retorts, usually about 7 feet 6 inches long by 1 foot in diameter, are now made of fire-clay, and built into benches of five or eight, so as to be heated by one fire. Each retort has what is called a mouthpiece, which projects from the front of the brickwork, and from which there rises an upright pipe about 12 feet high and 3 or 4 inches in diameter, and which carries the products of distillation into the hydraulic main. Each retort has a cover which is kept in its place by holdfast screws, and rendered air-tight by clay luting. The hydraulic main is a long, horizontal pipe, 12 or 14 inches in diameter, and into which the dip pipe of each retort empties, so as to be sealed by the fluid which fills the lower half of the main, and which is allowed to run off at that level.

This fluid is of a very complicated nature. In the early history of gas manufacture it was allowed to go to waste; later on, persons were hired to carry it away; it then became valuable for a few purposes, and was paid for at a low price. At the present time this identical tarry fluid is so valuable that it would nearly pay the manufacturer to make it as a direct product, and allow the gas to go to waste.

Those products of the distillation of coal which are not in the first instance condensed, are conveyed by a pipe continued from the hydraulic main, through a series of tubes or other contrivances, so as to expose as much surface to the cold as possible. This part of the apparatus is called the condenser, also the washer and scrubber; and here the more volatile vapors are condensed and caught in suitable receptacles. The uncondensed gases thus pass on to the purifiers, which are vessels so constructed as to expose the gas to the action of a very large surface of lime and water or of slaked lime, or of Lamming's mixture of oxide of iron and sawdust, by which carbonic acid and sulphureted hydrogen are abstracted; and thence the gas, now purified, passes into the gasometers where it is stored up ready for use.

Notwithstanding all of the washing and purifying to which the gas is subjected, it still retains a disagreeable smell. This property, which was regarded as so objectionable in the early stages of gas illumination, is now pronounced the saving clause in the safety it imparts to the subtle gas. Were it not for the fetid odor, it would be perilous in the extreme to introduce the gas into dwelling-houses, as a leak would not be betrayed, and the inmates would be suffocated before rescue, and there would be great danger of fire and explosion. The bad smell is the best possible defense against leakage, as repairs are demanded at once, and the danger avoided.

At the gas-house is a large station-meter, through which the whole of the gas passes in its way to the gasometers, and by which its volume is registered, so that the quantity made in any given time can be accurately measured.

The gas meter was invented by Mr. Clegg, formerly engineer to the Chartered Gas Company of London. It consists of a hollow cylinder, which is made to revolve upon its axis by the ingress and egress of gas into and from the three compartments into which it is divided, the cylinder being partly immersed in water; and by a train of wheel-work connected with it, the number of its revolutions in a given time is registered, and the number of cubic feet of gas

which traverses it in a minute, hour, day or year, shown upon separate dials. This is known as the wet metre. It has inconveniences in cold weather, as the water is liable to freeze; but this difficulty is overcome by adding a small proportion of glycerine to the water. A dry metre, dispensing altogether with water, and using movable diaphragms as measures of volume, has been very generally substituted, in recent times, for the original invention of Clegg. If the metre becomes clogged, it does not accurately register the volume of gas transmitted through it, but the error is more apt to be against the company than against the consumer. To avoid an excess of pressure on the gas, a pressure-gauge is adjusted at the works, and careful watch is kept of it, as much depends upon a uniform delivery to the city.

The operations of the various gas companies of the world are now on a scale of great magnitude. Millions of tons of coal are distilled, and millions of cubic feet of gas are manufactured. There is scarcely a city in Europe or America which is not lighted with gas, and a great progeny of industries has sprung out of the incidental products arising from its manufacture.

How few there are who, beholding the beautiful light which sheds its lustre from many a gas jet, remember that to the labors of men of science we owe this great social blessing. "When the earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit, and God had said, 'Let there be light' and there was light," each ray of sunshine, as it impinged upon tree or flower, was caught up and held in close embrace, and, with the decay of the plant, was carried down into the earth, changed by slow degrees in form, and there kept a close prisoner, until the genius of man could deliver it from its bondage. These imprisoned sunbeams, after the lapse of ages, are set at liberty by the genius of man, and our night is converted into glorious day. If chemistry had contributed no other blessing to the world, this alone would entitle it to the everlasting gratitude of mankind.

We come now to speak of another source of illumination, which is also found stored in the rocks, but in a liquid rather than in a solid form. We refer to petroleum, which has become one of the most important illuminants now employed by man. The history of this substance has been written many times, but the true explanation of its origin has not been found, although diligently sought for by geologists and naturalists for a long time. Some would refer it to animal deposits, others to vegetable remains, and a small class pronounce it to be the tar from volcanic distillation. It is difficult to attain the truth in the midst of so much conflicting testimony, and we mu t leave the learned pundits to fight it out, while we proceed to an account of the early discovery and subsequent employment of this important substance.

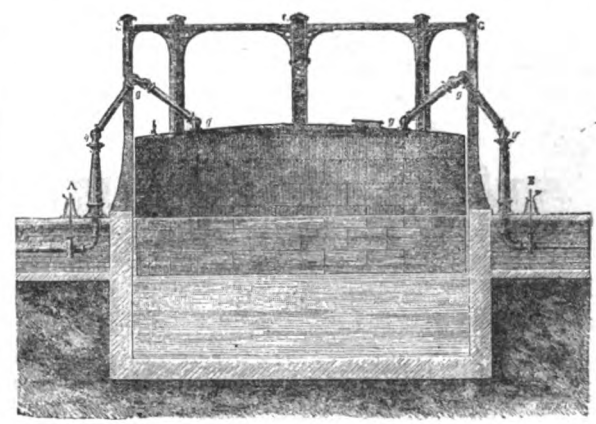
According to the late Mr. Hodge, the occurrence of an oily liquid oozing from the surface of the earth has long been known. Bakoo, a city on the west side of the Caspian Sea, has long been celebrated for its springs of a very pure variety of petroleum; and here the temples of fire have been kept burning day and night for ages. Over a tract about 25 miles long and half a mile wide, the strata are saturated with the oil, and hold it like a sponge. To collect it, large open wells are sunk to the depth of 16 to 20 feet, and in these the oil gathers and is occasionally taken out. In the environs of Bakoo are hills of volcanic rocks through which bituminous springs flow out. Jets of carbureted hydrogen are common in the district, and salt, which is almost always found with petroleum springs, abounds in the neighborhood.

Another famous locality of natural oil is in Burmah, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, near Prome. Fifty years ago it was reported there were about 520 wells in this region, and the oil from them was used for the supply of the whole empire and many parts of India. The town of Rainanghong is the centre of the oil district, and its inhabitants are chiefly employed in manufacturing earthen jars for the oil, immense numbers of which are stacked in pyramids outside the town, like bombs near an arsenal. The Burmese petroleum is extensively employed at the candle manufactory of Price & Co., in London. It is remarkable for the large quantity of paraffine contained in it.

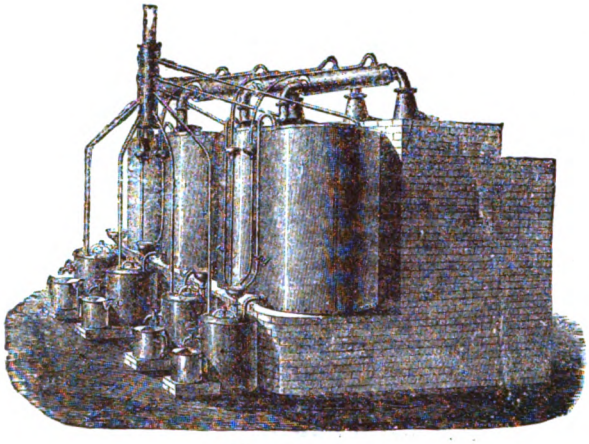
Many other localities might be named which furnish the natural oils upon a less extensive scale, as in Italy, France and Switzerland. In the United States the existence of petroleum has long been known, and the article has been collected and sold for medicinal purposes, chiefly for an external application, though sometimes cautiously administered internally, as it is a virulent poison. It was formerly procured by the Seneca Indians in Western New York and Pennsylvania, and was hence called Seneca oil. In the State of Ohio it was obtained at some salt wells, in 1819, in such quantity that it is remarkable that its value was not more fully appreciated.

The following description of salt-boring at Little Muskingum, in the southwestern part of Ohio, written in 1819, was first published in the *American Journal of Science* in 1826: "They have sunk two wells which are now more than 400 feet in depth: one of them affords a very strong and pure water, but not in great quantity; the other discharges such vast quantities of petroleum, or, as it is vulgarly called, 'Seneca oil,' and besides is subject to such tremendous explosions of gas, as to force out all water and afford nothing but gas for several days, that they make but little or no salt. Nevertheless, the petroleum affords considerable profit, and is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, bright light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street lamps in the future cities of Ohio."

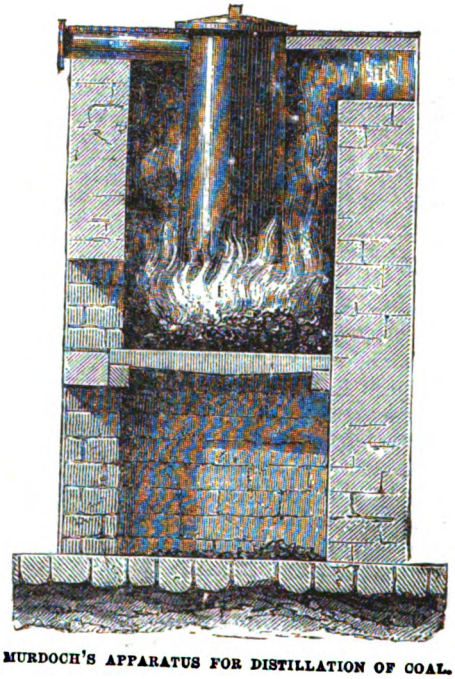
In Northwestern Pennsylvania the existence of oil in the soil along the valleys of some of the streams was known to the early settlers. One stream, in consequence of its appearance in the banks, was called Oil Creek. In 1857 Messrs. Bowditch and Drake, of New Haven, undertook, on a contract with the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company," to search for oil. To the enterprise of Colonel E. L. Drake the country is indebted for prosecuting the business in the face of serious obstacles to a successful termination. His first success in striking oil, and the great excitement growing out of it, are now matters of history. It was not long before the country was overrun with speculators, and out of the small beginnings has grown a business of vast importance to the country, and affording an article of



A GASOMETER.



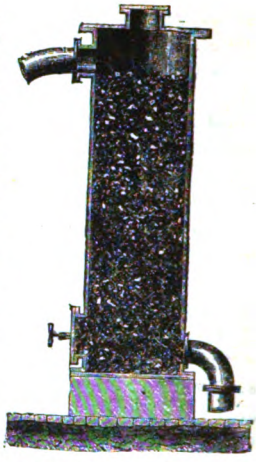
GAS RETORTS.



MURDOCH'S APPARATUS FOR DISTILLATION OF COAL.

SECTION OF PURIFIER.

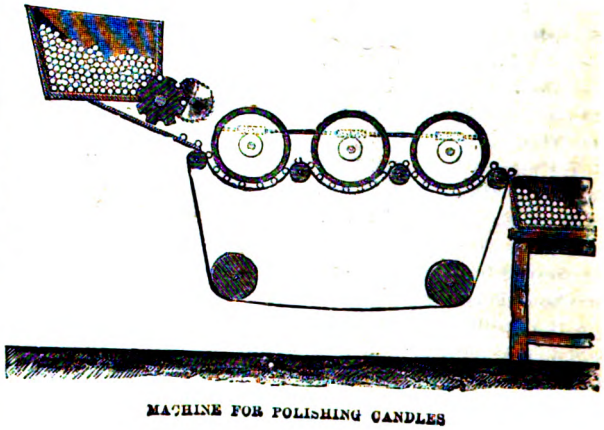
export only second to such staples as cotton and breadstuffs. The discovery of oil has made the fortunes of many individuals, and greatly increased the prosperity of the nation.



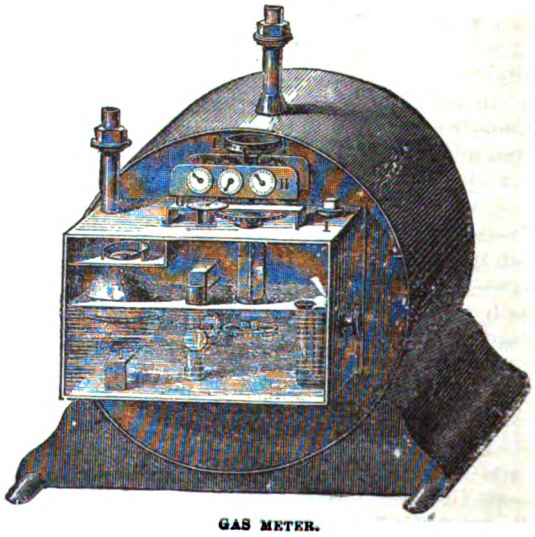
SECTION OF SCRUBBER.

Everybody knows that when the petroleum first issues from the earth it possesses a very disagreeable odor, and is unsuited for consumption in lamps. It must first be subjected to distillation and be refined before it can be used in lamps. The distillation is conducted fractionally, as the native oil is a mixture of several different bodies, each one of which is capable of distinct and separate use. In the celebrated establishment of Mr. Pratt nine distinct commercial products are obtained, namely :

Name.	Specific gravity.	Boiling point.
Rhigolene	625	65 deg. Fah.
Gasolene	665	120 "
C. Naphtha	706	180 "
B. Naphtha	724	220 "
A. Naphtha	742	300 "
Kerosene oil	804	350 "
Mineral sperm oil	847	425 "
Lubricating oil	883	575 "
Paraffine	848	



MACHINE FOR POLISHING CANDLES



GAS METER.

Of these products, rhigolene is employed as an artificial freezing agent; gasolene as a carbonating substance in the Springfield gas-machine; naphtha has extensive application as a substitute for turpentine in the manufacture of varnish, and as it is very cheap it is unfortunately sometimes used to extend and adulterate the illuminating oil; it is now also extensively used in the manufacture of illuminating gas. Kerosene is a trade name originally applied by one firm to the product of the distillation of bituminous shale. After the occurrence of native oil drove the artificial product from the market, the term kerosene was retained for refined petroleum. Mineral sperm oil requires lamps of peculiar construction to prevent smoking. It is absolutely safe, and is preferred by timid people on that account. After petroleum comes from the wells it is digested in strong sulphuric acid to free it from its bad odor. The oil is put into a large tank, carboys of sulphuric acid are poured in it, the whole is kept in constant agitation by a dasher, and a black, dirty liquid collects at the bottom and is drawn off. This liquid was at one time thrown away, but it is now partially economized in the manufacture of superphosphate from refuse bones. It is the fetid odor of this residue that has given Hunter's Point, near New York, such a bad reputation.

FIRE-WORSHIPERS AT BAKOO, NEAR THE CASPIAN SEA.

The excess of acid is removed from the petroleum by carbonate of soda, and it is then ready for distillation. Kerosene oil is now sent to all parts of the world. In every city of Europe there are signs of "American petroleum for sale" in the shops, and long trains of cars loaded with barrels bearing the Pennsylvania mark are encountered on the railroads far in the interior. We have acquired such skill in the manufacture of this substance in America, that European refiners have not been able to compete with us, and our oil finds a market even in Russia, where there is an abundance of raw material, and where they ought to refine it for themselves.

The light afforded by petroleum is steady and very agreeable to the eyes, and on many accounts it is preferable to gas. The only danger from it arises from leaving too large a proportion of naphtha, or from adding that explosive liquid before it is put on sale. When properly refined, no better source of light could be desired. It may be proper for us to terminate this long notice by a reference to the brilliant light afforded by electricity, by the oxy-hydrogen flame, and by magnesium. Any one of these three can be employed for photographic purposes, and one of them, electricity, is practically used in copying pictures and for signal lanterns on our lighthouses. The cost of running a battery has been the chief impediment in the way of the general introduction of the electric light, but since the improvement in the construction of the magneto-electric machines this obstacle appears likely to be overcome.

A great step in favor of the electric light has recently been made by a Russian, Jablochykoff, who has devised an electric candle, which is self-regulating, and which can be sustained in any number by one current. Formerly it was necessary to have a battery for each electric light. Under the new system numerous candles can be kept up by one battery power. According to experiments recently tried in London and Paris, the Jablochykoff system appears likely to prove entirely successful. The oxy-hydrogen lamp is extensively used in the United States for lighting the streets on festive occasions, also for the taking of photographs at night, and for illuminating the magic lantern..

The attempt to enrich the city gas by an admixture of oxygen has not proved a success. The attempt, however, was valuable, as it made known to us an economical method for the manufacture of oxygen on a large scale. The magnesium lamp is now little more than a toy. The cost of the metal and the disagreeable smoke arising from its combustion are serious obstacles in the way of its general introduction. It has been employed for obtaining pictures of caves, interiors of churches, and other localities where the light of day cannot penetrate. Fine views of the mammoth cave have been taken in this way.

We have thus passed hastily in review the principal agents employed in furnishing artificial light for the use of man. They are all of them the result of careful scientific research, and clustering around them have grown up great congeries of industries scarcely less important than life itself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BELL'S NEW TELEPHONE.—The new telephone of Mr. Graham Bell is much less complicated than the original invention. It entirely dispenses with the use of a battery, as all of the electricity required is generated by the voice. The whole apparatus now consists of three metal portions contained in a casing of wood or hard rubber, closely resembling a butter stamp. In the centre is a permanent magnet, around one end of which is wound a coil of fine, insulated copper wire, the ends of which are attached to the longer wires of the circuit. In front of the pole of the magnet is a soft iron disk, about the size of a quarter-dollar. This iron disk or diaphragm is attracted toward the pole, and any alteration in it produces a change in the magnetic field by strengthening or weakening it and this in turn causes the induction of a current of electricity in the insulated coil. The strength of the induced current depends upon the amplitude and rate of vibration of the disk caused by the human voice. If the first instrument is connected with a second of similar construction, by a closed circuit of wire, the induced current will pass through the second telephone and back to the initial point. But in passing through the coil in the distant telephone, it modifies the magnetization of the magnet, and increases or diminishes its attraction for the diaphragm, and thus gives a *fac simile* of the sound waves that produced the original perturbation. Whatever sounds are spoken into the mouth-piece at one end will be repeated at the other, and thus persons are able to carry on a conversation from widely distant stations. The principal cost is the construction of wires to connect the different stations. The instrument itself can now be made for a trifling sum.

ELECTRICITY IN WAR.—In scarcely any department of knowledge has the recent progress of science been more conspicuous than in the application of electricity to military affairs. It would scarcely be possible, at the present time, to get on without the telegraph. Assisted by the telegraph, the general is able to communicate with his subordinates over great distances. Even a brigade of horse artillery, or a cavalry division advancing at a gallop, can carry its telegraph equipment with it. The wire-drums are started off at a gallop, the cable being unwound as the carts proceed, and a sergeant on horseback, with a "sounder" to his ear, in connection with one end of the wire, receives the general's commands as soon as they are spoken. The explosion of charges by means of the electric spark is another use of electricity which was suggested as long ago as a hundred years by Franklin, but was first tried about fifty years ago in removing the wreck of the *Royal George*. The process is now a common one for the explosion of mines and the firing of torpedoes. Electricity is also now turned to account in the construction of self-steering launches. Finally, we have the use of the electric light in warfare. During the Franco-German war, from the forts around Paris the electric rays were made to sweep in all directions, to watch for hostile troops engaged in the operation of mining. Bodies of soldiers upward of a mile distant could be plainly seen by the vivid light of the electric lamp, and working parties were frequently compelled to abandon their object in the presence of this powerful detector

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—The construction of the tunnel, if prosecuted at the same rate as at present, ought to progress at the rate of 20 to 30 feet per diem; but, unfortunately, unforeseen obstacles frequently present themselves. Great volumes of water rush out of the fissures in streams as large as a man's arm, overturning the machines, scattering and nearly drowning the workmen, and entirely inundating the track. Blocks of compact crystalline granite occur ten feet in surface, which resist and break the drills, and only yield to dynamite. On the other hand, layers of slate are encountered, very soft, of no consistence, which offer no resistance to the perforator, and have to be supported by timbers to prevent the roof falling on the workmen. Thus the hardness of the rock, or its excessive softness, and irruptions of water successively threaten to arrest the continuation of the work; but all these obstacles will be overcome, and the completion of the work is only a question of time. There remain four miles to be pierced.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR EXPLORERS.—One of the difficulties in the way of taking photographs by travelers, is the weight of plates, apparatus and material. Mr. Deyrolle has devised a new process, in virtue of which the baggage of an explorer who might wish to carry 300 negative plates would only be increased by a weight of twelve pounds, all included, instruments, plates, developers and accessories. Glass plates are dispensed with, being replaced by paper coated with a layer of prepared wax, capable of bearing 75 deg. Fah. without fusion. The paper is covered with sensitive collodion, prepared so as to retain its properties for two years or more. The development after exposure is very simple: into a litre of water is put 20 grammes of citric acid, as much acetic acid, and 5 grammes of pyro-gallic acid; an atom of nitrate of silver is added. The negative is placed in this developer, and left in it till the coloration of the image becomes sufficiently intense; then it is passed into a bath of hyposulphite of soda, then washed and dried between leaves of blotting-paper. It is then proof against heat and moisture, and may be kept indefinitely in an album. The apparatus itself is so constructed as to be capable of remaining two days in water, even in sea-water, without deterioration.

THE SHEPARD SCIENTIFIC COLLECTIONS.—These collections, the private property of Prof. C. U. Shepard, were removed from New Haven to Amherst in 1847, through the influence of Prof. Hitchcock, and have remained there ever since, receiving constant personal attention from the professor. The purchase has been made for $40,000, or less than half the appraised value of the minerals, the college thereby securing for itself not only all the material necessary for study in this department, but also, to use the professor's own words, a collection "which, besides being the largest ever formed by one individual, is actually the best now possessed by any college or university in this country or in Europe." The collections are three in number—viz., a mineralogical, a geological and a meteoric. Of these, the first is the most important and perfect, containing specimens illustrative of almost all the species of the twenty-two orders, selected with the utmost skill and appreciation of scientific beauty. The meteoric collection is the fourth for size and value in the world, the three others which outrank it being those of the National Museums at London, Vienna and Paris.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S BATHOMETER.—The success of Sir William Thomson's pianoforte wire apparatus for deep sea soundings was demonstrated by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, Commander Belknap, on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean. There is occasion to regret that it was not used by the *Challenger* expedition, as a large number of soundings could have been made. Latterly several experiments have been made with this apparatus on the White Star line of steamers, between New York and Liverpool. The wire was found capable of bearing a strain of 18 miles of its own length. In these experiments a glass tube was attached at a known distance above the sinker. The interior of the tube was coated with a mixture of starch and red prussiate of potash. Outside the tube was a metallic cylinder containing a solution of sulphate of iron. When the pressure of the water at a given depth drove in the sides of the cylinder, it forced the iron solution to a proportionate height in the glass tube, leaving its record in a blue tint. The height of the record indicated the pressure, and consequently the depth reached in sounding.

AN INSECT DESTRUCTIVE TO PINES.—At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Grote, of Buffalo, described a new enemy of the pine tree which he had observed. During June and July the red and white pine trees show by their pitch exuding that they are attacked by an insect. The wounds usually appear on the main stem below the point where a branch starts. On cutting into the bark, the larva will be found which has caused the injury. The length of the larva, when full-grown, is three-quarters of an inch. It makes furrows by eating on the inner side of the bark, producing bleeding which sometimes kills the tree, and is always injurious. In July the worm spins a whitish-gray cocoon within the exuding pitch, and the moth comes forth in ten to fourteen days. It has been found on the Scotch, Austrian and Russian pine, as well as our native varieties, and seems likely to prove a formidable enemy to the cultivated pine in general. The only remedy yet devised is to apply the knife and cut out the larva.

A NEW TIME GLOBE.—This instrument is, in outward appearance, very much like an ordinary clock, upon the top of which is mounted a terrestrial globe, with a meridian and hour circle, and held by its supporting standard at an inclination of 23½ degrees. The clock-like support may be furnished with an aneroid barometer, or this feature may be omitted. Within the globe is situated the clockwork, which causes it to revolve once every twenty four hours, thus imitating exactly the motion of the earth. As the globe revolves, a pointer indicates upon the hour circle at the top the time of the day, while the time at any locality upon the earth is shown by the meridian lines in their relations to the large dial encircling the equator.

ASCENT OF MT. ILLIMANI, SOUTH AMERICA.—At a recent meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, a letter from M. C. Wiener, who is traveling in South America at the expense of the French Government, was read, describing his ascent, on May 19th, 1877, of Mount Illimani, whose height he makes out to be 20,112 feet. M. Wiener reached the summit, which he named Pic de Paris. Mr. Minchin, however, a railway engineer, who has been taking careful measurements of some of the South American peaks, gives the height of Illimani as 21,224 feet, Wiener's figures being obtained by aneroid and boiling water. Either of these measurements would make Mt. Illimani one of the highest of the Andes.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—Even the telephone was predicted, and almost invented, twenty years ago. Du Moncel, in his work on the "Applications of Electricity," edition of 1857, says: "Imagine that one speaks near a mobile plate, flexible enough not to lose any of the vibrations produced by the voice, that this plate establishes and interrupts successively the communication with a battery. You would be able to have at a distance another plate which would execute at the same time the same vibrations. It is true that the intensity of the sounds produced would be variable at the point of departure where the plate is vibrated by the voice, and constant at the arrival, where it is vibrated by electricity. But it is demonstrable that this would not alter the sounds. It is certain that, at a time more or less distant, speech will be transmitted to a distance by electricity. I have commenced some experiments to that effect; they are delicate, and require time and patience. But the approximations obtained point toward a favorable result."

A NEW PROCESS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY.—Professor Wright, of Yale College, announces a new discovery in electro-metallurgy, which promises to become of practical value. It is the dry deposition of metals in the state of vapor. In a vessel from which the air has been partially removed, he arranges opposite to each other the two poles of an induction coil, suspends the object to be plated between them, and attaches to the negative pole the metal to be deposited. A two or three-inch spark from the battery causes the metal to be volatilized, and it is condensed on the cool surface of the article to be plated in a uniform and solid manner. The oftener the spark is produced the heavier will be the deposit of metal. How far this process can be worked out practically, remains to be seen. The system of plating by means of a battery has been reduced to a fine art within the last few years, and is under such perfect control that electro-platers will not be in haste to adopt anything new.

A LABORATORY FOR PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN PHYSICS.—Prof. E. C. Pickering, of Cambridge, Mass., comes out strongly in favor of the endowment of scientific research. He proposes a suitable building and arrangements for a physical laboratory, where experiments might be made with reference to research. The plan includes the appointment of a presiding officer and a staff of assistants. The building he proposes is large but low, and resembles one or more blocks of two-story houses. He thinks no more common mistake is made than in wasting the money which should be used for equipment on architectural effect.

EXPLORATION OF SUMATRA.—The Dutch Geographical Society has received a report from the expedition recently sent out to explore Sumatra. One division left Padary in the middle of May for the mountainous centre of the island. They have successfully penetrated into these hitherto unknown regions, and describe them as of surpassing grandeur. The mountain sides are clothed to the very top with a most luxuriant forest growth, almost impenetrable to the sun's rays. The inhabitants consist of a few utterly degraded Malays, gathered together in wretched villages. The health of the expedition is excellent.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SHAKESPEARIAN critic, worn out by the fretting of his first-born, named him Macbeth, muttering as he did so, "Macbeth hath murdered sleep."

A POOR but well-known journalist recently had but one suit of clothes, and now he boasts that he has eight suits, the seven new ones being libel suits.

IN a cemetery near Cincinnati is a gravestone with the following inscription: "Here lies —— ——, who came to this city and died for the benefit of his health."

IT is reported that an absconding bookkeeper was frightened away by the fall of several columns (of figures) which he had put up on an insecure foundation.

"KEEP your temper, my dear sir," said an old judge to an irritable young lawyer; "keep your temper, it is worth a great deal more to you than it is to anybody else."

"PAPA," said a little Western boy, "why don't women have whiskers?" "Because, my boy," was the reply, "their jaws are never still long enough for them to grow."

"MY son," said a father, "your character ought to shine brighter than your boots." "I suppose it will," answered the son, "by the time it has been as thoroughly blackened."

AN officer in the regular army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A SHOWMAN traveling with a panorama of scenes from the Bible, met a Yankee, and, on learning that he could play a piano, engaged him to play appropriate selections after each picture at his show that night. The curtain rose, revealing "The return of the Prodigal Son," upon which the player struck up, "When Johnny comes marching home!" The effect produced was wonderful. "Consider yourself engaged to travel with me," said the showman; "you draw better than the pictures."

"DID he love the major's daughter?" said old Mr. Botsker to his wife, at the tea-table, in answer to an interrogation concerning their mutual nephew. "Why, of course not—he married her."

AN Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, that's a good idea. Shure a stone coffin 'ud last a man a lifetime."

"WHY," asked Pat one day—"why was Baalam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "'twas because he had no trouble in findin' an ass to roid."

A DRUNKEN fellow who was reproved for lying in bed every Sunday by a clergyman, said "he was sorry that a gentleman of his profession had forgotten that the Sabbath was appointed as a day of rest."

"LANDLORD, you have done me too much honor; you let me sleep among the 'big bugs' last night." "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear lodger, I doubt not they have some of your blood in their veins."

"DID you or did you not acknowledge to the plaintiff that you owed him the amount claimed?" sternly asked a lawyer of a defendant in the witness-box. "Yes, I did or didn't," was the calm reply.

A SERVANT who prided herself on living in a genteel family, being asked to define the term, said, "Where they keep a carriage, have three or four kinds of wine, and never pay a bill the first time it's called for."

A CURE FOR AN IMPRUDENT ATTACHMENT.—The young man's mother to his father: "What is to be done, my dear? He positively *dotes* on her." The father—"Well, my love, we must try to find him an antidote."

WOMAN'S REFUGE.—The other day a little girl of three and a half, while playing with her aunt Alice's ring, lost it. Both looked for it some time without finding it, when, in despair, the little one said: "Come, aunt Li, let's cry."

ANTEDILUVIAN PUN.—"Let me have your walking-stick," asked a little child of his father—an inveterate punster—who carried a very heavy-loaded staff. "No, no, child," was the reply, "you are not Able to carry my Cane."

SCENE, yard in rear of house: Maternal voice from third story to Young America playing below—"Thomas, come in this minute." Momentary pause. "Thomas, come in; I shan't speak again." Y. A.—"Well, I wish you wouldn't."

A PARTY of gentlemen were talking about courting, and one of them sadly said he should never risk that kind of thing again. "Why so?" was the general exclamation. "Because," he said, "I once courted investigation, and it ruined me."

A WOULD-BE modest lady pulled the sleeve of her under garment over her wrist, when a physician was about feeling her pulse. The doctor took the corner of his coat and laid it upon his patient's arm, saying, "A linen pulse should have a woolen physician."

AN old sea captain took his son to task for hanging a cat, when the youngster asserted that he hung her for the same offense that his father had had several of his men executed. "What's that, you young dog?" cried his father. "For *mew*-tiny, sir," was the reply.

"COME, pa," said a youngster just home from school, "how many peas are there in a pint?" "How can anybody tell that, you foolish boy?" "I can, every time. If you don't believe it, try me." "Well, how many are there, then?" "Just one 'p' in every pint, pa."

AN Irishman went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses he asked, "And what piece do yez play nixt?"

"DID you take the letter? And did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Yes, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! What do you mean?" "Why, when I was in the room he asked me where my hat was, and all the while it was on my head!"

THE other day while the rain was pouring in torrents, a countryman was going up-street, vainly trying to protect his umbrella under his coat. "Why don't you open your umbrella, man?" asked the passer-by. "A new umbrella in such a rain as this? Why, you must be mad!" replied the man, as he got the contents of a water-spout down his neck.

"SMOKING in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room full of smokers." "How is any one who happens to be wanted picked out, then?" asked a listener. "Oh, in that case a waiter goes round with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from before each face till he recognizes the person called for."

DURING the long French war, two old ladies in Stranraer, Scotland, were going to the kirk. The one said to the other, "Is it no a wonderful thing that the Breetish are aye victorious in battles?" "Na," said the other; "for yo ken they aye say their prayers afore the feehtin' begins." The other replied, "But the French can say their prayers as weel's the Breetish." "Hoot!" said the other; "jabb'rin' bodies—wha could understand them?"

BROUGHT HOME.